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# *Harper's Magazine*

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**CREATING THE  
ROLE OF JULIET**  
alina Ulanova

**THE HIDDEN  
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BIG BUSINESS  
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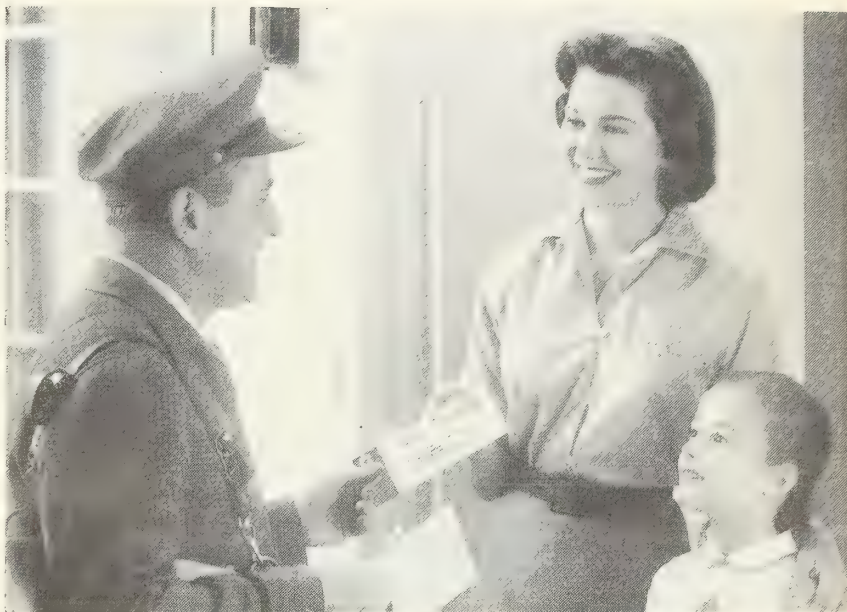
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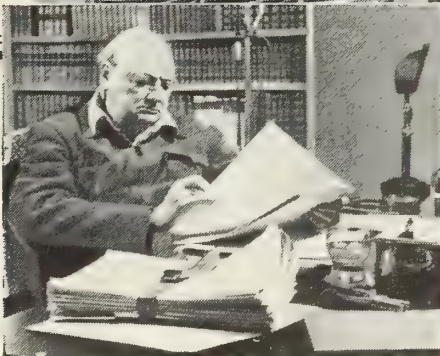
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# LETTERS

## Paying the Doctor

TO THE EDITORS:

The ecstatic cries of joy with which Don Cook discovered he could get free treatment of his chipped elbow ["Socialized Medicine, Ten Years Old," May] sound like the ecstasies of a confirmed freeloader who has discovered a saloon which still offers the old-time free lunch. Apparently Sir Anthony Eden did not agree that British medicine is the finest on earth. . . . [He was operated on] in Boston's Leahy Clinic. . . . There is a widening gap between the quality of medicine as it is practiced in the United States and in Great Britain. According to Dr. Alistair Luton, an English physician now in the United States under a Ford Foundation grant, this is a typical English doctor's day:

30 patients before lunch  
50 patients after lunch  
20 or 30 house calls daily

Should we wonder that the English doctor is discouraged and unable to keep up with the march of medicine?

J. L. KIRCH, M.D.  
Ojai, Calif.

It is pleasant to encounter an American who does not run to cover when confronted with a word like Socialism. [We need] to learn more about the issues involved in paying for medical care.

The British . . . expect Americans to be both ignorant and prejudiced about the National Health Service and they are prepared to defend it stoutly. But when an American shows understanding of it, the British are prepared to be critical too. . . .

For example, the doctors have been divided into two functionally separated groups, the elite specialists and the general practitioners. The latter are professionally isolated in dead-end careers. The Acton Trust has recently criticized the service sharply for lack of professional leadership and for paucity of operational studies.

Weaknesses [of the NHS], in some instances at least, result from the doctrinaire approach of some of its architects. Had they been more pragmatic, the costs of the service might be distributed more widely; it was a *a priori* doctrine that insisted there be no financial barrier between the patient and his doctor. When the whole bill for the service is presented to Parliament in one big lump, cost be-

comes the major consideration. Because the line must be held on expenditures, it is difficult to change or develop the service; witness Britain's aged and inefficient hospitals and the failure to create health centers with which better general practice would be possible.

. . . Many health care proposals in our country are being pushed by very doctrinaire people. It would behoove us to examine the British alongside the Scandinavian services, in whose genesis trial and error played a larger part.

In my opinion the Scandinavian are the better services.

OSIER L. PETERSON, M.D.  
New York, N. Y.

Drawing on my 47 years of "competitive private practice" mainly in California (the state with more quack healers than all the rest of the U. S. A. put together) I am still (and will die) a firm believer in our own system of the practice of medicine as the best in the world. . . . In the same ten years covered by Mr. Cook's review, Canada and the United States have produced more scientific advancement in healing and the prevention of disease than the combined socialized systems of the world. No matter what money the poor private citizen can save in Socialism . . . why shift one service burden to the camel's back of taxation and not all the other services that have to do with the hazards of modern living?

WILLIAM B. SMITH, M.D.  
Delano, Calif.

The more truth about the British National Health Service that is presented to the American people, the better, because there is a great deal in the British experience which we could use to good advantage in building a better medical care system for ourselves. . . . [I would like] to call attention to Harry Eckstein's recently published *English National Health Service* [Harvard University Press].

JAMES HOWARD MEANS, M.D.  
Boston, Mass.

## Swedes and Sex

TO THE EDITORS:

Jacques Barzun's essay on "Intellect and Sex" [May] is one of the best articles on the subject I have read. . . . As we approach the complete "other-directed society" of Riesman . . . young people try to deal with a robust instinct in a manner acceptable to their peers and elders. . . . Modern life certainly creates enough frustrations without add-





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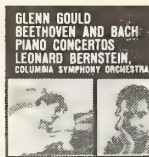
25. "... it is a marvel"—Atlantic



5. The ballet that "rocked the world"



19. Strauss' loveliest tone poems



24. "Powerful performances"—Hi-Fi



7. "A standout ensemble"—Variety



26. Three great preludes and fugues



27. "Record of rare beauty"—Sat. Review



23. "Given like a tornado"—NY Times



4. 2 passionate and poetic works



28. Also works by Leroy Anderson, etc.



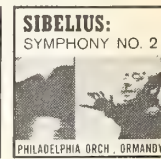
29. "Finest version"—NY Times



30. Bernstein at his greatest



32. Has "intensity, power"—H. Taubman



31. A melodious and moving score

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4	15	25
5	16	26
6	17	27
7	18	28
8	19	29
9	20	30
10	21	31
12	22	32



ing this unnecessary one. I say it is unnecessary because other civilized countries such as Sweden have dealt with the problem quite successfully.

GARY GRAY  
Colorado School of Mines  
Golden, Colo.

### Casual Bostonians

TO THE EDITORS:

Harold Schonberg states ["What Bernstein Is Doing to the Philharmonic," May] that without Bernstein's personality the preview idea would have been ridiculous. Boston has a thriving Thursday night preview session going, with Charles Munch screaming freely, and the orchestra clothed in casual dress. It's probably where Bernstein got his idea in the first place, and I think it's unfortunate that New York's audience is too conservative to accept the informal dress and atmosphere that Boston, conservative Boston, covets. I agree about Bernstein's personality; I only wish New York would give him a true chance to show it.

MARY ANN GOULD  
New York, N. Y.

After reading the article on Bernstein . . . my previous conviction is affirmed. The political party which fails to run this bright young man at the head of its 1960 ticket is missing a good bet.

MRS. GERALD S. PICUS  
Washington, D. C.

### Rockefeller Morals

TO THE EDITORS:

The words of a "weeping prophet" should, perhaps, be raised in a timely reply to William Manchester's glowing account [May] of the "new" Nelson Rockefeller "whose change is genuine and runs deep."

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" (Jeremiah XIII, 23).

WES C. UHLMAN  
House of Representatives  
State of Washington  
Olympia, Wash.

"The Moral Heritage of Nelson Rockefeller," in my opinion, presented only one part of the story. An example of the other part can be found in *The American Conscience* in which Roger Burlingame wrote:

"In 1872 . . . the Standard Oil Company wiped out . . . some 20 competitors. Mr. Rockefeller did not hold a gun at [their] heads. His method was more subtle but not less effective. Before confronting his rivals, he had secured secret agreements with the key railroads to rebate from 25 to 50 per cent of the

freight charges his company paid them and, in addition, to pay a so-called 'drawback'—a large percentage of the charges paid by rival companies. . . . Mr. Rockefeller explained . . . to the competing companies what he had done and generously offered to buy their enterprises at a price to be determined by a board of appraisers. If they demurred, he patiently showed them that the alternative was certain ruin. The potency of this threat was indicated by the fact that one company in which \$75,000 had been invested, and which had paid an annual average of 30 per cent on the investment, sold out at the appraiser's price of \$45,000." HENRY R. KORMAN  
Longview, Wash.

William Manchester's otherwise perceptive and cogent appraisal of Governor Rockefeller inaccurately states that "his proposed health reinsurance fund . . . almost reached Congress. . . ." To the contrary [after hearings] the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee reported the measure favorably, but it failed to carry on the floor and was referred back to the Committee which took no further action.

THEODOR SCHUCHAT, Exec. Dir.  
Social Legis. Info. Service  
Washington, D. C.

William Manchester states "Nixon presided over a Republican disaster while Nelson was taking the state by 557,000 votes." Nixon could have been a hero by staying in Washington and not taking any blame. . . . If other states had a Democratic fission like the DeSapio-Eleanor Roosevelt-Jim Farley deal in New York, the GOP would have won a smashing victory everywhere. . . . The April polls show Nixon gaining more and more among independents as well as Republicans. . . .

HOMER L. BENNETT  
Chicago, Ill.

### Little Rock vs. Cold War

TO THE EDITORS:

William S. White ["The Senators Move in on our Foreign Policy," May] said: "Only the most frantic reformers can now seriously believe that the really vital job before us is the resolution of issues like Little Rock. . . ." I profoundly disagree. As a Christian and an American, I would be the last to deny the Communist peril . . . but it is urgent that we practice the freedom we talk about. Hunger, poverty, and racial discrimination (as in the Union of South Africa) are bitter realities to the masses of uncommitted peoples, more real than Soviet missiles pointed at London or New York are to us. . . . They are ask-

# Harper's

magazine

## NEXT MONTH

### SENSE AND NONSENSE ABOUT SPACE

Do you believe that men may reach other planets almost any day now? That flight to the stars is just a question of time? That the first nation to get a foothold on the moon will have an overwhelming military advantage?

If so, the president of Cal Tech has some myth-puncturing news for you.

By Dr. Lee A. DuBridge

### VERDICT GUILTY—Now What?

An eminent psychiatrist tells why our present penal system makes no sense—and suggests a more practical way to handle our criminals.

By Karl Menninger, M.D.

### THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: Can It Be Saved?

The story of the fall of a great American press dynasty . . . and of John Hay Whitney's coming battle to rescue the leading Republican newspaper.

By Joseph Kraft

### THE DELICATE ART OF GROWING OLD

The secret of not being a nuisance to the young—or to oneself—at seventy-nine.

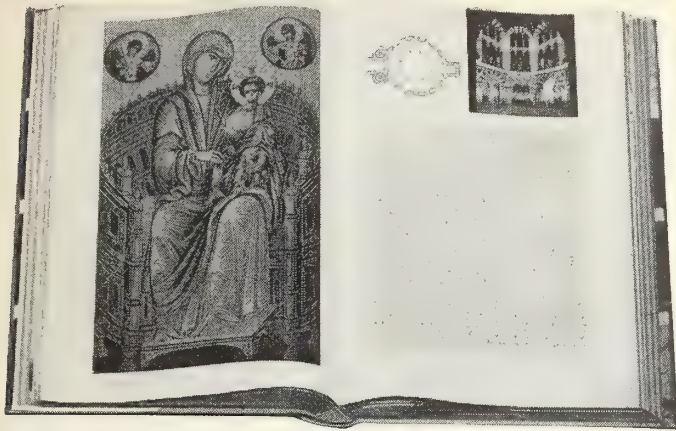
By Sean O'Casey

### THE CHANGING MAP OF AMERICAN POLITICS

By William S. White



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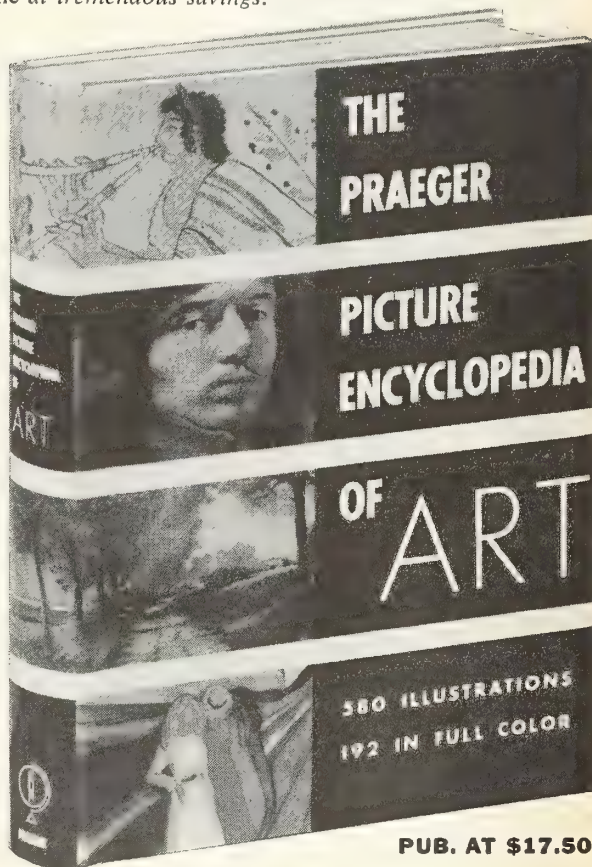
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PALMER VAN GUNDY  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Our Battered Bards

TO THE EDITORS:

No contemporary poet of standing could any longer consider being published in your pages. You have not only betrayed the cause of poetry (bad enough) but you have debased the valid currency of verse. . . . The examples printed in the May issue reach a new low ebb. . . .

RALPH KENT  
Rome, N. Y.

I really whooped when I read Anne Sexton's poem ["The Farmer's Wife," May]. It's obvious that she doesn't know MY farmer—or any other, I suspect. Let's have "The Editor's Wife" next. . . .

PATRICIA JOHNSON  
Lincoln, Ill.

In reference to Randall Gardner's poem [Letters, May] in reference to my poem "Well, That's That" [March]:

Why should technical persons be huffy  
And find verses on science quite scruffy?  
What of Maxwell (James C.)  
Who penned doggerel with glee?  
Even geniuses needn't be stuffy.

HILBERT SCHENCK, JR.  
Potsdam, N. Y.

In reference to Hilbert Schenck, Jr. and Randall Gardner:

To Gardner it may come as news,  
But "produce" is no rhyme word for  
"Muse";  
While Schenck after "bicycle"  
Might go on to "icicle"  
But "particle" simply won't fuse.

JOSHUA MCGLENNEN  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

## The Artist and the Couch

TO THE EDITORS:

People, including the creative, . . . go to an analyst because they are sick. [See Roger Burlingame's "The Analyst's Couch and the Creative Mind," May.] The painter who cannot leave his garret to buy his salami and burnt sienna because "people stare so" is liable to leave little for posterity. The pianist whose fingers regularly get numb prior to a public appearance contributes little to the culture of the world. . . . It is difficult to envision a childhood less likely to lead to chronic maladjustment than Mr.

Burlingame's. [However] one wonders whether during the current mental health drive, funds should not also be raised to combat chronic smugness. . . .

BEATRICE SIMMONS  
Walden, N. Y.

The late Dr. Ernst Kris, author of *Psychoanalytic Explorations in Art*, wrote, "We have come to view psychological conflict not only as an unavoidable accessory to personal development, but also—within certain limits—as an essential ingredient and incentive." . . . Successful pursuit of the arts often depends on the extent to which the activity has been detached from the original conflict. . . . Not every creative person can do this by himself. Wise teachers of young artists like Painter Rico Lebrun at Yale, know that self-expression is not necessarily art. . . .

BEATRICE SIMON REINER  
New Port Richey, Fla.

Mr. Burlingame's thesis is persuasive and his presentation graceful but surely his reference to occupational therapy is a gratuity. "In days past," he says, "there was a synthetic treatment of non-creative patients." What treatment is *not* synthetic? The real experience is the pain. As for "days past"—we flourish, sir, flourish and disseminate. There now exists a World Federation of Occupational Therapists which holds regular international congresses. . . .

PATRICIA LAURENCETTE  
Ch. Dept. of Occupational Therapy  
School of Medicine, Indiana University  
Indianapolis, Ind.

## R and R Revisited

TO THE EDITORS:

As a former member of the sexcrazed hellbent Rock 'n' Roll generation [Arnold Shaw, "Upheaval in Popular Music," After Hours, May] . . . I have emerged from the chaotic depths of this perversion unscathed, chaste, and a little wiser. My egress occurred when homework and extracurricular activity forced me to remain oblivious to the "top 40" for three months. . . .

On reacquainting myself with this teenagerized lore I heard 40 new titles tagged onto 40 songs I had heard before. This revelation, that the Big Beat was truly outofthegame . . . that it was an uncreative, repetitive art ended my fixation. . . . And so, each Friday night, I flip to Swan Lake and Bolero on the stereo.

EDWARD RUBENSTEIN  
Laurelton, N. Y.

For comment on "I Call Myself a Protestant" by William Warren Bartley, III [May], see page 74. —The Editors

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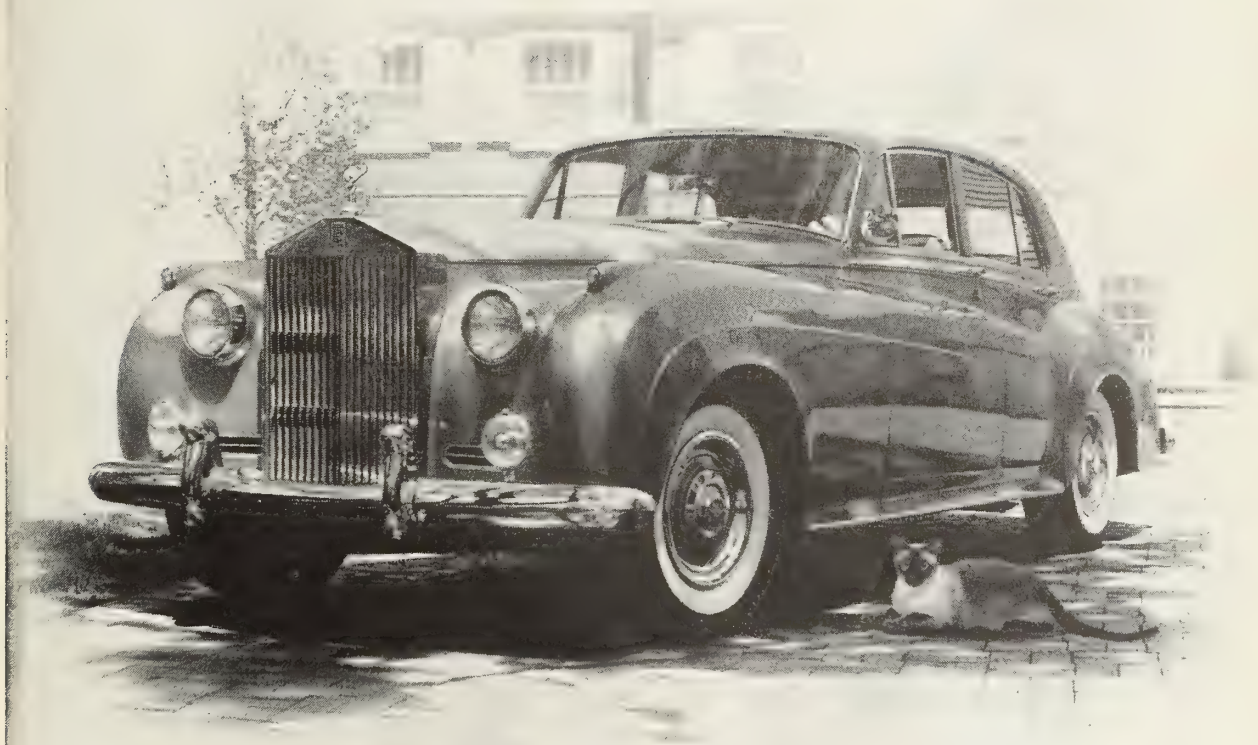
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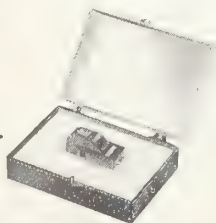
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JOHN FISCHER

## *the editor's*

# EASY CHAIR

### TV and Its Critics

**I**N THE hurt tones of a misunderstood man, Robert W. Sarnoff recently complained that television is getting a raw deal. Its critics, he said, are calling it bad names—"mediocre" . . . "unworthy" . . . "time-wasting."

This, he intimated, is both unfair and damaging to the industry. TV is giving the public what it wants, and the public loves it. Its critics are either misinformed, or they have a selfish interest in discrediting TV; or they are intolerant intellectuals who despise the mass taste and want to impose their own arcane standards on a reluctant America.

If this keeps up, he warned, TV will face two hideous dangers. Its audience and advertisers may drift away, because they are constantly being told that watching their favorite programs is "a shameful act." Worse yet, the government might start meddling with TV programing.

So Mr. Sarnoff urged his industry to launch "a massive communications effort" to answer its critics. It should explain that "a principal function" is to serve up light entertainment—to "meet the need of most active Americans for relaxation." (Well, all right, maybe it ought to provide something for "minority tastes" as well—but that is secondary.) And the industry ought to make clear that it finds no conflict between serving the public and serving advertisers; what is good for the sponsor is good for the United States.

Since Mr. Sarnoff is boss of NBC and since he was talking to the broadcasters' trade association, he got action. Committees were set up, money was raised, and the industry is now planning a heavy-caliber campaign to defend itself.

MR. SARNOFF has a point. Four points, to be precise.

Much criticism of TV *has* been misinformed. Some of it has come from professional intellectuals whose main stock in trade is lament over the malodorous decay of American culture. (A

classic example is Gunther Anders' essay in *Mass Culture: The Popular Arts in America*,\* in which he deplores TV for 4,500 words without once touching on anything so vulgar as a fact. One of his conclusions is that "because the world is brought into our homes, we do not have to explore it . . . modern man travels only as a last resort." To preserve his intellectual purity, Dr. Anders evidently avoids not only TV, but also highways, airports, trains, and docks.)

Perhaps it is also true—though hard to prove—that some of the newspaper and magazine criticism of TV has been snide and hostile, because TV is a strong competitor for audience and advertising.

Surely, Mr. Sarnoff is right in fearing that government domination would be a bad thing. The Federal Communications Commission has made sorry use of what power over broadcasting it now has; and foreign experience—notably in England—suggests that government-operated TV has about as many (though different) failings as the American system. Then, too, it is always dangerous to let politicians or bureaucrats get their fingers on *any* channel of communication. The temptation to use it for propaganda is too great a strain to put on any conscience.

Finally, for whatever one man's opinion is worth, it seems to me that TV is better than many of its critics are willing to admit. In a slow and spotty way, it may actually be improving. At least in the New York area, where the network programs usually originate, anybody willing to hunt a little can now find one or two worthwhile programs almost every day—ranging from history lectures to Eugene O'Neill, from first-rate jazz to Leonard Bernstein. (True enough, local stations in the hinterland often refuse to carry the best of the network offerings; they can make more money by running ancient

\*Edited by Bernard Rosenberg and David Manning White; published in 1957 by the Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois.



movies.) In the household I know best, TV has caused none of the disasters predicted by the gloomier sociologists. My children haven't turned into videots, or even neglected their homework much. And if my own brain is softening, I can't honestly blame it on my watching an occasional prize-fight, baseball game, or Phil Silvers comedy.

**B**UT if we grant all this, the fact remains that Mr. Sarnoff and many of his fellow broadcasters don't seem to understand what their responsible critics are really saying. These critics too have some valid points—and they cannot be answered by any “communications effort,” however massive. The only possible answer would be a basic change in the organization of the industry.

The true indictment against TV is not that it is all bad, but rather that it is not nearly as good as it could be—nor as good as the public has a right to expect. The public is now paying a high price for something it has been promised, and is not getting. With the best will in the world, the industry in its present form evidently is powerless to deliver what it has promised—solemnly and legally—that it would deliver.

Some specifications of this charge were set forth most vigorously, not by a cloistered intellectual, but by one of the most respected and successful executives in broadcasting, Edward R. Murrow. Last October he scandalized the industry by saying, right out loud, that its performance is timid, trivial, and escapist. He pointed out that in the all-important prime time period—the hours between 8:00 and 11:00 P.M., which are the only ones when most people are free to use their sets—the air is full of froth. Normally all three networks and all local stations offer much the same fare: frivolous entertainment, consisting of Westerns, vaudeville, quiz shows, and an occasional detective story.

In practice, then, during the prime hours you and I do not have that “freedom of choice” which Mr. Sarnoff speaks of so reverently. Candy is dandy, as Ogden Nash has observed—but what if you want beef steak for a change? You won't get it. The sponsors in their infinite wisdom have decided that most people want candy between 8:00 and 11:00 P.M.—and you will, by God, take it or go hungry.

The result is that the best brains in television, its best hours, and its best dollar are dedicated to making the American people fat, dumb, and happy. Or, as Mr. Murrow put it, to “decadence, escapism, and insulation from the world in which we live.”

Is this good enough? Can we afford to use our best resources in this way, at a moment when the Soviets are straining all their resources to make *their* people lean, smart, and tough? Even if most of the customers (and sponsors) do

eat it up, does it really make sense? Isn't it like feeding candy to a diabetic—without warning him that sugar may kill him? For, as Mr. Murrow pointed out, prime hour TV makes “only fleeting and spasmodic reference to the fact that this nation is in mortal danger.”\*

MANY people in television are aware of these questions, and uneasy about them. One is Mr. Sarnoff. Shortly after his speech about the critics, I talked to him at some length, and have no doubt that he is a conscientious and intelligent man, eager to do what he can to improve his industry. So too with the responsible executives at CBS—notably its president, Dr. Frank Stanton, a former professor who is at least as thoughtful as any of his intellectual critics; and its TV chief, Louis Cowan, a former aide of Adlai Stevenson.

The trouble is they can't do much.

As the industry is now organized, *nobody*—neither networks, nor local stations, nor sponsors—has much leeway to attempt anything more than marginal improvements.

Some such modest improvements already are in prospect. Mr. Sarnoff recently announced that NBC is planning seven hour-long informational programs, plus some operas and original plays, to be presented at peak viewing periods. Dr. Stanton has said that next year CBS will schedule “regular hour-long informational broadcasts once a month in prime evening time,” and that later he hopes to offer such programs twice a month and eventually every week.

These are remarkably courageous steps. Even if the network chiefs get away with them, however, that will still mean that only about one twenty-eighth of the prime hours will be salvaged from the froth. And to judge from past experience, many of the networks' affiliated stations will refuse to carry such programs.

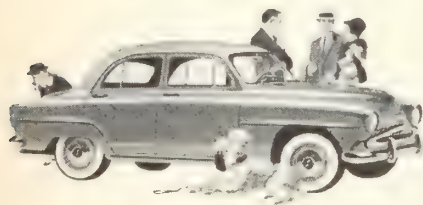
The reason why such improvements are so daring and difficult is, in a word: Money. Those prime hours are enormously valuable. Their sale to advertisers brings in most of the network's income. From this profit it pays for unsponsored

\*On rare occasions the networks do venture to slip a morsel of protein into the evening menu—a documentary, a prestige show, an interview with Robert Frost. But ordinarily, as we all know, if you want to get your teeth into something, you have to search for it at unearthly hours—such as 6:30 A.M., midnight, or Sunday afternoon.

Even then we don't have much freedom of choice. On Sundays, for example, the sponsors assume that all right-thinking consumers are outdoors playing golf or inhaling exhaust fumes. Consequently these relatively worthless hours can be used as sops for the intellectual—and all the sops are tossed on his plate at once. On May 10, for instance, if you had wanted to listen to Senator Javits and Bergen Evans and Tom Mboya and the *New York Times* Youth Forum and a panel of scientists, you couldn't do it. All were scheduled on different channels at the same hour.



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## THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

programs, for its costly news service, and for those cultural items which appear at dawn and on Sunday afternoon. From this same profit it must pay its dividends. If the networks give away too many of these golden hours for "informational broadcasts," the stockholders will soon want to know why. They may even want a new president. After all, TV is not a philanthropic enterprise.

Each local station is under similar pressure. When it carries an unsponsored network public-service program it is actually out of pocket; but if it rejects that program and sells the time to half a dozen local sponsors, it makes a tempting profit. What would you do if you were the station manager?

Why, then, don't some of the big corporations sponsor an occasional program dealing with "ideas and information," as Mr. Murrow suggested? Again, because they feel they can't afford to. It costs a sizable fortune to put an evening program on a national network. The sponsor will get his money back only if he draws the largest possible audience. If horse opera sells more autos than Ed Murrow—as it does—then the advertiser has to go for horse opera. The fact that he, personally, may prefer Murrow makes no difference. If he should yield to such a whim, his harder-headed competitors will soon run him out of the market.\*

Actually the sponsor doesn't even have the freedom to take that chance. Once in a long while some advertiser may be rich enough—or stubborn enough—to put on a program which strikes his fancy, even though it does not fetch a whopping audience. One such was Firestone. Until recently it presented a program of semi-serious music—not great art, but certainly a high cut above the quality of most evening shows. Although its audience was relatively small, Firestone was content.

The ABC network was not. It was

\*CBS has been making heroic efforts to interest sponsors in paying for at least some of these informational broadcasts, and has at last found one which is willing to go along with the experiment. Bell & Howell will sponsor six one-hour documentaries on national and international issues, beginning next October.

afraid to carry a low-rating show at 9:00 P.M., because millions of viewers might switch to a competing channel—and stay there for the rest of the evening. So ABC told Firestone that it would have to shift to a less strategic hour or get off the air. No other network could find a place for "The Voice of Firestone" in prime time either—and at this writing the program apparently is doomed.

Everybody feels awfully sorry about this—and everybody is helpless. Them, as Jimmy Durante used to say, is the conditions which prevail.

OUR system of broadcasting was not meant to work that way. When it got started, a generation ago, everybody recognized that radio (and later TV) could serve as an immensely powerful instrument of public education and enlightenment. In theory, every station is supposed to put that purpose first. It is licensed to broadcast, under the Federal Communications Act, in order to serve "the public convenience and necessity."

Such a license is a gold mine. It gives the lucky applicant a monopoly on the use of a particular piece of public property—a radio wave-length or TV channel. It costs him nothing, though it may earn him a fortune. Some licenses have been sold, shortly after they were granted by the FCC, for as much as \$8 million.

In return for this magnificent gift of public property, the station owner is supposed to devote a considerable part of his air time to public service programs. Naturally the competition is keen for every one of the available channels, and each of the competing applicants makes impressive promises about the public service he will provide. (Sometimes, as the Harris Committee discovered, he also tries to bribe an FCC commissioner.)

These promises are seldom, if ever, kept. The Federal Communications Commission has made no serious effort to enforce them. No station's license has ever been revoked, or refused renewal, because the operator broke his pledge. In practice, therefore, most stations simply ignore this obligation, and sell every hour they can for as much money as they can get. Much of their programming consists of showing old movies in fifteen-minute slices—

with as many as six consecutive commercials sandwiched in between all the segments. (Watching one of these mutilated dramas is enough to make a man wonder about Mr. Sarnoff's conviction that "broadcasting's responsibility to the public is harmonious with its responsibility to advertisers.")

If some undesirable time remains unsold, then the station may use it as a cheap gesture toward the public service—often by running a sermon by some local minister.

The upshot is that we are all paying dearly for something we don't get. We are letting the broadcasters use valuable public property, for free—and they are not delivering in return the public service which they promised.

CAN anything be done to stop this scandal?

Well, of course the FCC might try to enforce its own rules—but that seems most unlikely with the caliber of men now on the commission and the political atmosphere in which it operates.

There is, however, another possible solution. It would, I think, meet most of the points raised by the responsible critics of broadcasting. It would give the public real freedom of choice in programs. It would avoid the dangers of government control. Finally, it would remove the economic pressures which now bear down so painfully on people like Sarnoff, Stanton, Murrow, and others who would like to improve TV and radio, but can do so only with great difficulty and risk.

In bare outline, it might work something like this:

(1) Instead of giving away its air channels, from now on the government would rent them. Each local TV and radio station would pay a modest percentage of its annual earnings—say 10 or 15 per cent. This would be no great hardship, since most broadcasters are now making very comfortable profits. For example, CBS earned \$7 million in the first quarter of the year, a gain of nearly 8 per cent over the same period in 1958. Radio Corporation of America, the parent company of NBC, reported first quarter earnings of nearly \$13 million, for a 44 per cent gain; but some of this came

from the sale of TV sets and other equipment, rather than from broadcasting.

The earnings of all the hundreds of local stations are hard to discover, so I have no idea how much money such rentals might bring in. Certainly it would be substantial. For the sake of illustration, let's assume that they might total \$50 million a year.

(2) This money would be turned over to a National Broadcasting Authority—a public body chartered by Congress but carefully insulated from politics. Its directors would be five men who already hold responsible positions in the fields of education, culture, and information. They must not be governmental appointees; they must be free from economic and political pressures; they must not represent any competing media; they should represent a broad spectrum of the public interest; and they must command respect.

Such a board might include the president of Harvard, the heads of the Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations, the director of the Metropolitan Museum, and the chief of the National Radio and Television Center at Ann Arbor. (Again, this list is merely illustrative; no doubt it could be improved upon.) The essential point is that the men who hold such jobs at any given moment would *ex officio* become directors of the National Broadcasting Authority. They should be well paid for their part-time services. I can think of no better method to select a board of assured competence, and above suspicion of any interest except the public welfare.

(3) The board would hire a Program Manager, and would give him general policy directives—much as a corporation board of directors deals with the company's president. This manager would, of course, be an experienced broadcasting executive. Mr. Murrow, for example.

(4) The main job of the Authority and its manager would be to produce public-service programs—news-in-depth, top-quality music and theater, documentaries dealing with science, the arts, and public affairs, plus any kind of experimental features they might want to try. In the beginning, they might attempt three

# UPS AND DOWNS

Sisyphus, king of ancient Corinth, was subjected to one of the most frustrating tortures in all mythology. He was condemned by the gods to spend eternity rolling a huge stone up a hill—only to have it roll down again each time he reached the top. For sheer futility, the plight of Sisyphus seems hard to beat.

But there are people who do to themselves for no reason at all what Sisyphus had done to him as punishment for his crimes. Such people scrimp and save in order to invest in common stocks that show promise of growth. They see their holdings begin to increase in value, and then they relax in the belief that their stocks will go up forever and their fortunes will be made. That can happen, of course, but there's no guarantee. Some stocks, like the stone of Sisyphus, go up only to roll down again. That's why an investor should keep a watchful eye on his holdings. It's fine if you can sell at the high, but that's more easily said than done, largely because there is no sure way of knowing in time how high is high.

We have one suggestion that may be helpful. If you own stocks that have risen so high in price that you would not buy them now, you should at least consider the possibility of selling them.

Sisyphus had no choice but to watch his stone roll down to the bottom of the hill after each climb, but *you* can exchange your holdings whenever your judgment tells you the time is ripe.

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## THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

hour-long programs each week for TV and an equal number for radio.

(5) Each program would have to be carried by one of the major networks and all of its affiliated stations, in prime evening time. Monday's program, for example, might be assigned to NBC, Wednesday's to CBS, and Friday's to ABC. This hour would be an additional rental-in-kind, demanded of the broadcasters in part-payment for the privilege of using the public's air waves. (Un-affiliated stations might be required to devote an equal amount of time to showing the Authority's kinescopes.)

Thus the viewer would have genuine freedom of choice. If he is not interested in the Authority's report on the Berlin crisis, scheduled for 9:00 P.M. Monday on NBC, then he can turn to a western on CBS or a song-and-dance act on ABC. And *vice versa*. (He would even get a chance to see an occasional program uninterrupted by commercials, since the Authority would have no need for advertising.) Such an arrangement would, moreover, expose the Authority's program producers to the bracing effects of competition for their audience.

(6) This system would cost the broadcasters far less than you might think. For the networks and the few conscientious local stations would be relieved of the painful and expensive duty of producing public-service programs. And those stations which now evade this duty would be forced to bear their fair share of the Authority's cost.

All broadcasters could then go merrily about their primary business of selling advertising—undistracted by the present conflict between their duty to their stockholders and their duty to the public service. Nagging consciences would be stilled, snarling critics would be silenced—or, at least, largely diverted to watching the Authority's programs—and ulcers might no longer be the TV man's occupational disease.

(7) The Authority would open up a stimulating new opportunity for broadcasting talent. I personally know a dozen top-flight producers, writers, and actors who would jump at the chance to work for such an outfit, even if it meant a cut in salary—simply because they are tired,

as one of them put it, of "producing garbage."

(8) The plan would not cost the taxpayer a penny; it could be put into effect with a simple piece of legislation; and it would require no governmental machinery to operate it.

**DO YOU** think such a plan might be worth a trial?

If so—or if it strikes you as a bad idea—I hope you will drop me a postcard or a note. Better yet, let me know how you think it might be improved; as sketched here, it probably has a lot of flaws I have not been able to see.

I am eager to know how many other people feel, as I do, that our broadcasting system might be made to serve us better. Any comment that readers of this column may care to send me will get careful attention—and later they will be turned over to a member of Congress who is interested in the possibility of doing something about it.

## HARPER'S Special Supplement

NEXT October, in addition to its regular editorial content, *Harper's* will publish a special 64-page supplement on Writing in America.

This supplement will try to do something that, so far as we know, has never been attempted before. It will take a hard critical look at a wide range of writing—for movies, for television, and for the theater—as well as at the fiction, non-fiction, and poetry published in books and magazines. In addition, it will discuss what happens to writing when the commercial world takes hold of it and publishes it, reviews it, and tries to sell it.

Some of the articles we expect to publish are: Alfred Kazin on the Fiction of the 'Fifties; Budd Schulberg on Writing for the Movies; Frank Yerby on the Art of the Costume Novel; Archibald MacLeish on the Teaching (and non-teaching) of Creative Writing; Elizabeth Hardwick on the Decline of American Reviewing; Vance Bourjaily on the Literature of Television; and Stanley Kunitz—winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize for Poetry—on the state of poetry in America.

## Among Our Contributors

### THE TWO FACES OF ESP

IN ITS simultaneous charm and repulsiveness, the subject of parapsychology has exhibited a striking double personality in our time. As a result, it is rare to find a knowledgeable critic who can present it frankly, without special pleading or scorn. Dr. Ian Stevenson's "The Uncomfortable Facts About Extrasensory Perception" (p. 19) is that rarity: the sympathetic, if reserved, inquiry of a physician, psychiatrist, teacher, and scientist. Dr. Stevenson, who is professor and chairman of the department of psychiatry at the University of Virginia's School of Medicine, has written often for *Harper's* in the past decade. He acquired his interest in parapsychology from his mother, he says, and, pursuing it on his own, believes it is on the frontiers of psychiatry and "can add greatly to the understanding of the human mind."

The study of ESP exercised a kind of push-and-pull magnetism even before it was called by those now well-known initials. In 1921, for example, Dr. Sigmund Freud, then famous as the author of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, confided to an admirer that he was drawn to psychic research but he refused to go into the study. Hereward Carrington had invited him to join the advisory council of the American Psychical Institute, and Freud replied in a letter (which has been published since by Dr. Nandor Fodor in *Tomorrow* and elsewhere):

"I am not one of those who, from the outset, disapprove of the study of so-called occult psychological phenomena as unscientific, as unworthy, or even dangerous. If I were at the beginning of a scientific career, instead of as now, at its end, I would perhaps choose no other field of work, in spite of all difficulties."

However, Freud explained, he could not lend his name for three reasons: (1) he was a layman and novice in the field, with no degree

of authority; (2) he had to sharply delimit psychoanalysis, which "has nothing occult about it"; and (3) he could not rid himself of "certain skeptic-materialistic prejudices" which he would carry over into research of the occult.

A much more jubilant response greeted the new card-guessing, statistical experiments at Duke University in the 'thirties. Earnest Hunter Wright, then chairman of the English Department at Columbia University, described them in two articles on telepathy in *Harper's* (November-December 1936) and commented as follows:

"We may be traveling toward a revolution in the realm of mind more or less comparable to the revolution effected by Copernicus in the realm of matter."

If that revolution has taken place in the twenty-two years since, most scientists have not yet joined up. Nevertheless, it is far from dead. Dr. Stevenson's caution merely reflects his awareness of the gunfire that has intervened.

... "H\*Y\*M\*A\*N K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N and the Glorious Pest" (p. 26) celebrates July 4 with the special fervor of Leo Rosten's famous happy stories about the American Night Preparatory School for Adults. His new book, *The Return of H\*Y\*M\*A\*N K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N*, will be published by Harper & Brothers in September, and a third story from it will come out in this magazine next month.

Leo Rosten, who first wrote about the education of Hyman Kaplan under the pseudonym of Leonard Q. Ross some twenty years ago, is editorial adviser on *Look* and the author of suspense fiction and movies, including "The Dark Corner" and "Sleep, My Love."

... If it is impossible to do psychic research these days without the statistics of odds and correlations, so too it has become impossible to do economic research without integral calculus. The rise of the econome-

Mr. Stevens is a leader in the development of America's first successful intercontinental inertial guidance system—Nortronics' Mark I System for the SM-62 Snark. He is manager of the Electronic Systems and Equipment Department, Nortronics Division of Northrop Corp., Hawthorne, Calif.



## Answering Space Age Problems with Electronic Systems — at Nortronics

by Frederick Stevens

Today, and more especially tomorrow, aircraft, missile and space-vehicle development offers the systems specialist challenges of increasing scope.

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nicians has occurred roughly in the same quarter-century as that of the experts in ESP testing. In this summer of 1959, negotiators for the steel companies and the United Steelworkers would be helpless without their statisticians, slide rules, and charts. But the meaning behind the battle of figures is larger and quite comprehensible without calculus as it emerges in **Bernard D. Nossiter's** "The Hidden Affair Between Big Business and Big Labor" (p. 32).

Mr. Nossiter is the Washington *Post's* national economics and labor reporter, and as such since 1955 he has been watching the men with power and their statisticians in government, industry, and labor—including Kefauver, McClellan, Hoffa, Reuther, Galbraith, Means, and the Federal Reserve Board.

He got his M.A. in economics at Harvard in 1948, between Army hitch in World War II and the Korean War. He has done newspaper work in Worcester, Massachusetts, and New York City and has written frequently for the *Nation*. His article on the Teamsters Union ("Corrupt Policemen of an Unruly Industry") in *Harper's* May issue laid the groundwork for his new piece.

... **Galina Ulanova** ("Creating the Role of Juliet," p. 40) was born in St. Petersburg in 1910 and entered the Petrograd School of Choreography at the age of seven, in the year of revolution and hunger. She made her debut in "The Sleeping Beauty" at eighteen and joined the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow in wartime. Harrison Salisbury, then *New York Times* international correspondent in Moscow, wrote of her in 1950: "Foolish people talk about the seven wonders of the world. Foolish, foolish people. This is the wonder of the world."

... **Philip Roth's** "Recollections from Beyond the Last Rope" (p. 42) introduces a young writer new to *Harper's*. It comes from the same New Jersey background as many of the stories in Mr. Roth's first book, *Goodbye, Columbus* (a novel and five stories) recently published by Houghton Mifflin.

Born in Newark in 1933, Mr. Roth went to Bucknell and to the University of Chicago, where he received

his M.A. and taught English. His fiction has appeared in a number of magazines and anthologies, and he has won the Aga Khan Prize awarded by the *Paris Review*, a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship, and a Guggenheim Fellowship.

... A poet new to *Harper's* is **Donald Justice** ("The Poet at Seven," p. 48). He will have his first book of verse published this year, *The Summer Anniversaries* (Hawk's Well Press), and he is teaching at the Writers' Workshop of the State University of Iowa.

... Any man of good will can applaud Red China's efforts to tackle its language problem, which **Kuo-P'ing Chou** describes on page 49. The multiplicity of tongues and dialects in the Orient, and the complexity of writing systems, are a barrier to human understanding beyond anything the West knows. But recent efforts in Japan and Korea to solve similar problems indicate that the Communists have no corner on progress. For example, a Korean eye-doctor began to work in 1944 on a typewriter bearing the phonetic alphabet of the Han-gul language. Last year, by agreement with Smith-Corona Marchant, Inc., he got his machine into production, and he is now developing one to write both Korean and English.

Kuo-P'ing Chou teaches Chinese to Americans at the University of Wisconsin, where she is assistant professor in the Department of Linguistics. Born in Ningpo, China, she went to school there until her junior year in college, meanwhile teaching English at Yenching University and publishing a series of English texts for the Junior Middle School. Since 1946, she has been in the U. S. and has degrees from Brown, Yale, and the University of Michigan.



... The slick and efficient public relations team of Whitaker and Baxter, whom **Irwin Ross** describes as "The Supersalesmen of California Politics" (p. 55), are one significant example of a rising and unevaluated force in American politics—the paid

outside professional campaign managers. Like the "mercenary" armies of the past, they may care only for their art and their profits; or, like the medieval knight who rode into single combat for baron or lady in distress, they may be chivalrously devoted to the cause. But in either case—whether public relations is cold or committed—it takes over from the party which hires it a powerful piece of responsibility.

Is this "abdication" (as Mr. Ross calls it) by party leaders truly in the voters' interest? This is a question which ought to come to a head before the campaign of 1960. Imagine a Republican ticket of Nixon and Rockefeller—managed by the likes of W & B on a national scale—pitted against a Symington-Kennedy ticket (see William S. White's "The Last Choice for President," p. 78) directed by an X-Y-Z! Mere citizens at large might decide to sit on their haunches and view Election Day strictly on TV. If it's all a professional act, why bother to vote?

Irwin Ross's analysis of W & B will be part of his new book, *The Image Merchants: The Fabulous World of Public Relations*, which Doubleday will bring out this November. Mr. Ross has been on leave from the *New York Post* to work on the book; he usually combines writing *Post* series (on anything from Tex and Jinx to Cardinal Spellman) with free-lancing for magazines. A Harvard graduate (1940) and a World War II veteran, he is the author of *Strategy for Liberals*.

... Though "A Worthy Man for a Box" (p. 62) is **Hayes B. Jacobs'** first fiction in a general magazine, he wrote his first story at the age of eight perched in a Bing cherry tree in his home town of Toppenish, Washington. After some years as a newspaperman in Yakima and Tacoma, he went to Alaska with the Signal Corps (as does the man in his story).

After the war he graduated from Harvard, where he studied fiction with Albert Guerard, and he now works in press relations in Manhattan and is a volunteer evening teacher of English to immigrants, at the Labor Temple (but is no relation to Mr. Kaplan's Mr. Parkhill).

... Out in Aspen, Colorado (west of Denver and beyond the Continental Divide), culture is now in high season. How it was before the executives, musicians, and Tyrolean hats took over appears in the article (p. 65) by **Frances McFadden**, who goes there every Christmas and every summer to visit her family. "Considering that I don't ski, or ride, or fish, or lecture, or play any musical instrument," she says, "it is remarkable that I have become such an enthusiastic Aspenite."

Miss McFadden, a born Easterner (Connecticut), was managing editor of *Harper's Bazaar* for many years, and now lives and writes in Cambridge, Massachusetts. *Harper's* has published several pieces by her since September 1952 when she wrote "I Can't Afford My Wife's Job."

... The fastest-growing specialty in medicine today is, according to **James Robbins Miller** (p. 69), the art of anesthesiology. It has a theoretical link with parapsychology in its beginning use of hypnosis as a technique—and it too has unexplored areas. But its practical uses in the modern age of surgery can be measured in thousands of practitioners, their heavy work load, and solid incomes.

Mr. Miller is director of the news bureau of the California Institute of Technology and was formerly staff writer for a number of magazines. His *Harper's* article on glaucoma, "The Sinister Halo," in December 1957 brought a great many readers to their eye doctors for a checkup.

Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City gave the artist **Zenowis Onyshkewych**, essential help and the run of the operating rooms in making the beautiful and accurate drawings for this piece.

... "If you like something," said David Merrick, co-producer of "Gypsy," the current Broadway musical starring Ethel Merman, "you've got to go after it as fast as possible." According to Gilbert Millstein, that is what Mr. Merrick did when he read Gypsy Rose Lee's "Stranded in Kansas City" and "Up the Runway to Minsky's" in the April and May issues of *Harper's* in 1957. He now has the big hit of the summer—and perhaps of the year.



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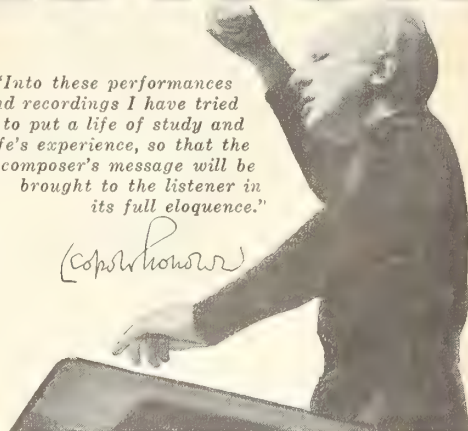
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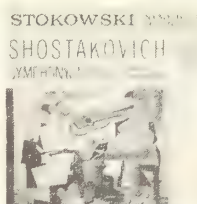
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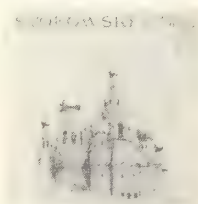
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## the uncomfortable facts about Extrasensory Perception

IAN STEVENSON, M.D.

*Chairman, Department of Psychiatry,  
School of Medicine, University of Virginia*

Many scientists refuse to accept them, because  
they seem to upset the basic laws of physics  
—yet the mounting evidence makes them  
increasingly hard to ignore or explain away.

**F**OR centuries some persons have believed they could perceive or influence events at a distance without known physical means of communication or action.

Scientific investigation of such claims began about seventy-five years ago. The branch of science born then, known variously as psychical research and parapsychology, has slowly developed in method and productivity. Two veteran parapsychologists, Dr. J. B. Rhine and Dr. J. G. Pratt, recently published the first avowed textbook on the subject. The publication last year of this book and of another, *ESP and Personality Patterns*, by G. R. Schmeidler and R. A. McConnell, indicate the increasing maturity of the subject and also a shift in emphasis on the part of parapsychologists.

For both these books depart from tests and proofs of whether extrasensory perception occurs, and chiefly report studies of when and how it occurs. I do not mean that the mere occurrence of extrasensory perception has lost its novelty or its interest for parapsychologists. Striking demonstrations are still too rare to be taken for granted—indeed they may always be so. But parapsychologists believe the case for the occurrence of extrasensory perception is so solidly established that they see no reason to engage in further combat with die-hard skeptics who remain obdurate not—as the proponents see it—from lack of evidence, but rather from failure to examine or accept the evidence already abundantly available. Today parapsychologists insist that the fact of extrasensory perception is beyond debate, and they are therefore working more and more toward *understanding* extrasensory perception (and kindred phenomena) with regard to its processes and its relations to other parts of scientific knowledge. At this turning point, then, interested laymen may find useful a review of present knowledge of the subject.

This knowledge derives from a great many sources, but we can divide these conveniently into two large groups: (1) naturally occurring events and (2) planned experimental observations. As in other branches of science, the experimental aspects developed as men tried to understand better their observations of spontaneous occurrences.



Unfortunately, most of the vast literature of the past about spontaneous occurrences of extrasensory perception has no value today, because the reporters did not adopt what we would now consider proper scientific precautions in recording their observations. Most witnesses of strange, ghostly events did not write down their accounts until considerably after the events. Many such events have had only one witness. Such conditions would permit both a free play to the imagination and also the kind of inaccurate recollection which frequently obscures even the records of ordinary happenings which originally occurred under controlled circumstances.

Many modern experiments, moreover, have shown that nearly everyone will hallucinate when his expectation of seeing something becomes sufficiently heightened. For example, one experimenter arranged for a group of persons to bring pressure on one of their number (left out of the conspiracy) to say that he had seen what they pretended to see. Almost invariably the victim yielded and denied his own senses.

This kind of influence can work both ways. We know, for example, that the Middle Ages venerated and encouraged visions. Subsequently, the churches—both Catholic and Protestant—turned against persons who claimed to have visions and accused them of witchcraft. Many burned to death in the fires of the Inquisition. A reaction to this cruelty set in, and also some enlightenment developed, so that from the eighteenth century to the present persons who have had visions have generally been thought not wicked but sick. This attitude has led to more humane treatment but not necessarily to greater understanding of their experiences. The power of such cultural influences—either to stimulate perceptions or to force their concealment—has made many students conclude that we should believe nothing of what has come down to us on this subject from its pre-scientific period.

#### THE BEGINNINGS OF SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY

**Y**ET even before the modern period of scientific inquiry, some instances of extrasensory perception were witnessed and recorded by able observers. For example, we have a number of accounts attested to by reliable witnesses, of exhibitions of clairvoyant powers by the Swedish mystic and scientist, Emanuel Swedenborg. In 1759, for instance, he returned from a trip to England and dined with friends in Göteborg.

About six o'clock, Swedenborg went out, and returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, on Södermalm (where his house was), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God! The fire is extinguished, the third door from my house." On Tuesday morning (three days later) the royal courier arrived at the Governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss which it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given at the very time when it happened, for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock.

I have quoted the description of this incident by the philosopher Kant, who although not himself a witness, took great pains to inquire through an agent of those who had witnessed the episode.

Until the late nineteenth century, no one had ever studied in a systematic way the numerous incidents of apparitions and clairvoyant powers which seemed to call for scientific scrutiny. Then a group of men, mostly scholars of Cambridge University, organized the Society for Psychical Research in England. Its declared purpose, from which it has not since departed, was to study all such phenomena without officially formulating any opinion as to their nature. Individual members have naturally formed and independently published their own opinions—but the Society (and the similar American Society for Psychical Research) has remained a scientific agency and a forum for discussion and review; it does not promulgate a settled opinion on any issue which might come to its attention. This attitude has earned the Society the contempt of many who believe the evidence, for example, of human survival of physical death already beyond dispute. On the other hand, it has won the praise of those who believe that only the most rigorous scientific method will advance the subject. William James said of the Society for Psychical Research:

According to the newspaper and drawing-room myth, soft-headedness and idiotic credulity are the bond of sympathy in this Society, and general wonder-sickness its dynamic principle. A glance at the membership fails, however, to corroborate this view. [James then lists some of the distinguished scientists

and philosophers who were active in the early days of the Society.] . . . In fact, were I asked to point to a scientific journal where hard-headedness and never-sleeping suspicion of sources of error might be seen in their full bloom, I think I should have to fall back on the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.

Shortly after the founding of the Society, the members undertook what was called a census of hallucinations. This began with the questioning of about 17,000 people regarding any quasi-sensory experiences (without any apparent physical cause) which they had while awake. About 10 per cent said that they had had some such experience. Similar questionnaires since then have produced approximately the same percentage of affirmative replies. For this reason and because the inquirers adopted certain precautions in sampling, the census of hallucinations probably studied an adequately representative group of people.

The investigators made further detailed inquiries concerning the experiences of those who had reported seeing apparitions or having other hallucinations. They rapidly eliminated a great many cases where the testimony might be fallacious. The inquirers believed that the remaining experiences could not reasonably be explained as having occurred through normal physical channels of communication. The societies in England and the United States have continued to study such cases.

#### TYPES OF APPARITIONS

**E**MOTIONAL crises seem to promote extrasensory communications. Many, although by no means all, instances of apparitions relate to persons who are dying or dead. In a large number of the cases collected by the Society for Psychical Research, a person is "seen" in an entirely different place, perhaps hundreds of miles away, just before or after his death. I have already mentioned that expectation can certainly promote hallucinations. But in the best cases, the person seeing the apparition has no knowledge whatever that the person seen is dying or even ill. Indeed, often the person of the apparition has not even been known to the percipient and is only subsequently recognized from details in a photograph or description.

Some of the most interesting cases collected by the Society describe experiences in which a person believes himself out of his physical body and able to look at it, as if from the point of

view of another person. Some of these experiences we can attribute to a simple dream. In others, however, the person having the experience becomes aware of objects or events of which he could have had no normal knowledge and which could be later verified. These cases are by no means restricted to those collected by the Society for Psychical Research. Recently, for example, a clergyman who underwent an operation afterwards reported in detail what had happened while he was clearly anesthetized and ostensibly unconscious. He accurately described the surgeon's having left the operating room to get another instrument, and the details of the conversations of those in the operating-room.

Sometimes such "out-of-the-body" experiences, as they are called, occur when several persons simultaneously observe another person whose physical body is actually elsewhere. An example involving three persons occurred in the nineteenth century. A Mr. Wilmot was crossing the Atlantic from Britain to rejoin his wife in the United States. He shared a cabin with another man. The cabin had a sloping side so that the upper berth was set back from the lower one. One night during a storm, Mr. Wilmot thought he dreamed that his wife came to the cabin, hesitated at the entrance, then entered and kissed him. When he awoke, his cabin-mate reproached him for having a female visitor and then described the appearance of his wife exactly as Mr. Wilmot had seen her in his dream.

When Mr. Wilmot landed and met his wife, to continue the story in his own words, ". . . almost her first question when we were alone was, 'Did you receive a visit from me a week ago Tuesday?' 'A visit from you?' said I. 'We were more than a thousand miles at sea.' 'I know it,' she replied, 'but it seemed to me that I visited you.' 'It would be impossible,' said I. 'Tell me what makes you think so.' My wife then told me that on account of the severity of the weather and the reported loss of the 'Africa' . . . she had been extremely anxious about me. On the night . . . when the storm had just begun to abate, she had lain awake for a long time thinking of me, and about four o'clock in the morning it seemed to her that she went out to seek me. Crossing the wide and stormy sea, she came at length to a low, black steamship, whose side she went up, and then descending into the cabin, passed through it to the stern until she came to my stateroom. 'Tell me,' she said, 'do they ever have staterooms like the one I saw where the upper berth extends further back than the under one? A man was in the upper berth looking right at me, and for a



moment I was afraid to go in, but soon I went up to the side of your berth, bent down and kissed you and embraced you and then went away.'"

It seems that the circumstances of dying not only favor the appearance of the dying person as an apparition, but also sometimes give the dying heightened powers of extrasensory perception. Usually, deathbed visions comprise only ramblings of delirium like Falstaff's "babbling of green fields." But occasionally they seem to include communications of a paranormal kind.

An elderly woman in this country became seriously ill. When the doctors said that she did not have long to live, the family gathered around her bed. Suddenly she seemed much more alert and the expression on her face changed to one of great pleasure and excitement. She raised herself slightly and said: "Oh, Will, are you there?"—and fell back dead.

Of the many members of the family who were present, no one was named Will. After her death, the family questioned who Will might be and found that the only Will in the family was a great-uncle who lived in England. Not long after the grandmother's death, word was received from England that her brother Will had died about two days before her death.

This little story strongly suggests the occurrence of extrasensory awareness in the dying woman of the recent death on the other side of the Atlantic of her brother. However, it also illustrates some of the difficulties in the investigation of spontaneous cases of extrasensory perception. Although more than one witness heard the dying woman, none of them made a written record of the event before word came from England of the brother's death. Thus the whole story might be explained as a retrospective falsification of memory.

Many instances of such retrospective distortion have occurred. I am not suggesting that this is always a satisfactory explanation. On the contrary, the evidence in many cases quite clearly supports their interpretation as instances of

paranormal communication. Yet the difficulties of obtaining reliable testimony—and the small returns—have dissuaded many investigators from investing the extraordinary effort, time, and patience required to sift the evidence carefully.

#### ENTER DR. RHINE

THIS discouragement was itself helpful, however, in turning the investigators in another direction, that of experimental testing. Some of the early research workers of the nineteenth century studied extrasensory perception by quantitative methods, which included attempts at card-guessing. However, serious quantitative studies began with the work of Dr. J. B. Rhine in 1930 at Duke University. For almost thirty years now, Dr. Rhine and his colleagues have conducted an extensive series of experiments exploring many aspects of the subject. The scientific scope and discipline of these experiments have slowly won respect from many other scientists.

Dr. Rhine's experiments have mostly used the technique of having the percipient guess cards which an experimenter has shuffled into a random order. The percipient may call his guesses while someone else—an "agent"—looks at the cards one after the other (telepathy); or he may guess the order without anyone else's looking at the cards while he does so (clairvoyance). In either case, the order of the cards and of the guesses are independently recorded before being compared. Some of Dr. Rhine's earlier experiments used procedures which critics objected could not absolutely exclude sensory cues, errors, or other factors which would permit attributing the positive results to normal perceptions.

By separating constructive criticism from mere invective, Dr. Rhine and others working in this research have slowly tightened the conditions of the experiments until they seem to have eliminated alternative explanations of the results. Some of the adopted precautions may seem unnecessary to those unfamiliar with the range of normal perceptions, the possibilities of self-deception, and the temptations for fraud to be found in this work. To give one example only, it might be thought sufficient—and was at first—to keep the cards to be guessed by the subject face down on a table even if their backs remained visible to him. But printing can emboss a pattern on cards which can show through, so that some persons have read cards through their backs. Now screens separate the subject and the cards if they are in the same room.

In addition, the experimenters have further

THE American Society for Psychical Research continues its study of spontaneous cases of apparent extrasensory experiences and similar phenomena. Dr. Stevenson suggests that readers who wish to communicate such experiences to the Society write to:

Mrs. Laura Dale, Research Associate  
American Society for Psychical Research, Inc.  
880 Fifth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

excluded the possibility of sensory cues by conducting a number of successful experiments with percipient and agent separated by distances of from several hundred yards to several hundred miles. By using additional witnesses they have controlled errors in recording the guesses and comparing them to the "target" cards. They have also given much attention to the statistical problems involved in estimating the likelihood that a percipient might come up with seemingly high scores on the basis of chance alone. Some subjects show such slight capacities for extrasensory perception that it is hard to refute this possibility in their cases. However, certain unusual subjects have shown such extraordinary ability at card-guessing that the odds against their having done so without some extrasensory knowledge of the cards are astronomically high.

A number of able mathematicians beginning as far back as the 1930s have acknowledged publicly the soundness of the statistical procedures used in parapsychology. However, the interpretation of the results with regard to probability remains controversial for some scientists. Critics have sometimes alleged that parapsychologists say the results of the experiments they cite as evidence of extrasensory perception could not have occurred by chance. In fact they say no such thing, because one can never say *anything* could not have occurred by chance. Obviously a great many unusual events—such as drawing a hand of thirteen spades at bridge—do occur by chance. Accordingly, parapsychologists simply calculate the probability that the scores in their experiments would occur by chance alone. In experiment after experiment the probability has been exceedingly small.

Recently Mr. Spencer Brown in England has challenged the use of current concepts of chance and its statistical evaluation in parapsychology. In this he has received attention but little support from other scientists—not that a majority vote should decide such a matter. The reluctance of other scientists to discard the statistical methods used in parapsychology derives from the support which many other branches of science obtain from these methods. Only a Samson of theory could bring down the temple erected on this foundation.

Dr. Rhine's experiments, as I have mentioned, showed that extrasensory perception does not depend upon space. Those of Dr. S. G. Soal in London showed that it apparently does not depend on time. Dr. Soal is an experimenter of extraordinary tenacity who worked to duplicate Dr. Rhine's results for five years without

success. He had almost abandoned the attempt when another investigator, Mr. Whately Carington, persuaded him reluctantly to review his data for the possibility that percipients might have guessed not the "target" card up for guessing at that moment, but one or several cards before or later. Carington had already found evidence of this effect in experiments of his own.

The task of rechecking Dr. Soal's data for this "displacement" effect proved a tedious chore, but resulted in the discovery of two remarkably gifted subjects. These showed unusually high scores in the guessing of the cards immediately ahead of the target cards.

Following this discovery, Dr. Soal recalled one of these subjects and in a further and most carefully controlled series of experiments repeated the observations of the displacement effect, thus demonstrating that it was not due to a *post hoc* interpretation of the data in the first series of experiments. These experiments of Dr. Soal provide an experimental confirmation of precognition, of which a number of spontaneous cases had already given some evidence. Since the work of Dr. Rhine and Dr. Soal, other independent investigators have provided further confirmation of the occurrence under controlled conditions of extrasensory perception.

#### INFLUENCING THE DICE

DR. RHINE'S group seems to have demonstrated also that some persons have a capacity to influence physical objects without physical means—a process called psychokinesis. The usual experiments call for attempts to influence the fall of dice in particular ways. These experiments have included the standard precautions against error and have also received confirmation from other investigators, notably Mrs. Laura Dale in New York City and Dr. R. A. McCoanell of the University of Pittsburgh. However, the evidence for psychokinesis is generally considered less substantial than that for ESP.

Much of the recent work on extrasensory perception has studied not its occurrence as such, but its processes—what facilitates it and what inhibits it. The newness of this work forbids more than tentative conclusions. It appears that some ability in extrasensory perception is widespread and indeed all people may have it at some time or other in their lives. However, marked degrees of it occur only rarely. Also, the capacity fluctuates rather widely and may vanish altogether. The novelty of tests of extrasensory perception stimulates many beginning subjects to



performances which are well above chance but which they do not sustain after the initial enthusiasm wears off.

Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler has just summarized, in the book mentioned earlier, an extensive series of experiments on the relationship between the capacity for extrasensory perception and certain features of personality, especially the attitude which the subject has toward extrasensory perception itself. In experiments conducted over more than ten years, she has found significant differences between those who accept the possibility of their having an ability to demonstrate extrasensory perception (sheep) and those who deny this possibility (goats). "Sheep" score on the average significantly above chance, "goats" below chance. The scoring below chance of many of the goats seems to indicate—paradoxically—that they use some extrasensory communication in order to do this. They must know what *not* to guess in order not to guess at a chance level.

The processes of extrasensory perception apparently are unconscious and can rarely be modified by conscious efforts or training. In altered states of consciousness—induced by barbiturates or by hypnosis—some subjects score better but the changes are rarely spectacular.

#### SENDERS AND RECEIVERS

OF SPECIAL importance is the relationship between the percipient and the sender (or "agent"), and often also that between either of these and the experimenter. Investigators have known for many years that some subjects reached high scores with one sender but not with another. Recently, a Dutch investigator who is also an inspector of schools in Amsterdam, Mr. J. G. van Buschbach, made extensive studies of extrasensory perception in children of elementary and junior high schools when their teachers acted as agents. He found highly significant above-chance scores among the elementary school children—but not among the older children. These differences he attributed to the greater emotional closeness of the pupils and teachers in the younger group.

Two American experimenters, Miss Margaret Anderson and Miss Rhea White, have sharpened this a little by studying extrasensory capacity in relation to the expressed liking or disliking of the pupils and teachers for each other. They found that when pupils liked teachers the scores with the teachers as co-experimenters were higher than when the pupils disliked the teachers. Even

#### ESP and Westinghouse

Westinghouse Electric Corporation scientists are seriously studying the possibility of harnessing mental telepathy and other forms of extrasensory perception for long-distance communications systems. . . .

The outlook for the Westinghouse work is considered "very promising," although "a lot more work must be done before we can come up with anything practical."

—N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, Nov. 3, 1958.

better results occurred when the teachers also liked the pupils.

This kind of relationship psychiatrists have called rapport. They would like to know much more about it, because they believe that successful psychotherapy requires the attainment of rapport between the psychotherapist and his patient. But to name a relationship does not explain its processes. In studying relationships between persons who have a higher-than-average degree of communication by extrasensory perception, psychiatrists can perhaps help the parapsychologists as well as learn from them. A number of psychiatrists have reported instances of extrasensory perception in their patients under circumstances which permitted rather close study of the current personal relationships of the patient. These few studies have illustrated also the occurrence of transient extrasensory perceptions during periods of strong emotional involvement with another person, often the psychotherapist.

The foregoing absurdly condensed survey of parapsychology shows that its work is little more than started. But at least it seems to have arrived as a respectable branch of science. Professor Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge, one of the founders and the first president of the Society for Psychical Research, said at the time of its founding that he aimed at finding evidence about psychical matters of such strength that his critics would accuse him of fraud. This exalted, if perhaps masochistic, wish has often come true.

The most recent instance occurred in an article in the professional journal of American scientists, *Science*, in 1955. The author, Dr. G. R. Price, said that the apparent evidence for extrasensory perception, if accepted, will require a drastic revision of our current concepts of physics. He

found this impossible to contemplate, and therefore proposed that the apparent evidence for extrasensory perception derived from the deliberate practice of fraud. He could not specify any particular fraud, but believed this the only sensible explanation. The wrath of parapsychologists found expression in subsequent correspondence about this article, but was not unmixed with some satisfaction that the matter had been put by Dr. Price with such clear alternatives.

For indeed, it seems that scientists must soon accept and incorporate in their concepts the data of parapsychology. Many continue intransigent but necessarily uncomfortable. Professor C. D. Broad, of Cambridge University—one of a handful of philosophers who have recognized the importance of these phenomena—has described their position as follows:

It compels one either to ignore all the phenomena in question, or to be continually occupied in explaining them away. The former course is not scientifically respectable; for it is quite certain that many people quite as sensible as oneself and far more expert, have personally investigated these matters and have persuaded themselves of the genuineness of these phenomena and of the impossibility of explaining them completely by fraud or mistake. And the latter course may at any moment be barred by some fact which we simply cannot explain away.

I do not mean to suggest that the opposition to the data of parapsychology derives exclusively from the ignorance or prejudice of other scientists. I hope I have made sufficiently clear that the investigators of the last seventy-five years have only made a modest beginning. Data are still scant and so are successful repetitions of the same experiments. Critics often complain about the lack of repeatability of the parapsychological experiments. But as I have tried to make clear, many experiments have been repeated both by the same experimenter and by different experimenters. Yet it remains true that the capacity for extrasensory perception frequently fades even in high-scoring subjects and parapsychologists are far from being able to turn it on at will. We know much more about what interferes with the capacity than about what facilitates it.

And we know even less about the nature of the capacity for extrasensory perception. Some students of the subject have theorized that current human capacities for extrasensory perception are a faint residue of a once much stronger power which has gradually diminished with

evolution—being displaced by the known sensory capacities which can locate the origin of stimuli and thus may serve man better in his adaptation to his current environment. But this is pure speculation. Parapsychologists have no really satisfactory theory of extrasensory perception to market even to available buyers.

#### ENEMY OF SCIENCE?

IT IS unfortunate for the progress of the subject that parapsychologists remain few in number and short of funds. We can still count on the fingers of one hand the number of laboratories engaged in parapsychology across the world. And even these sustain a precarious life through the generosity of a few ardent supporters. Fortunately, the subject has happened to interest a number of remarkable people whose energy has compensated partly for their lack of numbers and money. The work continues and slowly expands, in the discovery of fundamental data and in making ties with other branches of science for which it may become increasingly relevant.

Both enthusiasts and skeptics sometimes state that the acceptance of parapsychology implies an overthrow of the present scientific view of the universe. This opinion seems to have impelled Dr. Price to his accusations of fraud since for him the alternative seemed so improbable and appalling. Such delights or alarms may prove unjustified.

The facts of extrasensory perception and kindred phenomena may not alter greatly our view of the physical world. They will, I believe, revolutionize our view of man. It is perhaps not more surprising that a man should influence the fall of dice thrown by a machine than that he should activate his own hand to throw the dice. In either case, a man's mind acts on a physical object whether dice or his own hand. But we do not know how mind acts on matter—whether part of the same organism or outside it.

Many persons have thought that mind is merely a name for certain kinds of experiences; that minds have no real existence; and that mental activity cannot occur apart from the brain. A number of evidences interfere with the acceptance of this view. Parapsychological studies provide one group of such evidences. For they show that the mind can function without its physical senses. Thus they open—or re-open as religious believers would say—the possibility that the mind can also function without the brain or body to which those senses are attached.





MR. K★A★P★L★A★N

## *and the Glorious Pest*

The second of three stories by  
LEO ROSTEN

*Drawings by Karla Kuskin*

**T**HEN, amidst a breathless hush," read Mr. Parkhill, amidst a breathless hush, "Patrick Henry took the floor. All eyes turned to the fiery young lawyer, who thereupon delivered the most scathing attack on monarchy yet heard in the Virginia House of Burgesses: 'Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third'—cries of 'Treason! Treason!' interrupted him—'and George the Third may profit from their example! If this be treason, make the most of it!'"

"Hooray!"

"Vunderful!"

"Dat's da way to talk!"

Mr. Parkhill lowered the text. He felt pleased, not only because the historic words always stirred his senses, but because the beginners' grade, having listened with such intensity of interest, had responded with such amplitude of feeling. "That, class," he sighed, "was one of the most dramatic moments in the history of the thirteen colonies. Ten years later, Patrick Henry delivered another speech, which is even more memorable. It has, indeed, become one of the truly—er—immortal orations in history!" He closed the book. He needed no lifeless text to prompt him in that glorious peroration: "'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!'" He paused. "'I know not what course others may take, but as for me—give me liberty or give me death!'"

If his disciples had applauded Patrick Henry on Monarchy, they brought the rafters down for him on Liberty.

"Hoorah!"

"T'ree chiss for Petrick Hanry!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" Miss Caravello was practically on her feet, leading a parade. "Justa like Mazzini!"

"Ha!" The scorn of Hyman Kaplan cracked out like lightning. "How you ken compare a Petrick Hanry to a—vat vas dat name?"

"Mazzini! Greata man. Botha patriot!"

"If in Italy dey had Petrick Hanry bifore, dey wouldn't have Mussolini later!" Mr. Kaplan gazed into space, transported, then flung his hand up in imperial command. "'Give me liberty—or give me dat!'"

"Good fa you!" cried loyal Gidwitz.

"Hoo ha!" called star-struck Pinsky.

"Keplen, you should absolutel go in politics!"

"Class . . . ortler, please." Mr. Parkhill had to tap his pointer quite loudly on his desk before he could still his students' ardor. But when the tribute due Patrick Henry was being accorded Hyman Kaplan, who had managed to utter the deathless words as if he were making them up on the spot, it was clearly time to intervene. "I shall now assign your homework."

A happy murmur moved across the ranks. Out came pencils to record, and notebooks to receive, Mr. Parkhill's instructions. As the Spartans before Leonidas at Thermopylae, or the proud

French legions before their Corporal at Marengo, so the thirty-odd stalwarts of the beginners' grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults hearkened to Mr. Parkhill.

"During this semester," he began, "we have had occasion to discuss many different incidents in American history. We have not done this in—er—chronological order, because I have tried to answer your questions as they arose. Besides, as you all know, American History is taught in Mr. Krout's grade." He did not stress the fact that Mr. Krout lay beyond the forbidding stretches of Miss Higby. "So it is that we discussed Woodrow Wilson, say, before we even mentioned the Monroe Doctrine; or Thomas Paine before some of you even knew about Pocahontas." He smiled; it did sound amusing put that way. "In any event, we have covered quite a bit of ground. And so your assignment, for our next session, is—a composition on any famous figure, or any famous incident, associated with the American Revolution."

"Pssh!" cried Mr. Pinsky, slapping his cheek in a burst of admiration.

"Too hard," said Mr. Scymzak.

"I *lohve* American ravolutions!" announced Olga Tarnova, who hated the Bolsheviks.

Mr. Parkhill's most casual remarks sometimes had this electrifying effect—changing his students into Senators and the classroom into a forum. "A famous figure or incident associated with the American Revolution" elicited such a concatenation of approval and doubt, such cries of courage and premonitions of despair, that Mr. Parkhill felt as if he had not so much assigned an exercise as called a plebiscite.

"Foist-class assignment!" beamed Mr. Kaplan.

"Too hard," Mr. Scymzak repeated.

"Hod but good!" rejoined Mr. Kaplan sternly. "Who vants izzy lassons? Izzy is for slowboats!"

"'Slowpokes,' Mr. Kaplan."

A heartrending wail escaped from Mrs. Moskowitz. "Which figures American Revolution? Which accidents?"

"'Incidents,' Mrs. Moskowitz, not 'accidents,'" said Mr. Parkhill quickly. With Mrs. Moskowitz pedagogy was best practiced as if it were surgery; delay could be fatal.

"My mind is blenk about *incidents* also," mourned Mrs. Moskowitz. "Please—give alraddy examples."

A band of gallant friends rushed to give her succor.

"Try crossing the Delaware!"

"Take maybe Benjamin Frenklin?"

"Liberty Bells!"

Mrs. Moskowitz shook her many jowls and groaned, wandering in Cimmerian darkness.

"Maybe John Hencock?" called Reuben Plonsky.

"Spilling tea in Boston Hobber?"

"Don't shoot till their eyes toin white!"

Neither heroes nor events nor historic sayings could lift Mrs. Moskowitz out of the boundless mire.

"Mrs. Moskowitz," Mr. Parkhill began, "perhaps you—"

"Moskovitz, you not tryink!" cried Mr. Kaplan.

"Vat *am* I doing—svimming?"

"You holdink beck de cless!"

"So go on witout me," howled Mrs. Moskowitz.

"You sebotagink our morals."

"'Morale,' Mr. Kaplan, not 'morals,'" said Mr. Parkhill anxiously. "Mrs. Moskowitz, I'm sure the assignment is not quite as difficult as you think." He gave her a smile intended to infuse confidence. "I'm sure that after you get home, when you have time to think about it, or review your notes, you will get *many*—er—ideas." He was not at all sure that Mrs. Moskowitz would get any, much less "many," ideas; if any idea was to become part of Mrs. Moskowitz' universe it would be because it found a way of taking possession of her, and not the other way around.

The hand of Barney Kesselman waggled in the air. "How long should be this composition?"

Mr. Parkhill weighed his next words carefully. "I do *not* want a long or—er—elaborate effort, class. Let's say, oh, not more than a page in length."

He glanced at the clock on the wall, that third face between Washington's, from which he often drew resolution, and Lincoln's, to which he often repaired for condolence. It was two minutes to ten. "That is all for tonight."

NOW, two nights later, in the welcome solitude of his apartment, red marking pencil in hand, Mr. Parkhill was correcting their offerings. He did not know whether to feel pleased or disappointed. The prose of his novitiates was always full of surprises—some good, some bad; but this batch of papers contained so many surprises that it was difficult to think of them as either good *or* bad; they were just surprising. American history seemed to have plunged his fledglings into the most extraordinary *personal* involvements.

Take Sam Pinsky, for example. Mr. Pinsky, a devoted but run-of-the-mill student, ordinarily



did not let his reach exceed his grasp. This time, either inspired or intoxicated, Mr. Pinsky had thrown discretion to the winds. He had undertaken nothing less than a critique of the entire colonial policy of eighteenth-century England, and had become so incensed by what he called British "cold-heartedness" that he had soared into most untypical rhetoric:

Colonists were starving, freezing from cold, suffering like flies. But did British care??? No! What they did? They made taxis.

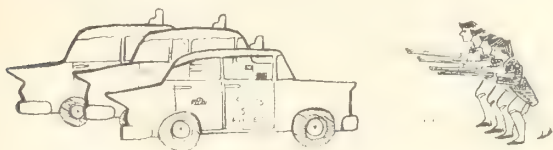
Taxis, taxis, taxis. On food. On tea. On sending even a postal card to a dying mother. Oh, how foolish was Georgie III.

That was not at all the way Mr. Pinsky usually wrote.

Or take Mrs. Rodriguez. For some reason Mrs. Rodriguez had taken personal offense at General Cornwallis; for apart from making him the blackest villain of the War for Independence, she blamed him for not surrendering to Washington *soon* enough. Her composition was not so much an essay as an ultimatum, and Mr. Parkhill could not tell whether it had been designed to be descriptive of, or delivered to, the unfortunate Cornwallis.

Or take Reuben Plonsky. Mr. Plonsky had penned a vitriolic essay on the Tories, whom he accused of crimes too heinous to be described, or, if described, to be spelled correctly. (It was hardly fair, for instance, to blame the Tories for "encouraging violins" when the worst that could be said about them was that they sometimes met persecution with violence.)

Or take Mrs. Tomasic, whose Balkan forebears had survived oppressions beside which the Stamp Acts seemed philanthropic. Tiny Mrs. Tomasic had paid moving respect to that peerless seaman, "Admirable Grandpa Jones." Mr. Parkhill could



"What they did? They made taxis."

see how a neophyte might confuse Admiral with "admirable," but how Mrs. Tomasic had alchemized "John Paul" into "Grandpa" he simply could not fathom.

After these erratic excursions into history, Rose Mitnick's measured words came as both a pleasure and a relief. Her composition was entitled "A Hero: Nathan Hale" and contained this moving passage:

They tied his hands behind to hang Nathan. But brave: with his bare head he made that wonderful speech, simple and also poetical. "I regret I have only one life to give for the country." He was not maybe so important as Washington, but he is my hero. I admire.

Why, save for the occasional omission of a pronoun, that paragraph might have done credit to a veteran of Miss Higby's grade.

Mr. Matsoukas' paper, which he next assayed, had puzzled Mr. Parkhill. It had sung the praise of John Hancock, whose aid to the cause of freedom, wrote Gus Matsoukas, no red-blooded American would ever "forge." It took quite a while for Mr. Parkhill to realize that Mr. Matsoukas had simply been careless; only a "t" separated "forge" from "forget."

Miss Ziev, from whom Mr. Parkhill had not expected to get any homework at all, had come through with this perplexing paean:

#### TO MINUTE MEN

Farm men with long rifles. Always ready to fight. Did.

Famous battel, with 1 shot whole world heard, was Battel of Grand Concourse.

Good work, Minute Men!

The only way Mr. Parkhill could explain how Concord had become "Grand Concourse" was that some friend of Miss Ziev who resided on that broad thoroughfare had helped her with her homework.

Mr. Studniczka—Mr. Parkhill sighed. Peter Studniczka had submitted yet another of his cryptic substitutions for prose:

1776

Best man	G. Washington
Bad man	— King and reps.
Trators	Ben & Dick Arnold
Patroit	PUTANSKI FROM POLAND!

Mr. Parkhill was not happy about that paper. Something in Mr. Studniczka's mental processes seemed to make him approach English vertically. Whether it was because he actually *thought* in columns (which Mr. Parkhill might understand were Mr. Studniczka, say, Chinese), or whether he suffered from some sort of phobia about whole, horizontal sentences, with a subject, verb, and predicate, Mr. Parkhill did not know. He sighed again. Mr. Studniczka had a long way to go—a long, long way to go. He corrected "trators" and "patroit," and in the margin of Mr. Studniczka's inventory wrote: "This is not a *composition*, Mr. S. Please try whole sentences next

time." He started to put the paper aside, remembered something, and added: "Benedict Arnold. One man, not two." Then he picked up the next composition.

Pellets of color popped before his eyes. They came not from a pang of migraine, nor from retinal hallucinations; they came off the paper itself, from the title, which glittered with phosphorescent pride:

## HAMILTON VERSES JEFFERSON

A play!  
By

H★Y★M★A★N K★A★P★L★A★N

The irrepressible author had, of course, sought to immortalize his name by printing the letters in red, outlining them in blue, and distributing gay green stars between. Mr. Parkhill put the paper down and took a drink of water. He sharpened his marking pencil thoughtfully before picking up Mr. Kaplan's "A play!" again. This is what his startled eyes beheld:

- Hamilton: "The government should be strong!"  
 Jefferson: "No! Be ware strong government. *People* must decide."  
 Hamilton: "*People*? Ha, ha, ha, ha. Don't trust people."  
 Jefferson: "I TRUST! Also, U.S. motto, saying 'God trusts.' O.K. *How's about you?*"  
 Hamilton: "You are a dreamy. Don't be so nave."  
 Jefferson: "Better to be dreamy. You are against MAN!"

At this point Mr. Kaplan, tiring under the weight of Anglo-Saxon nomenclature, had dropped into abbreviations which may have lessened the strain on his fingers but assigned disastrous connotations to his protagonists:

- Ham: "Every business needs a boss!"  
 Jeff: "From bosses come Kings! Don't forget!"  
 Ham: "That's my last offer, Tom S. Jefferson!"  
 Jeff: "Same to you, L. X. Hamilton."

Mr. Parkhill felt a sharp pain in his head. He removed his spectacles and rubbed his eyes. Something would *have* to be done about Mr. Kaplan—about his spelling, at least; a student simply could not be permitted to wander around

replacing hallowed names with outlandish phonetic approximations. "Tom S. Jefferson" indeed! "L. X. Hamilton . . ." The colored flashes now were not occasioned by Mr. Kaplan's crayons.

GOOD evening, class," said Mr. Parkhill pleasantly. "I shall return your homework, first. Each paper has been corrected and—er—evaluated. Please study the red pencilings carefully. You can probably learn more from your own mistakes than from almost any other exercise."

Mr. Kaplan raised his hand; Mr. Parkhill braced himself. "Y-yes?"

"You *liked* de homevoik, Mr. Pockheel?"

"Well," said Mr. Parkhill cautiously, "I think all of you *tried* very hard. There were, of course, many errors—too many, I fear. I shall now distribute—"

"Still, *som* homevoik maybe gave you a big surprise," suggested Mr. Kaplan confidentially.

Mr. Parkhill averted his gaze. He knew perfectly well what Mr. Kaplan was driving at. Mr. Kaplan was trying to lure Mr. Parkhill into some compliment to the effect that imagination was more important than error, that one student had risen above his pedestrian fellows by soaring into the empyrean of drama. Mr. Kaplan's pious expression even hinted that he would understand it if the public praises due such a genius omitted his actual name, which might incur the ire of the envious.

"Mr. Kaplan," said Mr. Parkhill firmly, looking his most faithful and difficult apostle straight in the eye, "the purpose of homework is not to 'surprise.' In fact, the best homework is the kind that, containing no errors, causes me no surprises whatsoever!" And with that *tu quoque*, Mr. Parkhill briskly proceeded to distribute the homework. "Miss Pomeranz . . . Mr. Trabish . . ."

Mr. Kaplan looked crushed. How, looking crushed, he also managed to convey the untarnished pride of one who has scaled Parnassus, albeit in vain, was something Mr. Parkhill would never understand.

"Miss Kipnis . . . Mr. Wilkomirski."

As the compositions streamed back to their creators, the sounds of illumination rewarded Mr. Parkhill for his labors.

"I spalled wrong 'Philadelphia'?"

"George is not Georgie . . ."

"Psssh! Was I wrong!" The resonance of a self-administered slap on the cheek told Mr. Parkhill that a dazzling light had dawned on Sam Pinsky.

"Examine the corrections carefully, class. If



you have a question, just raise your hand." Mr. Parkhill strolled down the aisle. There was a world of difference, pedagogically, between sitting at the desk and strolling down the aisle: The one was judiciary, the other egalitarian; the one enforced decorum, the other encouraged relaxation.

The next hour went so swiftly that the bell rang before anyone suspected it was time for recess.

And then, during the very closing minutes of the night, that crafty demon who confounds the plans of teachers no less than those of mice and men sent his seneschals among the innocent. Mr. Parkhill was conducting a spelling drill which he had himself devised, and of which he felt rather proud: twenty words containing "e-i-g-h-t" (from "freight" to "weight" *via* "height"), and twenty containing "o-u-g-h" (from "cough" through "rough" to "through").

He had just announced "Bought . . . thought . . . enough" when Mrs. Moskowitz gave a cry of defeat, flung down her pen, and piteously appealed to Miss Kipnis beside her: "'Enough'? Enough! Why dey dun't put in 'f' when is pronounced ffff? A mind *crecks* from soch torture, Cookie!"

"You got to be *patient*," sighed Cookie Kipnis.

"Learning takes *time*," pleaded Miss Mitnick.

They had reckoned without the defender of the faith.

"Ha!" scoffed Hyman Kaplan. "U. S. vash't fonded by sissies!"

"I dun't want to fond; I want to spall!" protested Sadie Moskowitz.

"Class—"

"Nottink good is izzy!" declaimed Hyman Kaplan.

"Eating is planty good, and planty easy!"

"You compare spallink to ittink?" Mr. Kaplan's expression set a new high for amazement. "You tritt English like lemb chops?"

"The way *you* talk, it's chop suey!" snapped Mr. Plonsky, and his cohorts burst into laughter.

"Class, *class*," said Mr. Parkhill. "We are engaged in a spelling drill, not a debate!" He waited for the echoes of combat to die away, then addressed Mrs. Moskowitz sympathetically. "I can well understand how someone from another land must feel when confronted by some



"Battel of Grand Concourse"

of the—er—peculiar ways in which our English words are spelled."

"I am fromm anodder lend," said Mr. Kaplan promptly, "an' still don't holler 'Halp!'"

"Mr. Kaplan," said Mr. Parkhill testily, "English is a difficult language. And many of our words are spelled in most unreasonable—"

"Moskovitz can still make a good profit fromm odder pipples' semples," exclaimed Hyman Kaplan.

Mr. Parkhill looked up. What on earth was that? He frowned. "I beg your pardon."

Mr. Kaplan looked as blank as an oyster.

"I thought," said Mr. Parkhill, "I heard you say that Mrs. Moskowitz could—er—make a good profit—"

Mr. Kaplan nodded. "I mant like de Fonding Fodders."

This was too much for Miss Mitnick, who twisted her handkerchief and beseeched him, "What have Fonding Fathers to do with Mrs. Moskowitz?"

"It's obvious," said Mr. Kaplan carelessly.

"Ob—"

"Mr. Kaplan," Mr. Parkhill cut in drily, "your comment is as unclear to me as it is to Miss Mitnick! I suggest you explain—no, no, you need *not* go to the front of—"

The admonition came too late. (Where Mr. Kaplan was concerned any admonition seemed to come too late.) The bard of the beginners' grade was midway between his seat and his goal, that frontal zone to which some homing instinct irresistibly propelled him. He stopped, turned, and fixed Mrs. Moskowitz with narrowed eyes. "De Pilgrim Fodders didn't go beck to England becawss dey had to spall 'enough!'" he cried, then transferred his scorn to Miss Mitnick. "Dey had beeger trobbles. Indians, messecres—"

"Mr. Kap—"

"—spyink fromm de Franch, poisicutions fromm de British—"

"Professor Kaplen, stop giving a lecture in American history!" howled Mr. Plonsky, smiting his forehead.

"Stick to Mrs. Moskowitz!" shouted Mr. Blattberg.

Mr. Kaplan, a Triton among minnows, was deaf to their protestations. "An' ven de time

came for de Amarican Ravolution, brave men like John Edems, Tom Spain, James Medicine—

"It's Thomas Paine, Mr.—"

"—knew vas still missink a slogan, a *spok!* So along came Petrick Hanry." Mr. Kaplan's eyes went dreamy. "Dat vas a man. . . . A tong like silver to keapture de messes!"

"*'Masses,'* Mr. Kaplan, not—"

"An' Petrick Hanry vent into de Virginia House of Poichases—"

"*'Burgesses'—*"

"—an' at vunce vas quiet, like de gommment districk on Chrissmis Iv. So Petrick Hanry got don on de floor—"

"*'Took the floor!'*" said Mr. Parkhill in alarm.

"*'Took de floor—denk you—an' in beauriful voids, parful voids which comm don de santuries for all Amaricans who got true blood, he sad—'*"

"*'True-blooded'—*" Mr. Parkhill was getting desperate.

"*'Julius Scissor had his Brutis, Cholly de Foist had his Cornvall, an' if Kink Judge got a bren in his had he vill make a profit from soch a semple!'*"

Mr. Parkhill sank into his seat.

"Dat," Mr. Kaplan concluded, "also eplies to Moskovitz!"

"Omigott!" someone exclaimed.

"All I sad was 'enough' should have in it vun little 'f!'" wailed poor Mrs. Moskowitz.

"Koplan, you mad!" fumed Gus Matsoukas.

"This mon will change the heestory single-honded." That, perhaps the truest thought yet uttered, came from Olga Tarnova.

"I hoid enough," Mr. Plonsky groaned, and put his head between his hands.

"Mr. Kaplan . . ." Mr. Parkhill began. But he scarcely knew where to begin, so he began again. "Mr. Kaplan, I have rarely heard so many mispronunciations in so short a span of time." He knew he was being quite severe, but he did not shrink before stringent measures. "Charles the First is *not* 'Charley the—er—Foist.' Cromwell is *not* 'Cornwall.' And what Patrick Henry said was most certainly *not* what you quoted! There is a world of difference between 'George the Third *may profit from their example*' and 'George the Third can make a profit out of such a sample!'" Indeed the enormity of



"So Petrick Hanry got don on de floor—"

the difference washed out of Mr. Parkhill's conscience the slightest vestiges of remorse for his tone. "Do you understand, Mr. Kaplan?"

Mr. Kaplan murmured, "My!", cocked his head, signifying attention, closed his eyes, indicating cerebration, opened one eye, denoting illumination, and said "Aha!", proclaiming conversion. Then, with a rueful yet noble sigh, he started for his seat. "Still, I vill always admire de glorious pest."

Miss Mitnick, who was getting more pale and more resolute by the moment, promptly protested: "Mistake! In pronunciation. 'Past' is not 'pest!'"

Mr. Blattberg laughed, Mr. Wilkomirski guffawed, Miss Tarnova choked.

"Tonight is averybody an expert?" Mr. Kaplan inquired caustically.

Tonight Miss Mitnick summoned all her courage to rejoin, "You don't have to be expert to know 'past' from 'pest!'"

A camel playing the bagpipe would have caused no greater sensation. The room rocked with merriment.

"Good for you, Miss Mitnick!"

"*'Bravissimo!'*" cried Carmen Caravello.

"You got Kaplan!"

"Et lest!"

Mr. Kaplan ignored the petty barbs and puny arrows, and turned to the one who had been foolhardy enough to give him the challenge direct. "Mitnick," he said pityingly, "you would be corract, in usual soicomstences. But dis time, no. *You* are talkink abot prononcink; *I* am talkink abot history."

"*'Past' means history!*" Miss Mitnick said tearfully. "You said 'glorious pest!'"

"Kaplen, give op!" crowed Mr. Blattberg.

"Kaplan, sit down!" brayed Mr. Plonsky.

"Koplan wrong, wrong!" exultant Miss Tarnova crooned.

"Mr. Kaplan," intervened Mr. Parkhill crisply, "Miss Mitnick is absolutely right. 'Past' refers to what has gone by. 'Pest,' on the other hand, refers to a—" He never finished; some ominous bell tolled a note of warning in his brain; an awful premonition congealed before his mind's eye; too late, too late. He did not need to hear Mr. Kaplan's next words to recognize the trap into which he, like poor Miss Mitnick, had so gullibly fallen.

"To a tyrant like Kink Judge," declaimed Hyman Kaplan, "vat else vas Petrick Hanry ex-capt a glorious pest!"

After that, twenty words with "o-u-g-h" seemed an inglorious nuisance.



# the hidden affair between Big Business and Big Labor

Both sides deny that the romance exists  
—but in fact it has been flourishing  
for years . . . and it seems to have a lot  
to do with inflation, unemployment,  
and our slowdown in economic growth.

A BIG part of American industry is now quietly reshaping itself into an entirely new kind of economic structure. This pattern is quite different from anything that Adam Smith—or Karl Marx—ever dreamed of. It is also a flat contradiction of both the classical idea of competitive free enterprise, and the Communist theory of class war.

In crude terms, it might be described as a sort of corporate syndicalism, linking big business and big unions into an unacknowledged partnership. The pattern varies greatly, of course, from one industry to another. Even where it is most advanced, the liaison between the supposedly rival institutions is far from solid. It is more often a furtive and uneasy alliance between the top bureaucrats of the unions and the corporations—an arrangement that neither party can publicly admit and that most of the participants insist is just gossip.

But thanks to the longest-continued hearings in Congress—the highly publicized McClellan investigation and the little-noticed Kefauver inquiry—a great body of evidence has been assembled. It points to two unmistakable conclusions:

(1) The tacit collaboration between management and union officers has been thriving all through the period of postwar prosperity, and is still spreading.

(2) It seems to be closely connected with rising prices, persistent unemployment, and slow economic growth.

Like any couple, the corporate and union partners have their spats. Moreover, the need to conceal their illicit if pleasurable goings-on requires them periodically to denounce each other. And, as in the most harmonious affairs, there is a master and his mate. The company executives get the most money, as shown by a glance at the relative incomes and capital gains of such pairs as Roger Blough, chairman of U. S. Steel, and David McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers; or Jack L. Smead, president of Consolidated Freightways, and James R. Hoffa, president of the Teamsters Union.

In some of the biggest industries, romance has not yet blossomed. Frederic Donner, chairman of General Motors, for example, won't be dancing around Maypoles with Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, for a long time to come. But if this prospect seems fantastic, remember that John L. Lewis—once the villain of industry in general and coal in particular—has become the hero of every major coal producer, as well as of those miners who are still digging coal.

The current goings-on in the steel industry would seem to belie this analysis. The union and the companies have been verbally belting each other with apparent enthusiasm as their wage contract runs to an end on June 30. But appearances can be deceiving. Economists recall that the industry forced a strike in 1946 to pry loose a price increase from OPA. Many suspect that the periodic outbursts of industrial warfare are a cover under which the companies only appear to resist wage increases. Then, after a comparatively brief strike to work down the inventories steel customers have built up in fear of

a stoppage, the companies "reluctantly" settle for a substantial increase in wages and fringe benefits. Finally, as John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard has pointed out, the companies use this settlement as an excuse to boost prices enough to cover the wage increase several times.

This technique has become so well publicized in Washington this year, however, that a new script may have been written for the 1959 bargaining.

#### THE JOYS OF "STABILITY"

**T**HIS new pattern is often described by its beneficiaries in one magic word, "stability." To the big corporation's managers, stability means ever-rising prices and profits, freedom from new competitive threats, and profitable stock options in an ever-rising stock market. To the big union's officers, stability means an ever-rising level of wages and fringe benefits for the members—with suitable rewards for the leader whose wisdom has brought this about. Neither union members nor corporate stockholders complain much. The workers who are employed enjoy ever bigger paychecks that outstrip any rise in prices. The stockholders usually can expect their dividends and the prices of their shares to march upward even faster than the wage gains.

Unhappily, not everyone can rejoice in the pleasures of this brave new world. About ten million Americans own stock; about 165 million don't. Employed union members in the high-wage basic industries are also a relatively small, favored group. Trailing behind are pensioners, farmers, the unemployed, white-collar workers, public employees, and many others. Several economists believe that the recent "paradox"—an economic recession side by side with a rising price level—was caused by the industry-union arrangements and the distortions they created. These theorists also think that the current state of affairs—a comparatively slow recovery (by most measurements, the advance has been slower than that in any of the three postwar slumps), relatively high unemployment (between 5 and 6 per cent of the work force compared to a "normal" 3 to 4 per cent), and slow overall economic growth—can be traced to big industry and big unions taking a disproportionate share of the pie.

Meanwhile, many Americans are becoming disturbed because our economy has hardly gained an inch since 1955 in terms of real per-capita income. At the same time a number of other countries—ranging from Puerto Rico to China

—are showing rapid rates of economic growth.

These curious and disconcerting facts have touched off a major economic debate in Washington. Indeed, they have generated on Capitol Hill some of the freshest thinking about the problems of power and economics since the days of the New Deal. The recent stability in consumer prices has not put an end to this intellectual ferment, because the stability is almost entirely due to a fall in farm prices; costs of manufactured goods have in general continued to creep upward.

The Capital has been treated to some rare spectacles as a result. Raymond J. Saulnier, the conservative chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, prepared an Economic Report in December that singled out union wage increases as the source of most economic woe. By February, Saulnier was publicly denouncing price increases in autos and heavy industry for holding back production and employment in the President's first term. (To be sure, Saulnier was discreet. His public denunciation came in a letter printed as an appendix to a hearing of the Joint Economic Committee.) And by late April, the flexible Saulnier was once again blaming price rises on wage increases. Unhappily, his analysis was based on some productivity figures hurriedly assembled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. A few days after Saulnier's new approach, the BLS conceded that its productivity figures were in error, that they had understated the change in recent output per man-hour in the crucial steel industry.

Even more remarkable, Woodlief Thomas, the distinguished economic adviser to the Federal Reserve Board (an agency not notorious for unconventionality) wrote a lengthy communication to the *Washington Post*. In this letter, Thomas analyzed the consequences of administered prices and wages—those which are set by powerful economic units and held constant or raised despite a fall in demand. He concluded that they push up the general price level or prevent it from sinking when demand drops. The worst feature of administered prices and wages, Thomas said, "is not so much that they create inflation but that they tend to retard growth and to increase unemployment."

Monetary restraint, the Reserve Board's stock in trade, and balanced budgets or other fiscal magic by the Treasury, Thomas said, simply can't cope with this phenomenon. As Galbraith noted two years ago, the large corporations are virtually exempt from tight money as well as from many of the consequences of the law of



supply and demand. The curbing of credit, he observed, will force banks to ration loans to small firms trying to expand. But the large industrial corporations finance most of their new plants and new machinery from their own profits. So they can applaud the Puritan virtues of tight money and enjoy a free-spending life, too.

Washington could not decide what was more astonishing—the fact that the Federal Reserve Board's top economist should feel it necessary to take his case to the public prints or that he should soberly conclude his own powerful agency could not cope with the new "inflation."

If this was not enough, the steel masters supplied the final touch. In midwinter and early spring, McDonald, the union president, was denouncing Senator Kefauver with as much vigor as Blough of U. S. Steel. Kefauver's crime, of course, was to suggest that the public had a vital interest in steel wage demands as well as steel price increases.

#### HOW THE PARTNERSHIP WORKS

**T**HE steel case is not an isolated example—although union captains perform different services for their corporate colonels, depending on the degree of concentration in the industry. However, they all work with each other, regardless of whether the industry is concentrated or competitive. The trucking industry has rushed to defend both Beck and Hoffa. In coal, the incorruptible Lewis will be memorialized by both miners and operators. New York's garment manufacturers have learned to love David Dubinsky, president of the Ladies Garment Workers Union; on the Pacific Coast, Harry Bridges has no bigger booster than the Pacific Maritime Association unless it is his ILWU stevedores; Alex Rose, president of the Hat, Cap, and Millinery Workers is applauded by some hat makers for his "stabilizing" efforts.

Some observers see in this harmony a new age of enlightenment. The reality is a little less appealing. These union leaders, in varying degrees, perform important services for their industry's employers. They discipline dissidents and prevent "wildcat" strikes. In expanding industries, they "fight" for wage gains which enable the industry to obtain a more than offsetting increase in prices. In competitive industries like trucking and ladies garments, they make it harder for new firms to start up and compete with established companies. In big industries, the rising wage-price structure makes the capital requirements for potential new firms almost prohibitive. In

many industries, union leaders argue vigorously for technological change, persuading the membership to accept the machines that will put their less fortunate colleagues out of work. In several industries, notably coal, the union is as vigorous a supporter of protection against foreign competition as the American Tariff League.

This is not to suggest that an illegal wage-price-fixing conspiracy is necessarily afoot throughout the economy. Steel masters, lunching at the Duquesne Club, have long ago learned that there are lawful ways to insulate a market from the inroads of new competitors. The Justice Department has looked askance at some of the Dubinsky union practices and indicted a vice president along with a racketeer and some biggish employers—but even if these antitrust charges can be proven, they probably will only serve as a guide to keep future corporate-union arrangements out of legal trouble.

If this sketch of the economy's inner dynamics appears paradoxical, it is nevertheless a logical paradox. Many social scientists are convinced that collaboration between management and labor leaders—either conscious or unconscious—is the normal consequence of a free market system. Industries with many firms grope for ways to simplify their structure—and the union helps in the search. In industries with only a few firms, the union's basic role is to ventilate grievances and discipline the work force.

Multi-firm industries like trucking, clothing, and longshoring are simply looking for an escape from the rigors of competition. With some justi-

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#### *The Status Seekers*

CHICAGO, April 12 (UPI)—Juke box man William Blatt called on his fellows today to get out of crime syndicates and into civic uplift. . . . He urged juke box operators like himself to launch an all-out public-relations campaign to prove that they're solid citizens instead of racketeers and muscle men. . . .

Blatt himself is active in Variety, the Optimists, the Police Athletic League, the Moose, and the Elks.

"I'm especially active in the Police Athletic League," he said. "What with Little League baseball and all."

—Washington Post, April 13, 1959.

fication, large employers in these fields long for the security of oil, steel, and auto producers. In these basic industries, the market structure is oligopolistic—an evil-sounding piece of economics jargon which simply means that a few producers dominate the market and have broad powers to fix both prices and output. (In pure competition, there are so many producers that no one can dominate a market. Moreover, each producer turns out as much of his product as he can; he is too small to raise his prices and profits by withholding some of his supply. All this is true in farming, the most competitive of industries—so the government has stepped in to limit output and to put a floor under prices, at enormous cost to taxpayers and food-buyers.)

In oligopoly, no such government help is needed. If U. S. Steel raises a price, its juniors will soon follow. And if at that price, demand is not big enough to take all the steel the mills can produce, then output and employment are reduced. Economists long ago figured out how in theory monopolies and oligopolies can make more profits by raising their prices and limiting demand instead of lowering prices to increase demand. Steel, autos, and oil have been demonstrating for years that the theorists were correct.

#### WHY EXECUTIVES LIKE HIGHER PRICES

**B**UT why should the corporate managers be so willing to see prices rise?

A Washington investment adviser, Eugene Havas, recently supplied an answer. Share prices largely reflect earnings and dividends. As earnings go up, stock prices go up. And thanks to stock options, Havas had noted, the corporate managers can get handsome rewards from rising stock prices. They can and often do vote themselves options on large blocks of their company's stock.

For example, U. S. Steel last year gave 120 of its executives options on 151,100 shares at \$55. This spring, the stock had risen \$40 a share above this. Any time a top Steel executive needed cash, he picked up his telephone, told the company treasurer to issue him a few thousand of his optioned shares, and told his broker to sell them at the market price. Thus our executive cleared \$40 a share with two telephone calls—and without investing a cent of his own money. And if he can wait six months and one day before calling his broker, he will be taxed no more than 25 per cent on his profit because it is a long-term capital gain.

Since the stock profit depends on investors' estimates of the corporation's future profits, the managers with options have a vested interest in raising prices to increase their company's earnings.

An instructive case was cited by John Blair, the economist for Kefauver's antitrust subcommittee. He calculates that the net profits per ton for U. S. Steel rose from \$7.47 in the first quarter of 1953 to \$19.31 in the fourth quarter of 1958. At the same time, U. S. Steel was producing at 102.1 per cent of capacity in the first 1953 quarter and at only 72.7 per cent in the last 1958 quarter.

This remarkable result has earned U. S. Steel a new status in stock-market letters ("No longer a cyclical stock," the tipsters write, "but a steady growth equity like A T & T, with the capital appreciation potential of a pioneering chemical company.") This is in part a tribute to Steel's great technological strides which have displaced thousands of workers by more efficient machines. It is also a tribute to Steel's price leadership. From 1947 to 1958, the wholesale price of finished steel products soared 101 per cent; in the same period, all wholesale manufacturing prices advanced only 32 per cent.

The great oil and auto producers, also marvels of technological efficiency, have enjoyed results nearly as spectacular.

But in steel, autos, and other industries trying to imitate their success, the unions have economists with sharp pencils, too—so labor had to get a slice of the pie. In some cases, it appears that the pie was consciously and amicably divided by rationalists like Hoffa. In other cases, notably autos, the heritage of opposition and the personality of the dominant corporation and union leaders has prevented anything but an unconscious parallelism of interest. In either case, the result was the same: wages in these industries went up, prices generally went up even more; and both corporate and union managers could blame the other for the result.

#### A FEW QUALMS

**A**GAINST this backdrop, thoughtful actors in the contemporary economic drama began expressing their concern openly last fall. One such was Arthur Goldberg, the wise general counsel for the Steelworkers.

Goldberg has a deserved reputation for attempting to harmonize his client's interests with the public welfare. He is counsel to AFL-CIO's Ethical Practices Committee and probably did



more than any single man to bring about the merger of the two federations in 1955.

Last November, he suggested periodic discussions between corporate and union leaders, with government officials sitting in on the talks. The talks, he said, should deal with inflation, automation, and all the other things that the managers could usefully discuss. But even this modest proposal fell on deaf ears. Some sophisticated managements have shown a speck of interest; a few powerful financiers are enthusiastic; no union manager has yet been willing to endorse it.

But Goldberg appears to be giving his union clients some good advice. It really runs like this:

"Boys, you'd better show some voluntary moderation while you can. If you don't, something like enforced wage-and-price control is on the horizon."

Goldberg, as usual, was a good prophet. In the late winter, Kefauver warned McDonald, Blough & Co. that the forthcoming negotiation was their last chance to arrive at a bargain that would *not* be made the excuse for a price increase. Kefauver said Congress would not stand for another performance of the shopworn drama—big wage demand, a strike, a wage increase, and a price boost. The *Washington Post* said editorially that Kefauver had read not only the temper of Congress but of the nation. Several days later, President Eisenhower virtually repeated Kefauver's theme. However, the steel industry chided the Administration for interfering and the Administration has since adopted a much less interventionist stance.

Taking the Congressional temperature is a difficult task. But reporters on Capitol Hill are sensing a new mood that spills across party lines. Democrats with such diverse constituencies as Senators Clark of Pennsylvania, O'Mahoney of Wyoming, Neuberger of Oregon, Gore and Kefauver of Tennessee, Proxmire of Wisconsin, and Douglas of Illinois are troubled about administered prices and wages. In the House, Democratic Representatives as far apart geographically as Bowles in Connecticut, Reuss in Wisconsin, Udall in Arizona, Johnson in Colorado, and Cohelan in California are similarly troubled.

Several farm-belt Republicans, notably Wiley of Wisconsin, have also grumbled about the price-wage spirals of big business and big labor. He and two fellow Republicans, Langer of North Dakota and Keating of New York, have put in their names as co-sponsors of Kefauver's bill to establish a Department of Consumers.

Some of these legislators may be longer on

intelligence than influence. However, if they are reinforced by the collective wisdom of the Federal Reserve Board—a group with a different political orientation but certainly just as dedicated to the public welfare—the economic game could well find itself with some new rules.

In brief, circumstances have dictated what one reporter has called a quiet revolution in economic thought among Washington's most thoughtful officials. This revolution has three leading ideas:

(1) Oligopoly, not competition, has become the dominant mode of American economic life. In their search for profits, oligopolists tend to restrain production and employment and raise prices.

(2) The traditional antagonism between unions and management in oligopolistic or concentrated industries is disappearing. Conscious and unconscious collusion takes its place, lifting wages for some and prices (including stock prices) for others.

(3) The public interest in economic affairs has long ago been established in theory and practice. Business enjoys outright subsidies, plus hidden subsidies like tariffs and tax gimmicks, and makes large sales to government. Unions are also supported by government through complex codes guaranteeing organizing and bargaining rights. Therefore, it is no real departure to insist on a public interest in the key wage and price decisions.

#### PROPHET OF THE REVOLUTION

**E**VEN quiet revolutions have a book, and the text for this one is now being written. Its author is a little-remembered economist from New Deal days, Gardiner C. Means. Unhappy at group-think, he recently resigned from a shrewd business-backed organization, the Committee for Economic Development, to write his book alone in Vienna, Virginia.

It was Means who invented the concept of administered prices back in 1935. The theory underlay some of the work of O'Mahoney's Temporary National Economic Commission—the last body to make a really thorough investigation of how the American economy works.

But then three economists attacked the administered price notion in scholarly journals in 1941 and 1942 asserting that prices are really set in the market, and with the coming of the war the debate halted; the nation set about defeating Fascists, making money and, later, crusading against Communism.

Immediately after the war, advanced economic thought turned to the mathematical arabesques of the econometricians (at Harvard's graduate school in 1947-48 a student had no future as an economist without integral calculus). Thinkers who suggested that chromium-loaded cars were not the answer to Communism were liable to be hailed before hostile investigating committees; unionists who detected a softening in their leaders were barred from jobs.

But in 1955 and 1956, the iconoclastic John Blair, one-time assistant chief economist of the Economic Division of the Federal Trade Commission, rebutted the three economists who had attacked Means. Then Blair became Kefauver's chief economist; and in the summer of 1957, a lengthy inquiry relying on case studies of administered pricing was started by Kefauver's subcommittee. It went on almost unnoticed except by the business press.

Meanwhile, Galbraith—the witty Harvard professor who annoys his colleagues by writing so well—was producing his influential book, *The Affluent Society*. Among other things, it raised many questions about the conventional economic wisdom. Galbraith's point was underscored by the postwar's sharpest recession, the 1957-58 slump in which prices actually kept on rising.

There was more heresy at the annual tong meeting of economists at Chicago in December. Professors John Lewis of Indiana and Ben Lewis of Oberlin, along with Blair, made new contributions to the administered price idea. In January Means took time out from his book to present some simple charts to Kefauver's committee. They argued that the recent inflation was a new kind, caused by concentrated industries (those dominated by a few firms) raising their prices in the face of falling demand. In contrast, Means showed that the competitive industries, with many producers, were behaving according to Adam Smith's precepts, lowering prices as demand dropped.

#### DO WE WANT TO BREAK UP BIG BUSINESS?

THE curious recovery lent strength to the analysis by Thomas of the Federal Reserve that administered prices and wages distort the economy—enriching one group at the expense of others, breeding unemployment and potential inflation with which the Fed could not readily cope.

What, then, can be done about it? The Capital's better minds have been busy wres-

ting with this one for months. A respectable but small minority favors the traditional antitrust approach. If concentrations of economic power exist on either the industry or the union side, then break them up and restore free, competitive markets.

This is a Jeffersonian approach that is not only concerned with proper pricing, production, and employment but has a deep commitment to the spiritual values of the independent man. It is attractive and sanctified by tradition. Everybody, including the biggest violators, pays allegiance to the antitrust laws and the glories of competition.

But most of the economists and many lawyers are skeptical of its practical value. They make two objections to the antitrust approach:

(1) Existing laws—the Sherman and Clayton Acts—outlaw collusive arrangements between producers or between employers and unions. But in the sophisticated modern world, you can enjoy all the blessings of a price-fixing conspiracy without violating the law. That's what trade associations, conventions, friendly lunches, and the trade press are for.

(2) New laws to make administered price arrangements illegal probably would lead into a blind alley.

H. Thomas Austern, partner in Covington and Burling, a Washington firm on a par with Wall Street's corporation law factories, has some pertinent observations about any such new law which would necessarily rely on a doctrine of "assumed conspiracy."

"The resulting violation is not readily susceptible to judicial remedy," Austern says. "I cannot see how a court could, by injunction, tell a price leader never to change its prices up or down, or enjoin other producers from following in order to remain competitive.

"Unless our courts are to fall into the trap of regulating prices by continuous judicial supervision of an industry, I cannot fathom what form of injunction they might fashion."

However, the trust-busters reply, under an "assumed conspiracy" doctrine couldn't the court order divestiture—breaking up one big corporation into many little ones? The Justice Department's antitrust division is exploring this possibility, even without new law and relying on the old Acts.

Conservatives like Austern argue that "even if fragmentation of companies were desirable or feasible, there are many who doubt whether modern mass production could survive under it."

Many more economists, on the other hand, are



convinced that mass production would be carried on much more efficiently by more and smaller units. They doubt that total output is increased when one corporation like General Motors dominates everything from autos to buses to diesel locomotives to auto financing. They believe output would be increased if U. S. Steel were not either first or second in producing most major steel products.

Even so, few economists would rely on trust-busting to achieve the major economic goals. They think that dissolution to restore competition will not work and that antitrust laws cannot really bust trusts.

As Galbraith told the Kefauver subcommittee, "To suppose that the antitrust laws will work the kind of revolution which will reconcile full employment with price stability is out of the question. This would mean a wholesale revision in industrial structure—a wholesale disintegration of existing business units."

This does not mean that anyone wants to repeal the Sherman and Clayton Acts. The biggest violators defend them largely because they serve as an excuse to do nothing more. Less interested observers would retain the laws because, as Galbraith said, "They bring the conscience of the community to bear on the problem of economic power. . . . And thus they restrain the strong firm in its relation with weaker customers, suppliers, and competitors."

#### GOVERNMENT PRICE-FIXING?

**W**HAT then? Thinking in academic and political circles is now being drawn to some form of public intervention in the key price and wage decisions. However there is almost universal opposition to direct controls over wages and prices. Instead a kind of middle ground between free markets and controls is being sought. This would be a remote but non-coercive relative of the processes which now decide public-utility prices.

Galbraith, one of the first to suggest this, lays down three principles for such intervention. It should, he says, be:

(1) *Limited*—it should apply only to firms and unions in concentrated industries which have a decisive share of the market power.

(2) *Simple*—perhaps a government panel should require these corporations and unions to justify in advance each proposed price and wage increase. The panel would then make specific recommendations in the light of agreed-on national goals.

Just what criteria would be used to determine a "justified" increase is a puzzler. Business critics of the idea have said that inability to spell out these criteria will make the scheme unworkable. Since the corporation will likely argue that it needs the increase to restore a past level of profits or to fatten its present inadequate earnings, the "just" price implies a "just" profit rate. And any such notion frightens the corporate managers.

On the other side, the unions contend that the proposal could lead to great industrial unrest. Smart corporation lawyers, it is said, would tie any price change to periods when wage contracts expire. Then, the union could be foreclosed from getting any increase until lengthy arguments had been settled, perhaps in court. Meanwhile, workers would grumble at being asked to continue work under their expired contract until the lawyers all had their day.

(3) *Conciliatory fact-finding*—at least at first we might rely on panel findings to mobilize public opinion to serve as a restraint on union and corporate managers. If this did not work, then sanctions or penalties would be in order.

Some of the obvious respondents before such a panel would be Donner's General Motors (51 per cent of 1958 auto output) and Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers; Blough's U. S. Steel (29 per cent of ingot capacity) and McDonald's Steelworkers; Ralph Cordiner's General Electric Co. (owned 16 per cent of the electrical machinery industry's assets in 1947, the last year in which data was compiled) and James Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers. Trailing along with the price leaders would likely be Ford, Chrysler, Bethlehem Steel, Republic Steel, Westinghouse, Western Electric (an American Telephone & Telegraph subsidiary), and Radio Corp. of America. With their leaders, they dominate autos, steel, and electrical machinery—the industries that Means has shown accounted for the lion's share of the wholesale price rises since 1953.

So far, big industry and big labor have recoiled in horror from this idea. There are some notable exceptions. Reuther, for example, is a vigorous, long-time supporter. A few executives in one of the smartest steel companies think government intervention is inevitable. Incidentally, this corporation is one of the ten biggest producers.

On Capitol Hill, O'Mahoney, Clark, and Reuss have sponsored bills along Galbraith's line. Neuberger has introduced one authorizing temporary price, wage, and rent ceilings. Kefauver

has written one to insure that the general public has an advocate—via a Consumers Department—before any panel.

The idea is in its infancy—or strictly speaking, second childhood, because the voluntary, wartime price fixing before OPA resembles it. There hasn't been enough discussion yet for realistic notions to emerge about its strengths, weaknesses, and the technical details of how it would work.

#### ECONOMIC PLANNING: PRIVATE OR PUBLIC

ONE obvious argument is that the method interferes with "free" markets. But Galbraith replies that the panels "bring the public interest to bear on what is now private price-fixing. It is obvious that if private discretion did not exist, the problem would not arise."

Another argument holds that prices would never be reduced if an industry always had to justify an increase.

To this proponents answer that concentrated industries almost never cut prices anyway. Moreover, Kefauver's Consumer Department might petition for a price decrease and set the panels in motion whenever it decided that output, employment, and price stability would benefit thereby.

Finally, the critics point to the long history of federal regulation. They note that in time, the "independent" commissions become willing vassals of the industry they are regulating. The Federal Communications Commission, for example, is suspected of having been far too friendly to the radio and television networks;

one of its former commissioners has been accused of selling his vote to a TV license applicant. Similarly, the airlines and the Civil Aeronautics Board are thought to have had unprofessional relations. In New York, Governor Rockefeller thinks his racing "czar" has enjoyed too many favors from track owners. The sensation-minded Harris Committee on Legislative Oversight (Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine were its two major diversions) scratched a little of this surface. Another subcommittee on the Senate side, under John Carroll of Colorado, may complete the abortive Harris inquiry. And Harris himself is readying another investigation.

However, the march toward rationalization—an industrial structure with fewer corporations and considerable private planning—appears unlikely to be halted. All over the globe, men are planning their material arrangements to overcome the obsolete problem of material want. In India, Puerto Rico, the United Kingdom, in Europe's coal-steel community and the Common Market, in all the Communist nations, men have turned from reliance on impersonal market forces to some conscious and public planning of investment, prices, and wages.

More of this already goes on in the United States than is generally understood. Tax laws play a potent part in investment decisions. The planning of a General Motors, U. S. Steel, or a Standard Oil (N. J.) plays a decisive part in the nation's economy. The question now posed is whether these private corporations will be allowed to continue making decisions of vast public consequence without some kind of informed public surveillance.

## AND CRASHED IMMEDIATELY

TECHNOLOGICAL progress is as old as man. The history of all societies is a history of invention. But if inventions and changes in industry are not new, what is new is the increasing rate at which they are occurring.

J. Lewis Powell describes this acceleration in interesting terms. For the sake of graphic presentation, he compressed the 50,000 years of mankind's recorded history into fifty years, and on this basis develops the following chronology: (1) Ten years ago, man left his cave for some other kind of dwelling; (2) Five years ago, some genius invented the first writing; (3) Two years ago, Christianity appeared; (4) Fifteen months ago, Gutenberg developed the printing press; (5) Ten days ago, electricity was discovered; (6) Yesterday morning, the airplane was invented; (7) Last night, radio; (8) This morning, television; (9) The jet airplane was invented less than a minute ago.

—Bernard Karsh, the *Nation*, January 31, 1959.



GALINA ULANOVA

## *creating the role of* **JULIET**

*Galina Ulanova—the prima ballerina of the Soviet Bolshoi Ballet whose tour of the United States has recently concluded—is noted for her shyness and reserve. She gives few interviews and makes fewer public statements. This spring she wrote the following essay in reply to questions submitted in Moscow by Nicholas Carroll for the Sunday Times of London. In it she tells how she interprets her role in “Romeo and Juliet,” the ballet set to music by Prokofiev which was one of the principal productions of the Bolshoi’s American tour. Commenting on her performance, John Martin, the dance critic of the New York Times wrote:*

*“It is not only a superb dance performance but surely one of the greatest of Juliets, spoken or unspoken. Certainly no Juliet in memory has ever been so young, in body and mind, or has developed so eloquently before our eyes (and in our hearts) into womanhood and the inevitable tragedy.”*

MANY people believe that Prokofiev wrote the ballet “Romeo and Juliet” specially for me, but that is not so. Twenty years ago, when the ballet was first put on in Leningrad, I did not know him so well as I came to do later; his ballet was expanded from a suite of pieces into a full-length work, but not with me in mind as interpreter of the role of Juliet. Incidentally Prokofiev did write works specially for me later; he even offered to do the Snow Maiden story, but I declined the suggestion, since Rimski-Korsakov had already written wonderful music on that theme.

From the very first the role of Juliet made a strong appeal to me. The story of “Romeo and Juliet” is a universal one. The work creates an image which is not restricted to any one nation.

For much the same reason the role of Giselle has always been my other favorite.

It is difficult to identify the specific appeal of Juliet to me. Perhaps the story has some affinity with events in my own earlier life, though on a much smaller dramatic scale. I feel in my own character the same irregularities that mark Juliet’s: it is therefore easier for me to imagine a situation in which she is involved, since my own character lies within hers. In other words I am able to find in myself the elements of Juliet’s soul; and, to take the process still farther, in a strange way I find I am all the time developing my own character through the characterization of Juliet.

My preparation for interpreting this role fell into two quite different parts. First and foremost I place the experience of my own life. I had to create the character from my own observations, my reading, my general education, over a lifetime. I had also to study the essential quality of Juliet. This can be found in Russian literature; for instance, Turgenev has created a character of this kind, and she exists in other works. My aesthetic approach has been very much formed by my upbringing in Leningrad; I have studied the great works of art in the Hermitage collection there.

I had of course read the play, but actually that was a relatively small part of the total preparation for this role. I had traveled in Italy, too; once I even passed through Verona, but it was a short stay, and there was no time for study of local color or anything of the sort. I suppose that many artists, working on such a role, would make a point of seeing stage performances of the play. As it happened the play was being performed in Leningrad and Moscow twenty years ago when I was working on the role, but I made a point of not going to see those productions until I had created my own role as I felt and saw it.

I worked for three months in Leningrad on the technical preparation; more was not necessary at that stage. But in my performances over the past twenty years my interpretation has undergone significant changes. This applies specially to the dramatic aspect of the role. Now it is a more tragic conception than before, a more profound one; it is in a sense a wider protest against the kind of divided, turbulent society that the play depicts. The technical structure of the work is unchanged, but one puts into it less or more, according to one’s emotional possibilities.

The artist can approach a certain action as an

action, pure and simple, at a certain moment of time; or she can see that action as a reflection of what lies underneath it. This is how I see it myself; my own life and experience and culture make it clear to me.

My Juliet has perhaps long since stopped being the Juliet of Shakespeare. Perhaps now she has a Russian soul. But what is important is not necessarily the original work, but the underlying feeling which produced that work.

The technical preparation must always begin with the choreographer. At first he gave starting orders, and I worked within his directions. But gradually I applied more and more of my own observations to the work; this process built up little by little within me, and then started to emerge in the form of certain ideas; at that point it became a case of the dancer guiding the choreographer.

This interrelationship is difficult to convey. The choreographer suggested this or that movement to me, at the same time explaining what he meant by it, and his understanding of the character. But I had my own way of expressing those same ideas; the choreographer would accept that, and our conceptions would blend in the final movements.

Prokofiev's music for "Romeo and Juliet" produced many problems. It is less descriptive than the traditional music for classical ballet; it has a far higher drama content, with more expression than description. Technically it is difficult; there are unorthodox rhythms. At first we all said it was impossible to dance to. There seemed to be insufficient melodic line; it was utterly strange to us, and we had many disputes about it. And yet I must say now that if I were given different, more traditional music for this role, I would not be able to interpret it at all.

Thus we had to adapt much of our dancing experience to this work. I cannot say that it was a case of absolutely new dancing, unrelated to the old classical ballet. In fact it is closely related. The elementary movements are the same. But when we were working on the choreography we sensed at once that every dance, with one or two exceptions, was an integral part of the drama. And in order to conform to the dramatic requirements we had to change the combinations of the elementary movements, and even modify some of the elementary movements themselves.

Yet in the balcony scene, in which Juliet's heart is overflowing with joy, I found that the use of the traditional classical steps and combinations was the only possible way of communicating it. The choreographer was looking

for some new way to express the powerful ecstasy of that moment; but this, I feel, must be conveyed in this instance in the dancer's acting, and not in choreographic novelty.

In the older forms of ballet you will find broader strokes of the brush, with smaller movements serving to connect the broader ones; just as in earlier opera great arias were connected by thin strands of recitative. But in this ballet, as in later opera, there is only a succession of very slight movements, all blending to produce the image and the drama. "Romeo and Juliet" was not by any means the first of these ballets: in earlier transitional works, such as "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai," the balletic elements of "Romeo and Juliet" were clearly to be seen.

I discovered that the most difficult moment in the whole ballet was Juliet's solo dance in the



scene where she is thinking about the interval she must endure between taking the potion which is to make her seem dead and her return to consciousness and Romeo. This is intensively dramatic, spiritually speaking, but difficult to convey visually. We discussed all kinds of visual aids to convey the drama of that moment of reflection; we even thought at one time of lowering a part of the stage; but quite rightly, in my view, pantomime effects of this kind were rejected.

Preparation for a ballet role is a highly personal matter. Every ballerina has her own approach. I will only say that in my case I believe in the most thorough study possible, and I believe that the study must go far beyond mere technical work, and must ideally involve an understanding of and sympathy with the role.



By PHILIP ROTH

Drawings by Joel Szasz



*Recollections from*

## BEYOND THE LAST ROPE

One of the most highly acclaimed of the younger novelists tells of the seashore summers when he learned "not only to swim and float . . . but to flirt, to drink, to pose . . . to do everything."

AS A CHILD I was carried each summer to a small seaside city in New Jersey called Bradley Beach. Over the years, my mother, my brother, and I lived from July Fourth to Labor Day in a large furnished room (with kitchen privileges) or two rooms (with kitchen privileges) or—when my father discovered in May two hundred mysteriously extra dollars in the bank—in a small house of some six or seven rooms which we rented with three other families. In Newark, during the rest of the year, my brother and I lived in comfort and ease; my father might have been struggling to pay bills, my mother juggling so as to make ends meet, but it was all hidden from their two children, masked by the spotless house, the starchily fresh linens, and the full, well-cooked meals. At the shore it was different. Had I not been convinced by ten months of good living that we were "rich," I would from our summer quarters have thought us members of another social class.

Our vacation lodgings were small, sandy, and unprivate, and no matter to which of Bradley's

many rooming houses we moved over the years, we were always greeted and farewelled by that same seashore smell, not so much musty as it was cementy and cool, like our cellar at home. Unlike home, however, were the chairs you settled into at the shore, chairs whose arms were always faintly damp, as though someone had just been seated upon them in a wet bathing suit. Sand crackled everywhere—under foot when you walked in the living room, between your sheets when you tossed in bed, and in your mouth when you ate. And, surrounding our family, there were always strangers—strangers eating in our dining-room, strangers closing the door behind them to our bathroom, and soapy strangers, washing and singing, their hairy limbs showing beneath the wooden door of our outdoor shower. Everything that was so precious and naturally our own at home, was held in common at the seashore, a concept of ownership that had as much appeal to me as a child as it would to a member of the NAM. After all, what was Mrs. Blum from Bayonne doing at *our* refrigerator? The question plagued me, and beneath their forced smiles and their ear-splitting "Good morning!" it plagued the ten or so women who shared the rooming-house kitchen. Though each was assigned a compartment of the huge icebox at the start of the summer, the confusion as to who owned what was well under way by the second week of July.

As a young child, I remember, it was disturbing

for me to watch my mother so often engaged in battle, especially in the kitchen, where I had understood her to be monarch by divine right. She could hardly act like royalty, however, with someone else's soup boiling on our burner and someone else's wrinkled old grandfather mumbling Anglo-Yiddish as he picked through our icebox. After a while the only way to restrain moral and domestic chaos was to issue commands, promise punishments, and make entreaties to others just as though they were your own. This communal authoritarianism must have had its appeal, for it quickly spread beyond the kitchen, and it was not unusual to find some strange woman cautioning me, the nearest child, not to go in swimming after lunch, not to go out over my head in the water, and not to eat my dinner in a wet suit.

Despite all the strain of this Brooke Farm atmosphere, I think it must have been reassuring to have any stray mother instruct me as my own mother would. If there was any comfort to be had in being forbidden to do pleasant things, it was in the discovery that kids from places as far as Jersey City and New Brunswick were forbidden to do them too. In part, what makes these summers stick in my memory is that each summer one or another of the paternal strictures was relaxed, either with or without paternal consent. For when we could swim, who could *keep* us from going over our heads? When we were old enough to see that what our parents labeled hygienic—"You want to get arthritis in the joints?"—was also comfortable, who *wanted* to sit around in a wet bathing suit?

Each year, ten months after Labor Day, we would meet at Bradley to discover that through the fall, winter, and spring we had all of us, in our separate camps, been slowly sabotaging the guardianship of our parents. Returning to Bradley every summer was like having a notch carved head-high in the woodwork. One summer your father brought home the badge needed to get you on the beach; the next he took you with him when he bought it; the next you were given the money, your hand was wrapped fiercely around it, and you were sent off to buy it yourself. You performed the old chores, played the same games in the sea, but in different postures, with different muscles and emotions, and so you always felt the full weight of time's passage. In the winter the rust stain on your bathing suit where you'd worn your badge all summer was always the same color; it was July and August that were different.

Now, in my memory, it seems that not only

were the notches carved during the summer, but all the growing the notches stood for took place in summer as well. When I think back on the rest of the year, it always seems that outside of the classroom it was cloudy and dark; school was the long sleep during which I rested—my season of sunlight was summer. On that oceanside speck of over-crowdedness and kitchen privileges I think I learned not only to swim and float and dive, but to flirt, to drink, to pose, to swindle, to do everything. It was right there, on the dark of the beaches, that my Coke-trained stomach had its first bout with beer, and there too that I was allowed my initial examination of someone else's body. And after that first time, how I pleaded for a second! Into the ears of the unwilling, I would pour, alternately, reason and passion. I preached moral relativism, downright hedonism, Philip Wylie-ism, plain simple *love*, just to be allowed access to the hardly budded breasts of my schoolmates. Vaughan Monroe sang background music to my entreaties, and there was a brief portion of my life when my most hot-breathed fantasies were summoned up by only a few bars of "Racing with the Moon."

**G**IRLS, girls, girls. One summer I walked out on the hot tarry street, along the splintering boardwalk, down onto the beach, and there were only girls. The women in the kitchen must still have been arguing over whose cottage cheese belonged to whom, but I no longer heard them. So my mother wasn't queen of the kitchen. So what. There were girls—girls from home, cocoa-colored from the sun, glistening in their bathing suits. And other Jewish girls, strange as princesses because they came from Perth Amboy, or that most exotic-sounding of New Jersey towns, Bogota.

And more exotic yet, there was a family of Syrians, a clan of them who lived in Bradley all year round, and whose cocoa-colored skin was that color all year round. The men and the women and the children were all dark, smooth, faintly-mustached, and, to me, somehow sinister. The two young girls, who looked like twins but were cousins, wore two piece bathing suits of the sort that Betty Grable was making fashionable; they had pierced ears, and dark down on their cheeks and bellies, and they never bothered to learn the names of the summer people. At least they never bothered to learn mine, though my stomach trembled at the sight of them. The brothers (or cousins) played in our clandestine blackjack games, which were conducted to everyone's knowledge in the damp shade back under



the boardwalk. I always played cautiously when one of the Syrians was dealer. And though it was a point of pride to have a friend who was a native of Bradley, I never sought such a prize from amongst the Syrians. About the men there actually seemed to me the possibility of knives flashing suddenly, and bloodshed; and about the women, the suggestion of swishing skirts, tiny bells, and hot-headed dancing. They knew a great deal about the tides, and hurricanes, and when the striped bass were running, and at about the age of eleven I began to suspect them of some secrets of passion and lust that I would forever be denied. And all they did to earn my fascination and fear was to stand around being dark. They were supposed to be Jews, but I never believed it. I still don't.

In cahoots with girls I learned many things—among them, dancing. It was easier than I thought it would be, easier at any rate than it was with my mother when we practiced on the kitchen linoleum in the winter. At Bradley it wasn't so much dancing as swaying to all the



weepy summer songs sung by the crooners, or by the saddened females—the “Pattis” and “Maggies” and “Frans”—so smitten that they had to be jacked up from behind by humming choral groups. All summer long in the white, pillared pavilions that squared off the boardwalk toward the water, we danced close as we could to the Top Ten Tunes. It was different from dancing in winter, for at night you could smell the sea in the girl's hair—or perhaps it was just that the pavilion itself smelled of the waves that pounded the great wooden pillars driven in the sand beneath us. Early in June, if you had a good ear, you could spot the song that was to be the summer's favorite. It had to be slow enough for our feet to scrape inch-by-inch along the pavilion floor. It had to have a few good climactic moments for “dips.” There had to be some words of poetry in it, words like *dusk*, *wish*, *re-*

*member*, words slightly forlorn. Above all, it had to have that breadth which is banality: it had to be applicable to *each* of our lives. Then we could serenade one another while we danced, give to the song a private meaning, make it do for our own kisses and uncertainties, our own dusks, wishes, and remembrances. We responded to it like undergraduate poets to their own verse. What raised the goose-pimples was that it was *ours ours!* It was always playing while we kissed and we kissed and we kissed. I think I kissed more kisses between the ages of thirteen and seventeen than I will kiss the rest of my life. And I'm only talking about summers.

For entire summers kissing was like baseball: an end in itself. But then one summer kissing was suddenly a prelude. Everything was a prelude, kissing, dancing, dipping—especially dipping—dressing, washing, my whole life seemed a prelude to those few minutes at the end of the night when I would seek to realize what had, for various reasons, been unrealizable all those summers before. I was just old enough to drive and I would park on a dark street—whiffing the sea through the open window—and even if it meant running down my father's battery, I would leave the radio on. It was a great comfort to have Vaughan Monroe there in the car with me. I remember how there would be a flash of despair when I had turned the radio dial right down to the end and couldn't find any good music. Good music softens them, somehow it makes straps less complicated, hooks and eyes more unclasable. It encourages girls to do what in silence they won't. Vaughan Monroe, Billy Eckstine, Frank Sinatra, Nat “King” Cole—all guilty of softening the morals of the young, and of giving us a style. The beat of draggy ballads, I'm sure of it, became the rhythm of my advances; I would be struggling to hold my own in an embrace, with one eye on Ray McKinley's baton. The music played on and on, so as to keep the *mood*. The girls changed, but the mood was constant.

Before my fingers had quite brailled out the angles of the object itself, I was busy learning the right responses. I sighed, I mooned; when rebuffed, I was terribly hurt. I would try to show off in beach games, or else exhibit all my brazen potency by tossing a tennis ball back and forth. It was all in how languid you could look. The real athlete looks languid. During the winter in the dark cellar of our house, I would practice pitching a taped-up baseball against an old carpet attached from ceiling to floor. What I was practicing was not curves, not hooks and drops, but languidness. In the kitchen above, I'm sure

my mother did not know that with each thud the ball made in the carpet, I was thinking about those sunny days beyond the snowfalls and the meltings, when I would be standing in my bathing suit at the water's edge, tossing a ball back and forth before an audience in which there would be girls.

I practiced not only throwing but standing, waiting, retrieving. I knew exactly what I wanted to look like, and it was some years after I'd stopped vacationing at Bradley that I saw in Florence what I'd had in mind—it was Michelangelo's David. He would have knocked the girls at Bradley for a loop. Imagine that what he is holding up to his breast is not a sling, but a glove; imagine in that throwing arm, loose but ready at his side, not a rock but a baseball; see the way each joint picks up the weight from the one above; see how he peers down for the signals beneath those brows. See all that, and you'll see what I was trying for in my cellar all winter long.



MY LAST few summers at Bradley I had a girl, and all those things I had done in previous years with boy friends, I did with her. We would swim together at Bradley, fish lazily for blow fish at Shark River, and stroll along the boardwalk to Asbury in the evenings, the sea still vaguely lit on our right, as we strolled out, and roaring invisibly to our left, coming home at night. On the beach my parents' friends would spot the two of us walking hand-in-hand toward the water to swim, and they would wink at me. On weekends when my father appeared he would be in the water, knee-high, talking to another insurance man, and see us pass by. He would flash me the signal with his eyes:

"Ah, so you're with a girl . . ."

Then he would turn back to his friend and I would overhear one or another of the old magic words. The words carried me all the way back: *premium, fifty-payment life, accident and health,*

*the colored debit.* Insurance words—they circle my childhood. I'll bet some nights with the conversation from the kitchen still locked in my ears, I said them in my sleep to no one. *The colored debit.* That one had the most power for me; it was like a vase covered with pictures of black people in various poses. The colored debit was where my father had a great deal of trouble and got very tired trying to collect insurance money from colored people. It seemed that they had no idea of the importance of insurance; they committed the fatal sin: they let it *lapse*. It was the insurance man's burden to penetrate the dark-milling jungle of Prince and Spruce Streets, carrying the word from the Metropolitan, the Prudential, making, among the blacks, converts to security. What a task! Cecil Rhodes, Albert Schweitzer, my father, and his friends. I can still see them, Friday nights, sitting in our kitchen playing pinochle—the missionary's night off. They kibitz so loud and long that I am kept awake, while down in their grimy houses on Prince Street the colored people sit around letting their insurance lapse. . . .

As I enter the water with my girl I look back at my father and his friend, and feel the undertow of despair that drags at me from knowing that if I am old enough for her, my parents are suddenly older than I like to imagine them. In their bathing suits you can see they are inching up on my grandparents. Suddenly, the girl dives, and the last I see of her are heels touching for a moment above the water, and then they slide away too. I start after her, past the series of poles and ropes that fences in the shallower water, protecting the innocent and the decrepit from the dangers of the sea. Finally, I am at the last rope. It is green, and tough, and hairy; I feel it graze over my back, and there I am! Past the last rope! "Don't go out past the last rope," my mother would say. "Watch him!" my grandmother would whisper to the adult nearest to me, "he goes out past the last rope." "Be careful," my father says, "the undertow is treacherous. The last rope . . ." But suddenly there is one summer when there is nothing they can do about it. I raise my legs, arch my body, point my head down, and now I am below the water and absolutely alone. The shock of the water kills and kindles my senses all at once. I open my eyes, and see the floor of the Atlantic Ocean. "How he loves the water, you can't get him out of it." I hear this despite the fact that water is closing off my ears. "Look how purple his lips are, he's been in all afternoon." "You get a worse burn in the water than on the beach—



watch your shoulders." "You have a little cough—don't stay in too long." "You can't get him out—he's a fish!" I *was* a fish—now I'm a man. I swim out to where the girl waits, the water so buoyant with salt it's like my father's hand under my belly teaching me the dead man's float. Together the girl and I move easily our arms and legs, a dance no one ever performed on land. We stay afloat, dancing, no music necessary.

Beyond where the waves break, where there is only swell from time to time, are the Serious Swimmers. Back and forth, back and forth, all day long. Among them are the non-languid athletes, out there to build up their shoulders and pectorals. On the beach these same fellows spend a fair amount of their time tightening their stomach muscles. If they should want only to turn the dial on a portable radio, they approach the task with such a passionate masculinity that they stiffen all the way up to their jaws. I see one now, beyond my companion and me, pounding hell out of the sea. After a while we move back toward the last rope, and I feel the sun so bright on my shoulders that I imagine you can see in its intensity every one of my cells. My mother was right—you *can* get a worse burn in the water. "Didn't I tell you?" she would say, as I lay belly down on the bed and she poured vinegar into my raw back. "Didn't I tell you?" I would have to sleep pajamaless and even the soft sheets pained my flesh. And in the next bed, with the supercilious tone of one who has carefully nurtured his tan, my brother would complain, "You stink."

SOMETIMES in these childhood summers I would carry the smell of vinegar with me even after my shoulders healed. It perfumed my sheets and towels for days, and in the winter there would be an evening when we would be eating something pickled for dinner, and for all the frost in the corners of the windows, I would ask, "When are we going to the shore this year?" "I thought maybe for a change you'd go to the mountains this summer," my father would say. "It might be nice," my mother says, "the shore is gloomy now."

She meant by that that the war was still on and the boardwalk blacked out at night. On the beach in the early 'forties there were areas fenced off, where machine-gun positions had been dug. Sailors patrolled at night, and it *was* gloomy. There was a great deal of talk about German subs—we children saw periscopes at least fifteen times a day. Often when we came out of the water our feet were black with tar, and at home

we used my mother's nail polish remover to get them clean again. The tar, we were told, meant that a ship had been torpedoed, and we believed it when in the mornings we saw the planks of wood, the chunks of debris, that had slid up on our beach during the night. I remember having a terrible fear that some day I would emerge from under a wave and the bodies of dead sailors would be floating around me. I was nine then, and still young enough to fear the dead more than death itself.

Each summer we came back to the ocean the guns were in position and the lights were out. But then one August it was over—I was twelve and the atomic bomb had been dropped on Japan. "Wait," my father says, "now everything will be atomic—soap suds, breakfast cereals, movie stars. . . ." That night it was as though the poorest man in the world had married off his ugliest daughter. I've always felt a tremor of joy upon reading in books, "People danced in the streets." But there was more than a tremor in seeing it. Besides, it wasn't *people* who danced in the streets, it was Mrs. Blum from Bayonne and old man Klein from Hillside. Eventually all of Bradley had spilled its way up on to the boardwalk, and we children formed a conga line and conga-ed all the way from Ocean Grove to Avon-by-the-Sea, past the Pokerino, past the dance pavilions, the salt water baths, the hot dog joints, past the dark-buckling ocean, which would never be tar-blackened again. What would it be like with the war over, with everything atomic? It would be all good, we imagined—perhaps not dancing, but the serene equivalent of it. We imagined this until way down the boardwalk, in a neony ice-cream parlor, we saw a woman of about fifty, all dressed up in a gaudy print dress and a gala hat, eating a double-sized banana split, and crying so quietly and intensely that our hands fell from each other's hips and our celebration ended.

In bed I could still hear all the music from all the tiny bands that had appeared on the streets. I never realized so many people packed away instruments to take on vacations—there were violins, harmonicas, drums, kazoos, cornets, and an accordion that near the end of the night played "Johnny Got a Zero," as though it were the blues. Those who hadn't packed instruments sat in their cars and from time to time pressed down on their horns. No one with sleeping children was exasperated with them. Eventually the accordion player tired, and the car-owners locked their cars, and I heard my parents and their friends squeaking their rockers into the soft wood

of the porch. I huddled near the front window, so as to hear—from where I crouched I could see clear out to the ocean. On the porch my father said, “I only wish Roosevelt were alive to see it.” The words were soft; it wasn’t a miracle my father was asking for—only to wake Roosevelt a minute, whisper, “F. D. R.—it’s over,” and then let him return to nothingness again.

“I wish *Hitler* were alive to see it,” someone said harshly. “You don’t think he is?” a man asked. “I’d bet a thousand dollars he’s down in Buenos Aires now, living like a king.” “That’s right,” someone added, “there’s no *proof* he’s dead.” And then, after a long pause, I heard the hushed voice of Mrs. Ratnick, a very simple and uncertain woman. “In the grocery . . . I saw a man . . . who looked just like him—with his mustache shaved off. . . .”

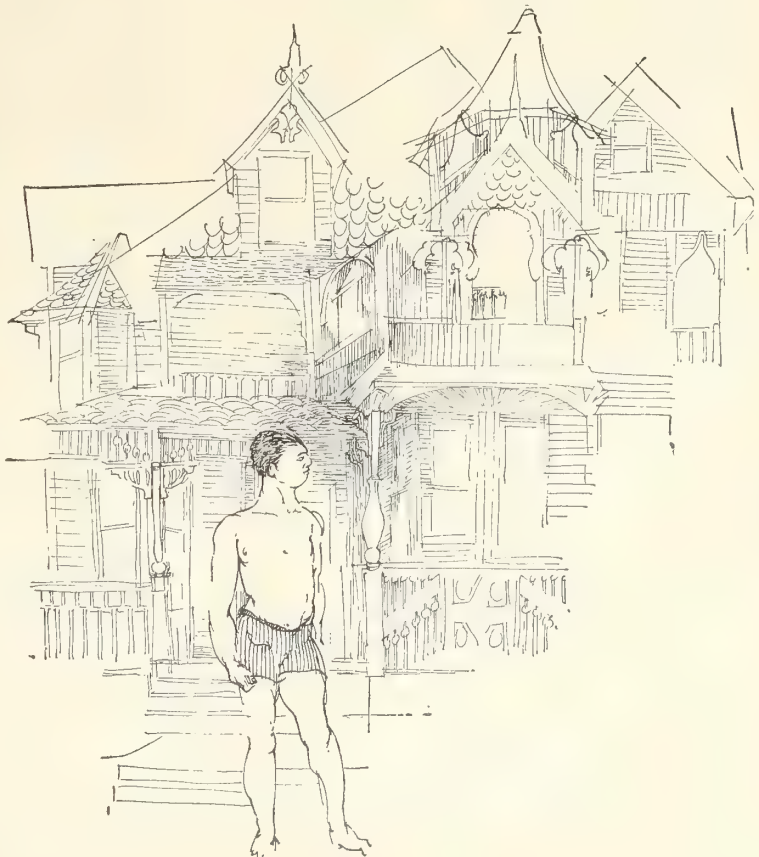
Later that week I too saw a man who looked like Hitler, but I reported the incident to no one. I had by this time discovered that more and more my childhood fibs and inventions were being put down—as they hadn’t been only last week—by the impatient skepticism of adults, and so rather than submit to my parents’ suspicious look, I let Hitler go free.

**I** SUPPOSE that if my father was present on the porch the night of VJ-Day, then he was on vacation. Usually he took off the last week of July and the first in August; otherwise he would stay in the city during the week and drive down on weekends. Sometimes, though, our old Pontiac would pull up at LaReine Avenue smack in the middle of the week: the city was too hot. “You can’t even breathe,” he tells my mother. “The humidity,” she’d say.

On these surprise visits he would usually arrive about seven-thirty without having had dinner. But dinner would wait—despite the protest of my mother—while he tossed away his wrinkled city clothes and changed into a bathing suit. I carried his towel for him as he headed down the beach for a dip. I would be dressed, the salt and sun showered off me, and my hair parted and slicked down. There was a roughened iron rail that ran the length of the boardwalk, and I sat on the edge of it

and watched him down below as he stepped into the water.

He entered slowly, lingering a long while with the water licking up at his knees. Then he would make a cup with his hands and in the thin after-supper dimness he would pour the water on his face and down the back of his neck. All my ideas of how difficult it was to be a man, to work and support a family, seem to me to have come not so much from being told about the difficulties, as from observing the kinds of relaxation the difficulties led you into: as for work, it made you want to pour a handful of cool water on your face and neck, it made such a simple thing a pleasure. I could tell that by the way he rubbed the water on his arms and massaged it into his shoulders. He would take so much time just getting *ready* to enter the water that I knew a lot of policies must have lapsed or almost lapsed that day. I had no clear idea, however, of how he prevented them from lapsing, of what exactly he did. What did he do during the day? and when we were away, what did he do at night? Who did he listen to the radio with? He missed us—I was sure of that—and though he would





never indulge his loneliness, it must have pleased him when the day's temperature and humidity became so unbearable that he felt justified in fleeing the city for the night. He paid, most of the time, however, in money and loneliness for our comfort. The heat in the summer was the enemy of women and children—we had to be saved from it. . . . Finally I would watch him lower himself into the water to swim, and then to turn over and float on his back. Behind us the sun was perfect and red, and when its light broke out on the water I knew I was seeing something beautiful. My father floated so still—he worked so hard—and then he came in and was glowing, like the sea, from those last pure spikes of light.

When we got back I sat at the dining-room table drinking a glass of milk while my mother served his dinner; the other tables in the big dining-room were empty, most people having eaten hours before. In a way it was like *our* dining-room again. I sat and listened. In Newark you can't breathe, I learned once more, and what's worse, there're fifteen new cases of polio. In an instant I would check myself: sore throat? headache? nausea? stiff neck? If we continued coming to the shore every summer, I was pretty sure I would make it through childhood without getting it. . . . When the meal ended, my father would try to convince my mother to leave the dishes in the sink, unwashed, and come for a

walk; and when she was willing to do that, I knew how lonely *she* had been. So we would go out to the boardwalk, where the old grandparents would be seated on the green benches on either side, and where there would be other wives walking with other husbands, and all of them telling each other how awful it was in the city and how the *Newark News* said there was no end in sight. No end in sight! How marvelous for us women and children.

The end, when it did come, didn't come suddenly. Many times during those last few teenage summers I realized my vacations at Bradley were almost over. All I had to do, really, was look about the beach and note the absence of some of the old familiar faces. Where, for instance, were "the older guys"? Where was Mutzie Leibowitz of Irvington, Warren Gottlieb of Rahway, Morty Shuster of Teaneck? I asked someone. "Where's Morty Shuster from Teaneck?" The answer nearly knocked me over. Morty Shuster was in the trucking business. I couldn't believe it. Morty Shuster *owned* trucks. Morty Shuster, who on the beach and the boards I'd seen engaged in the very activities I myself was to engage in four years later, Morty Shuster was in business *and* married *and* had a baby on the way. No longer, I realized, would his years run from September to June—no longer would June be the end for him and summer Time Out. Poor Morty, I knew he must be surprised. For I was sure that Morty had believed as I did: that summer was What's Coming to You. "What are you doing next summer?" "Where are we going to stay next summer?" Autumn after autumn, grade school teachers would resume the inquisition: what did *you* do last summer? They knew it too, summer was for doing *different* things. But, God, in the trucking business . . . and with a wife and child, one summer would be like the last. Summer, in fact, would be like winter. No longer would it be the season to carve notches in. Probably there would be other ways to keep track of time's passage, but who could tell what they would be like. Years would begin to march endlessly by, with no Time Outs, endlessly until the end.

It was, truly, a frightening thought, for it carried with it rumors of my own mortality, and I remember that upon hearing of Morty's fate I swore that I would never get stuck in the trucking business. As it happens, I have managed to avoid that particular fate—and yet it also happens, that like Morty Shuster of Teaneck, all I have left of those summers at Bradley is what I can remember of them.

## DONALD JUSTICE

### THE POET AT SEVEN

AND on the porch, across the upturned chair,  
The boy would spread a dingy counterpane  
Against the length and majesty of the rain,  
And on all fours crawl under it like a bear  
To lick his wounds in secret in his lair;  
And afterwards, in the windy yard again,  
One hand cocked back, release his paper plane  
Frail as a May fly to the faithless air.  
And summer evenings he would whirl around  
Faster and faster till the drunken ground  
Rose up to meet him; or sometimes would squat  
Among the foul weeds of the vacant lot,  
Waiting for dusk and someone dear to come  
And whip him down the street, but gently, home.

# RED CHINA

## *tackles its language problem*

The Communists are trying hard to teach 600 million people to speak and write a common tongue—but they haven't yet found a way around the barriers which baffled many dynasties before them.

WHEN I first came to the United States to study, I was asked by an American to meet a Chinese woman whose husband had a laundry and who had not seen or talked to a compatriot outside her family for more than ten years. She seemed pleased to meet me and immediately asked me something in Cantonese, her native dialect. Since I could just barely understand Cantonese but not speak it, I said in English, "I'm sorry, I do not speak Cantonese."

"Then what *do* you speak?" she asked.

"Pekingese and Shanghai and Hangchow," I answered.

Her look of surprise changed to disappointment. Turning quickly to her American friend, she said in disgust, "She's not Chinese!"

The enormous difference in Chinese dialects has been a continuing problem ever since China became an empire in 221 B. C., and it is one big reason why the country has remained impoverished. Of the 600 million people who call themselves Chinese, all but a very small number (variously given as six, eleven, and thirty-five million) speak Chinese. But the dialects vary so widely that the speech of Peking, for example, is as different from the speech of Canton as English is from German.

There is, to be sure, only one written language for all China, but it bears no phonetic relationship to any of the spoken dialects. Moreover, it has so many symbols that only a tiny proportion

of the population has ever mastered it (highest estimate in pre-Communist days, 15 per cent).

As a result, for centuries most Chinese have been isolated from a free flow of ideas and from the economic progress that such a flow produces. Many dynasties have tried with little success to break down the wall. The present Communist regime, recognizing the importance of having a literate people in a technological world—and the power of propaganda—is putting everything it has into this work. But the obstacles are so formidable that the results cannot yet be predicted.

At the heart of the problem are the dialects. These can be roughly grouped under five families:

*YUEH*, commonly known in this country as Cantonese. Most Chinese laundrymen speak a sub-dialect of this family. Up to the time of the Communist regime, nearly all of the Chinese immigrants in the United States came from four villages on the southern coast of Kwang-tung province, but few were able to understand the dialect of Canton, the provincial capital.

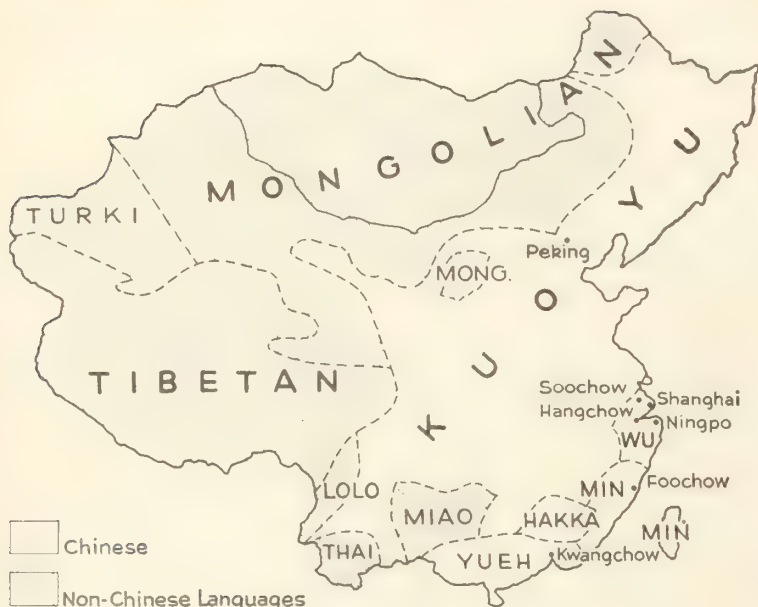
*MIN*, commonly known as Fukienese. This is spoken not only by the people of Fukien, but also by the Chinese in Singapore, Malaya, Formosa, and the Philippine Islands. Within this family are three mutually unintelligible sub-dialects.

*HAKKA*, a mixture of Mandarin, Cantonese, and Fukienese. Because the speakers of this dialect migrated south later than the Cantonese and the Fukienese, they have been called "guests," a term roughly equivalent to "Johnny-come-lately."

*WU*, including the dialects of Shanghai, Hangchow, Ningpo, and Soochow. Though less than 200 miles lie between any two of these cities, their inhabitants cannot understand each other easily.

These four groups have roughly 175 million speakers. The remaining 400 million speak *KUO*





*Linguistic map of China, adapted from map prepared by Henry C. Fenn, Institute of Far Eastern Languages, Yale*

*YU*, the national language, known in America as Mandarin. There are differences within this group, chiefly in tones, but they are not great enough to prevent mutual understanding. *KUO YU* has been taught in elementary schools for more than thirty years.

The variations within a single dialect family can be easily shown in the words commonly used for the personal pronoun *he* in the four cities within the *WU* group: Shanghai *yì*, Hangchow *tā*, Ningpo *jì*, and Soochow *lì*.

#### THE WRITTEN LANGUAGE

**T**HE dialects prevented the Chinese from evolving a single written language based on phonetics. Instead they were forced to develop a system which has no relation to sound, and they have clung to it for more than 3,000 years. Every Chinese who has learned to write uses the same symbols, just as many different nations use Arabic numerals. Take the number 3, for example. It is *three* in English, *trois* in French, *drei* in German, *sae* in Shanghai, and *san* in Peking, but the meaning is universal. However, when this system is applied to a whole language, it results in an overwhelming number of symbols.

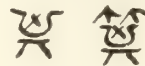
There are about 50,000 entries in a Chinese dictionary, not counting the compounds. In order to be literate, a Chinese must learn 6,000; to be moderately educated, 12,000. An English-speaking child, having to conquer only a twenty-six letter

alphabet, has usually learned to read by the time he begins the third grade. A Chinese child needs at least five more years of elementary learning—in the seventh grade he can barely read a Chinese newspaper.

These difficulties may seem exaggerated to those who have heard that the Chinese simply use pictures for writing. But this statement is only partially true. Many of the characters were originally pictures or combinations of pictures, but to express abstract ideas the signs for similar-sounding words had to be borrowed—as if you had to use the picture of *berries* for *buries* as well.

Another complication is the shortness of Chinese words. There are more words of one syllable than in English, and three-syllable words are rare. There are,

therefore, many homophones (words of different meaning but the same pronunciation). These homophones can be as confusing as the English word which is phonetically written /rait/. When I say /rait/, you don't know whether I mean my *right* hand, the *right* to vote, the Roman *rite*, the cartwright, "you are *right*," or "I *write* for a living." And just as /rait/ is spelled in various ways in English to help make the meaning clear, in Chinese other symbols are added to make distinctions in the written language. For example, since the pronunciation of *his* resembled that of *basket*, at first the picture of a basket stood for both words; later a spray of bamboo was added to the character for basket, because baskets were made of bamboo:



The earliest Chinese writing extant (See **A** in list on page 51) dates back to the fourteenth century B. C., but even then it was already fully developed and so conventionalized that many of the characters are still undeciphered. The bronzes in museums show characters of two styles (B and C). At this time many scripts were used, reflecting the bent and artistic ability of the individual writers. Once Confucius (551-478 B. C.) said to his disciples that he felt uneducated—there was so much of the writing which he found carved on the mountainside that he could not read.

The first emperor (221-210) decreed that a standard writing style (D)—still seen in signature

seals on paintings—be used throughout the empire. This, however, was still too fancy, so he simplified it to what is known as the Style of the Clerks (E). In the first century A. D. paper was invented, and writing changed again. Perhaps people began to write more. In any case strokes were run together; sharp corners were rounded. This was known as the Running Style (F), which deteriorated into the illegible Grass Style (G). The time was ripe for a Printing Style (H) which thereupon evolved and was enforced. Until the coming of today's Communists, all schools, newspapers, and government communications used the Printing Style. In private correspondence, however, people have always taken liberties with the writing strokes, running some together and cutting others out, with results much like the English simplified spelling—"nite" and "thru." The Communists have legalized this style (I).

The following is the character for *horse*, as it changed shape:

A. Shell and Bone Style (14th century B. C.)

B. Bronze Style (13th to 4th centuries B. C.)

C. Great Seal (8th to 3rd centuries B. C.)

D. Small Seal (3rd century B. C.)

E. Style of the Clerks (3rd century B. C.)

F. Running Style (3rd century A. D.)

G. Grass Style (3rd century A. D.)

H. Printing Style (3rd century to 1956)

I. Communist Style (since 1956)

Throughout this involved development of 3,000 years the Chinese characters served the literate of all sections of China; but only in the last hundred years have there been attempts made at a short cut to reading for those who could not spend the time to memorize 6,000 characters.

The century-after-century simplification of the written language always meant modification of characters, not the use of an alphabet. Foreign missionaries, as early as 1588, used alphabets in

learning the language, but the idea did not attract Chinese scholars until 1892, when Lu Kan-chang—a Chinese from Amoy, speaking a Fukien dialect—actually used and published an alphabet for writing Amoy phonetically. He later modified it for use with other dialects, including Mandarin. By 1903, another Chinese scholar managed to establish a school in Peking to read with an alphabet. But 1903 was perilously close to the end of the Ch'ing dynasty—a year of internal intrigue and foreign wars and a time of great conflict between the desire to revitalize the nation through a general literacy (which could come about only with a phonetic writing) and a new consciousness of nationalism which strongly resisted an alien alphabet. Nationalism won—and this first native effort toward a phonetic system came to nothing.

Another forward step was attempted in February 1913, a year after the establishment of the Republic of China. At a conference called for the specific purpose of unifying pronunciation, every province was represented and the pronunciation of every commonly used character was voted on. Five years later the Chinese government announced the adoption of the National Phonetic Symbols, based on early Chinese characters:

ㄓ = n, ㄚ = a, ㄓㄚ = na

This system favored the pronunciation of Peking, a Mandarin dialect. Three extra letters were added for other Mandarin dialects. A dictionary was compiled; school textbooks began to have the phonetic symbols set alongside the regular characters; and elementary schools all over China began to teach Mandarin. However, these innovations were not intended to replace the characters but rather to aid in learning their pronunciation.

During World War I, James Y. C. Yen picked out about one thousand characters as a sort of basic Chinese and taught them to Chinese soldiers in Europe, and, later, to village storekeepers and farmers in China.

Still another attempt at reform, in 1928, used the Roman letters but in so scientific and complicated a manner (as if *yes* in questions were spelled *yes*, in doubt *yeus*, in agreement *yuehs*) that it never reached the general public.

Then events took a Russian turn. In 1931, Ch'ü Ch'iu-pai, Wu Yü-chang, and several other Chinese Communist party workers in the Soviet Union, assisted by Soviet experts, created a Latin alphabet called Latinized New Writing, for the great number of Chinese in Russia.

It is reported that Ch'ü often said, "I am



greatly interested in the New Writing. My purpose in studying this problem is to solve the illiteracy problem of hundreds of millions of Chinese. It is only when the laborers and farmers can read that it will be easy for them to accept Marxism-Leninism."

At that time Wu Yü-chang, who is now chairman of the Committee for Reform of the Written Language and president of People's University, wrote an official report entitled "The thirteen principles governing the Chinese New Writing." In it he said:

Traditional Chinese writing was the product of feudalism. It has become a tool of oppression of the working man and a stumbling block to mass literacy. It is not suitable for the present times. We must abolish the pictorial writing and use purely phonetic writing in its place.

This he repeated in April 1955.

The Latinized New Writing was properly launched in Russia as the Liquidation of Illiteracy Movement in 1932, and by 1938 most Chinese in the Soviet Union were able to read and write in this alphabet. The system allowed for differences in dialect, overriding Chü's original plan for a common language. At the same time, however, the Chinese characters were also taught. News of this movement reached China in 1934, and soon many societies were established to study the New Writing.

Because of the creators' political affiliation, the societies were considered subversive. Nevertheless, in the refugee camps in the international settlement in Shanghai during the Sino-Japanese War, 5,000 Chinese learned to read. In 1938, the government finally gave the system official approval, but neither the Kuomintang nor the Communist party did anything to promote its use in the succeeding years.

#### ONE RED TONGUE

THE chief reason why all ventures in phonetic writing up to this point had fallen short of the goal was, of course, the lack of a common language. Until people could speak alike, there was no way of writing phonetically. But the barriers against this first requirement were many. The traditional system had served the literate well enough, and they saw no reason to worry about their dialects. The Nationalist government did try to do something: a general Mandarin of no specific city was ordered taught in the schools.

In terms of population numbers, the choice of

Mandarin was logical, but the highest degree of literacy was in South China, and there the new rule was largely ignored. Not to be able to speak Mandarin continued to cast no aspersions on a scholar. For example, in a college in Peking which I attended many professors spoke a brand of Mandarin only those of us from the south could make out. Many times my Pekingese fellow students had to ask me to explain what Professor Hsü (from Canton) was talking about. And since Chinese officialdom was based chiefly on civil examinations, a large proportion of high positions were held by southerners. Therefore, even after Mandarin had been taught in the schools for more than twenty years, no one in the south-east took the program seriously until the Sino-Japanese war caused large-scale migrations. Even the Communist party, before it came into power, following the Soviet policy of a federated union of national groups, was in favor of preserving the dialects.

However, in the first month that the Chinese People's Republic was established in Peking, the Chinese Language Reform Association held its inaugural meeting with delegates from all China; even overseas Chinese and minority groups were represented. The aims were: selection of one dialect for all China, simplification of the characters, and the devising of a phonetic system—working both sides of the street! The approach was to be through committees and subcommittees appointed for study and research, one of which, the Committee for Reform of the Written Language, held great powers. By December 1954, it had become a Cabinet committee directly under the State Council, and at present, in conjunction with the Ministry of Education, it has the responsibility for the over-all direction of language reform.

#### Toward a common language

The government moved to introduce in all the schools and the armed forces, in broadcasting and other means of communication, a *lingua franca*, embodying the pronunciation of the city of Peking but the grammar of the Written Colloquial. This latter, known as *pai hua*, had been used only in fiction of certain periods before the twentieth century. All other writing had been done in the formal style of the classics—somewhat comparable to limiting all southern European writing to the Latin of Cicero.

*Pai hua* was the result of the literary revolution of 1917, which was fomented by a group of American-returned students (chiefly Hu Shih, ambassador to the United States during World

War II) who, undoubtedly influenced by English writing, began to write in colloquial Mandarin. Although the "new" writers spoke divergent dialects, with a southern preponderance, their works showed a sort of unified style, semi-literary and semi-Mandarin, acquired from reading the great novels of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties. (Novels, of course, were not then considered true literature.)

Forty years of the "new" writing had been in progress, several generations of "new" writers had been produced, and a good share of the "new" writing's leveling effect had already been accomplished when the Communists took over. Their decision to follow the grammar of the Written Colloquial was an act of great diplomacy. Born and nurtured in a period when China was aping the West, *pai hua* included wholesale transposition of foreign ideas and direct translation of Western constructions. It would permit the greatest number of Chinese to express themselves in writing—and would find the least opposition.

According to the plan, by 1970 all pupils above the third grade and all teachers except those in institutions of higher learning will be speaking the common language. All executives and all public servants above the county level will be required to learn it.

Phonograph records were made, and a movie, "All speak the Common Language," was prepared for release. Special summer schools were set up for kindergarten teachers for intensive language training.

### *Simplifying the characters*

In the summer of 1950, a research committee on the written language began to compile lists of abbreviated characters which it circulated as feelers to test public opinion. Newspapers carried the lists and public discussion was invited. It is reported that 200,000 persons had their say. Another general language-reform conference, called in 1955, resulted in the publication of official lists of accepted changes. These followed three principles:

- (1) to legalize privately-abbreviated forms:

麗 > 𠂔

- (2) to eliminate all variant forms:

鬪 鬪 鬪 鬥 斗 > 斗

- (3) to extend privately-abbreviated components of certain characters to others with the same components:

難: 难 :: 艱: 艰

It was hoped that, as a result of these actions, by January 1959 three thousand short forms would be in use—only half of what was needed for comprehension of modern literary works but sufficient to permit the reading of newspapers.

### *Making an alphabet*

In February 1955 a subcommittee was set up to study the problem of phoneticization. This research committee examined all the phonetic scripts which had been used in the last three hundred years and, in addition, 655 newly proposed ones—a total of 1,200. By October it had drawn up six drafts for phonetic systems: four based on Chinese symbols, one on the Cyrillic, and one on the Latin alphabet. After further study by the research committee, the Latin alphabet was finally chosen. This was then sent to the Chinese Language Reform Committee for final passage, after which the State Council issued the script for public debate in 1956. It included all of the English alphabet except *v*, with five additional Cyrillic signs. But this system proved to be short-lived. The People's National Congress in February 1958 approved the Latin alphabet without the Cyrillic letters.

To illustrate how drastic this change is, all the following characters and many others can now be written SI:

絲 silk, 死 to die, 四 four,

思 to think, 寺 monastery.

Opposition has been strong from both the literate and illiterate. The former argue, with some justification, "It is impossible to transcribe the classics and still preserve their literary value." It will indeed be an even more drastic change than paraphrasing Shakespeare into Basic English, for Chinese characters contain concepts which phonetic writing cannot possess. For example, the character for *peace* is a woman under a roof, *good* is a woman and a child. In a phonetic writing all this "rightist" nonsense would not be able to raise its bourgeois head.

The Chinese illiterate, on the other hand, is so respectful of learning that he will not trample



on a piece of paper with writing on it. All over China there are small boxes in public places on the sides of which are printed *Hsi Tzu*—literally "Respect Characters," meaning "for waste paper with writing only." To the Chinese illiterate all writing is sacred. Therefore no cockeyed scribbling is going to pass for writing with him. He either learns to write the real McCoy or he doesn't write at all. And the Chinese peasant, like all peasants, can be as stubborn as the proverbial mule. Protests have evidently been astonishingly strong because, although it was announced in April 1955 that the alphabet would gradually replace the characters, the authorities have since repeatedly assured the nation that the characters would be "eternally" preserved, and, furthermore, they were to be written with the native brush, not the foreign fountain pen.

Meanwhile, great effort is being channeled into selling the alphabet. Chou En-lai, urging its adoption, spoke before the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference at great length, explaining that "the Latin alphabet is at present used by over sixty countries—each country by proper adjustments making it its own—and it is not unpatriotic to make use of it."

Groups of specially trained personnel are being sent to every village and hamlet to spread the gospel of phonetic writing. They argue:

The use of the alphabet will not supersede the use of characters, but will serve as a tool to indicate sound for learning characters. It will help people to learn the Common Language, but not eliminate the local dialects. And foreigners and immigrants, familiar with phonetic writing, can learn the language easily. It will facilitate the learning of technological symbols and terms, sending of telegrams, indexing, cataloguing, and compiling of dictionaries.

It is pointed out further that the 35 million people in China who speak non-Chinese languages will be able to use the same alphabet so that there can be free exchange of ideas between them and Chinese speakers. Finally there is the claim that "over 600 million people in the world now use the Latin alphabet," and that "it has become an international tool for cultural exchange."

All textbooks for elementary and adult classes, all popular reading materials and dictionaries now have alphabetic letters alongside the characters. The government is also committed to providing transcriptions of "all important writings" in the phonetic script.

These are ambitious plans, but not too ambitious for the Communist party or for Mao Tse-tung, who has never underestimated the power of language. As early as 1942, while biding his time in Yen-an, Mao cautioned his Party workers never to forget that language was a cultural weapon; that they were writing for peasants, workers, soldiers, and the petty bourgeois; that they were producing a proletarian culture, anti-imperialist and anti-feudalist; and that they were to leave no stone unturned in furthering these ends. Thus the Party workers have gone about creating new terms and giving new interpretations to old ones. They have revelled in all sorts of innovations, like new terminology and bizarre new syntactical combinations to attract attention.

#### LET EVERYBODY CONTEND!

IN THIS way, a great many Chinese have become newly articulate. They are now reachable—unlike the Chinese of the past who remained independent in thought largely because there was no effective way of reaching and influencing them. Think of the domination the Party can maintain over a nation which can read only that current material which the Party chooses to put into print, and only that literature of the present or past which is considered desirable! To the new generation, honored works from the past, not in favor with the Party, may become as good as non-existent.

In February 1956 Mao revived the ancient doctrine of "the hundred flowers," encouraging "the hundred schools of thought to contend"—to express their ideas as freely as the season produces its bloom. There was a sudden refreshing air of freedom, and the intellectuals, seizing the opportunity, did criticize the deadliness of thought-control and the enthusiastic but amateurish reform of the written language. This freedom proved to be short-lived and those who indulged in criticism were blacklisted. However, the government has retracted what it said about the alphabet replacing the characters. On the other hand, Chou En-lai took the trouble to stress the point that all languages change, "and the Chinese language can be steadily and positively changed to suit the needs of Socialist construction." He said that whether or not the alphabet should replace the characters is not an *immediate* problem—"Let everybody contend!"

So it is too soon to tell whether the Communists will finally solve the problem that has baffled the rulers of China for twenty-two centuries.

the supersalesmen of California politics:

## *WHITAKER AND BAXTER*

This remarkable husband-and-wife team produce tailor-made political campaigns—and they nearly always win. But for several peculiar reasons, their methods seem unlikely to spread very far beyond their state's borders.

**I**N THE weeks before last November's election, a menacing-looking monkey wrench suddenly became a political weapon in California. The unlovely object was flung across billboards, newspaper ads, garish handbills—accompanied by the slogan, "Defeat the Monkey Wrench Tax Bill. Vote No on 17."

Proposition 17 was a complex measure which proposed to rejigger the state's tax system by reducing the sales tax, lowering income tax rates on modest incomes, raising them to 46 per cent on incomes over \$50,000. The measure was of doubtful wisdom, to put it mildly, but it was not precisely a monkey wrench either.

The monkey wrench motif, and the "fear campaign" which it dominated, bore the unmistakable touch of Whitaker and Baxter, the remarkable San Francisco husband-and-wife team who have long been the country's outstanding specialists in political public relations. They were the first in the field in the early 'thirties, have since run eighty major campaigns—winning all but six. In the last dozen years, they have paid personal income taxes on over a million dollars. The American Medical Association alone paid them a fee of \$350,000 for a strenuous crusade against compulsory medical insurance.

Their performance in the 1958 election measured up to the Whitaker and Baxter legend. Proposition 17 was defeated after a brilliant campaign that threatened Californians with the wreck of the state's entire financial structure and—what was perhaps even worse—the imposing

of burdensome new taxes on food, real estate, and gasoline if the Monkey Wrench passed.

While they conducted this crusade in Northern California, Whitaker and Baxter also found time to handle a successful statewide campaign for Proposition 4—a \$60 million harbor bond issue—as well as to run Governor Knight for U. S. Senator. They dropped Knight after the primary—because he had refused to follow their advice. He insisted on attacking Knowland, his running mate, rather than turning his full fire on the Democrats. Not many press agents, one can assume, feel sufficiently secure to fire a Governor. Whitaker and Baxter, however, have an exuberant respect for their own political wisdom—and they hate a loser. The November results vindicated their judgment: Knight lost badly.

By this time, Whitaker and Baxter have been fixtures of California politics far longer than anyone in high state office. Clem Whitaker is a tall, spindly man with a deeply-lined, craggy face who looks older than his sixty years. He is something of a non-stop talker in a low, well-modulated voice that is oddly reassuring. Wife Leone Baxter, by contrast, is a surprisingly youthful fifty-two, a pretty redhead with the well-scrubbed, glowing complexion of the ageless American girl. She too is never at a loss for words, though her tone is sprightlier and she often sounds on the edge of breathless discovery.

For a pair of old pros, Whitaker and Baxter are full of surprises. They relish talking about their coups, but betray little of the cynicism of the veteran politico. In their view, professional campaign management is an ennobling effort to raise the level of political awareness in a democracy. "We feel," Whitaker says solemnly, "that people in our state are better informed, more alive to the issues, are better citizens because of our type of activity."

They carry on these educational chores in close unison. At work, the accordion wall is



kept open between their carpeted, paneled offices. A visitor who telephones one will often find himself talking to both partners simultaneously. Whenever they have a lecture date, they both perform on the platform. They share profits equally, sign letters together, seldom use the first person singular when the plural will do.

There is some division of effort, however. Whitaker usually plots long-range strategy, while Baxter invents slogans and labors over pamphlet copy. They both write speeches and hate the job. Before an interviewer, each is meticulous in pointing out the specific contributions of the other, but neither likes to be upstaged in conversation. When a question is asked, they both leap forward to answer and will interrupt each other frequently.

Clem Whitaker comes naturally by his tone of moral uplift. His father was a Baptist preacher, an uncle a Socialist Baptist preacher. A precocious youngster, Clem covered the California legislature for the *Sacramento Union* at seventeen, became city editor at nineteen. For a period he was a correspondent for the *San Francisco Examiner*, then in 1921 launched the *Capitol News Bureau*—a political news service for papers around the state which did not have their own Sacramento correspondents. He had worked up to eighty subscribers and was netting \$25,000 a year when he sold out to the United Press late in 1929. He had suffered a difficult siege in the hospital and decided that public relations would be an easier way to make a living.

Whitaker ran some minor campaigns (including a vain effort to abolish capital punishment) before he came upon Leone Baxter in 1933. She was a demure widow of twenty-six who had written a little newspaper copy and now was manager of the Chamber of Commerce of Redding, California.

What brought them together was a referendum over the Central Valley Water Project, an irrigation and flood-control development which had been authorized by the legislature. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, alarmed because the power generated might be sold to public authorities, then forced a referendum. At a meeting of supporters of CVP, Whitaker and Baxter were urged to take on the campaign.

It was a tough fight. Pacific Gas was well heeled, but the other side could scrape up less than \$40,000 for Whitaker and Baxter—a sum they would now regard as laughable. They concentrated their energies on the small towns of central California, which would directly benefit from the project, and did a skillful job of getting

their propaganda into small-town newspapers. They also made the first extensive use of radio in a state campaign, handling everything themselves—from the production of scripts to sound effects. When the returns were in, the Central Valley Project had triumphed by 33,603 votes. Impressed by this performance, Pacific Gas and Electric later put Whitaker and Baxter on an annual retainer. They remain a client to this day.

#### WE WERE SORRY WE HAD TO DO IT THAT WAY

CLEM and Leone were now launched as a partnership, though they did not marry until 1938. Their second year, 1934, established them as a formidable team. Not only did they put over George Hatfield as Lieutenant Governor, but they had a large hand in defeating old Socialist Upton Sinclair, who was running for Governor on the Democratic ticket with a bizarre program to End Poverty in California, which thoroughly alarmed conservative citizens. A quarter-century later, W & B are admittedly embarrassed to talk about the Sinclair campaign. "It was one we hated to handle," says Whitaker. "Sinclair was an old friend of the Whitaker family. It's always difficult to fight a campaign against a man you like personally." Half the Whitakers stopped talking to Clem. W & B took the job, they insist, because they regarded Sinclair's program as a great menace.

Hired just two months before election, "we felt we had to do a fast job, we had to make a drastic change in public opinion." Their strategy was the ultimate in what might be called the diversionary technique—shifting attention from Sinclair's program to his personal foibles.

"Upton was beaten," Clem says candidly, "because he had written books." For three days, Clem and Leone secluded themselves with Sinclair's lifetime production, compiling a mass of damaging quotations. Then they hired an artist named Bill LeNoire who did a series of thirty cartoons on "the blot of Sinclairism," in which generally a dismaying quotation would be embedded in a big blob of black ink and flung against some typical scene of American felicity.

Thus, bride and groom, emerging from church, are assailed by a Sinclair comment that in capitalist society the institution of marriage has the qualities of "marriage plus prostitution." Or the picture of a madonna and child is defiled by Sinclair's observation that "of a score of religions in the world . . . each is a mighty fortress of graft." In another cartoon, a huge black ogre

labeled "Communism" looms behind Sinclair as he harangues a glowing idealization of Miss California. The Communist charge was frequently thrown at Sinclair, though in that regard he was quite blameless.

Whitaker and Baxter had mats made of the cartoons, shipped them to papers around the state. At least 3,000 appeared in print. "Sure, those quotations were irrelevant," says Baxter. "But we had one objective: to keep him from becoming Governor. But because he was a good man, we were sorry we had to do it that way."

After their imaginative assault on Sinclair, Whitaker and Baxter found themselves in increasing demand. They have handled as many as six campaigns in a single year. They turned back the repeated assaults of the Single Tax, the \$30-every-Thursday movement of the late 'thirties, the weird pension proposals of "Gorgeous" George McClain, the Garrison Revenue Bond Act, and an effort to reapportion the legislature. They won an anti-featherbedding drive against the "full crew" law on the railroads, three times persuaded California's voters to raise teachers' salaries, elected one Mayor of San Francisco, kept another from being recalled, ran three successful campaigns for Goodwin Knight, one for Earl Warren. They have handled but one Democrat, George Reilly, who was defeated for Mayor of San Francisco.

Whitaker and Baxter, incorporated as "Campaigns, Inc.," brought a new approach to political public relations. Long before their advent, politicians and pressure groups had of course hired press agents to write speeches and puff their causes in the papers. W & B, by contrast, provided the entire management of a campaign—overall strategy, organization, financial supervision as well as publicity and advertising.

California provided an excellent market for these services. Its peculiar cross-filing system—allowing Republicans and Democrats to run in each other's primaries—had effectively undercut party identity. A mushrooming population, non-partisan municipal elections, and a dearth of patronage made it impossible to build stable political machines based on precinct organization. Moreover, incessant use of the initiative and referendum meant that in each election the individual voter had to be continuously harangued about a multitude of complex issues.

Cross-filing and the initiative and referendum, ironically, were reforms of the progressive Republican administration of Hiram Johnson. They were designed, in that distant era before World War I, to break the power of the old-line

party machines. They achieved their purpose—eventually at the expense of producing chaos in California politics and making politicians more dependent on the mass media than elsewhere in the country. In California, the great game of politics turned into a branch of public relations.

Year-round the Whitaker and Baxter operation numbers no more than twelve people; at campaign time it is likely to expand to fifty. The firm charges \$25,000 to \$75,000 to handle a statewide campaign, but this fee is supplemented by the 15 per cent commission charged on advertising placed for clients. (W & B have their own advertising subsidiary.) Annual income is further increased by fees for the public relations "counseling" which occupies the firm between campaigns; its clients include railroads, public utilities, steamship lines. All told, W & B gross about \$250,000 a year—exclusive, of course, of the money they expend on behalf of their clients. It is not unusual for a statewide referendum campaign to cost \$500,000.

The firm's success can be credited to a variety of factors: shrewd strategy, thorough organization, and an imaginative exploitation of all the media of communications. By the time one of their campaigns is over, the unwary citizenry has nearly drowned in propaganda. Some years back, Whitaker calculated that in a typical campaign they employed ten million pamphlets and leaflets; 50,000 letters to "key individuals and officers of organizations"; 70,000 inches of advertising in 700 newspapers; 3,000 spot announcements on 109 radio stations; theater slides and trailers in 160 theaters; 1,000 large billboards and 18,000 or 20,000 smaller posters.

#### THE PARTNERS PAUSE TO THINK THINGS OUT

WHEN Whitaker and Baxter take over a campaign, they absent themselves from the office for a few days to work out a detailed Plan of Campaign. This includes the basic strategy, methods of organization, the issues to be stressed, the types and volume of publicity and advertising to be used—and the timing of each thrust of propaganda. As a guide to their own strategy, W & B frequently formulate an Opposition Plan of Campaign.

They also prepare a budget. The client—generally a committee—guarantees the total sum and Whitaker and Baxter handle all disbursements. If the treasury runs low, W & B are in a position to advance as much as \$100,000 out of their own funds, thus avoiding any slack-



ening in the pace of the campaign because of financial stringencies. Few public relations firms are in this enviable position.

A basic part of the strategy of any campaign is to undercut as much opposition as possible in advance. Early in 1958, W & B confronted a difficult problem—how to win a referendum in support of a \$50 million bond issue to improve the Port of San Francisco. The trouble with this estimable undertaking, they felt, was that only San Francisco would directly benefit, though the voters of the entire state would have to approve. True, the bonds would be repaid out of revenue, and hence would cost the taxpayers nothing—but this was not an easy thought to get across to more than six million voters. “The more you have to explain,” Clem Whitaker says sadly, “the more difficult it is to win support.”

Their solution was enterprising. One morning at breakfast, Leone read a newspaper story about another bond proposal—a \$10-million issue, also self-liquidating, to expand small-boat harbor facilities throughout California. From the look of things, the small-boat bill seemed unlikely to pass the legislature. Whitaker and Baxter had no passion for amateur boating, but they suddenly saw a way of enhancing the attractiveness of their own measure—namely, by amalgamating the two bond proposals.

They mobilized their supporters at Sacramento, got a new bill passed, and were then able to go to the state with a proposal to improve scores of harbors from the Oregon border to Mexico. There followed the usual outpouring of catchy handbills, “mailers,” newspaper ads, radio and TV spots—and the voters responded hand-

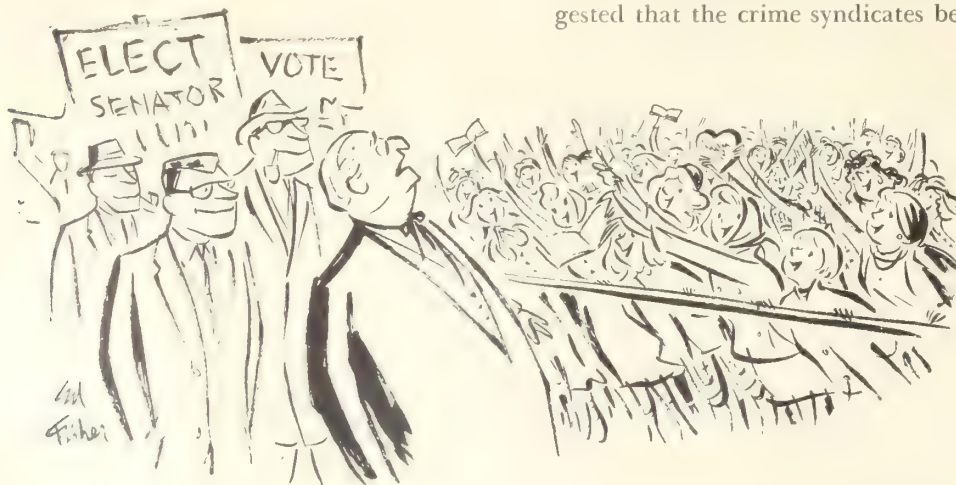
somely. “A good example,” says Whitaker, “of how you can win a campaign in the board room—long before it starts.”

The design of each campaign is different, but all share certain basic similarities. Timing is very important. A cardinal W & B rule is to allocate 75 per cent of their budget to the final three or four weeks of a campaign, when the din of contention has finally aroused the voters. Repetition is equally important. “We assume we have to get a voter’s attention seven times to make a sale,” says Whitaker. “That’s an arbitrary figure, of course, but repetition is the only way to swing someone from no position to an affirmative position.”

Every campaign must have a dominant, arresting theme. “The theme,” Baxter has explained, “should have simplicity and clarity. Most of all, it must high-point the major issues of the campaign with great brevity—in language that paints a picture understandable to people in all circumstances.”

Simplicity, of course, can verge on over-simplification and even fantasy. The Truman Administration’s proposal for compulsory medical insurance was, for better or ill, exactly what the term implied. W & B, however, found it more helpful to crusade against “socialized medicine”—a term which they have conversationally abandoned, now that the fight is won.

In 1950, California’s voters were presented with a scheme to pay old-age pensions out of the proceeds of legalized gambling. The plan was poorly conceived, but Whitaker and Baxter, who led the opposition, did not confine themselves to attacking its absurdities. Instead they pitched their entire campaign on the theme, “Keep the Crime Syndicates Out!” But nobody had suggested that the crime syndicates be let in.



*“My God! What kind of image of me have you fellows been projecting?”*

For each theme, Whitaker and Baxter can of course provide a rationale: compulsory medical insurance would lead to socialized medicine; legalized gambling could lead to corruption. The virtue of a slogan, however, is that it so compresses the sequential relationship that a hypothetical threat becomes an immediate threat.

In its printed propaganda—that is, in the small print—W & B will spell out their rationale. Thus, in 1958, their newspaper ads warned that if the Monkey Wrench Tax Bill passed, the state would have to impose new taxes on real estate, food, and gasoline in order to raise needed revenues. But their highly effective TV spots eliminated the argument and merely demanded, “Do you want to pay a state property tax on your home?” Loud voice in background: “NO!” Announcer: “Then vote NO on Proposition 17—the Monkey Wrench Tax Bill.”

Campaigns are dominated by themes and themes are in turn highlighted by “gimmicks,” a term which W & B themselves apply. The Monkey Wrench Tax Bill was one such attention-getter. So was the song “I’ve Been Loafing On The Railroad” when they were campaigning in 1948 against the full-crew law on trains. It was sung at meetings, on innumerable radio spots, and served as caption for a widely distributed cartoon of a railway employee lolling in a bed atop a freight car.

#### HOW TO LOOK AGGRESSIVE

**T**ORPOR is the norm in politics, in the view of Whitaker and Baxter. “The average American,” Whitaker once sadly informed a PR audience, “doesn’t want to be educated; he doesn’t want to improve his mind; he doesn’t even want to work, consciously, at being a good citizen. But there are two ways you can interest him in a campaign, and only two that we have ever found successful.

“Most every American loves *contest*. He likes a good hot battle, with no punches pulled. . . . *So you can interest him if you put on a fight!* . . . Then, too, most every American likes to be entertained. He likes the movies; he likes mysteries; he likes fireworks and parades. . . . So if you can’t fight, PUT ON A SHOW!”

The show must never lose its aggressive quality—a principle as important as its thematic simplicity. “Even when you’re on the defensive, you must appear to be aggressive,” says Whitaker. This is not always easy. In 1946, W & B were campaigning to prevent the recall of Mayor Roger Lapham of San Francisco. A recall cam-

paign, unlike an election, does not involve two or more candidates slugging it out. There is no opponent—just the public official defending his record against his detractors. An intolerable situation, W & B felt; their solution was a brilliant improvisation—Mayor Lapham *vs.* the Faceless Man, a sinister type with his tilted derby completely obscuring his face, whom they labeled “The Undercover Candidate for Mayor.” The Faceless Man, whose non-face was smeared across billboards and newspaper ads, became a target as vicious as any opponent Lapham might have flailed against. Lapham won.

The success of a campaign, W & B believe, is not only dependent on its aggressive pace and streamlined themes. It also requires grass-roots organization for the most effective distribution of the propaganda packaged at headquarters. In each campaign, the firm spends a good deal of energy rounding up its “natural allies”—local and statewide organizations which have either a direct or peripheral interest in the issue.

Thus, in its 1958 campaign for the harbor bond issue, W & B naturally received endorsements from the Pacific American Steamship Association, the various maritime unions, the California Marine Parks and Harbors Association, and the California Boating Council. But it ventured much further afield—mobilizing such groups as the California Rifle and Pistol Association, the Associated Brick Manufacturers of Southern California, the Fresno Cotton Exchange, the Chambers of Commerce of over forty cities, and the Orange County Farm Bureau. By the end of the campaign, over 150 organizations had affirmed their approval of Proposition 4.

A concerted effort is made to win the editorial support of newspapers. There is nothing subtle about the approach: W & B’s missionaries button-hole editors in their offices. When the firm was fighting a compulsory-health-insurance proposal made by Governor Earl Warren, over 500 newspapers were visited. The results were gratifying: Warren’s proposal lost around thirty of its fifty supporters, and the numbers of papers in opposition increased from about one hundred to 432.

W & B do not overlook the helpfulness of advertising in encouraging favorable editorial attention. Reporting in July 1946 to its client, the California Teachers’ Association, as one of its pay-raise referendum campaigns got under way, W & B stated:

“Every newspaper in the state has received a check to cover 60 inches of advertising space, reserved for our use during the month of



October. The individual papers were advised that the schedule was made possible by the teachers in their own communities—and you can feel very confident, I believe, that no editor is going to develop a distaste for teachers generally or for their publicity stories as a result of it.”

Further to increase good will, W & B do not charge small papers the normal 15 per cent advertising commission.

#### WHAT THEY DID FOR THE AMA

**A**LTHOUGH most of their work has been in California, Whitaker and Baxter have proved that the techniques developed there can be successfully applied nationally. In 1948, the American Medical Association, alarmed at the Truman Administration's campaign for compulsory health insurance, retained Whitaker and Baxter to turn back the threat. The partners went to Chicago, recruited a staff of around forty people, spent \$4,678,000 over a three-and-a-half-year period.

Their approach was strategically sound: organized medicine had to offer a positive program to counter the Administration's plan. Under W & B's prodding, the AMA for the first time enthusiastically backed voluntary group-insurance plans, which provided a persuasive slogan—"The Voluntary Way Is The American Way"—with which to belabor "socialized" medicine.

Whitaker and Baxter then set about to mobilize the nation's doctors to arouse their patients, friends, and every variety of local organization to the Socialist threat. An enormous asset, of course, was the network of county and state medical societies around the country. Chicago headquarters provisioned them with canned speeches, canned resolutions, canned press releases for local use. In 1949, over 54 million pieces of literature were distributed, in 1950 over 43 million. In one two-week period in October 1950, the AMA spent \$1,100,000 in newspaper and radio advertising (more than \$2 million was also spent by sponsors of tie-in ads).

No angle was overlooked. The personal physicians of Congressmen and Senators were approached to solicit their votes. Doctors who knew newspaper editors were asked to request their support. Over 10,000 endorsements of the AMA position were received from local organizations. These were promptly released to the press and brought to the attention of the President, Congressmen, Senators, and state legislators. In the 1950 Congressional campaign, while the AMA officially remained on the sidelines, "Heal-

ing Arts Committees" of doctors and dentists were organized to campaign against advocates of the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill. The "Socialists" were clobbered. So was their bill. Whitaker and Baxter could boast, with pardonable pride, that they had organized the "greatest grass-roots lobby in history."

Success, of course, breeds imitation. There are now several political PR firms in California, some of whose principals—like Herbert Baus of Los Angeles and Harry Lerner of San Francisco—received their training in Whitaker and Baxter's shop. Alumnus Lerner, in 1956, handed W & B their stiffest defeat on an initiative measure to "unitize" California's oil fields and thereby limit oil extraction.

W & B, retained by the "major" oil companies, argued that it was a salutary conservation measure. Lerner, representing the "independents," attacked it as a restrictive measure designed to favor the huge monopolies. W & B's campaign was temperate (friends said they were restrained by their clients), Lerner's attack was slashing—in a fashion reminiscent of his old mentors. His most effective gimmicks, displayed on billboards and ads, were two symbols for the "oil monopoly"—a hog wallowing in oil and a whale swallowing up the independents. His printed copy and TV spots were equally rough—and he won handsomely: 3,950,532 to 1,208,752 votes.

#### PATRICK HENRY LAID IT ON

**W**HITAKER and Baxter do not alibi their defeats, but they are of course happier talking about their victories. They have great zest for their work, a quality which they in large part ascribe to conviction. "A campaign is too demanding if your heart isn't in it," says Whitaker. They have never been political neuters, willing to sell their talents to the highest bidder. Republicans from the start, they have regularly worked the conservative side of the street, though certain of their campaigns—like those raising teachers' salaries—had equal appeal for liberal-minded citizens. Dedicated Republicans, they rally spontaneously to any cause which champions Free Enterprise, Personal Initiative, Freedom, or the American Way. Their personal rhetoric at times has a quality of Boy Scout piety, but is so insistent that it inevitably carries the ring of sincerity.

Whitaker is fond of Lincoln's statement, "Public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed."

"If we sometimes go to extremes to create that sentiment," Whitaker has argued, "we can recall that some of the greatest statesmen in American history went to extremes, too. It was Lincoln who said: 'This government cannot endure permanently *half slave and half free*.' That's what we call 'a fear campaign' . . . a picture of dire things to come, unless the issue is resolved.

"And it was Patrick Henry who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' That's what we call laying it on with a ladle . . . even in these modern times, that is the kind of dynamic sloganeering that molds public sentiment—and wins campaigns."

These protestations are hardly persuasive. The sad fact is that their mass manufacture of slogans and wielding of ladles has led to a grievous debasement of political debate. It is true that political appeals, long before W & B entered the scene, were hardly distinguished for their intellectual sobriety. Oversimplification of issues, attribution of base motives to the opposition, appeals to prejudice and the most irrelevant ad hominem arguments have long flavored the rhetoric of democratic debate—especially at election time. Whitaker and Baxter's peculiar contribution, however, has been to make a precise art of oversimplification, to systematize emotional appeals, to merchandise the images they create through a relentless exploitation of every means of mass communication. Compared to these virtuosos, the old-time politician seems like an amateur.

#### WE'VE MELLOWED

IN THEIR more reflective moments, the partners occasionally betray some anxiety about the inadvertent effects of their work. Asked whether they have ever been disturbed at the tactics they have had to employ, Whitaker replied solemnly, "We search our souls to be sure we are not using tactics that will do damage to society." Baxter was more troubled: "We've felt that many of our methods have been used by the most dreadful people—like dictators. The only protection is that people in this business are decent." The conversation turned again to the campaign against Upton Sinclair. "We wouldn't operate like that now, would we, Clem?"

Whitaker sighed. "I guess we've mellowed—but on the other hand, we haven't been faced again with the same kind of fight."

Whatever the character of the fights ahead, W & B can look forward to a secure future. The political atmosphere peculiar to California

which first nurtured their talents still exists: the lack of strong party organization, the personal character of many political contests, the enormous number of initiative and referendum issues at every election will continue to provide a ready market for their services and those of competing firms. This despite the fact that the cross-filing system, which frequently nullified the value of party affiliation, has recently been on the way out.

For the last few years, a Democrat or Republican cross-filing in the other's primary has had to list his own party label on the ballot, which greatly lessened the chances of capturing both primaries. This past April the legislature finally passed a bill abolishing cross-filing entirely. Thus party labels have begun to mean a good deal again in California. All this, however, has not brought into existence strong party organization on the traditional model (despite the growth of influential Democratic Clubs around the state). Even if they lost political candidates as clients, which seems unlikely, the professional campaign firms could still keep fully occupied with the endless initiative and referendum campaigns.

Outside of California, the Whitaker and Baxter type of operation has not emerged—nor does it seem likely to. The main reason is that party organization is stronger than in California, even in an era of decline for the big-city machine. To hire a PR firm to manage an entire major campaign would involve an unthinkable degree of abdication for a self-respecting political leader. PR people are of course involved in major campaigns in other states. In recent years, they have been put to increasing use and, depending on the prestige of the individual performer, their advice is often taken on issues of policy. But except in isolated instances they are not granted the range of responsibility which W & B take as a matter of course.

On the other hand, the techniques which the California firm pioneered have of course spread throughout the country. The 1952 Presidential campaign—and more particularly the 1956 one—saw a sophisticated effort to merchandise politics with all the gimmickry of advertising and public relations normally applied to the merchandising of soap. We can expect that no future Presidential campaign will be able to dispense with the five-minute TV speech, the thirty-second spot, the canned interview, and the carefully scripted political rally—complete to Hollywood director and three name bands. Whitaker and Baxter can reasonably boast that they have led the way.





## a worthy man for a box

A Story by Hayes B. Jacobs

MR. FERRIS turned the brown envelope over, ripped it open, and pulled out the card. It was from the New York City Post Office, and it was Form 1092. It was not signed, but a rubber stamp at the bottom indicated it was from the postmaster. At the top it said,

VERIFICATION OF REFERENCE  
OF APPLICANT FOR BOX  
*United States Post Office*

The blanks on the card had been filled out by hand, indicating that an application for a post-office box had been filed by John H. Fern, and that Mr. Fern had given Mr. Ferris as a reference. Would Mr. Ferris kindly advise if, in his judgment, the applicant was responsible and trustworthy?

Mrs. Ferris, in neat black topped with a starched white apron, came in bringing her husband a Scotch and soda, and said that Maury Baldwin, who had been Mr. Ferris's classmate at

Harvard, had called to say he was going to drop by for a drink.

"Good," said Mr. Ferris. "I can talk this over with him."

"Talk what over?" asked Mrs. Ferris.

"John Fern's application for a post-office box." He indicated the envelope and card as he picked up his drink from the coffee table.

"What does John Fern want a post-office box for?" she said. "They live in an apartment and get their mail under the door, the way we do."

"Don't ask me why he wants it," Mr. Ferris said. "They're not going to tell you why a person wants it. They just ask you if, in your judgment, the applicant is responsible and trustworthy enough to have one."

"Who's they?"

"They is the postmaster," said Mr. Ferris.

"I wouldn't have a thing to do with it," said Mrs. Ferris. "You'll just get into a lot of trouble. Besides, have you forgotten the time the post office lost your stamp?"

Mr. Ferris had not forgotten, though several years had passed. It had started when he had written a check to the grocer, put it in an envelope, stamped and addressed it, and dropped it in the mail chute. Several days later it had been returned. You could see the cancellation marks up in the right corner, going clear up to the edge of where a stamp had been, but the stamp was missing. And someone at the post office had stamped across the face of the envelope: "Returned for Postage Due." Mr. Ferris had made several telephone calls to the post office, and had finally spoken with an inspector, who'd assured him that it had all been a mistake, and had said that he should send the letter right back to the post office, with an explanation, and that the letter would then be forwarded. Mr. Ferris had asked the inspector what about all the expense he'd been put to—for the telephone calls and the postage for the letter of explanation. The inspector said to put it all in the letter, and this Mr. Ferris had done. A few days later, shortly before dinner, a large man had come from the post office to say that the Department had no provision for refunds in such cases, and that while he and all of them down at the post office were sorry as all get-out about the whole thing, there really wasn't anything they could do.

"How could I forget that?" said Mr. Ferris, holding out his glass for another Scotch.

"Well then," said Mrs. Ferris, "I just wouldn't answer this thing. They're very careless down there, losing things, and all. Besides, how do you know this isn't a mistake? It's probably

someone else who has applied for a box. The Ferns live in an apart—"

"Oh, I hardly think it's a mistake."

"You're so damned trusting," said Mrs. Ferris. "Besides, how do you know what would happen, anyway? You might recommend John for a box, and they'd give him one, and then someone down at the post office would make a mistake and put the wrong mail in it, or lose the stamps off something, and you'd be blamed for it. I wouldn't have anything to do with it, at all. Besides—"

THE doorbell rang, and Maury Baldwin came in. He was a tall, graying man with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a cleft chin. He worked for a literary agent, and he and his boss had just been to some kind of reception for Marianne Moore. Mrs. Ferris poured him a drink, and he began to recite the speech someone had made about Miss Moore. Maury Baldwin had a photographic memory and could remember everything anyone said.

"We haven't had our dinner," said Mr. Ferris.

"I want to tell you about John Mason Brown now," said Maury Baldwin.

"I'd rather you didn't," said Mr. Ferris.

"Why?" asked Maury.

"Because I've something I want to talk with you about."

"But I thought we settled all that," said Mrs. Ferris. "Why bother Maury with it?"

"How is dinner?" asked Mr. Ferris.

Mrs. Ferris carried her drink to the kitchen, and Mr. Ferris showed Maury Baldwin the card from the post office. Maury held the card at a considerable distance from his eyes, and read it all, aloud.

"Where did you first meet this John H. Fern?" he asked.

"I met him in Juneau, Alaska," said Mr. Ferris. "Cliff Wilson and I—you know Cliff, the voice teacher we used to go see in Great Neck—well, Cliff and I were stationed up there in Juneau with the Signal Corps. We had been in town only two or three days when one night we were walking along a road and we crossed a bridge that ran over some creek—I think it was Gold Creek—and suddenly we heard someone playing a Haydn sonata. We stopped there on the road, and listened, and we found out the music was coming from a little cottage to our left, on the bank of the creek."

"It was John Fern, playing the piano," said Maury.

"Yes, it was. Smarty."

"So—?"

"So Cliff and I walked up to the door and knocked, and this sergeant came to the door. He asked us in, and finished playing the Haydn sonata, and that's how we got acquainted."

"If he was a sergeant," said Maury, "why did he live in a house?"

"Because he worked in the Finance Office."

"He should have lived in a barrack," said Maury.

"Oh no he shouldn't have," said Mr. Ferris. "You just say that because you were an officer."

"The hell I do," said Maury.

"Anyway," said Mr. Ferris, "you should be put straight on two things. First, I myself didn't live in a barrack when I was in Juneau. I lived in a steam-heated apartment, owned, incidentally, by a lady who used to be the postmistress; and second, John Fern later became an officer, himself."

"Did you have a post-office box?"

"I got my mail in the Signal Corps box. Why?"

"You need to think back," said Maury. "I suppose if you didn't have your own box, you didn't need to give anybody as a reference. To get one."

"No," said Mr. Ferris, "I suppose I didn't."

"Have you ever had a box?"

"Off and on, at different times," said Mr. Ferris.

"Give anybody as a reference?"

"Don't recall I did," said Mr. Ferris. "Although I might have."

"Were you a sergeant when you used the Signal Corps box?"

"No. First I was a private, and then a private, first class, and then a technician, fifth grade, and then a technician, fourth grade. But by that time I had been transferred to the Aleutian Islands."

"Where did you get your mail in the Aleutians?" asked Maury.

"At different places," said Mr. Ferris. "Mostly at APO numbers."

"Those APO numbers were classified," said Maury, filling the glasses.

"They certainly were," said Mr. Ferris. "They had to be."

"Marianne Moore receives her mail in Brooklyn," said Maury.

"She can do that," said Mr. Ferris, "because she is a poetess."

"That isn't definitive," said Maury.

"Postmistress," said Mrs. Ferris, who had come from the kitchen and was emptying ashtrays into the fireplace.

Mr. Ferris rose from his chair and added ice to his drink.



"We have not yet eaten our dinner," he said.

"Nothing for me, thank you," said Maury. He held his arm out and peered at his watch. It was ten after eleven.

"It's not quite ready," said Mrs. Ferris. "Did you settle it, about the post-office box?"

"Nothing is settled yet," said Maury, "but we're working on it."

"I think the post office is presumptuous," said Mrs. Ferris.

"It's nothing of the kind," said Maury. He turned to Mr. Ferris. "Did your family have a post-office box?"

"It's interesting," said Mr. Ferris, "you asking that."

"Your asking," said Mrs. Ferris. "Possessives before gerunds."

"I'd like to keep everything clarified," said Mr. Ferris. "And if everyone will be quiet here for a half a minute I shall try to tell my friend Maury here about the post-office box situation back home, where I came from, out West."

"You have never seemed like a Westerner to me," said Maury. "Except some of your r's." Maury had grown up in Sturbridge, Massachusetts.

"Well, I am," said Mr. Ferris. "And out there, we had our little post office, but my family didn't have a box in it, at all."

"Where did you get your mail?" Maury asked.

"They brought it to our door, at first. But then we moved, and we were out near the city limits, and they refused to bring our mail any more."

"Everyone has to get his mail," said Maury.

"We told the mail carrier to bring it, and he said it was out of his territory, and for us to tell the other carrier. We told the other carrier, and he said it was out of his territory. So then my father took it up with the postmaster, who was really a veterinarian. He asked him why it was that if they brought mail across the street, then they couldn't bring it to our house. And do you know what he said?"

"What?" asked Maury, holding up his glass.

"He said because we didn't have a sidewalk."

"Well, did you?" Maury shook his glass, and the two remaining ice cubes, half-melted, made a faint, tinkling sound.

"As a matter of fact, we didn't."

"Well, then, what was your kick?"

"Our kick was simply this," said Mr. Ferris, rising to pour more drinks. "The people across the street didn't have one either. And do you know what else the postmaster said? He said that we'd *have* to get a box."

"I'd like just a half," said Mrs. Ferris.

"But we didn't get a box," said Mr. Ferris triumphantly.

"No references?" asked Maury.

"That wasn't it. We just didn't have to get one, and we knew it, so we didn't."

There was a long silence.

"Ice," said Mrs. Ferris.

"Where did you get your mail?" Maury said.

"General Delivery, that's where! Every day, we went to the post office, sometimes several times a day, and called for our mail. We did that for years and years."

"Well, there's your answer," said Maury. "Tell your high and mighty Finance Officer friend to go call for his mail every day."

"I couldn't do that," said Mr. Ferris.

"You could," said Mrs. Ferris. "But you wouldn't."

"I certainly wouldn't," said Mr. Ferris. "And to show you I mean what I say, I am going to go to the desk, this minute, and recommend John Fern for a box."

"You'll regret it," said Mrs. Ferris. "Every day of your life."

"What are you going to say?" Maury asked.

"Something . . . nice."

"Are you going to tell them that he is able to operate the combination on a box—that he is dexterous?" Maury asked.

"I'm going to give him a good send-off," said Mr. Ferris.

MRS. FERRIS headed for the kitchen, taking the bottle of Scotch with her. Maury rose quickly and followed her.

"You can't let someone down," Mr. Ferris shouted, "that you knew in the service, for God's sake!"

He lighted a cigarette, and sat down at the desk and wrote a letter:

*"I have known Mr. Fern for sixteen years. He is completely responsible and trustworthy, and I can recommend him unhesitatingly for a post-office box. I think you will find him far Above Average as a Box Holder. He is completely Above Reproach morally, is on sound financial footing, thoroughly honest, and always considerate in his dealings with his fellow men. I sincerely hope you will be able to see your way clear to rent him a box."*

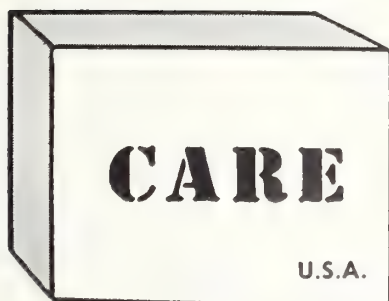
Mr. Ferris blotted the last words, and read over his letter, smiling with satisfaction. It seemed like the only decent thing to have done, he thought, under the circumstances.

***“Today  
I started  
school...”***



**If you** were the donor who provided this refugee child with a CARE kit of pencils, copybooks and other essentials, that may have been the letter you received from Hong Kong. Or perhaps your receipt showed you had provided a kit of lines and nets for his father, a fisherman who could not work because he lost his gear during the flight from Red China. For every human need in less fortunate lands, there is a CARE package you can send: not only food, but farm and trade tools, new books and school supplies, health equipment — the tools to build vigorous, skilled, self-supporting people able to help themselves. Your contribution in any amount makes this Self-Help possible. Give what you can.

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# INDIA

## Flowers, fireworks and a fellowship of spirit

OUR PHOTOGRAPH captures a moment of togetherness at the Festival of Dasara in Mysore. Note how gently the mother elephant is nudging the apple of her eye to join the parade.

We chose this picture because it evokes our childhood dream of India—of a country entirely inhabited by maharajahs and elephants. The idea is preposterous—and the truth is clear. No dream of India can ever encompass the full reality. Here are

Every seventh person in the world lives in India. The nation harbors seven major religions—and has given birth to three of them. There are fourteen basic languages and countless dialects, one of which is said to be known by only one person. A lonely man.

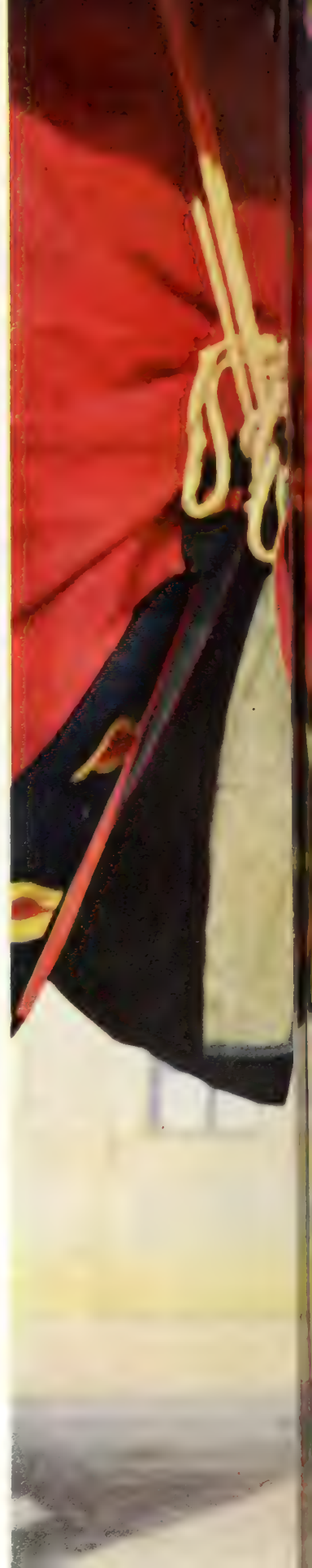
It is only when you take a closer look at India's blaze of festivals that you begin to sense the spiritual unity that weaves her variety into one nation. At some festivals, you will see your slouch of elephants. At others, you will see flowers and fireworks and even fire-walking. But almost every festival seems to celebrate the same thing—the triumph of good over evil. It is probably this fellowship of spirit that explains why India is the biggest democracy in the world today.

Visit modern India and you will be impressed by the way she is facing up to the future. Among other things, she is aiming to provide ten million new jobs, two million new homes and three thousand new health centers by 1961. Quite a task.

Oil is playing an important part in India's development. The firm that is affiliated with Jersey Standard recently built India's first modern refinery on the outskirts of Bombay.

We like to think that their enterprise is benefiting one seventh of the human race.

*Published in the interests of international friendship  
by Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)*









*Photographs by Berko, Aspen*

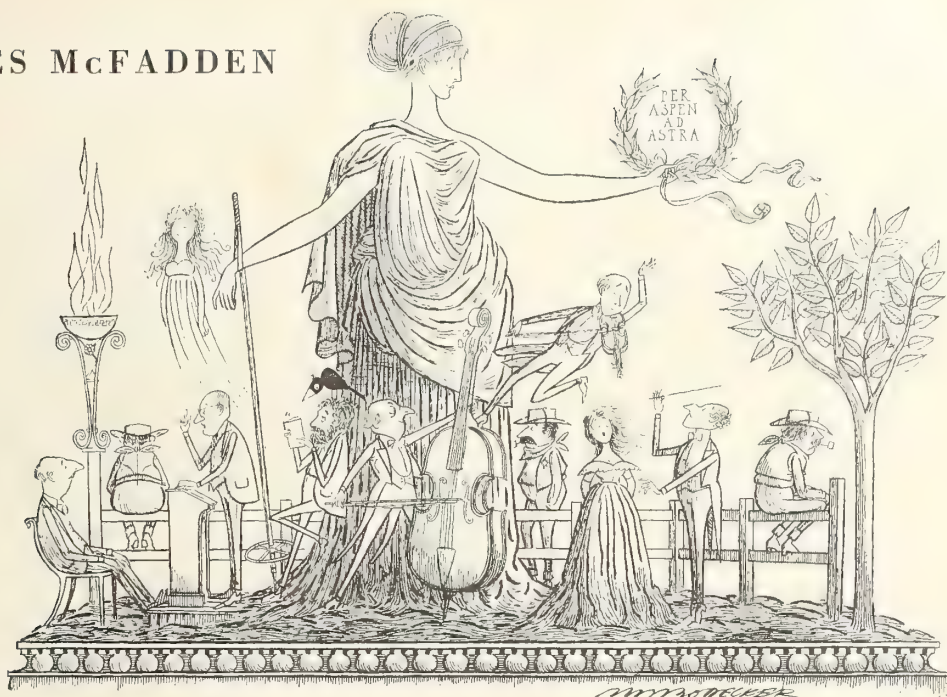


## PROSPECTING IN ASPEN

*... Music students on the Sun Deck ...  
Old Ghost House ... Milstein, Piatigorsky,  
and Mitropoulos at the Goethe Festival ...*



By FRANCES McFADDEN



## *Culture under Colorado's aspens*

High in the Rockies a ghost town has come  
back to life . . . in summer a haven for  
musicians and music lovers and for businessmen  
in search of uplift . . . in winter a heaven  
for skiers in search of chairlift.

I LIKE to say that I knew Aspen, Colorado, way back when. But actually, it was 1939 when I first drove west from Denver and over the Continental Divide to the western slopes. Warsaw had fallen. We heard the news when we got to Leadville. The war in Europe had started a boom in molybdenum at the Climax mine, and Leadville had recaptured for a fleeting moment some of the color of its old silver days. That night, under the cold stars, ten thousand feet above sea level, the neon sign of the Pioneer café flashed like a beacon. Miners and cowboys crowded three-deep around the dance floor applauding a boy and a girl in shabby ball-room dress, who were waltzing and turning handsprings. They came up gasping in the thin air. In the street outside, from rickety one-room shacks, thrown open wide to reveal their brazen beds, women in shiny red and pink rayon satin

hung over the sills and hailed the passing men. One, I remember, had taken the pose of Whistler's mother. Framed in her shop window, she sat listlessly in a rocking chair, with a tame coyote chained to the brass bedrail.

After this first heady glimpse of the Wild West, the little town of Aspen on the other side of Independence Pass seemed half-dead, as indeed it was. A St. Bernard lay plunk in the middle of Main Street, dozing. The old Opera House had had a fire; the ceiling was still charred black. In the Hotel Jerome, elk and deer heads presided over the lobby, and the water-powered elevator was operated by tugging on ropes. The Jerome had been built, we were told, just before the panic of the 'nineties, when the mines—Smuggler and Montezuma and Little Annie and Mollie Gibson and Midnight—were producing millions of dollars' worth of silver a year. Now only Midnight was in operation, and the population of Aspen had dwindled to a few hundred souls.

Most of the Victorian houses were empty, their eaves dripping forlornly with jigsaw lace. In those still inhabited, there were relics of the past—hunks of glittering minerals and primeval crystals, heavy iron-barreled guns that had shot buffalo, skis that had seen hard use, not for sport, but for getting about from mine to mine. One



Aspen parlor held three upright pianos and many glistening oil paintings of blonde Rowena and Amy Robsart and other heroines, painted by the lady of the house after steel engravings in an old edition of Sir Walter Scott. Pioneer Park, the little mansion that sits so smug and proper under the cottonwoods, had been abandoned years before by its owner, the first Mayor of Aspen. Legend says that he did in his wife in order to marry his paramour. When she proved unfaithful he shot her on the stairway and rode away, never to be heard from again.

If the pipes had not frozen and burst at Walter Paepcke's ranch over in Larkspur, Colorado, in 1938, Aspen might still be dying a slow death on the Roaring Fork. Elizabeth Paepcke rescued her guests from that domestic catastrophe by taking them to Aspen to try out the skiing. She came back again in 1945, this time with her husband. She had not counted on the perils of exposing the Chairman of the Board of Container Corporation to so picturesque a losing concern. On his second morning in Aspen, and before breakfast too, he confessed that he had bought a house. Not long after, he acquired Pioneer Park. Then other old houses were bought and sold to friends from the East. The Hotel Jerome was leased from its owner, and Mrs. Paepcke was enlisted to redecorate it; she carefully preserved the deer and elk heads, the monumental beds, and the old bamboo bar.

From then on, things began moving at an alarming rate. The "World's Longest Chair Lift" was put under construction. Gropius was brought out on consultation. Under Herbert Bayer of Bauhaus fame, the remodeled houses, once Victorian browns and grays, emerged in colors from the Bayer palette. Any householder who would paint his house according to the City Beautiful plan was offered free paint; only one took advantage of the offer. Instead, motels of varicd, and often lamentable, design went up defiantly on Main Street.

During those early summers of the Paepcke revival there were lectures and concerts once more in the scorched opera house. The aristocrats of the town turned out. Before long, Judge Shaw found himself refuting Locke on liberty at a Great Books Round Table. Clearly a new type of prospector had come to town. But where there had been almost no steady employment, now there was work. Merchants replenished their stocks. The resourceful learned new skills overnight. How Red Rowland ever got his old truck up the logging road to the top of Aspen mountain, carrying building materials for the

Sun Deck, he doesn't now know. But the Chevyv joined the caravan of super-trucks, and its owner is now manager of the Aspen Skiing Corporation.

#### THE GREAT WORLD

IT WAS the Goethe Bicentennial Convocation and Music Festival in 1949 that first brought the great world to Aspen in summer. Now the Music Tent, designed by Eero Saarinen, was hoisted on its giant poles above the Roaring Fork, just in time for the arrival of Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, of Schweitzer from Africa, Ortega y Gasset from Spain, Borgese from the University of Chicago, and for a dazzling company of writers, poets, and musicians.

Nothing quite like the Goethe celebration happened again, but the world continued to come to Aspen. When the chair lift broke down, the passenger left suspended over a chasm turned out to be Artur Rubinstein. Milstein and Piatigorsky were kibitzing from the ground. Igor Stravinsky was seen walking down Main Street in a ten-gallon hat and properly faded blue jeans.

"That was the summer," the old-timers tell the Johnnie-Come-Latelys, "when Richard Dyer Bennett and all the balladeers took over."

"That was the time when Isaac Stern got lost on Maroon Bells and they had to send out a search party for him."

"That was the concert when Benny Goodman played with Reginald Kell."

A Texan, roaring over Independence Pass one day, found his way blocked by an ancient jalopy lumbering up. Since passing was impossible, the Texan got out and bought the thing. The former owner helped him push it over the cliff. Even Hollywood came to Aspen. When "Devil's Doorway" was filmed, a troupe of Indians was shipped up the valley in the old Victorian parlor car with the pot-bellied stove. All the local cowboys were signed on to double as the *bad* sheepherders and the *good* U. S. Cavalry.

Today, the preposterous little city in its isolated valley boasts not only three ski developments, but a Music School, a Music Festival, an Institute for Humanistic Studies, an Executives' Program, a Health Center, a Humanities course of the University of Chicago, and special events, such as the Ninth International Design Conference scheduled for this June.

The musical activities, directed by the musicians themselves and a board of trustees, center on the Music School, where some three hundred young musicians are offered training in almost

all the instruments, in voice, conducting, composition, and related arts. The Roaring Fork, an old store-front building, has been turned into a students' center. Practice goes on behind other store fronts, in the public school, the church basement, in night clubs, private houses, and back yards. Sometimes it seems as if every building in town was bursting with arpeggios and trills. A student once rode the chair lift playing his trombone all the way to the top. A Colorado girl showed up for her violin lesson with Szymon Goldberg, galloping across the field to his studio, bareback.

Goldberg's introduction to another pupil was interesting. The violinist was in Java when the war with Japan was declared, and the Japanese threw him into a concentration camp. One day, after many months of confinement, Goldberg was summoned to the office of the Commandant. Without explanation, his Stradivarius was put in his hands and he was ordered to play, while a Japanese reporter took pictures, close-up, of his hands on the strings. The end in view, the violinist was unable to imagine and powerless to forestall. The mystery remained unsolved until a summer shortly after the war's end, when Goldberg came to Aspen. The first student assigned to him was a young Japanese, who introduced himself by presenting one of the photographs taken five years before in Java. The reporter, it appeared, was the young man's father. Having discovered that a great violinist was in the camp, he had obtained permission to take the photographs in order to send them home to his young sons, both bent on becoming performing musicians but cut off from the tradition of Western music by the war.

The Goldbergs are "regulars" in Aspen. So is Darius Milhaud, the internationally famous French composer. Many of his works have been played first at the Festival. His wife, Madeleine Milhaud, gives a course in Dramatic Impersonations. Izler Solomon, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony, is Festival Concerts Director. The Juilliard String Quartet have been coming summer after summer. So have Jennie Tourel, Rosina Lhevinne, Phyllis Curtin, Roman Totenberg, to name only a few. The baritone Mack Harrell and the duo-pianists Vronsky and Babin are ten-year veterans.

If so many artists of top rank are willing to give up the financial rewards of concert tours in order to come to Aspen, it is not only that they prefer a family summer to the lonely circuit. Aspen puts them, they say, on their toes. The audience gathered under the Music Tent—made

up of musicians, their wives and children, of music students, and of visitors with a high standard of musical appreciation—is challenging even for the most accomplished performers. Here, they can play new works and the seldom-played works of the old masters. And they can play with their peers in ensembles that have never been put together before. The Festival Quartet—Goldberg, Babin, Primrose, and Graudan—is the outgrowth of association in Aspen.

There are three Festival concerts each week during the season. It is hot when you park the jeep in the field by the tent and a fine red dust, Aspen's plague, is blowing. But under the Big Top, the fierce sun coming through canvas oddly patched as in some abstract painting, sheds a benign golden light on the sun-tanned men, just back from fishing, on the girls, changed from jeans into pretty dresses, on the rapt faces of the children. From under the tent flaps you may glimpse a palomino and her colt racing about the corral. Occasionally a bird gets in and flies around in the upper reaches. Once, during the quartet, a chipmunk came hippity-hopping across the stage and paused before the cello.

Thunderstorms are nothing short of Wagnerian. Then the poles that support the tent sway alarmingly, and the canvas ceiling surges like waves of the sea. At intermission time, Lily cup and lemonade in hand, you might fancy yourself at a church fair, but hark! a splendid fanfare of brass—Wagner or Pergolesi or a student's flight of fancy—is summoning the audience back for the last half. Now the light begins to fade. Sweaters are lifted about shoulders. The sun is going down. It will be chilly at the cocktail parties in the back yards.

#### COMMUTING EXECUTIVES

ASPEN'S old families live in the houses built by their forebears, but latter-day Aspenites live every whichway. The Paepckes, overlooking the lake where beavers swim about carrying aspen branches for their dam; the Herbert Bayers, in the old red-light district, in a city block painted pink, which once housed the Bowman saloon; James Hopkins Smith, Jr., until recently Director of the International Cooperation Administration, in a Marcel Breuer house at the foot of the pass. Garth Williams, artist and illustrator, has done over a miners' boarding-house hanging over the shaft of a deserted mine; Courtlandt D. Barnes, Jr., Chairman of Aspen Music Associates, lives in a ski lodge in Castle Creek Valley.



There are still patented claims on the mountain-sides. Owners will sell the surface rights, but not the mineral rights. Geiger counters offer little hope of uranium, but every year new houses go up on the zigzag road that climbs Red Mountain. Some Aspen residents maintain long distance commuting schedules, flying off in the little plane which hops the Divide and connects with mainliners, to jobs in the outside world, and then back again for a town meeting, a lecture, or a concert. Nathan Feinsinger is Professor of Law at the University of Wisconsin and Impartial Umpire for General Motors and the United Automobile Workers, but his home is in Aspen and his children are at school there. Robert O. Anderson of New Mexico commutes in his own plane between Roswell, where he manages his oil properties, and Aspen, where he is equally involved as President of the Executives' Program.

The Institute has come a long way since it was first dreamed about in the Paepckes' front parlor with Thornton Wilder putting in his two cents' worth over the tea table. Evenings, twice a week during the season, there are lectures by visiting VIPs in almost every field of intellectual endeavor, followed by forums the mornings after. The informality of these occasions is engaging. Last summer, Paul Engle, speaking on poetry, was abruptly interrupted by the Sheriff of Pitkin County in full regalia, asking for information on a party last seen heading from Santa Fe for Aspen in the company of folk singers. After the astronomer Walter Orr Roberts had finished his lectures on Outer Space, two hands shot up from the audience. One was that of Mortimer J. Adler, of the Institute for Philosophic Research; the other belonged to the small son of Albert Tipton, flutist of the Detroit Symphony. Both gentlemen got attentive hearings.

The Executives' Program, latest outgrowth of the Institute, is an interesting experiment in adult education. The stated objective is "to develop the executive's understanding of his role in our society and the goals toward which he can direct his life." Leading representatives of business—and some from labor, government, science, and the law—come to Aspen with the all-expenses-paid blessings of their employers to take part in a two-week program designed to refresh their bodies (at the Health Center) and their minds by exposure to and discussion of the great ideas of man. The daily seminars, moderated by professors from the universities, are not open to the public. The able participants often find themselves hard put to it, even after cramming

on Plato or Thoreau or Mill, to meet the challenge presented to them by the academicians. Their wives, condemned to silence at the back of the room, look on a little anxiously.

#### FLAMENCO ON THE FRINGES

**H**OMEWORK may be rugged but the quarters, in the ultra-modern hotel The Aspen Meadows, are luxurious. And for those who choose to stay on, there are fringe benefits. By jeep or on horseback, Aspen's summer visitors explore the lovely, lonely valleys above timberline where there are still patches of snow even in August, and good trout fishing in the icy lakes and streams. They make excursions to ghostly Ashcroft whose houses are literally tumbling down the hillside, to Toklat to see the Eskimo dogs, to the Trappist monastery at Snowmass, to Marble where the marble for the Lincoln Memorial in Washington was quarried. Vermont marble interests put Marble out of business. Now, the giant slabs stand along the roadside like tombs on the Appian Way.

There is a Central European flavor about the town of Aspen these days. Shops display dirndls and Tyrolean hats. The cobbler is a Hungarian, a refugee from the Hungarian disaster, who came West with a helping hand from Aspen. When he is not mending boots, he makes excellent shoes to order for the mountaineers. In their spare time, Austrian and Swiss ski instructors turn into shopkeepers, cowboys, or restaurateurs. Ski bums, hanging on till the first snows, become waiters.

The variety of night life in and around Aspen is astonishing. You can taste international dishes at the Copper Kettle. At the Jerome, or Highlands, and in the little restaurants crowded into two square blocks, you may catch a jam session, flamenco guitars, calypso, or folk singing by imported or local talent. Sometimes the music students take over the floor show. Freddie Fisher, the jazz clarinetist, is also Fisher the Fixer, who can mend just about anything with bits from his remarkable junkyard.

It is cold in Aspen on summer nights, and so clear the stars seem to drop from the sky. Coming home from a lecture by Lukas Foss on non-jazz improvisation, or a Tarzan movie at the Isis, you may see a searchlight playing on the tip of Aspen Mountain. It is the signal flashed from the roof of the Jerome to summon the roving police car. Maybe for someone lost in the mountains. But more likely to throw some drunk out of a bar. Aspen has not altogether forgotten its flamboyant past.

# The Growing Art of ANESTHESIA



By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

*Drawings by Zenowis Onyshkewych*

One of the fastest developing specialties in modern medicine is bringing undreamed-of comfort—and safety—to thousands of patients.

ONE afternoon not long ago a middle-aged woman entered a hospital for an exploratory operation. It was not her first, and so she was not surprised by the swarm of nurses and technicians who X-rayed her chest, felt her pulse, drew her blood, and otherwise prepared her for surgery. An unexpected caller, however, was a doctor who introduced himself as her anesthesiologist, asked her a great many questions and then explained how he proposed to handle her case.

The woman knew, of course, about anesthesia. What surprised her was how little she knew, how much, apparently, there was to know, and how serious this doctor was about his assignment. She was one of the thousands of fortunate patients who are discovering that when the time comes for going under and coming out of anesthesia there are real experts standing by to see them through. Indeed, the progress of anesthesiology—much of it during the past two decades—is one of the most remarkable spectacles unfolding in modern medicine.

As a full-fledged medical specialty, anesthesiology is young. But pain is as old as man, and the literature of Greece and Rome and the Middle Ages tells much of the battle to conquer it. Until quite recent times the battle was unbelievably—and for countless patients, unbearably—futile. Poppy, mandragora and hemlock were used for centuries: heroic doses were often fatal; mild doses brought little relief. The early chronicles of surgery speak vividly of patients, strapped to tables, who struggled, screamed, prayed, wept, and cursed through their operations. Until the eighteenth century, the commonest anesthetic agent was doped wine, given in such quantities as to stupefy the patient. This, added to pain and surgical insult, was more than many of them could endure. Many died, and many chose to die rather than submit to it.

There were some bold experimenters. As early as 1650, a surgeon in Naples refrigerated an arm to deaden the pain of surgery. In the same year an English doctor administered a solution of opiates intravenously. A hundred years later there was a vogue for the relief of pain by compressing nerves and arteries. It was too painful to last.

Ether, first synthesized in the mid-fourteenth century, waited in the wings for five hundred years. And then, in the one decade from 1840 to 1850, its anesthetic properties and those of nitrous oxide and chloroform were convincingly demonstrated. Most of the pioneering doctors and dentists were Americans—Guthrie, Long, Wells, Jackson, and Morton. There are still arguments about which of them made the great-



est contributions earliest, but there is not much doubt about which event most clearly dramatized their efforts. It took place on October 16, 1846, in the operating amphitheater of the Massachusetts General Hospital. John Collins Warren, the foremost surgeon of the day, was profoundly skeptical, even contemptuous, of claims made by William Morton, a Boston dentist, that ether might kill the pain of surgery. He nevertheless permitted Morton to administer the stuff to a patient and then, on Morton's signal, proceeded with what was normally an excruciating operation—the removal of a tumor in the neck. The silence of this patient was heard round the world.

#### NEW WEAPONS

ONE wry definition of anesthetic agents is that they are "drugs of acceptable toxicity," and much depends upon one's interpretation of "acceptable." Ether, chloroform, and nitrous oxide were the principal ones used from the 1840s to the 1930s. They worked for hundreds of thousands of patients, and their availability made possible great advances in surgery. But there were many deaths and even more wretched recoveries. In time, such casualties forced doctors to acknowledge the limitations of these drugs and to search first for new agents and then for better ways to use all agents.

Since the turn of the century, hundreds of new agents have been developed and tested. All of them have had some merit, but few have had enough, and even today there are not more than a dozen in general use.

Of the three old stand-bys, nitrous oxide is still the most serviceable and is used constantly in combination with other drugs. Ether is still widely used. Chloroform is ten times as strong as ether and is nonexplosive. But it presents such threats to the heart and body chemistry that it is now seldom used except in remote rural areas (it is compact, easy to administer) and in the tropics, where its relatively slow rate of evaporation is an advantage.

There are two major types of anesthesia—general, which induces unconsciousness, and regional (local, nerve-block, spinal, or caudal). Of the general agents developed in the past twenty years, cyclopropane is probably the best known and most used. Like ether, it is powerful and sustained in its action, but it is pleasanter to take, works more rapidly, and does not have ether's undesirable effects on severely toxic patients. Like ether, however, it is fiercely explo-

sive and is a dangerous agent in operations where an electric current is used to cauterize or to stop bleeding.

Because of the increasing use of this procedure, called electro-coagulation, it has become necessary to find a satisfactory general anesthetic agent that is nonexplosive. The answer may be Fluothane, developed in England four years ago and now undergoing many tests there and in this country. It is the most talked about agent of the hour, but it is not ideal because of its tendency to cause dangerously low blood pressure.

General anesthesia can also be produced by a variety of injected agents. Such barbiturates as Sodium Pentothal and Surital are administered intravenously to put the patient to sleep.

Regional anesthesia, by which selected areas of the body are deadened or temporarily paralyzed, relies on the injection of procaine derivatives such as Pontocaine, Novocain, and Nupercaine.

Finally, there are the injected drugs used specifically to relax muscles during surgery and in the reduction of fractures. Their ancestor is curare, the South American arrow poison whose victim was so vividly described by Georges Barbal as "a living mind with no means of manifesting itself." Curare and its derivatives are being replaced by a number of synthetics that are more specific in action and predictable in effect.

Anesthesiologists are by no means satisfied with their current battery of agents. But it is clear that the development of new and better ones cannot be hurried. They therefore concentrate on the art of combining the agents they have ("balanced anesthesia") and on the improvement of techniques. It is in these two areas that they have recently made their greatest advances.

Balanced anesthesia may be defined as the combining of a variety of agents in such a way as to minimize the toxic effects of each. To understand it, it helps to know that there are four orders of agents: the sedatives, which produce sleep; the narcotics, which dull pain; the relaxants, which relax muscles; and the general agents, which do all three in varying degrees. In major surgery, of course, all three effects are necessary. Profound sleep is not enough, for two reasons. An unconscious patient doesn't know it, but when he gets cut, it "hurts," and unless this pain is deadened, he jumps or struggles. Also, unless something is relaxing his muscles, he may present to the surgeon a field so knotted or convulsive as to be virtually inoperable.

Now although there are some agents that will produce all three effects, there is none that will do this as well or as safely as will certain combinations. And this is not only because of the capabilities of the drugs; it has also to do with the idiosyncrasies of the patient. Certain disorders of the circulatory system, respiratory system, nervous system, or the blood, for example, prohibit the use of one agent and demand the substitution of another. His understanding of such conditions and of what drugs may be used to accommodate them is a major difference between the modern anesthesiologist and his predecessors.

#### NEW TECHNIQUES

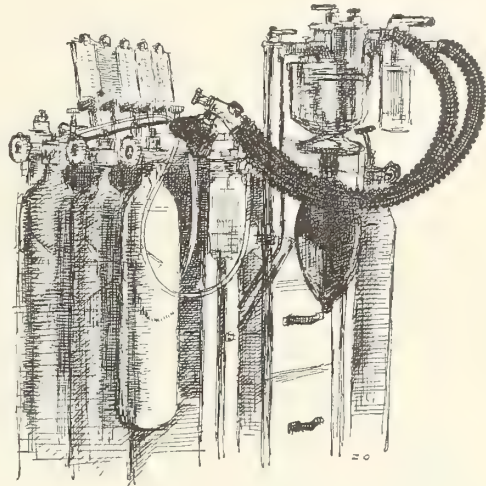
FOR many years the equipment for anesthesia consisted of little more than a rag and a bottle. Now it includes some remarkable innovations. The most welcome of these, developed only five years ago and now quite widely used, is the breathing assistor. During prolonged operations, this pump regulates the rate and volume of the patient's respiration—in short, it ensures that he breathes with maximum efficiency. And, in replacing the manually operated reservoir bag, it provides the anesthesiologist with a much needed free hand.

There are also the new electronic monitors by which, during surgery, pulse rates, oxygen and carbon dioxide levels, and continuous electrocardiogram (EKG) and electroencephalogram (EEG) readings may be registered on pointers or oscilloscopes. The EEG monitor, a piece of equipment still found only in the large hospitals, is especially useful in open-heart surgery where, because the heart is by-passed, there is no pulse to watch and thus no other clue to circulatory conditions. Its measurement of "brain waves" is an excellent indicator of the depth of anesthesia and of the supply of oxygen to the brain.

Another technical procedure, not new but lately much refined, is hypothermia, by which the whole body or parts of it are refrigerated. It has been particularly valuable for open-heart surgery, in which circulation is interrupted for many minutes. This calls for—and hypothermia provides—a lowering of metabolism, which diminishes the body's oxygen requirements and enables the brain to go undamaged for a much longer time than usual without its normal supply of blood.

Finally, there is the technique of hypnosis. Its popularity has run in cycles ever since the Viennese Mesmer advanced it as a medical ad-

junct in the late eighteenth century. It is now being seriously re-examined and has recently been employed successfully in dentistry, obstetrics, and some major surgical procedures, including several open-heart cases. Its limitations are clear: most doctors are not trained to perform it, and many adults are not suitable subjects; but it may prove valuable for children, who are the easiest subjects, and for some patients, regardless of age, who are unable to tolerate anesthetic drugs.



#### VICTORY OVER PAIN

HOW today's anesthesiologist works may be illustrated by returning to the case with which this article began. Our patient is a woman about to undergo surgery for a condition diagnosed as possible cancer of the pancreas.

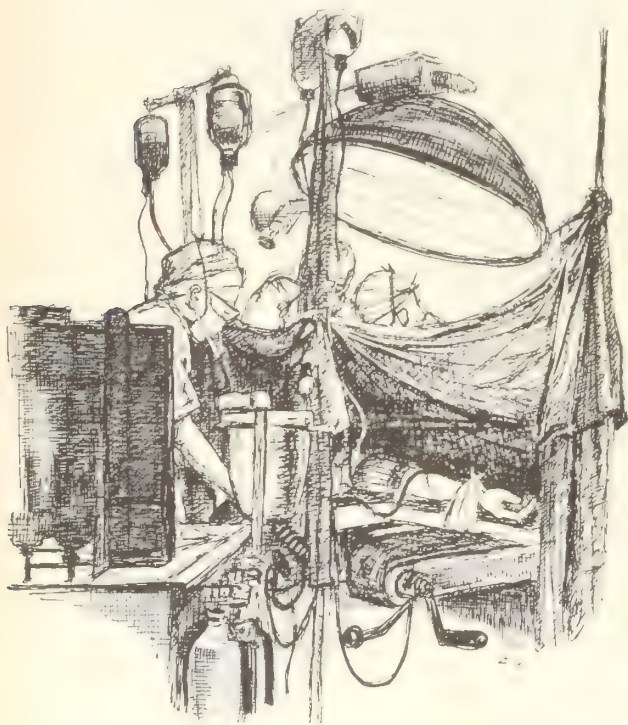
Twenty years ago—except perhaps in a metropolitan university hospital—her anesthesia would probably have been nitrous oxide and ether, administered by a nurse. The nurse, no matter how fine a technician, could not possibly have known much about the chemistry of these agents or the physiology of her patient. The patient's chances of survival—if, indeed, this operation had been undertaken at all—would have been about one-twentieth of what they are now.

For in preparing for today's operation, her anesthesiologist (a doctor with seven years of training and eleven years of private practice) has consulted with her surgeon and her internist to learn in considerable detail her medical history. Paying his call on the eve of the operation, he has noted, among other things, her face, build, skin, teeth, pulse, breathing, and emotional state. He has asked her if there are any drugs, foods, plants, or other substances to which she is known



to be allergic. And he has talked to her about the kind of anesthesia she will have. He has proposed an injection of Sodium Pentothal to induce sleep and a spinal injection which will not only block pain and relax muscles but will also reduce the need for prolonged use of a general anesthetic agent. He has assured her that she will feel the slight sting of the needles and nothing more.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the patient is wheeled into the operating room and the anesthesiologist is there waiting for her. The patient murmurs a few questions which he answers quietly and briefly—wanting her, he says, to be as little aware as possible of what's going on. Within twenty minutes the patient is ready for her surgeon.



The scene he comes upon is by now familiar to him, but to a surgeon of only twenty years ago it would have presented some very curious elements and to one of one hundred years ago it would have been incomprehensible. The patient's body is fully at rest and, from the chest down, insensitive. In the vein of her left arm is a needle attached to a plastic tube through which she is receiving intermittent doses of Sodium Pentothal, plus saline solution and a constant drip of Anectine, one of the synthetic muscle relaxants. A thin tube, known as an endotracheal catheter, has been put down her windpipe to assure her a clear and controllable airway

throughout the operation. This is also the channel through which a machine supplies her with a mixture of oxygen and nitrous oxide in equal parts.

The black reservoir bag, whose alternate inflation and collapse have dramatized so much motion-picture surgery, hangs limp near the head of the table, ready for use but replaced during the operation itself by the mechanical breathing assistor. Encased in glass and powered by compressed air, a bellows about the size and shape of a small round accordion opens and closes with a rhythmic gasp. Connected to the oxygen and nitrous oxide tanks and, via these, to the endotracheal catheter, it is breathing evenly and tirelessly for the patient, taking over for her the respiration that is depressed by Sodium Pentothal and the muscle relaxants.

These many drugs and techniques are needed because this is usually a very long operation and one requiring maximum relaxation. Fortunately, as the surgeon proceeds, he finds that the pancreas is not cancerous, but the patient does have lesions that are correctable by surgery. To attend to them takes about an hour and a half. At one point, the patient's exposed viscera, hitherto relaxed, begin a slow heaving motion, a sign that the effects of the spinal injection are wearing off. The surgeon stands back. The anesthesiologist now slightly increases the dosages of Sodium Pentothal and Anectine. Within thirty seconds all motion ceases and the surgeon goes back to work.

Toward the end of the operation, as the incision is being closed, the anesthesiologist cuts off the nitrous oxide and begins giving the patient pure oxygen only. Then, as the surgeon retires, he clears her mouth and throat with a suction tube. Observing the patient closely, he removes the endotracheal catheter, detaches the mechanical respirator and puts over the patient's face a mask connected to the reservoir bag. This he compresses regularly, very gently, with his hand. In a few minutes, he nods and points at the sheeting that covers the patient's breast. It is stirring slightly—now a little more—now with an easily seen rhythm. He watches her for five minutes and finally says: "All right, she's on her own."

But he is not quite finished. With the help of two surgical nurses, he moves the patient to the recovery room. There he sees that she is breathing normally and given more oxygen, and there, for the recovery-room nurse, he writes out orders for post-operative medication: intravenous fluids, a sedative, intravenous alcohol,

and periodic use of the "intermittent positive pressure breathing" apparatus, which will help keep her lungs expanding fully.

#### AN EXACTING PROFESSION

LATER in the surgeons' dressing-room this anesthesiologist and a number of others talked at length about their work—its attractions and its problems. It was agreed that anesthesiology is a very gratifying career today. There are few cities in the country in which a well-trained man (or woman; a good many are going into the field) will not get a warm welcome from surgeons and a chance to go to work full-time at once. He is never likely to make the six-figure income that a few surgeons make, but he is very likely to start out at around \$18,000 a year, with a good chance of running it up to \$30,000 in five or ten years. His hours are rugged—sixty to seventy a week being standard—but, except for emergencies, they are somewhat more predictable than those of many physicians. His overhead is relatively low: he usually supplies his own equipment, but he needs little of the office paraphernalia that keep many young doctors in debt for years. He has the satisfaction of being in a field where quackery is virtually impossible. His work is always under surveillance. It holds him under constant tension, but it is never a bore.

By and large, the ablest practitioners of this specialty are those certified as Diplomates of the American Board of Anesthesiology. To qualify they must have had four years at an approved medical school, at least one year of internship and at least two years of residency in an approved hospital, and at least three years of private practice. They must also have passed written, oral, and practical examinations on every aspect of anesthesiology and on related subjects such as anatomy, chemistry, pathology, pharmacology, physiology, physical diagnosis, physics, and therapeutics. Ten years ago there were in the entire country only 350 doctors with such qualifications. Today there are more than 2,000.

In another category are the Fellows of the American College of Anesthesiology. These, too, must be graduates of approved medical schools. In addition, they must have had at least one year of internship and either one year in residency or five years in the practice of anesthesiology. Ten years ago there were 500 such doctors. There are now 1,800.

For membership in the broader American Society of Anesthesiology, one must be a physician engaged in or especially interested in the prac-

tice of anesthesiology. Ten years ago the ASA had 2,600 members. It now has 6,000.

The result is that whereas ten years ago few patients living outside our largest metropolitan centers had access to first-rate anesthesiology, today it is available in practically every city of 100,000 or more and in many smaller ones.

The fact that the number of doctor-anesthesiologists has risen so fast in the past decade is due largely to World War II. Military surgeons were quick to see that good anesthesiology would vastly improve the chances of the many casualties brought to them in states of severe injury and shock. The supply of anesthesiologists being far too short to meet the demand, it was imperative to train men in a hurry. Scores of military doctors were sent to hospitals for intensive three-month training courses. They were then sent into the field with surgical combat teams or station hospitals. What they accomplished so impressed the surgeons they worked with that when the war was over these surgeons, back in civilian practice, set up a cry for more and better anesthesiologists. It was answered partly by the men trained during the war and partly by fresh crops of medical-school graduates who saw that anesthesiology—so long merely a surgical accessory—might at last become an important and rewarding specialty.

They have not been disappointed. Indeed, what they are engaged in is the fastest-growing specialty in medicine. And yet, every thoughtful anesthesiologist today is beset by problems and worries. He wonders if perhaps he has inadvertently been oversold. More and more is being expected of him—but, he asks, is it sufficiently understood that anesthesiology, like all branches of medicine, is partly an art and by no means an exact science? Is it understood that although a patient's risk is statistically small, it is never negligible, that no doctor can know in advance how every patient will react to these potent and subtle anesthetic agents? Even today, though chemists and pharmacologists have pawed for centuries among the elements, there is no single anesthetic agent that is perfectly effective and perfectly safe. There is no complete understanding of why any of them work. There is not even a complete understanding of what the state of anesthesia is. So how, precisely, can an honest anesthesiologist reassure a frightened patient and at the same time make justly clear the limitations of his knowledge and skill?

In dealing with questions like these, the anesthesiologist feels—and cannot yet allay—the growing pains of his own profession.



A round-up of readers' comments on *Harper's* series of articles on Modern Religious Belief in America—chiefly on "I Call Myself a Protestant" by William Warren Bartley, III

## PROTESTANT VOICES

*M*ANY hundreds of letters were received by Harper's in response to the series on Modern Religious Belief in America, and they are still pouring in as we go to press. A few of the letter writers tried to assess each of the essays. Perhaps Lee C. McDonald of Claremont, California, was the most succinct. He wrote:

(1) Walter Kaufmann ["The Faith of a Heretic," February] is intelligent, honest, and erudite; but doesn't quite know what religion is all about. That, no doubt, is what makes him a "free-thinker."

(2) Philip Scharper ["What a Modern Catholic Believes," March] is genuine, ingenuous, and possibly noble; but terribly defensive, despite which he managed to beg most of the questions a Protestant would want to ask about Catholicism.

(3) Arthur A. Cohen's ["Why I Choose to Be a Jew," April] piece was the best, a moving testament of faith, rationally expressed, with neither pretention nor apology.

(4) William Warren Bartley, III ["I Call Myself a Protestant," May] touched a vital nerve with his remarks about communication between Protestant clergy and laity; but his own state of being seems tragically close to Kaufmann's (tragic for Bartley, not necessarily for Kaufmann). He is driven to the leap of faith but clings to the hope that reason can show him the way to jump.

... I suppose it is only my Presbyterian bias which makes me sad that such a sensitive soul as Bartley still wants to choose his religion rather than accept the fact that he has been chosen.

However, most of the writers directed their fire—or their praise—specifically at one of the authors. Of all the contributors, by far the most controversial were Dr. Kaufmann and Mr. Bartley. Since comments on the essays by Walter Kaufmann, Philip Scharper, and Arthur Cohen have already appeared in our letters column in recent months, we are devoting most of this special section to letters about Mr. Bartley's article.

A good many correspondents objected to the choice of Mr. Bartley

to write an essay about Protestantism. For instance, Dr. B. I. Lawrence, Professor Emeritus at Central College in Fayette, Missouri, wrote:

I protest! ... The series of articles on modern religious beliefs has been a timely contribution to your readers and has been greatly enjoyed; however, William Warren Bartley, III was a most unfortunate choice to present Protestant beliefs. ... He doubts the life after death, which certainly is not what Christ taught or what Protestants believe. His discussion of philosophic systems and their failures is all well enough for the philosopher, but no philosopher can rationalize Protestant belief in "Justification by Faith" or the "Resurrection." These are religious mysteries that Protestants accept on faith alone sans science, sans philosophy, sans Bartleys. ...

I feel a grave disservice has been committed against a large segment of American readers and thinkers. Justice demands that some competent Protestant be given space. ...

An eminent religious educator wrote: "You have failed to find a single representative of the largest body of Christians in the United States." And a number of readers nominated their own choice for such a representative.

However, the series was not intended to "represent" the dominant theologies in churches today—which are expounded every week in thou-



James F. Coyne

WILLIAM WARREN BARTLEY, III  
"I Call Myself a Protestant"



Lee Boltin

ARTHUR A. COHEN  
"Why I Choose to Be a Jew"

sands of pulpits and publications—but to show how a group of able young thinkers have personally confronted religious alternatives. Certainly Mr. Bartley is not alone in his thinking—a considerable number of Protestants, especially younger ones, agreed with him at least in part. The Reverend Deane Starr of Providence, Rhode Island, wrote:

"I was reared in fundamentalism, nurtured in neo-orthodoxy, and am currently the minister of a Universalist church. Mr. Bartley has expressed my convictions in language that will haunt and prod me for many moons."

And many readers who did not agree were grateful for his statement. For instance, the Minister of a Congregational Church in Minnesota wrote:

"A congregation of Bartley III's might be challenging to preach to; the preacher could not resort to the old clichés which are often so comforting."

Several wrote in the same vein as Mrs. Donald E. Henley of Woodland Hills, California:

Perhaps my lack of knowledge of the publishing business makes me exaggerate the courage you have shown in printing views likely to antagonize so many people. However, I suspect that enough of your readers appreciate the sincerity of

the four writers to make up for those who would be insulted at finding their views criticized or questioned so honestly that they too must either question or accept themselves as hypocrites.

The total impact of the diversity of intelligent beliefs makes me realize once again the static nature of any close-minded, unquestioning acceptance of a single view.

*One sharp point of controversy was Mr. Bartley's view that unbelief is widespread among theologians, clergymen, and lay people who are afraid to communicate their unbelief to others, but simply recite creeds*



PHILIP SCHARPER  
"What a Modern Catholic Believes"

and prayers as passwords. Mr. Stanley J. Rowland, Jr. of Teaneck, New Jersey, author of a recent book entitled *Land in Search of God*, disagreed:

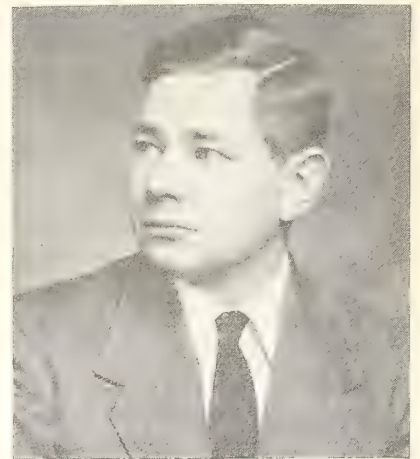
From my own extensive research into religious life in America, I am quite aware of the situation he is trying to describe. . . . An unknown number of clergymen and laymen have reservations about the literal meaning of the creeds. However, these reservations typically do not deny the existence of God who acted through Christ, nor exclude a belief in life after death. They do lead to personal interpretations.

The doubts and personal interpre-

tations are typically not shared. To this extent, Mr. Bartley is correct in diagnosing a lack of fundamental communication between pulpit and pew. But he is wrong in suggesting a clear-cut situation of unshared disbelief on both sides. The questions are typically over definitions: what we mean, for example, when we say "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth . . ." Father how? What is "heaven"? How did He make it? (Here Paul Tillich has helped by leading us beyond the stumbling blocks that can be presented by ancient creedal definitions.) In other words, there are various shades of doubt and belief. The religious weather, like Mr. Bartley's piece, is foggy.

*On the other hand, Wanda Clark of Wewoka, Oklahoma, thought that Bartley's description was entirely accurate:*

I have worked closely in organized Protestantism for years and been a member most of my life and know the attitudes explored by Mr. Bartley are finding more followers each day, and with good reason. Many I know are doing as he said—withdrawing to the Unitarians, non-affiliating, or playing make-believe in the fold. But, it is a silent revolt—silent to avoid the hysterical charge



Orren Jack Turner

WALTER KAUFMANN  
"The Faith of a Heretic"



of radical, atheist, or chronic malcontent that is often inflicted upon the so-called church "rebel." . . .

The church needs to face the truth about itself sanely. We badly need a new religion, not only because we are outgrowing the present one in some ways, but because we are also failing the present one. We have, as an organization, failed in our most important ideal, the brotherhood of man. Our churches cling rabidly to segregation of races and to social strata within the church. We have become afraid of new thought. . . .

The church needs leaders who will dare to heed the growing voices of discontent within it, who will encourage questioning of the doctrines of the church, who will do as Christ did, encouraging rebellion and change and individual thinking. It will take courage because the church, out of fear and ignorance, condemns as ungodly any voice raised to shake it from its ostrich-like lethargy.

The church is squeezing out thinkers like Mr. Bartley—and many others. . . . Thanks again for your fine article. It is encouraging [to find] a man who dares "rebel" against the accepted and orthodox of his time.

*From the many detailed and lengthy critiques of the substance of Mr. Bartley's article received at Harper's, we are able to publish comments by three respected Protestants: Dr. Nels F. S. Ferré, Abbot Professor of Christian Theology at the Andover Newton Theological School, Newton Centre, Massachusetts; Professor Huston Smith of the Humanities Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Reverend William S. Hill of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania.*

*Dr. Ferré, a Congregationalist minister and author of many books on religious questions, happened to attend the same meeting on the shores of Lake Michigan where Mr. Bartley, according to his article, became concerned that his doubts*

*about traditional faith were shared by many young members of the church. He writes:*

William Bartley's "I Call Myself a Protestant" accurately indicates the theological situation in the large part of Protestantism that has discarded the classical Christian faith. Another part is confused and hesitant; still another and larger segment remains pre-critical—it accepts the Bible as a literal statement of the truth. Barth encourages those who keep believing, although unconvinced that faith is reasonable. Tillich helps those who abandon classical Christianity in favor of its symbolic truth. Mr. Bartley dismisses both positions.

That we have to make metaphysical statements he acknowledges, unprovable though they are except in terms of their own requirements. For himself he asks only integrity, love, and strength for living.

Mr. Bartley's hard hitting is honest. One further step, however, would make him more representative of the post-critical Protestants—those who have applied critical methods and Biblican scholarship to traditional Christianity. The real choice is no longer between Barth and Tillich. It is for "the extreme middle" between them.

This position accepts the fact that although we all must have some ultimate, such a presupposition cannot be proved. Thus we all live by faith. We choose the context of our lives. Why, then, should not human beings choose whatever answers most fully their deepest needs in order to live, to know, to be fulfilled? Mr. Bartley admits two such needs of life as central: integrity and love. Are not truth and love at the center of what life needs beyond the physical level? Cannot life be organized and fulfilled around these two centers?

Mr. Bartley stands in awe before the moral genius of Christ, rooted as it was in honesty and love. This same Christ claimed to be the way

to God. As we must have some presupposition for life, can there be a better than Christ's way of integrity and compassion? If choice of ultimates must be made, moreover, what alternative is there that satisfies not only life but knowledge? I have wrestled for years with ultimates without finding a truer. Take, for example, another possible ultimate: evolution as the explanation of existence. The very facts described by the theory of evolution point even more readily to a Creator. That our long history of creation has come to be without Ground and Goal is incredible mystique to the hard-headed thinker.

Even granting a Creator, however, does the stark fact of evil preclude faith in a Creator who is also Love? No easy answer can be given to this question, but perhaps those who accept the harsh reality of the sufferings of Christ, brought on by Love's combat with evil, may find more meaning even in evil than do those who demand a life without suffering. Meaninglessness is theoretical luxury. By living we choose meanings. Believe something we must, for the concrete choices that shape life are faith.

Mr. Bartley is right: faith must be reformulated. Our understanding of God must grow amazingly in the light of our best new knowledge. But can any context of faith take the place of Christ's way of integrity and concern? Mr. Bartley's next step will be costly but count.

*Unlike Dr. Ferré, a number of readers criticized Mr. Bartley's treatment of the work of Paul Tillich. Among Dr. Tillich's defenders was Professor Smith of MIT who wrote, in part:*

Mr. Bartley ignores the layered character of every great historical religion which must meet the needs of millions of men and women from every walk of life. Truth perceived by children must be adapted to their mental make-up but Mr. Bartley

seems to assume that the minds of all adults work in the same way. It is not a peculiarity of Mr. Tillich to think otherwise. Indian thought has never hesitated to commend to persons at different levels of understanding different concepts of God, ranging from graven images to the absolutely formless Nirguna Brahman. Western theology has allowed less latitude but it too has accepted the principle.

When an old woman asked St. Thomas whether the names of all the blessed were written on a scroll exhibited in Heaven, he wrote back with untiring calm: "So far as I can see this is not the case; but there is no harm in saying so." Where is the duplicity? To introduce the Grand Inquisitor when the issue is that of layered truth is to confuse rather than to clarify.

*A final comment comes, appropriately enough, from Mr. Bartley's own former Rector in the Episcopal Church in Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania, in which he was once a parishioner before becoming a Quaker. The Rev. William S. Hill writes:*

Mr. Bartley speaks only for his own questing spirit. There is, of course, nothing wrong with that. On the contrary, there is much to be gained from reading an intelligent man's honest account of his own spiritual pilgrimage, especially when he has intellectually come to grips with some of the outstanding religious thinkers of our day. However, if anyone were looking for an understanding of Protestantism, he would be hard-pressed to find it in Mr. Bartley's article.

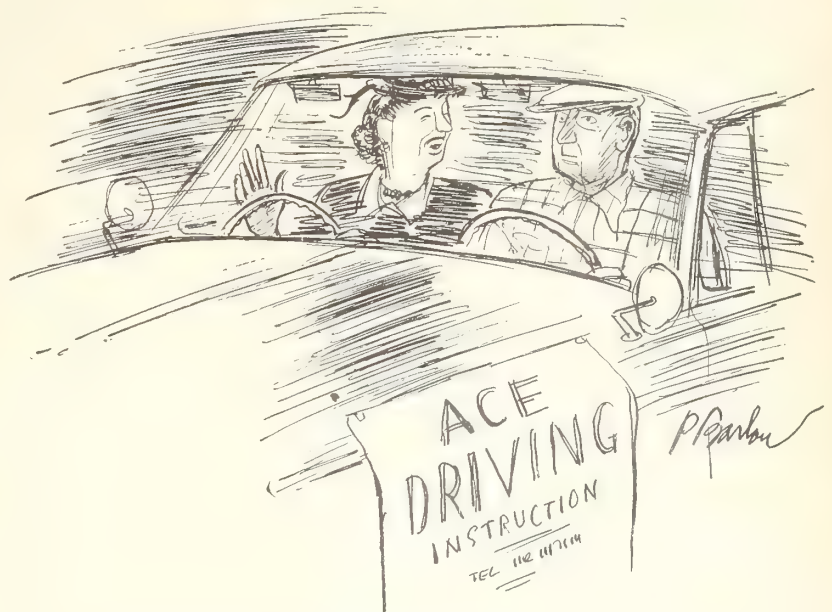
The essence of Protestantism is expressed in the concept that every soul can have immediate and direct access to God. And this idea has been given concrete form in such things as the placing of the Bible in the hands of the laity, in lay representation on church councils, and in the doctrine of "the priesthood of all believers." And this has

been bound to encourage the questing spirit, which Mr. Bartley himself represents. And with every person—each with individual limitations and capabilities—on a spiritual pilgrimage of his own, it is not surprising that within Protestantism there should be "primitives," "liberalists," "symbolists," "myth-breakers," and clergymen who have views different from those of members of their congregations. That Protestantism can include the near-fundamentalist Billy Graham (whom Mr. Bartley does not mention) and the myth-breaking Paul Tillich, is an evidence not of weakness, as Mr. Bartley assumes, but of vitality and strength. In a mountain-climbing party every man does not occupy the same foothold at the same time.

Along with the questing spirit which Protestantism encourages, there is at work in Protestantism, as in all organized religion, what can be called a congealing spirit—that is, the impulse to consolidate, to solidify, to impose a measure of uniformity upon a set of ideas or a group of people. At its worst, the congealing spirit chills individual and institution alike into lifeless stone; at its best, it gives them order

and discipline. For all its freedom, Protestantism has from the beginnings sought to achieve sufficient order to make for effectiveness; indeed, it was this consideration alone which led Calvin to establish a "visible" church, with clergy and sacraments. Accordingly, though institutional organization has never been as definite and rigid in Protestantism as in Roman Catholicism, it nevertheless exists. It is, in fact, inescapable; and Mr. Bartley is going to look in vain to find a church without it.

Mr. Bartley should remember that the religious philosophers whom he has studied were without exception possessed of the same questing spirit which animates him, and therefore he must not be too hard on them if their pilgrimage has taken them to places he does not himself find intellectually hospitable. At the same time, he should not be surprised to find the congealing spirit at work in organized religion, even among the Quakers whom he has recently joined; let him be reminded that they objected to the mustache worn by Rufus Jones. And when this occurs, he can with greater accuracy say, "I call myself a Protestant."



"The way I look at it—we go when our number is up, and there's nothing we can do about it."



BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

# SYMINGTON:

## the last choice for President

In a deadlocked convention—which seems quite possible—he would have the best chance for the Democratic nomination . . . and of all the contenders he has shown the weakest qualifications for the job.

WASHINGTON—If one had to put his finger down right now upon the long list of possible Democratic Presidential nominees and say “*this* is the most possible of all,” the name thus pointed to would be that of Stuart Symington.

The Symington “movement” defies certain laws of physics. For this is a “movement” that has no motion, that creates no friction and thus no heat, and that goes nowhere—but nevertheless quite definitely *points* somewhere: that is, toward the nomination.

It also defies certain laws of rationality. Many Democratic liberals automatically assume that Symington has a great “in” with the party’s conservatives. Many Democratic conservatives equally suppose that he is “in” with the liberals. And the extraordinary facts are that both factions are wrong—or at any rate far from wholly right—but that this makes no difference whatever.

It does not require a blackboard and a slide rule to demonstrate that this is a profoundly fortunate situation for Stuart Symington and that it might well end in his being chosen the Democratic candidate for President in 1960.

Indeed, the almost incredible (though only occasional) strength of total illogic in national politics has not often been so clearly illustrated. No independent witness not over-ready for the



soothing attentions of the men in the white coats would say at this stage that Symington is *going* to be nominated. But a great many independent to reasonably independent witnesses have reached this point: They are aware (in many cases shudderingly aware) that under certain circumstances which are far more probable than merely possible, he now has the best *single* chance.

Let us assume these conditions, none of which runs against ordinary likelihood:

That Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts and Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota progressively tear each other up, beginning next spring in the primaries.

That Adlai E. Stevenson continues his present policy of asking not much and not asking it soon—that is, continues to appear to be not really an aspirant, though he would be subject to a real or, say, a demi-draft.

That Senator Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas continues in much the same posture.

That the Democratic convention at Los Angeles will not merely prefer, but will regard as indispensable, the nomination of a candidate and the preparation of a platform going at least as far on civil rights as either Richard M. Nixon or Nelson Rockefeller and the Republican plank will surely go.

In short, the hypothesis adopted here, though not graven upon stone tablets, is one favored by every presently visible reality. It envisages this state of affairs when the convention assembles in crowd-happy Los Angeles:

(1) The probable front-runner, Kennedy, still shy of the climactic delegate majority.

(2) Humphrey in the position then of having already been effectively rejected in the primaries

or, alternatively, master of delegate forces strong enough to knock off Kennedy but not quite strong enough to put over HHH himself.

(3) Johnson, Stevenson, and Symington all gathered, physically or in spirit, in the wings (and in the ways that will be characteristic of them—Johnson lounging on his spine, Stevenson gazing absently and introspectively out of the window, Symington walking nervously and proudly about like any well-heeled man waiting to be paged in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria).

#### THE DARLING OF BOTH LEFT AND RIGHT

**N**OW, if Kennedy and Humphrey should neutralize each other—and having in mind the basic assumption that the convention is going to go all-out on civil rights—what then would happen to the men in the wings?

Johnson, for all his brilliant and even brave centrist party leadership and for all its historical effect in breaking up the old negatively monolithic aspect of the Solid South, would have an extremely hard time. He is, by birth, a man of the ex-Confederate South, no matter what he has done to alter that South. And in the harsh short-hand of convention politics that is a tremendous handicap. An even bigger one, I believe, lies in the fact that he was born in Texas. Political discrimination against Texans is, let's face it, a perfectly massive force. There is some emotional quasi-justification for this (if not much), for some of the oil and gas barons have gone pretty far toward fouling the nests of *all* Texans. In addition, of course, Johnson is a former heart patient.

Stevenson, too, for all his intellectual attainments and for all his rarely-matched political courage, would be under heavy negative pressures. For an obvious one, he is a two-time loser. For a less obvious but, I believe, a scarcely less damaging one, he is no either/or politician and most of all not one on civil rights.

In these circumstances, then, who but Symington?

Who, indeed? Here is a man with a voting record so very "liberal" as to meet the stern standards even of Americans for Democratic Action. But here is also a man—the same man at the same time—who for years has left a subtle and highly useful impression in the right and powerful places all over the country that he is, down underneath, a perfectly reliable conservative. He is at home, so to speak, with the ADA. And he is far from unwelcome, on the same day,

at the luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce.

He would have no trouble in meeting the most extreme tests on civil rights that the extremist liberals (as I define them at any rate) would certainly demand of the nominee. His voting record here is 100 per cent on their side. But, again, it has been a deeply quiet voting record. So much so that many Southerners (though not the Senate ones who are his colleagues) have a confused, amiable notion that at bottom he is pretty much one of their own people.

Here, again, is a man who is a very advanced Democrat, but who ran for re-election in Missouri in 1958 with campaign billboards chastely omitting to mention the fact that he was a Democrat at all. On the testimony of fellow Missourians, Symington has what one of them describes as "the damnedest big hatful of good, fat-cat Republican friends you ever saw."

In the first column I ever did for *Harper's* I observed that any grown-up political writer here had a journalistic duty at times to set down the painful facts right out loud—"to act as though he has on his long pants." This is what I am attempting to do here. I am not happy to make what will inevitably seem to be an attack on Stuart Symington, and what is undeniably a severe questioning of his visible qualifications for the Presidency. I do not relish the part of the finger-pointer, the crier of let-the-buyer-beware. But when a man has a job to do, he ought to do it and be done with it, or else turn in his suit.

#### THE SOFT-SHOE ARTIST

**T**HUS, to get to the unwelcome business, what I am saying is this: I don't, within limits, passionately care who, of what party, is elected President. This is so in part because mine is a detached profession, and in part because no one is more aware that you never can really *know* in advance who, and from what party, is going to deliver well in the actual job. For example, twenty-seven years ago a good many observers (Heywood Broun I recall in particular) were saying that Franklin Roosevelt was only a handsome, rather spoiled and rather soft politician who was all things to all men and had ambitions measurably higher than his skill.

But I *do* care, one *must* care, about the possibility that the country might suddenly be confronted with a choice of Presidential candidates in circumstances where one of them—Symington—might have glided on soft shoes into the nomination in a modern Missouri Waltz. After all, every one of the other present possibilities is



infinitely more identified in public. Kennedy, approve him or not for the big job, for months has been up at the firing line, saying yes, saying no, while he grasps for the glory. So, too, has Humphrey. So, too, has Johnson. For every headline Johnson gets for able party management, the rebellious Democratic far-liberals (Morse, Proxmire, Clark & Co.) are pounding him over the head in public for leading too much or too little, too timidly or too arrogantly. Stevenson, it is true, is not directly in small-arms range; but this is due not to pacifism but to the fact that he is not in public office. On the Republican side, Vice President Nixon is in combat; so is Nelson Rockefeller of New York, if in the relatively fur-lined slit trench that fortune bestows upon powerful and new Governors.

Symington in the literal and voting sense is not actually ducking the issues. He votes, but almost *sotto voce*; he says practically nothing, then or later, about it, and thus keeps a foot in both camps. To paraphrase, one really ought not to try to reach the rose without being willing to come into contact at some point with the thorns.

To be sure, the Symington approach is not against the law. To a degree it is not even against the traditions and unwritten rules of the game; it is surely no crime, *to a point*, to take evasive action on the playing field. Superficially at least, the Symington method of seeking certain accommodations has much to recommend it in adult politics and in adult government.

But only so long as the purpose of these accommodations is ultimate *action* in aid of public or party or other general interest. Accommodation is not permissible, it seems to me, when its sole purpose is to promote the interests of a single politician.

#### SYMINGTON'S BALANCE SHEET

**I** CLOSELY watched Senator Symington for years from the press gallery as a Senate correspondent. In the last twelve-month or so my work has been of a different kind and I claim no comparably intimate knowledge of his operations in this period. In order, however, to present the fairest picture of which I am capable I have talked, both years ago and very recently, in absolute confidence with many men who are in position to know him in the shirt-sleeved, day-to-day sense. I went to no man whom I did not know from long acquaintance to be balanced and fair-minded. (Naturally, I avoided all who might be considered in any way Symington's present rivals, as I avoided all who have ever

shown any shrillness or vindictiveness in judging other men.) And I chose men, in and around the Senate and in and around politics outside the Senate, who represent every shade of the Democratic ideological spectrum.

What follow are the main conclusions reached—for which, of course, I take sole responsibility, with the comment that not a single informant differed materially on a single point with any other informant, or with me:

(1) Symington on his record as a businessman and as an official in various capacities in the Truman Administration has shown a considerable, and fairly consistent, administrative skill. It ought to be underlined that this is no trivial asset for that part of the Presidency which is administrative in function. But it is necessary to point out, too, that there is no automatic relationship between the sort of administrative work Symington has done and Presidential administrative work.

(2) Symington has left no enduring mark on the Senate or on the great issues that come perpetually before it—none remotely equivalent, say, to that of Humphrey or Kennedy or Johnson—except to an inconclusive and debatable degree on the issue of military preparedness. Even here, as it has seemed to me, his long preoccupation with bombers, his rather shifting focus whenever action has been called for, his attacks on Pentagon policy by way of somewhat unpleasantly leaked information, have been stained by smallness.

(3) Symington to an unusual degree is staffed and, left on his own, he is not in the first rank either in committee work or on the Senate floor. As to committee work, he was, for illustration, deeply injured with many unpartisan and even friendly observers by the quality of his participation in the Army-McCarthy hearings. He disclosed there a much-less-than-profound perception of the depth and significance of the issues. He indicated a far-from-impressive ability to cope from moment to moment with the savageries and subtleties of that long, dreary scene. No charge whatever against his motives is laid here, or elsewhere. But it is impossible not to query his general competence in the McCarthy business and his general heart for political combat in high causes.

(4) Indeed, Symington may be fairly characterized as a politician with a less than average willingness to get hurt. I speak here not of that gee-whiz-let's-go-get-'em spirit of men daring little issues. I speak of the calm, untheatrical determination that comes now and then to most top

politicians to lay their political life on the line, if that risk has to be taken for the sake of a job that really *must* be done.

(5) Symington lacks any deep and abiding political philosophy, of the kind which at some point or another is found in most top politicians. I am not one of those who believe that a politician is not "intellectually honest" unless he charges out every day like a junior fullback seeking death or victory—no matter much which—in pursuit of an absolutely "consistent" political view. But I *am* one who believes that there is a wide gulf between taking a middle ground for constructive and essentially disinterested purposes, and simply taking up a permanent middle-ground residence with an ingratiating attitude and a desire most of all to be let alone.

It cannot fairly be said, of course, that this latter would be Symington's inevitable Presidential ground. It can be said with complete fairness, however, that *up to now* this would be a reasonable forecast of his position.

#### THE DEMOCRATIC STRATEGY

I BELIEVE that a truly sound Democratic strategy for '60 ought expediently (and could honorably) be based on running the Democratic *party* rather than any *man* as such. (This advice is offered impersonally, in the way of one looking at an unfolding field of maneuver, without partisanship or prejudice.) What is required, looking at the thing objectively, is for the Democrats not to fall into the trap of agreeing to a personal foot race between their guy and the GOP guy, whether Nixon or Rockefeller.

That sort of foot race, if not heavily qualified by other factors, would plainly indicate a GOP winner. There is *no* Democrat who can go before the country in 1960 one-half so widely known and advertised as Nixon. There can be little doubt that the same could be said of Rockefeller by 1960.

But three successive Congressional elections (and even the 1956 Presidential election, if it comes to that) have offered powerful evidence that the Democratic party as a large, amorphous institution is more popular than the Republican party. Traveling political writers in past campaigns have heard it over and over from John Q. Public when asked how he would vote. "I am voting with the Democrats" he would say. Or, "I am voting for Ike."

The really able Republican pros know all this full well. You can bet right now that the GOP standard bearer in 1960 will run as an individual

and not as the head of a party that lacks within *itself* the power to win.

To say, however, as I do, that the expedient thing for the Democrats would be to choose a comparatively faceless candidate—one able to sink gracefully into the great featherbed embrace of his party—is surely not to say it all. The word "*comparatively*" must be emphasized and explained. Its connotation here is not that of mere neutralism. It is meant to describe a candidate who, though not short on personality, would submerge it within the benign mosaic of appeal offered by his party to many people and many sections. It is meant to say that no Democratic Joe Jones (and this even Stevenson would be as against Nixon or Rockefeller) can win, simply as Jones.

Moreover, any Democratic candidate chosen as a mere urbane common denominator of his party would not do at all. For he would be of little use as President if he were no more than that. Duty to country and history requires that he be able really to lead, and toughly so, once he takes command. And his inevitable twin problems of leadership are already clear:

First, of course, he must provide the strength and the *élan* (I do not say the "ideas," for any sentient President can draw in as many of these any day as he requires) to carry our full weight in the Western alliance in the interminable defense of the free society.

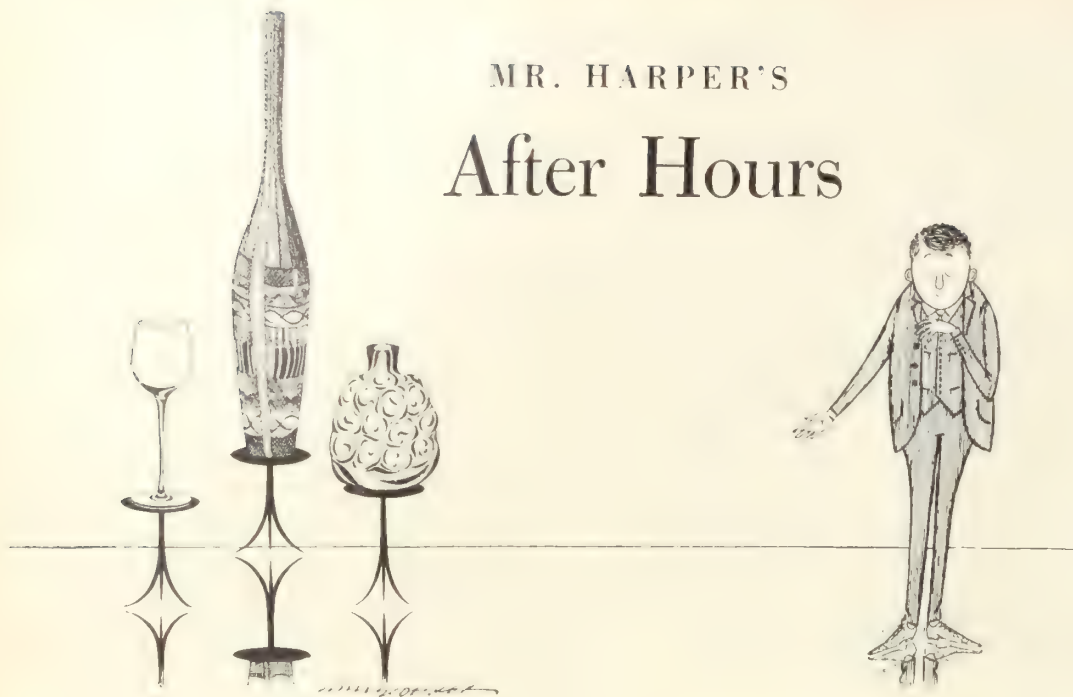
Second, he must grapple with the sad wretchedness of the civil-rights problem. In a way, I believe, this will demand even greater personal resources—for firmness but compassion, for agility but not surrender, for humor and perspective, and then more perspective. If this appears to be a call for a perfect President I disclaim such naïveté; and we should all be intolerably disappointed even if we got such a one.

It does not seem too much to ask, however, that all who seek the office be measured—inaccurately inevitably, I know, but at all events measured as nearly as may be—against these great imperatives. No one now among the seeking men has by a long chalk shown himself to be nearly so tall as all this. But all of them—save only Symington—have in some way thrust their shoulders up against the wall where the height marks are placed.

In this sense, at minimum, the Symington candidacy has much more to prove of itself. There is only the tiniest evidence as to how tall he really is. And it is fair to say that as of now this evidence is more negative than the evidence concerning any of the others.



## MR. HARPER'S After Hours



### FLAVOR IN GLASS

**A** GLISTENING, vari-colored, and fragile exhibition called "Glass 1959" opened on June first at the Corning Museum of Glass in Corning, New York. When it leaves there in mid-September it will start on a tour to New York, Toledo, Chicago, Richmond, and possibly Pittsburgh.\* It contains 284 pieces (table glass and decorative glass) from twenty-two countries. Eighty-five manufacturers and twenty-seven individual artisans are represented. In all, 1,796 objects were submitted for consideration by a jury of five men, four of whom knew what they were doing. Each juror picked a hundred pieces that he liked best, and each was asked to write a short essay for the catalogue of the exhibition justifying his choice.

The four jurors who knew what they were doing were two designers, one architect, and one museum director. I was the fifth.

\*Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, November 1, 1959-January 1, 1960; Toledo Museum of Art, February 1960; Art Institute of Chicago, April 1960; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, September 23-October 23, 1960; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, January-February 1961 (tentative).

When I first saw the 1,796 objects, they were set out on a large number of tables in three rooms of a New York warehouse. After fifteen minutes of looking over what seemed to me a confusing display of ingenuity, artistry, and craftsmanship, I very nearly said good-bye; I have rarely felt myself slipping more hopelessly into the quicksands of indecision. But there is a quality about glass that makes one want to linger, and I lingered for about eight hours. By the end of the day I knew a little more about glass than I did at the beginning, which was nothing, but I had also learned a lesson in the exercise of taste.

That is not to say that I got over my sense of fallibility, but by the end of the day I had picked my quota of one hundred pieces and when I was then faced with choosing three objects which I thought were most "interesting" or "important" on which to base my essay for the catalogue, I did so with little hesitation. I felt that I had some basis for judgment. If you are able to see the exhibition in one of the five or six places where it will be shown, you will surely not agree with my choices, but I'd like to bet that you arrive at your judgments by very much the same route that I did. Unless, that is, you are already an expert on glass, in which case your selection will be

far more sophisticated than mine.

Here then, with the permission of the Corning people, is how I tried to explain my choices:

For my three objects I chose a piece of highly decorated Venetian glass, an object which might have been a vase or a flask or just a hunk of glass, and a set of wine glasses.

It would have been useful if I had been able to reduce my reasons for singling out these three pieces to some sort of tidy formula such as the ancient rules for architecture set down by the Roman Vitruvius, who required of building that it have "commodity, firmness, and delight." They all seemed to me desirable qualities in glass, but they are not the only qualities. "Purity, body and flavor," the Ballantine beer slogan, comes, in some respects, closer to the qualities on which I based my selection, but to them I found I had to add both tradition and freshness. Even that was not enough. I had to add the loving touch of the craftsman which is not without humor in some cases or drama in others, but in all cases is filled with pleasure in the material itself, its extraordinary versatility, and the disciplines it imposes on its manipulator.

Let me first explain why I picked the Venetian bottle—colorful, irregular in pattern, possibly (I've not tried to use it) ridiculously unsuited

for anything but decoration. It would hold flowers, I suspect, but it would overwhelm them: its colors are too bright, its design too tall and narrow at the neck, and its ornamental pattern too demanding of attention. I chose it because it combined the traditional gaiety of Venetian glass with a feeling that is entirely of the twentieth century. It was pretty (an adjective that critics have very nearly run out of town in our time); it had humor (it makes one want to laugh with it); and it knew who its father (and great-great-grandfather) was. In other words, it had two of the characteristics I mentioned in Vitruvius' formula and the beer slogan; it had "delight" and it had "flavor." It used the Venetian traditions of delight and flavor with a nod to the past but with its heart in the present. It could only have been made today; it took liberties with traditional design that would have been impossible even a generation ago. It was undogmatic and it was amused.

I chose the second piece for some, but not many, of the same reasons. In the vase, or flask, or whatever it was, I found its delight and flavor in its glassiness. It was heavy in the hand, a lot of glass. The light played in and through it and around its irregular smooth surfaces, acting exactly as light should in glass. It retained the light that it absorbed and sent it back magnified, controlled, and converted into a new, confined, but fluid sort of microcosm.

But this was only part of its charm for me. The man who made it was a sculptor of considerable originality and wit who obviously delighted in his material and knew how to make it do things for him to emphasize its qualities at the same time that it humbled its nose at conventions. This piece had firmness and I suspect that it had commodity, but most of all it was glass for the sake of glass, a lovely material, and I found it pleasant and satisfying.

The third piece (or more properly pieces) was the set of wine glasses, commodious obviously, firm obviously not. They lacked flavor, but in their function they invited it. Purity they had to an extraordinary degree. They were almost breathlessly pure; indeed a zephyr would threaten to ravish them. It was not, however,

fragility that gave them their quality, though it was one of their qualities. Perhaps I can explain what I mean with an anecdote.

When I was a freshman at college more than thirty years ago and was studying the Romantic nineteenth-century English poets, the instructor asked each of us in the class one day to describe something, anything we thought was beautiful. It sounded rather ridiculous as an assignment for a ten-minute paper but we plunged in. Of the twenty or so people in the class only one of us described a man-made object. The papers surged with purple passages about sunsets, beaches, mountain ranges, flowers, women, upland meadows, and thunderstorms, and thereby their authors identified themselves with the Romantic poets.

I described an object, and felt rather out of place. The object was a wine glass which had been set before me at the house of some friends of my parents. It was, I think, the first time that I had ever really noticed a glass of any sort, but it seemed to me a sort of miracle. I couldn't draw it now, but I remember its qualities. It was absolutely simple without ornament or fuss. It was delicate in its material, graceful in its shape, and dignified and aristocratic in its posture. It would be at home anywhere and with any other sort of glass or china. It was the kind of object that lent dignity to the objects around it. It was, one might almost say, a gentleman—honest, unpretentious, ingratiating, and, at the same time, elegant without mannerisms, self-confident without arrogance, well-bred without stuffiness.

The wine glasses that I selected seemed to me to have those very qualities, with one exception. A gentleman can take care of himself; these glasses need the most tender care.

To select three objects and describe them in detail is patently unfair to an exhibition as wonderfully varied as this one. There are pictures in glass, but not in the traditional stained glass. There is blown glass, cut glass, molded glass, sandblasted glass, engraved glass, and etched glass. There are useful shapes and useless shapes. There is glass from the Orient and from behind the Iron Curtain. There is glass in bright colors and in subtle tones.

If, like me, you are a neophyte in the judgment of this particular kind of plastic, let me encourage you to seek out this exhibition and discover how far this static material will make you stretch your critical faculties. If you are already an expert, you need no encouragement from me.

—Russell Lynes



#### THE PANEL CHAIRMAN'S REPORT (UNIVERSAL)


MR. CHAIRMAN, we live in a changing world. New discoveries in electronics, in atomic energy, and now in space travel impress upon all of us the utter importance of the subject which we discussed in our panel. It is a very different world today than it was in 1900, and it will be even more different in 1975.

I must say, Mr. Chairman, that we had a very spirited discussion. Our group approached the problem with open minds, and all of us participated wholeheartedly. I won't say that we all agreed with all of the recommendations, but I do believe that most of us would subscribe to most of what is in our report. And of course, we all respect the other fellow's views.

I wish that we had had more time to really get into this fascinating and absorbing question, because as you might imagine, our panel discussion really just touched the surface, so to speak. We would hope that more



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## AFTER HOURS

thought and more time will be given to this subject in future meetings.

I wish, too, that my time here on the platform was not so limited, because we really got a lot of "meat" out of our deliberations, and what I can give you in this short time is just the essence that our good recorder and I have been able to distill from the many nuggets which we found in abundance at our meeting.

First of all, Mr. Chairman, we agreed to define the problem more clearly, and I must say that we devoted a great deal of time to this task. But let me hasten to add that we are certain that this effort was most worthwhile, because as we defined the problem, we were able to see it in perspective and to grasp more of the implications.

Most of us agreed that it is important to win more public support for these programs. If I may just capsule our views on this subject, I would say that the public is apathetic, and we need to get the importance of this across to everyone, utilizing all available media.

Next, we've got to begin to identify the problem areas more quickly. We've got to sensitize our public and our families so that they'll recognize the danger areas before they really begin to be danger areas and so that we can begin preventive treatment. This is especially true, as one participant pointed out, now that our urban areas are becoming so metropolitanized.

All of us, I believe, agreed that we have to take an inter-disciplinary approach so that we can all cross-pollinate each other and hybridize the growth of new forms, new ideas. The school and the family, and the church and doctors, and public administrators and business and labor have got to sit around the table and listen to the other guy and come up with some solutions.

But we'll never achieve this unless we get better leadership at all levels. We've got to encourage more of our young people to train for proficiency in this field. We've got to have more in-service training, institutes, and conferences. We've got to instill in our public administrators a sense that this is really a profession. And we've got to instill in our leaders a sense of purpose, a sense of dedication, if you will.

Now, we recognize, Mr. Chairman that all this is going to cost money and of course, we're all taxpayers and we believe that the budget ought to be balanced. But this program is so important—and we were unanimous on this point—that we feel it deserves the fullest financial support no matter what else has to be cut. The public has simply got to make up its mind. Does it want this and is it willing to pay the price? Or is it going to take the penny-wise pound-foolish attitude of neglecting Peter to pay Paul and ultimately having to pay the piper?

As I said before, Mr. Chairman, nothing could be more meaningful in this changing world than to gird up our loins and stride forth into battle for this cause, especially in view of the great progress being made in the Soviet Union and the challenge to our leadership of the Free World. I want to say here and now that it was a real privilege to serve as chairman for this group. We had a very wonderful group. All the members participated in a wonderful manner. We appreciate the opportunity to . . . I see my time is up. Thank you.

—Harold W. Williams

## THE BITE

*Crib biting, n.* A vice of horses, large and small who grasp with the incisor teeth the manger, stall or shed in which they're penned, then arch the neck and gulp down quarts of oxygen.

Vile deed they cannot help?  
 Mass protest they intuit?  
 Or with Socratic lip  
 inquiring, do they do it?  
 Is the unexamined life  
 too passive, infra dig?  
 Do they nick a tooth for strife  
 against Mill's happy pig?

Or are value judgments phony  
 and what Webster calls a vice  
 to stallion, mare or pony  
 naturally nice?

—Maxine W. Kumin

"Better a Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied."—John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism*, Chapter II.

# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The Elastic Novel

FOR a long time the novel has enjoyed the reputation (or suffered from the stigma) of being the least pure of literary genres. It is notoriously hospitable to all kinds of things that can hardly be called pure fiction—to autobiography, disguised or undisguised; to covert sermonizing, accounts of travels, smuggled-in politics or sociology or gastronomy or practically anything else. In the drug-store paperback trade a novel seems to be any book with a more or less undressed young couple on the cover, but when a book comes from a publisher less indifferent to his dignity a prospective reader often cannot tell whether it is meant to be a novel unless he pays close attention to the smaller print on the title page.

But in Eric Williams' new book—**Dragoman Pass** (Coward, McCann, \$3.95)—the title page simply identifies what is to follow as "An Adventure in the Balkans," and the reader is left to his own devices to discover how much of the account is fiction and how much fact. Often, of course, the division between the two is of no importance, but Williams' book recounts the adventures that he and his wife had as tourists driving their own car and camping out in Communist Bulgaria and Rumania, and it would be interesting to know how much of the story really happened.

Most reporters who attempt to tell us about the daily life in Russia and her Eastern European satellites find themselves confronted with a difficult problem: the chief fact about life for most people in that part of the world seems to be that it is dull and monotonous, but these are not qualities highly prized in books. Williams solves that problem for himself by building his report of what he saw in Eastern Europe around an account, probably fictitious, of how he and his wife smuggled an English archaeologist out of Rumania.

It is an excellent device. The archaeologist is portrayed as a weakling who had joined the Communist party in England because he had to have something to lean on; he had gone out to Rumania to investigate ancient remains un-

earthed in the course of building a vast canal around the delta of the Danube. But he had been appalled by the use of slave labor to dig the canal, and he had become *persona non grata* to the authorities when he declared that the recently discovered remains were Roman and emphatically did not prove the Slavic origins of the Rumanian people, a hypothesis dear to the Communist leaders.

Williams makes an exciting story out of it, and the intermixture of fact and fiction is less troublesome than it might be because the account of getting the archaeologist out from behind the Iron Curtain becomes in the end more than a device; it becomes an expression of the author's most profound convictions about the world he lives in.

For reasons easily understood by readers of his fascinating earlier book, *The Wooden Horse*, which concerns his escape from a German prisoner-of-war camp, Williams sees modern life as a contest between great systematic attempts to crush freedom and the adventurous few who think freedom is worth the enormous risk of running counter to the systems. The theme of *Dragoman Pass* is that the Communists could conquer the world if they were efficient, but fortunately they are not. Because all systems of repression ultimately depend on human beings to enforce their power, and because some human beings can always be counted on to get drunk or go to sleep or lose their heads or their nerve in crucial situations, inefficiency will always leave some chinks in the wall that a man of wit and courage can take advantage of to be free. It is a reassuring doctrine, and Williams sets it forth in a vigorous, lively, and entertaining narrative.

TWO new books translated from the French are like Williams' in that they are a mixture of travel-writing and fiction, though they take themselves much more seriously as novels than his book does; and they are like each other in that the fiction in both is inferior to the travel-writing. Otherwise they are entirely different.

The first—**Tempo di Roma** (McGraw-Hill, \$4.50) by the Belgian novelist Alexis Curvers—is essentially a description of Rome as seen through



the eyes of a young North European in the days after the end of the second world war. There is an insignificant story of sorts running through the book, chiefly involving the young man's ambiguous relationship with an older man, an Englishman self-exiled in Rome. All the characters except the narrator are fairly shadowy, and the Englishman is one of the shadowiest of the lot, so that when, rather suddenly in the closing pages, he becomes important the book seems to come to an end in a byway. Either more or less should have been made of this relationship, preferably less.

Happily no one will read *Tempo di Roma* for the story; there just isn't enough of it. What the book has in abundance is excellent descriptive writing, and not simply in the guidebook sense. For Curvers is not so much interested in telling about Rome (a good many other gifted people have done that) as in telling what it felt like to come out of the cold gray restricted life of Northern Europe into the sunshine and ancient beauty of Rome, to be young and penniless and full of hope there in the moral anarchy of the later 1940s.

The very shadowiness of the characters turns out to have a point: they are all more or less counterfeit—a noblewoman compromised by dealing on the black market, a bishop without ecclesiastical power, a commercial guide who has never seen the city himself—and in comparison with the years and solidity and grandeur of the city they are the merest ephemera, moths drawn to a flame. Nor is the attraction of the city any simple thing; Rome stands for the promise of life and the magnificence of civilization, but it is voracious too: the level of the streets has been raised by the dust of the dead.

*Tempo di Roma* is dedicated to the memory of John Horne Burns, the American writer best known for *The Gallery*, a group of stories about Naples in wartime. Although Burns showed a gift for vivid characterization not apparent in Curvers' work, the two books have in common the power of evoking an image of a great city in an era of dissolution.

JOSEPH KESSEL is the author of the other new book translated from the French which combines travel-writing with fiction. His book is called *The Lion* (Knopf, \$3.75), and it is set in Kenya, within sight of Kilimanjaro, on a great game preserve maintained by the British crown.

As a young man the warden of the preserve was a famous hunter, but now he has settled down to protect the animals he once tracked. His wife is a conventional Englishwoman who responds to the beauty of the East African landscape and animals, but she is also terrified by them, chiefly because of the effect they have on her only child, a girl of twelve named Pat.

Pat has some kind of mysterious communion

with wild animals, and her special pet is a lion whom she took care of when he was a cub and who continues to be her best friend. Her intimacy with the lion brings her into conflict with her mother and to a lesser degree with her father, whom Pat identifies with the lion because of their physical resemblance but whom she resents as an enemy of the beasts because of his earlier career as a hunter. These relationships are further complicated, and ultimately resolved, by a young man of the Masai tribe who is deeply impressed by the little white girl's friendship with animals but who wants to kill her lion to fulfill his tribe's rite of manhood.

What a reader will think of this story will depend largely on how ready he is to believe that a little white girl of twelve can actually enter into communion with wild animals, not merely to the extent that she would be friendly with a lion she reared as a cub (which is believable enough) but to the extent that she would be violently jealous of the lionesses he mated with. I cannot believe in the situation for a minute, and consequently I find the story an exercise in false profundity, portentous in manner and heavy-handed in its symbolism, though I am sure that less literal-minded readers will disagree with me.

But whatever one may think of his story, Kessel (like Curvers) knows how to write description. His portrayal of the East African landscape and wildlife is excellent, and he is particularly brilliant in describing the black Africans, especially the noble, dignified Masai tribesmen. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

#### THE SCENE ABSORBED

EAST AFRICA is still largely known to us through books by outsiders like Kessel and Hemingway and Isak Dinesen, but that is no longer true of South Africa. There, in the years since the second world war, a group of talented novelists have emerged to write about their own country, and one of the best of the group, Dan Jacobson, has recently published his first collection of short stories, *The Zulu and the Zele* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75).

Jacobson's stories, like the three novels he has already published, come closer to being pure fiction than most of the books here under review. Not that Jacobson is indifferent to the racial antagonism and other problems that beset his native land, and not that the peculiarities of the South African landscape and style of life do not enter into his stories in an important way, but the stories never exploit the setting for its own sake, never become sociological. Being a Jew, and writing often of Jewish characters, Jacobson has an unusual perspective on South African racial problems, but his essential interest is in human relations, especially relations between the generations.

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The story that gives its name to the book, the longest and one of the best, "The Zulu and the Zeide," is fairly typical. Zeide is apparently the Yiddish word for grandfather, and the grandfather in the story is a shiftless old Lithuanian Jew who has never been able to make a living or support his family. His more enterprising son has gone out to South Africa, worked desperately hard and prospered, and brought the rest of the family out after him. When the old man gets too close to senility to be left alone, the son hires a Zulu straight from Zululand to look after him.

Although neither the grandfather nor his black retainer knows any English, although both are outsiders in the life of a South African city, there grow up between them tenderness and understanding and trust, and the Zulu, who has the build and bearing of a warrior, makes an excellent and devoted nurse to the Zeide. But in the end the story is not about them; it is about the son, who becomes ferociously jealous of the Zulu because the Zulu gains the old man's love, which the son, with all his hard work and self-denial and money grubbing, has never been able to win for himself.

It is a complex little story, in which each character, black or white, gets the kind of sympathy and respect he deserves. It makes brilliant use of the possibilities for contrast and drama in South African life, and yet it concerns a situation everyone will recognize.

## SLICES OF LIFE

**Five Families** by Oscar Lewis (Basic Books, \$5.50) is an anthropological study rather than a work of fiction, though it makes such free use of fictional techniques like dialogue, flashbacks, and getting inside the minds of characters that it often reads more like a slice-of-life fiction than anthropology.

The book purports to be an account of one day in the life of five different Mexican families, one a poor farming family in a village some miles from Mexico City, one a newly rich businessman's family in a fashionable suburb of Mexico City, and the other three families living in varying degrees of poverty in various



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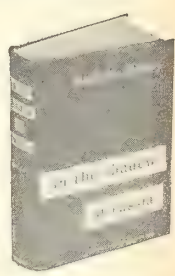
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# Paul Tillich

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parts of the city. Actually the reports concern chiefly the women and the children in the families, since the non-domestic life of the men is not described if they are employed outside the home, as the men in four of the five families included are.

Lewis sees the usefulness of his study as providing insight into the psychology of the poor in underdeveloped countries, and perhaps it does, though it would not be easy to draw many general conclusions from his five accounts. Certainly it is clear that the more prosperous and urban a family has become, the more "North-Americanized" it is—that is, the more dependent on television, processed food, permanent waves, and installment buying. Among the poor a political regime seems to be judged by what it does to prices; they see inflation ("high prices") as the great enemy, but unfortunately, inflation is not limited to underdeveloped economies.

Actually most of what Lewis has to tell us was neatly summarized by Thoreau a good many years ago when he said that most men lead lives of quiet desperation, except that when Mexicans are involved the desperation occasionally becomes noisy. And the reader of Lewis' book should keep in mind that probably anybody's life would seem pretty horrible if what he did on a single day from the time he got up till the time he went to bed was set down in series.

### THE REMEMBRERS

THE next group of books to be considered stands somewhere along the border between autobiography and fiction. The first—**Blow Up a Storm** by Garson Kanin (Random House, \$3.50)—is told in the first person by a narrator who has been a jazz musician and who is now a successful playwright and novelist married to a well-known actress, all of which corresponds to the facts of Kanin's own career (his wife is Ruth Gordon), though how autobiographical the book as a whole may be I have no way of knowing.

The novel is chiefly concerned with the New York world of jazz in the 1930s, and the central conflict lies between a white trumpeter called Woody and a black drummer

called Slug. Both are jazz musicians of superb ability, but the relationship between them is anything but easy. Woody needs Slug's powerful beat to bring out the best in his own playing, yet he resents his unacknowledged dependence on Slug and detests him as a person, if in fact he even recognizes him as one. Slug rapidly deteriorates through drug addiction, and Woody, anxious to be rid of him at any price, plays upon his addiction to hasten his end. But after Slug's death Woody loses his talent and dies years later, a half-insane, haunted, forgotten man.

The main question the book raises is why Woody should have hated Slug so much, and the answer offered—that he suffered from virulent racial prejudice—is not very satisfactory. When racial prejudice is intense enough to lead a man to destroy himself and others it is hardly self-explanatory; it must be a symptom or expression of some more fundamental psychic disorder. The picture of Woody as a young man that Kanin draws is convincing: he is stern, secretive, snobbish, puritanical, coming to life only when he plays; yet he really scorns the other musicians as a bunch of low-lifers and unbuttoned bums; he hates the only world in which he can be free—in other words, hates himself. A timid formula like "race prejudice" will hardly explain such a man.

Unfortunately Kanin has constructed his book in such a way that the whole action is directed toward the explanation of Woody's behavior as the culmination of the story, but to emphasize the weakness of that explanation is to do less than justice to the novel. Much the best parts portray the jazz world of the 1930s. Some of this is very good indeed, and there is a long account of a marijuana party given by jazz musicians and their admirers that is remarkable to say the least.

**Lion at My Heart** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.95) is a novel about Greek immigrants in Chicago by a young novelist of Greek extraction, Harry Mark Petrakis. Again it is impossible to tell where autobiography leaves off and fiction begins, but wherever fiction begins it doesn't get very far.

This is pretty slight stuff. There is no story; the one conflict that might have become a story arises when one of the sons in the Greek immigrant family incurs his father's wrath by marrying outside the Greek community, but this conflict leads nowhere. There is a kind of subordinate story sketched in about an Orthodox priest in trouble with his congregation, but it is not very convincing, and becomes even less convincing when the priest violates the sanctity of the confessional.

The trouble is not that Petrakis cannot write (actually he handles language well) but that he relies far too heavily on the fact that his characters are Greeks to make them worth reading about. And he has a kind of double image of them that might have been effective but that really turns out to be more than he can handle. He sees his characters both as poor working people in Chicago and as mythic beings, descendants of the gods, larger than life. It is quite possible that the characters would have such a double image of themselves, and a writer might find in it some fine opportunities for irony or pathos or comedy, but Petrakis does not; he takes it literally. Perhaps there is something revealing in the fact that the one character who comes closest to being realized, the brother who marries the Irish girl, is also the one who has least sense of the greatness of his ancient lineage.

**The Cool World** by Warren Miller (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) may not be in any way autobiographical, but it is clear that Miller has a thorough knowledge from the inside of the life he is writing about—the life of the East Harlem streets and the gangs of Negro and Puerto Rican boys who fight it out for supremacy there.

The story is told in the first person by an adolescent Negro boy called Duke Custis, using his own language and even his own spelling. Probably his language has been cleaned up a bit (it is still no model of propriety), but it conveys an extraordinary sense of authenticity. In fact, the novel makes the most exciting use of language I have come across since *Lolita*; you can open the book anywhere and immediately feel

the vigor and intensity and even poetry of the words. "When I come walkin down the street," Duke says, "people say 'Here come Duke. He cool. He got heart.' When they see me strut, they know a rumble is on. I swingin with the gang tonight."

The language is not all of one sort—it ranges from the pathetic attempt at sophistication of a colored boy who has been taken up by a white man to the eloquence of old Georgia-reared Grandma Custis, who is convinced that New York is the Biblical "hore of Babylon": "Babylon the great is fallen boy. Is fallen. And is become the habitation of debles. An the hold of evry fowl speerit. An a cage of evry unclean an hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication. An the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her. An the merchants are waxen rich off a her delicacies." Even the chapter-titles have power: "The big night and how it all happen," "The time the old woman got eat by the dog," "Rumble is on."

The story of *The Cool World* is built around Duke's ambition to buy a "piece" (gun) in order to qualify as leader of his gang, the "Crocadiles," and lead it to victory over the rival Puerto Rican gang, the Wolves. But there are a good many incidental events to vary the action—Duke's efforts to earn money to buy the gun by pushing marijuana; his curious affair with the white mistress of the marijuana dealer; his relations with his mother and grandmother; with LuAnn, the young prostitute who joins the gang briefly; with the former leader of the gang who has fallen from power because of drug addiction.

All in all, *The Cool World* is a brilliant piece of work, full of vitality and feeling, beautifully expressed.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY UNDISGUISED

IN certain of her novels Simone de Beauvoir has included what seem to be autobiographical passages, but in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* (World, \$5) she has made her first venture into straight autobiography, and she has also written what may well be her best book so far. Prob-

## The Swivel Chair



The sequinned prose of the 'offseason' sirens all to the contrary, summer is the time to travel —

even if it is only to outer exurbia. And July is the month for that beguiling traveling companion, a book. A new book, may we slyly suggest, bound in cloth, vouched for by a trusted critic, by the intuition of the incurable reader, or simply by presenting itself as the perfect compliment to host or guest.

The critics currently would guide you to these.

**Goodbye, Columbus** by Philip Roth, a contributor to *Harper's* — "A Houghton Mifflin



Literary Fellowship Award . . . his first book, and an impressive one. There is blood here and vigor, love and hate, irony and compassion . . . He is a good story-teller, a shrewd appraiser of character and a keen recorder of an indecisive generation." — *N. Y. Sunday Times* (\$3.75) **The Fourth Branch of Government** by Douglass Cater — "The shrewd reflections of an insider about the inside of journalism in Washington." — *Walter Lippmann* (\$3.50) **The Poison Tree** by Walter Clemons — "I think him a . . .



superb writer; it rejoices my heart as always to see another brave new talent come forward."

— *Katherine Anne Porter* (\$3.50)

*Houghton Mifflin Company*



ably a reader will have to have an interest either in Mlle. de Beauvoir or in French society to read nearly four hundred large pages devoted to her girlhood among the bourgeoisie (the book ends with the completion of her formal education and her meeting with Sartre), but anyone who has either interest will find it fascinating.

The de Beauvoirs, as portrayed by their celebrated daughter, were originally prosperous, eminently respectable middle-class people. But the father suffered from some vague failure of energy; after he was invalidated out of the first world war he never resumed any gainful employment. His real passion in life seems to have been acting, but he was too full of the pride of class to become a professional actor. Consequently, during the years of his daughter's adolescence, the family was sliding further and further into the dreary abyss of shabby-gentility, becoming more and more shrill in asserting its pretensions to middle-class status as the economic resources that could support such pretensions dried up.

It was repeatedly pointed out to the young Mlle. de Beauvoir that she would have no dowry and so could not expect to marry; she would have to work for a living. That was all right with her; she was a tremendous worker and loved study, no doubt in part because it was an escape from the pressure on her at home. But she wanted more for herself than simply to live out the life of a respectable daughter of the impoverished bourgeoisie. She wanted to be free, and *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* is essentially the story of her fight for freedom.

In speaking of her girlhood enthusiasm for Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* and George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*, Mlle. de Beauvoir says, "Through the heroine, I identified myself with the author: one day other adolescents would bathe with tears a novel in which I would tell my own sad story." *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* is not exactly a book that anyone, adolescent or otherwise, will bathe with his tears, and probably the author is too tough-minded, too analytical, too hard on herself and the world ever to write such a book, but it is a steady and enthralling account of

a powerful woman's struggle to emancipate herself from the society into which she was born.

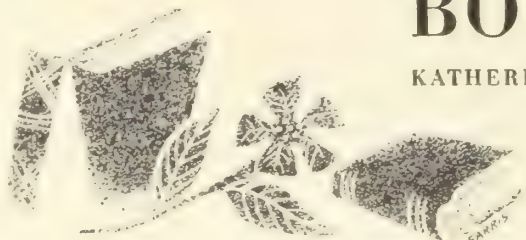
**IN The Light Infantry Ball** (Doubleday, \$3.95) Hamilton Basso has managed to write a novel about the Civil War that largely breaks with the stereotypes of Civil War fiction; he almost entirely omits the fighting and concentrates instead on the internal politics and, more particularly, on the economic problems of the Confederacy. The central episodes are built around what seems to have been a system of voluntary control over the exportation of cotton—it wasn't exactly illegal to export cotton without a license, but it was very, very unpatriotic; and when the wife of an important Con-

federate official began to finance her ambitious plans for her husband's future by exporting cotton with forged licenses she was headed for trouble.

It takes considerable boldness to build a novel around wartime economic controls, even the Confederacy's, and a novelist who has the temerity to attempt it doubtless should not be discouraged. But the fact is that Basso's book is rather more interesting as economics than as fiction. Although he has avoided the stereotyped situations of Civil War novels, a good many of the stereotyped characters slip in, and often the reader knows what is going to happen so long before the characters do that they seem a little backward intellectually.

## BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON



### FICTION

**The Third Choice**, by Elizabeth Janeway.

I have heard people call this a "woman's book" and it is true that the two strong protagonists are women with the men rather shadowy in the background—once removed. But the book is a miracle of organization and narrative, covering the life of a woman now in her sixties and that of her niece about half her age. On the material level there seems no reason why these women should not be happy and serene. They are both rich and well cared for, but under Mrs. Janeway's wise and careful scrutiny their lives reveal themselves in variety, violence, tragedy, but not despair. They are both basically greedy for life, though the older woman, now immobilized by an accident, has always had more courage. She is living her life in retrospect throughout the book, and it is the

tangled love affairs and spiritual striving of the younger one which constitute in a sense its immediate narrative. Between them they have nearly all the experiences a woman can have—which includes of course men and children—so that the story is anything but limited. Indeed there are scenes and situations which one will reflect on and learn from for a long time. The narrative unfolds through the older woman's diary; through letters and flashbacks as well as through the problems of the immediate present; but it keeps a momentum of constant tension and excitement. The very first chapter echoes and reverberates throughout the book until the very end. Read it carefully. Book-of-the-Month for June.

Doubleday, \$3.95

**The Man with Two Shadows**, by Robin Maugham.

A novel of intrigue and suspense

on two levels—psychological and political. An Englishman wounded in the desert warfare of World War I goes back to Cairo in the winter of 1946 and takes a job with the Middle East Bureau of the British Intelligence. To his horror he discovers that the "black-outs" which followed after his head injuries, and which he believed were caused by them, seem to be occurring with greater frequency, and with most terrifying results. This riddle of a dual personality operating against the mysterious North African background, worked out in breathtaking narrative with the switch of character happening so quickly that once or twice the reader is almost as confused as the hero. But it's a splendidly exciting tale, convincingly told, with super touch of horror because Lord Daulgum himself suffered head injuries in the war and experienced "black-outs" such as those he describes so realistically here.

Harper, \$3

#### MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY

**The Years with Ross**, by James Thurber.

"After six years of thinking about it," says Mr. Thurber, "I realized that to do justice to Harold Ross I must write about him the way he talked and lived—leaping from peak to peak." And that is just what he has done. His "biography" of the paradoxical, driving, unpredictable editor of the *New Yorker* from its beginning in 1925 to his death in 1951 is a series of high spots and one can pick it up anywhere and find amusement, nostalgia, pleasure, and often revelation. For whether the author is telling—mostly by anecdote—of the early days of the *New Yorker*; of how seriously the editors took their humor; of the way the art work was chosen; of Ross and his dictionaries; of Ross's convictions and his uncertainties; of his feud with Alexander Woollcott; of Ross and his relations—financial and otherwise—with his editors; of Ross on conception and birth; on sex; on the *New Yorker*—one realizes one is reading of a dedicated man, and of serious work translated, by one of the participants, into delight. One has had the history of a magazine; the picture of an extraordinary

editor at work; the reconstruction of a literary era with all the people brought to life—talented, human, fallible, and funny; and one has had with all of them the sense of the man and heard Ross's loved and respected voice—"loud and snarling, fond and comforting." Book-of-the-Month dual selection for June with Mrs. Janeway's *The Third Choice*.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5

**Early Havoc**, by June Havoc.

This bite of an autobiography about the trouping life of Gypsy Rose Lee's sister—through the age of fourteen—is necessarily fragmentary about everything except what it was like to be on the inside of a marathon dance contest, dancing for your life, during the Depression. That is a complete and terrifying episode, in a sense the climax of the book. As Miss Havoc points out, child actors' ages are such uncertain quantities depending on whether you are talking for the police or the billboards that she wasn't in those days sure just how old she really was. But by her then-current billings she was thirteen when she ran away and married another member of her troupe, and fourteen when she was out on her own trying to make her living in vaudeville when vaudeville was on the skids. She had been dancing professionally since she was two—usually with her sister, The Doll, later to become Gypsy Rose Lee, so that she was no novice when she landed her marathon job at fourteen. The photographs of these early years are both charming and pathetic, and a verbal picture of her ambitious theatrical mother emerges to make the witch of the fairy tales seem kindly. Theater buffs will have seen the lovely Miss Havoc starring in the musical comedy "Pal Joey," "Sadie Thompson," "Mexican Hayride," to mention only a few, and in numberless TV productions.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.95

**Only When I Laugh**, by Gladys Workman.

Mrs. Workman is, or at least was, the most accident-prone woman who ever lived to tell about it—and very amusingly indeed. It all started with a lighter-than-air experiment which she undertook with a parasol from the steeple of the barn when she was

**Lester B. Pearson**  
*distinguished Canadian  
statesman and winner  
of the 1957 Nobel Peace  
Prize speaks out on*

## DIPLOMACY IN THE NUCLEAR AGE

Taking the question of the defense of Quemoy and Matsu as a focal point, Mr. Pearson discusses the hazards and challenges of diplomacy in a world in which major decisions must be made in hours. He argues for a sane and enlightened diplomacy, predicated on the belief that the greatest national interest today is the prevention of nuclear war. The book includes Mr. Pearson's Nobel Peace Prize Lecture, *The Four Faces of Peace*. \$2.75



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In Canada: S. J. Reginald Saunders

**Oscar Handlin**  
*has prepared a new and  
enlarged edition of a  
book which "has opened  
a new field for  
historical research."*\*

## BOSTON'S IMMIGRANTS

A STUDY IN ACCULTURATION  
Revised and Enlarged Edition

Highlighting both the society that the immigrants left behind and the society they found in their new country, Mr. Handlin explores the basic factors influencing their economic, physical and intellectual adjustment. He probes the character of that adjustment for what it can tell us about the forces promoting and discouraging group consciousness and group conflict. Illustrated. A BELKNAP PRESS BOOK \$6.75  
WILLIAM F. WHYTE, Jr.

American Journal of Sociology



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University Press  
Cambridge 38, Mass.



in grade school. How her injuries then, and others, came back to plague her some forty years later when she moved her sick husband to an isolated shack in the Umpqua Valley in Oregon, is the subject of this book. While living in the one-room shack in the woods she got sleeping sickness and broke her neck. They put their last penny into six tons of daffodils to start a business. She started a ceramics class and ended with a ceramics business. Never did misfortune make happier reading—or turn out better. Hearty and human.

Prentice Hall, \$3.95

**Love in the Mist**, by Rosalie Packard.

Strictly speaking this isn't biography; it's fiction. But Rosalie Packard is an American girl (Detroit) married to an English lawyer and has lived in England since she was twenty-four. The heroine of the book is an American girl (Chicago) married to an Englishman and when the book begins is about to move with him because of a business transfer from a typical London mews which she loves to a cold house in a manufacturing town in the North of England. She makes a trip home in between. Nothing very much out-of-the-way happens but it is a delightful book about delicious people. It is wittily, wryly, and lovingly observant of the differences between England and America written by someone who patently adores them both. It is as light and sophisticatedly funny as Mrs. Workman's is hearty, but both authors obviously have a Thing about Life, and each her own way of communicating it with spirit.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50

**The Life of Sir Alexander Fleming**, by André Maurois.

It was Lady Fleming, widow of the discoverer of penicillin, who asked André Maurois to undertake the biography of her husband who died in 1955. It was an excellent choice. M. Maurois says: "I began my literary career as a young man with *The Silences of Colonel Bramble*, a taciturn Scot. There would, I felt, be a certain satisfying intellectual symmetry about writing, in my old age, *The Silences of Professor*

*Fleming*." But of course there was much more to it than that. Having written about literary men and men of action, it was a challenge, in our age, to write about a scientist. To prepare himself he took a course in bacteriology at the Institut Pasteur and had all of Sir Alexander's principal experiments performed for him. Then he went to work on papers and people.

So here we have the story of the quiet Scotch boy who loved games of all kinds, and the out-of-doors; who grew up to work in the research laboratory of the great Dr. Almuth Wright in the Inoculation Department of St. Mary's Hospital in London. There it was that he discovered the mold that was to revolutionize medicine and make chemotherapy at least as important as his master's field: immunization. And, as all the world knows, in 1945 he received the Nobel Prize (with Sir Howard Florey and Professor E. B. Chain) for his work on penicillin. If the story does not lend itself to the psychological and emotional subtleties of the biography of a Shelley (*Ariel*) or a George Sand (*Lelia*) it is still a fascinating picture of a human and dedicated man whose omnivorous curiosity gives life to Pasteur's statement that "Fortune favors the prepared mind."

Dutton, \$5

## FORECAST

### Photography

Recently a group of distinguished men and women from the art world met in New York to discuss Photography as a Fine Art and to choose a group of pictures to be put on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (It will be there through August.) We leave to them the question whether "pictures made with a camera [are] worthy of serious artistic consideration and preservation in the collection of a museum" and will only list for your information several new titles of groups of photographs that editors have judged worthy of preservation and collection in a book.

At the height of summer, on August 10, Simon & Schuster will bring out the *1960 Photography Annual* (Ziff-Davis, editors). Later in the fall they will publish *Observa-*

*tions*—a book of photographs of "great beauties, and men and women famous in the arts, science, politics show business—from Picasso and Robert Oppenheimer to Gloria Vanderbilt Lumet, Elsa Maxwell, and Isak Dinesen." The photographer will be Richard Avedon, the well-known fashion photographer, and none other than Truman Capote will furnish the text.

In November the world-renowned portrait photographer Yousuf Karsh has a collection of ninety-six camera studies of famous men and women coming from Nelson. It will be called *Portraits of Greatness*. Also in the fall John Day plans *Japanese*, a book of "camera and word impressions" by Cecil Beaton which the publishers promise will be large and lavish. And Hawthorn announces another kind of travel book for its fall list. It is to be called *This is Rome* and will be a pilgrimage conducted by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, photographed by Yousuf Karsh, with text by H. V. Morton. We dare say the book will sell.

### Theater

Coming in September and after are several books about the theater, the movies, and the people that make them. Phil Moury, a member of Cecil B. DeMille's staff for seven years writes *Yes, Mr. DeMille* for Putnam in September. On September 15 Houghton Mifflin will publish *The Ape in Me*, by Cornelia Otis Skinner. Beryl Grey, the British ballerina and first Western dancer at the Bolshoi Theater writes a journal of her experiences in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev in *Red Curtain Up* which Dodd, Mead expects to publish on September 28. In the same month Harper will bring out Elmer Rice's *The Living Theater*.

For the spring of 1960 Arthur Knight and Arthur Mayer are writing a history of United Artists, tentatively called *Lunatics and Lovers* (Macmillan). For much later on, with no specified date, are Louis Shaeffer's comprehensive biography of Eugene O'Neill (Little, Brown); Zsa Zsa Gabor's memoirs taped for collaboration with Gerold Frank (publisher, World); and Mae West is taping hers for Prentice-Hall. Rumor has it that her preferred title is *Goodness Has Nothing to Do with It*.

# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## FOUR KEYBOARD PERSONALITIES

**The Art of Sergei Rachmaninoff, Vol 2.**  
RCA Camden CAL 486.

This collection of Rachmaninoff encores, recorded from 1920 through 1942, gives us a marvelous look into the art of a towering piano personality, one of the last of the florid Lisztians, who injected his own somewhat macabre nervousness, his fantastic technical virtuosity, into everything he touched. Already in these records he sounds as of another age—and so many of us still remember him in person. History, in this new form, has already taken over, as the gulf widens, to bring back the strange musical habits of an earlier day.

Was there ever such a technician? If there is today, his interest lies elsewhere than in those endlessly florid, effortless arabesques of tone that make up a Rachmaninoff performance. It's as though his hands did not move at all, only the precision fingers operating like lithe mechanical levers, faster than any eye could follow. Handfuls of notes roll out perfectly shaped; slick scales yards long slide forth like toothpaste out of a tube; yet the whole is tense with that peculiar Rachmaninoff nervousness, tailored with that easy *rubato* that is so out of style today—yet without which his playing (like Liszt's) would have been impos-

sible. You can't play that fast in rigid tempo—not Rachmaninoff's kind of music, anyhow.

On this LP record the surprises are many. The familiar Bach E Major Prelude, from a Partita for unaccompanied violin, unrolls here at breakneck speed with the strangest of Rachmaninoff harmonies injected here and there; a couple of Chopin-Liszt arrangements skip fleetly past, the Schubert A Flat Impromptu exudes like oil. A scintillating Borodin Scherzo sounds like R. himself, as does Rachmaninoff's ominously tinged arrangement of a harmless Kreisler Liebeslied. Daquin's cuckoo echoes from the pre-harpsichord age, faultlessly styled; the flute solo in Gluck's "Orpheus" is rendered with poignant feeling, in an oriental manner.

A Tchaikovsky "Humoresque" (not the Dvorak one) turns out incongruously to be the main recurrent horn theme of Stravinsky's "Baiser de la Fée" (after Tchaikovsky), composed some years after this 1923 Rachmaninoff recording. I was delighted, since I've always been fond of the Stravinsky but had never heard the original model.

What would Rachmaninoff have done with modern satire and the neo-classic? Listen to Debussy's "Golliwog's Cakewalk" as of 1921 and you'll know; he

understood exactly what it had to say, even to the acid reference to "Tristan" in the middle. But this is as far toward the modern as Rachmaninoff ventures.

**Beethoven: Piano Sonatas. I: Op. 14, #1 and #2; Op. 27, #1 and #2 ("Moonlight"). II: Op. 10, #3; Op. 22. III: Op. 2, #2 and #3. IV: Op. 7; Op. 10, #1 and #2.** Walter Gieseking. Angel 35652/55.

Here are four records in the post-mortem Gieseking Beethoven series, all of them treating the early sonatas with the intensity and respect that reflect their modern position as mature works, rather than mere youthful imitations of Mozart and Haydn.

It is often true of great piano playing that at first it seems quite undramatic, even chilly. Beginning listeners are disappointed. So it is with these; the effects are subtle rather than flamboyant, the gradations of tone and phrase are so precisely made that the whole may seem luke-warm and not nearly as tempestuous as some listeners might like. Yet in plain fact these are as potent as any performances to be heard anywhere.

Gieseking's Beethoven is not unlike that of Kempff (on Decca) in this respect. Both men are recorded, too, in a piano sound that is physically dry and unspectacular, minus the grand reverberation that makes some recorded pianos roar like magnificent lions, at the expense of clarity. But if you will take time to study Gieseking, his extraordinary control becomes more clear at each playing. It is taut, seemingly unrelaxed, but one that shapes each note toward a supreme effect—call it architectural or emotional as you wish. In the long run, Gieseking can outperform the noisiest virtuoso in cumulative musical impact.

The shaping of the "Moonlight" is typical. At first it won't seem very impressive—it doesn't sing in its usual chestnutty terms; it is dry. But listen to the marvelous shading of each tone, to the fluid and utterly right *rubato*, to the perfect dynamic balance between the gentle accompaniment figure and the well-known theme itself, and to the superb melodic shape outlined so carefully by those "points" that are its widely-spaced notes. Listen also to the surprisingly leisurely "lily between two abysses," the short middle movement, and note how beautifully it shapes toward the explosion of the last movement.

Any good pianist can make a show by playing the last movement fast and furiously, shading the details with a judicious pedal. Any pianist, too, can play it slowly for accuracy in detail. Gieseking plays the music like a whirl-





wind yet every note is sharp, each phrase thrown out effortlessly without pedal, and again the thought is of anti-climax—it sounds too easy. Far from it!

The rest of this Gieseking legacy (and there's probably more to come) is to be considered in similar terms: cool, dry piano sound, apparent chilliness of approach, non-flamboyant, low-keyed drama (and even a few technical insecurities—perhaps after his auto accident), yet an authoritative, life-long accumulation of sheer musicianship that grows the warmer the more often you hear it. A grand set of records.

**Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"); Op. 81a ("Les Adieux").** Eduardo del Pueyo. Epic LC 3555.

After five seconds of "Hammerklavier" you'll know that this is one of the big pianists, though his name may be unfamiliar; after as many more you'll find a Beethoven so Spanish that guitars seem to play in it, like massed flamenco.

Del Pueyo is of the generation of Cortot, Brailowsky, Casadesu, and made his first impact along with them in Paris during the 'twenties; he withdrew, only to make a second debut in 1937. By now he is an elder statesman of a type of playing seldom heard today, the last, late flamboyance of the Romantic era, out of Liszt, De Pachmann, Cortot, Paderewski. But Del Pueyo is far removed from the more Germanic wing of great pianism represented by Schnabel, Dame Myra Hess and the like. His is the purely Latin, utterly Spanish approach. Where others take German musical architecture for granted, it scarcely exists for him; and yet he finds the characteristic greatness of Beethoven in his own Spanish terms—in the spirit of inspired improvisation, in color and atmosphere, in rhythmic intensity and extreme freedom of tempo, in sharp, guitar-like chords

and pedaled impressionism, beautifully blurring the German solidity.

It is only in the slow movement, where German thoroughness of architecture really counts, that Del Pueyo seems to lose ground. He does not hear the immensely significant changes of harmony except as color-effects. (They are that, but always, in Beethoven, much more too.) The pulsation of slow Beethoven is almost fragmentary for him, like the lulls in flamenco between active dancing; it becomes fitful where Beethoven surely never imagined it would; the rhythm flickers.

The guitars are what really astonished me. I could not tell you just how he does it, except to suggest that the rushing freedom of tempo has much to do with it—sudden, rapid surges of accompaniment, like guitars strumming. Once heard, you can't miss them.

There's a whole new Beethoven here for the curious, and scarcely a bit of it on less than the highest plane of pianism.

**Sylvia Marlowe. Music for the Harpsichord (Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Byrd, Purcell, Rameau, Couperin, Daquin, Haieff, McPhee).** Decca 710001 *stereo*.

**Sylvia Marlowe Plays Bach (Italian Concerto, French Suite #5, Toccata in D, Fantasia in C Minor, Contr. XV, "Art of the Fugue").** Decca DL 710012 *stereo*.

Sylvia Marlowe's harpsichord playing gets better and better and her increasing musical authority is an interesting example of what might almost be called lifting oneself by the bootstraps. If industry and perseverance over the years can make a fine artist, then they surely have in her case. Marlowe is not one of those lucky, flashy geniuses of the keyboard who sense by sheer intuition—or think they do—what must and can be

done with printed notes to produce music that is good to listen to. She has worked for her results and a great deal of that work—as was fairly clear in her efforts over the years—was strict study of good models and stylistic background, applied rather rigidly to her own playing.

From the earliest Marlowe recording that I can remember (and perhaps should forget)—an album of boogie-woogie, transcribed for the harpsichord, as precise and desiccated as literal-mindedness could produce—through her memorable 78 rpm limited-edition set of Purcell Suites, and on into the LP era, this studious exactitude according to the best models has always been present. But the warmth of musical feeling has gradually spread, with greater self-confidence, turning more and more of the Marlowe playing into real music rather than enormously skilled imitation.

By now, Marlowe has conquered the interpretive heights of harpsichord playing. She rates as the instrument's present queen, excepting the dowager and inimitable Landowska, whose influence Marlowe has often reflected. In these two stereo discs for Decca she sums up her years of experience in an impressive way. In many a passage she is fully herself and, maybe, even warmer than she knows. Only an occasional bit of dogmatic pounding reminds us of the earlier and less personal Marlowe.

The Bach French Suite on the second record is particularly striking, with a genuine feeling for its lovely melodic curves and sensuous harmonies, the tricky C Minor Fantasia has a swinging sense of rhythm and an arresting double-keyboard registration that is utterly convincing—I don't care where she may have got the idea.

Only in some of the war-horses of harpsichord technique does the old Marlowe show up—the Italian Concerto, so demanding in its never-relaxing outer movements and the introspective slow movement between them, is here letter-perfect but too full of mere notes, not fully phrased and shaped for expressiveness. The Contrapunctus XV from the "Art of the Fugue" doesn't rise above its didactic foundations and the Rameau Variations just play—vigorously and impartially, so to speak. The Marlowe technique never fails, whatever the level of inspiration.

But the Haydn Sonata in D has a real late-harpsichord flair to it, exactly right for that period, when the piano's nervously expressive flights were replacing the harpsichord's more solid textures.

Stereo adds to the impact, mainly in the heightened sense of the room in which the instrument plays. Worth it, if a slight difference.

## WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

**Beethoven: Triple Concerto; Leonore Overture #3.** Corigliano, Rose, Hendl; New York Philharmonic, Walter. Columbia ML 5368.

**Dvorak: Symphony #4.** Bamberg Symphony. Perfect Stereo Vox 511,050.

**Brahms: Rhapsodies, Op. 79; Fantasias, Op. 116; Intermezzi, Op. 117.** Joerg Domm. pl Westminster WVN 18802.

**Piano Quartets—Beethoven, Schumann.** Goldlit, Prouse, Gaudin, Babin RCA Victor LM 2200.

**Stravinsky: Agon Ballet. Berg: Three Pieces for Orch., Op. 6. Webern: Six Pieces for Orch., Op. 6.** Südwest-deutsches Orch., Rosbaud. Westminster WVN 18807.

**Five Centuries of Spanish Song.** Victoria de los Angeles. (Reissue) Capitol FMI G 7155.

**Sonorama** (monthly French news magazine with six bound-in plastic LP records). Available from French book sources.

# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

## REVIVAL

THE phenomenon known as the New Orleans Revival began in the middle of 1940 when Heywood Hale Broun, then not long out of college, went south to make the first "modern" records of New Orleans music played by New Orleans musicians, *in situ*. The idea had come to him, in part from reading Ramsey and Smith's *Jazzmen*, that some of its protagonists might still be alive; and he resolved to find out.

The result was a ten-inch album of eight sides, six of which are currently available on Riverside LP under the name of Kid Rena's Delta Jazz Band. Mr. Broun had hoped to get Bunk Johnson, but at the last moment he got a letter saying that Bunk was working or what he called—with that feel for the importance of railroads—the W. P. & A., and was afraid that a recording job might prejudice his employment.

None of the musicians Mr. Broun found were gainfully employed playing jazz ("they seemed to think the music was dead") and much of their time with him was spent in conversation about how it used to be. They had never made a record before, and neither had he. But—with a minimum of co-operation from the local radio station ("We didn't know you meant *that* kind of band")—he got a studio and went on ahead.

They made the eight sides in one afternoon, not knowing any better, and being all so deep in the grip of nostalgia that each playback seemed miraculous. Many have since become a part of the literature: "High Society" is the only commercial recording in which Alphonse Picou (by then a building contractor) plays the clarinet solo he invented; "Gettysburg March" was for long the only 6/8 street march the pedants could use as an illustration; and "Get It Right" is a fine example of a piece perpetuated under a euphemism for its obscene title.

Mr. Broun barely cleared his costs. "We thought it was a big jazz revival," he says now. "We didn't know then what a jazz revival was." He himself, for a time a sports writer and now a professional actor, no longer even has a copy of the original album, though he has the later ones. "Not that I have to play them," he adds. "I can still hear them in my head."

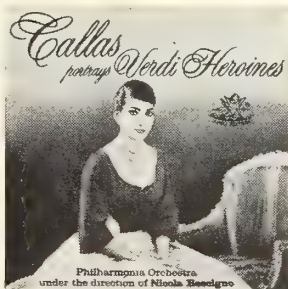
New Orleans Legends, Kid Ory, Bunk Johnson, Kid Rena. Riverside 12-119.



CANCER

FOR JULY: IN STEREO ON

# ANGEL



## CALLAS

*La Divina's first recording since her U.S. tour—and it includes that spine-chilling letter-reading scene from MACBETH (Act I) which had her tour audiences and critics cheering! Plus the compelling Callas portrayals of other Verdi heroines from ERNANI (Elvira), DON CARLO (Elisabetta de Valois), and NABUCCO (Abigaille). A must for Callas fans, Verdi fans, for everybody who likes opera with the drama it can have—when CALLAS sings. Nicola Rescigno conducts the Philharmonia. Angel Stereo S 35763*

## BEECHAM

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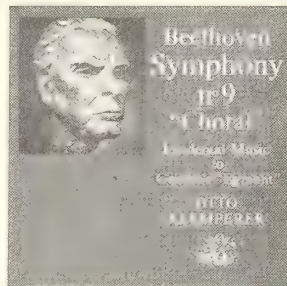
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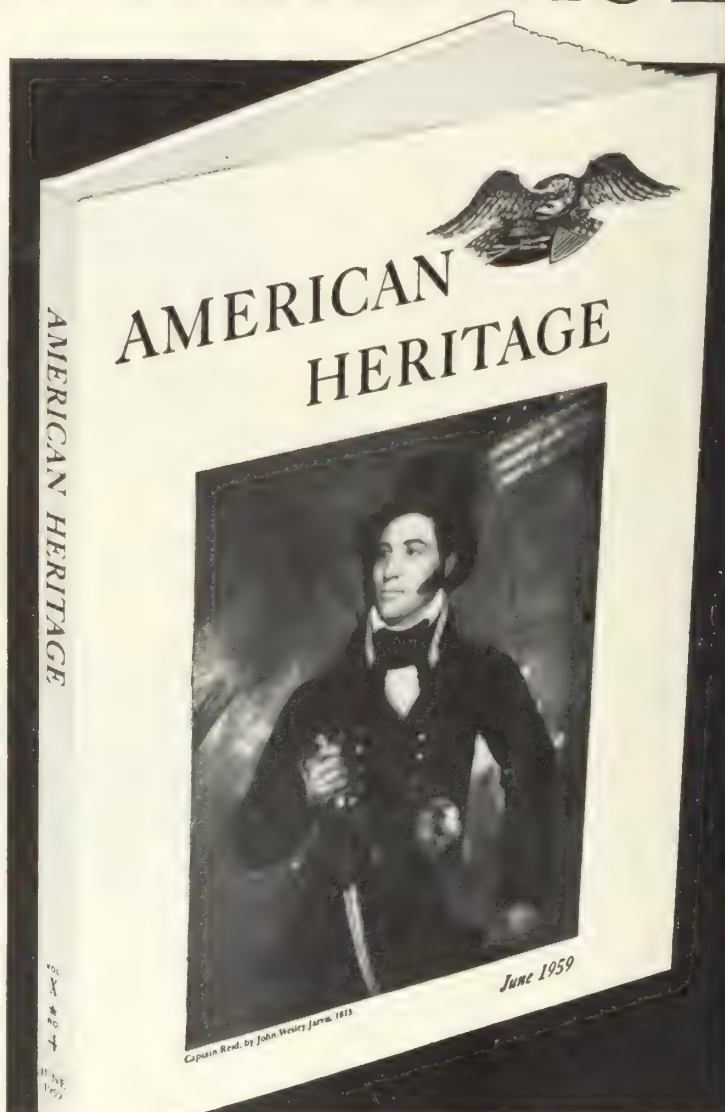
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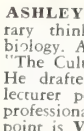
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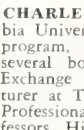
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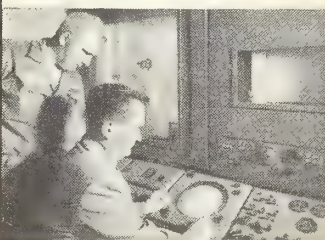
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DANIEL KEEFE, PFC, Cml C. (Ret.)  
Trenton, N. J.

General Rothschild's principal argument is unconvincing, not only because gas warfare is no more humane than any other kind, but also because he frequently argues against his main thesis. [He concedes that] "the Chemical Corps must concentrate on the lethal weapons" [and admits] "we will want to kill. . . . Taking care of a large number of sick enemy soldiers would take too many of our own men out of action." . . . The General's view that the Russians "would use humans freely for experimentation" is an opinion. . . . The General should document this statement or withdraw it.

J. V. McKENNA  
Syracuse University  
Syracuse, N. Y.

It is with inexpressible horror that I have just finished reading General Rothschild's article. . . . Has it never occurred to the General and his colleagues that if the free world actually uses such dread and immoral means of preserving itself, it will no longer be worth the preserving?

NANCY CLOYD  
Pres., Mass. Branch, Women's  
Int. League for Peace and Freedom  
Boston, Mass.

Anyone who will agree that humanity comes in varying degrees will also agree with Rothschild's contentions. The Soviets have chemical and biological

weapons, and have flatly stated that they will be used. . . . The psychological effect of these weapons, both on civilians and troops in the field are unquestionably greater if the victims are as unpardoned as most Americans. . . . If personal weapons were the stock-in-trade of the Old Army [William S. White, June] then germ and gas fit the bill as the weapons of the New. . . . [They are] too important to allow our capabilities and defenses to be governed by emotional prejudice. . . .

MICHAEL D. MAREMON  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

General Rothschild has brought to light some of the fine idiocy of our government officials who decide how much the American people may think about. The ordinary GI in training is given pretty ample warning about the new gases and biological agents . . . and the defenses against them. But the civilian remains ignorant . . . except for rumors. Has the government despaired of doing anything about these items . . . or [concluded] that if you don't do anything about them maybe they will go away?

THOMAS W. ALEXANDER, JR.  
New York, N. Y.

## Not-too-honorary Degree

TO THE EDITORS:

In referring to the degree conferred on Charlie McCarthy, Messrs. Kandel and Lasher ["The Boom in Honorary Degrees," June] may have mistaken an elaborate piece of academic spoofing for an official act. . . . The perpetrators of this joke were really on the side of Messrs. Kandel and Lasher.

MOODY E. PRIOR  
Graduate School, Northwestern University  
Evanston, Ill.

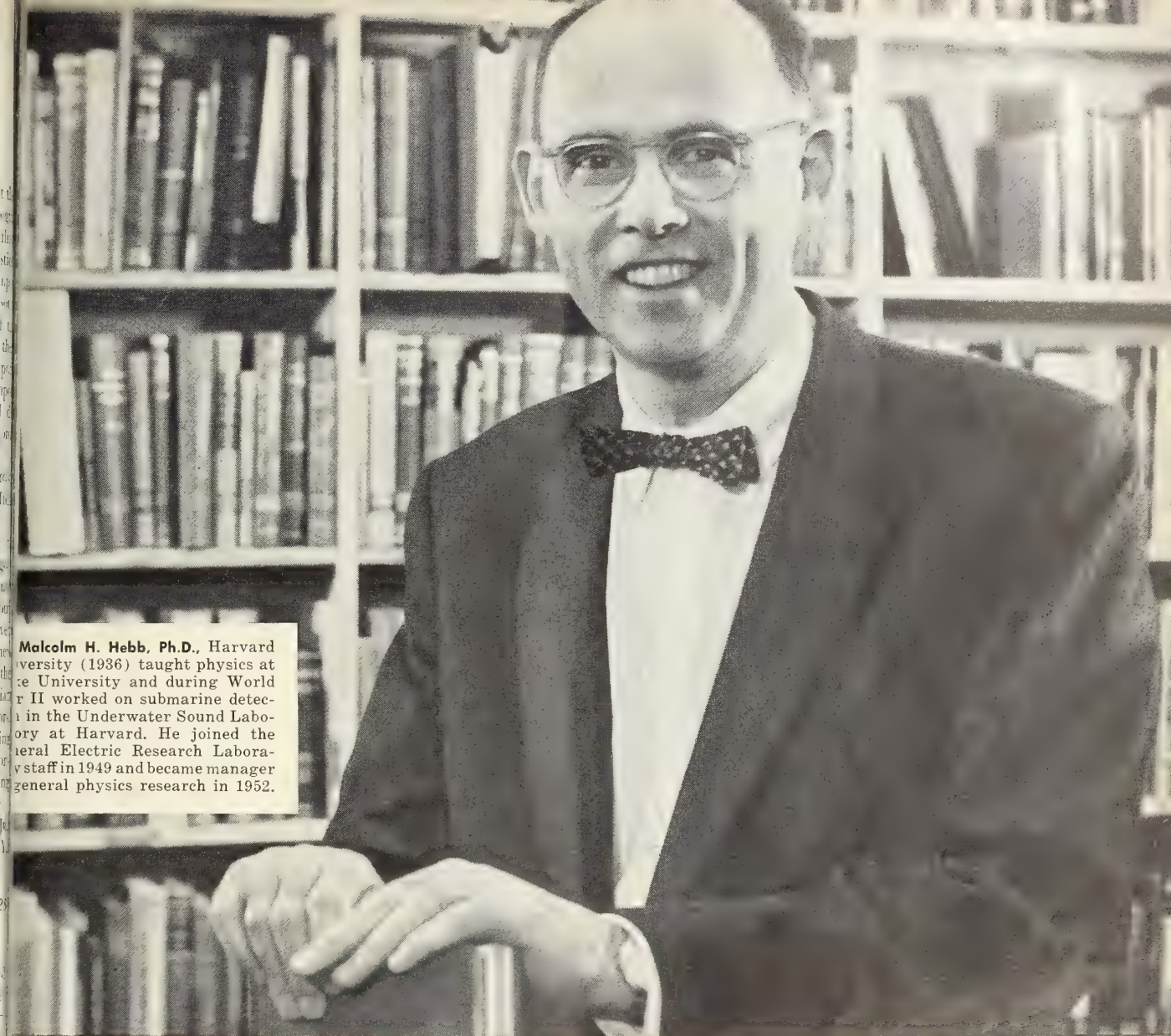
My Methodist preacher father used to recite a limerick about a man who received a degree:

A Divinity student named Fiddle  
Refused to accept his degree.  
Said, "It's quite enough to be Fiddle  
Without being Fiddle, D.D."

FRANK H. OTWELL  
Delmar, N. Y.

Here in sophisticated New Orleans, a Boswell Institute has been founded realizing the dreams of James Boswell and Dr. Johnson . . . that their London literary club be set up one day as a university with its members assuming profes-





**Malcolm H. Hebb, Ph.D.**, Harvard University (1936) taught physics at the University and during World War II worked on submarine detection in the Underwater Sound Laboratory at Harvard. He joined the General Electric Research Laboratory staff in 1949 and became manager of general physics research in 1952.

## Freedom of inquiry

**General Electric's Dr. Malcolm H. Hebb discusses programed and unprogramed research**

Scientists in the *General Physics Research Department* at the General Electric Research Laboratory are engaged in fundamental studies of semiconductor phenomena, the generation of light, the behavior of arcs, and a variety of other fields. Making certain that these men and women have the tools, the incentives, and the freedom to seek out new knowledge is one particular concern of the department's manager, Dr. Malcolm H. Hebb.

Recently Dr. Hebb said: "Freedom of inquiry is the very essence of research. Conceivably, there are two idealized approaches to industrial research. On the one hand, the work may be carried out on a strictly *programmatic* basis, in which all of the effort is aimed directly at fulfilling immediate needs. In this ap-

proach, the horizons of tomorrow are limited by the viewpoint of today. At the opposite extreme is completely *unprogramed* research carried out in the hope that the results may somehow prove useful.

"The practical course lies somewhere between these two extremes. Actually, emphasis may shift from time to time, either from necessity or to take advantage of special opportunity. In a research program aimed at opening up virgin territory, to deny freedom of inquiry is to slam the door on discovery."

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## LETTERS

social roles. The Boswell Institute annually awards two Honorary Degree *Foundations Doctor* and *Superior Mandarin Doctor*. [The former] was awarded Charles de Gaulle some years back, whereas President Harry Truman received the latter. . . . Only one international celebrity has refused it, President Dwight Eisenhower. His reason, given by his secretary, was that Mr. Eisenhower had made it a rule not receive such kudos "in absentia."

ROUSSEAU VAN VOORHIES, F.  
President, Boswell Institute  
New Orleans, La.

I would like to add my alma mater to the laudatory side of the ledger. . . . Cornell University was a pioneer in not handing out such degrees.

PAUL FISHER  
Pursuer, SS *Mariposa*  
At Sea

. . . For a balanced appraisal of the rituals it should be added that . . . being a tycoon, a general, a clown—or even a college president—does not, on the face of it, debar a man from sincere academic interests or even scholarly pursuits.

JACK MORRISON  
University of California  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I was surprised to see so much material used from my book, *Honorary Degrees, a Survey of Their Use and Abuse* without any credit to the source.

STEPHEN E. EPLER  
District Supt. and Pres.  
Reedley Joint Union High School  
and Reedley College  
Reedley, Calif.

Although all the information in the article was drawn from independent sources, the authors are glad to acknowledge the helpful guidance given them by Dr. Epler's book. —The Editor

## How Ugly?

TO THE EDITORS:

"How to Make a Movie out of 'The Ugly American'" by Thomas W. Wilson Jr. [June] is a fine article and I hope we can call it to public attention.

JAMES C. HAGERTY  
Press Secretary to the President  
The White House, Washington, D. C.

. . . There is at least a seed of truth in *The Ugly American* that is worthy of more careful cultivation if we desire to achieve maximum value for the dollars and energy we are investing in this phase of our foreign friendship obsession. Mr. Wilson's criticisms would multiply in



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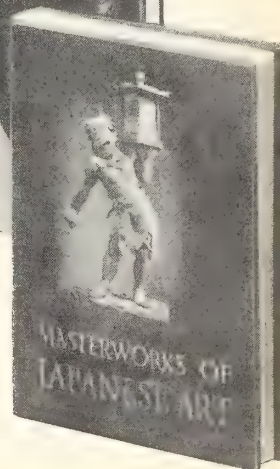
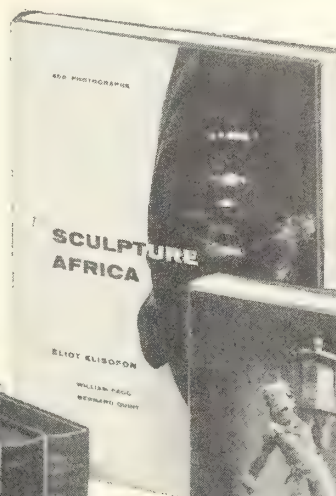
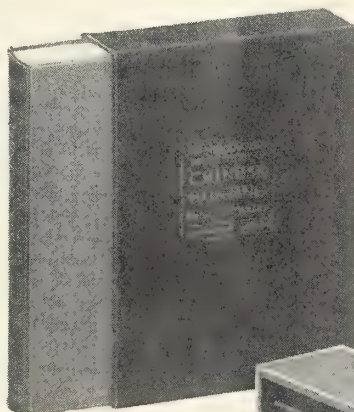
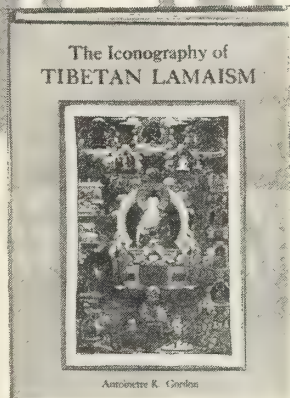
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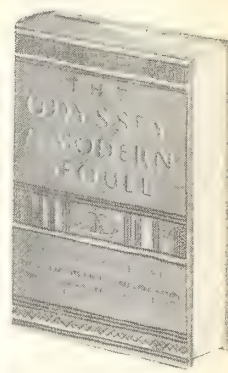
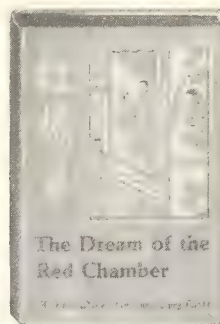
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value if they admitted the existence of and worked in alliance with, this truth.

DONALD P. KEITH  
Easton, Pa.

Despite his choler, perhaps *because* of it, Mr. Wilson's piece was a 24-karat delight. . . . Most of the good people in this land of ours do not know what the State Department is trying to do. And this, I humbly submit, is not solely the fault of the people. . . . Communications?

BEN F. WHITEHILL  
Tulsa, Okla.

When the Foreign Service is finally recovering from the vicious attacks of the 1950s, when the present Administration is discovering that civil servants are not simply those "who couldn't make it in the business world" . . . it seems unfair for *The Ugly American* to have become such a *cause célèbre*. I am grateful to Mr. Wilson.

MARY WALSER  
New York, N. Y.

Either Mr. Wilson or I missed something in *The Ugly American*, for nowhere do I recall the authors advocating that our State Department personnel act as "representatives in the parliaments or cabinets of other nations" or "throw their weight around." It seems logical, for instance, that members of our technical missions who are in countries specifically to improve chickens spend their time with the chicken raisers rather than with government officials who know chickens only as something cooked in wine. . . . As I recall it, the "big message" was that with more efficient personnel representing us we would be better equipped to meet the "violent, complex, and intangible problems" that unfortunately seem to be increasing. . . . One has only to leave the United States for a short time to get their full impact.

JOHN O. PERCY  
Bogotá, Colombia

## Love That Machine

TO THE EDITORS:

"Requiem for the Laboring Man" [Warner Bloomberg, Jr., June] . . . is a melancholic debauchery of our automation. To replace the futile means of the legendary factory worker with the hopeful prospect of time for living is hardly the basis for a requiem.

JACK K. KOOK  
Anniston, Ala.

Mr. Bloomberg's tribute gives due credit where it belongs. . . . But in his conjecture about the future he left one possible prospect unexplored . . . the

possibility of designing machines automatically to make the automatic machines. As the grandfather in "Peter and the Wolf" would say—"What then?"

WILLIAM NETSCHERT, M.E.  
Daytona Beach, Fla.

## Ghetto Church

TO THE EDITORS:

George Steiner's surprise at the existence of a Catholic church in the Warsaw Ghetto ["Notes from Eastern Europe," June] indicates unfamiliarity with the make-up of this area prior to the German occupation. Leszno Street, where the church stood, was never considered a part of the old Jewish neighborhood . . . it just happened to fall within the area allocated to the Jews by the Nazis. . . .

During the occupation the church was well attended by Catholics in the parish but under Hitler's racial definitions they were considered Jewish.

MARIA J. HAGADUS  
Johnstown, Pa.

*H\*y\*m\*a\*n F\*a\*u\*s\*t*

TO THE EDITORS:

Twenty or more years ago, Mr. Kaplan and I were the same age. . . . Now I am sure he is thoroughly American. He has surely long since married a fine woman—perhaps even Miss Mitnik. His son is probably a graduate of Columbia Law School; his daughters have had tremendous weddings. . . . I am sure that although his speech may have decided flaws, it presents no problem to him and his attitude toward the "Mr. Pockheels" of this world is both tolerant and relaxed. What is Mr. Rosten doing to this fine upstanding American? ["H\*Y-M\*A\*N K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N, Ever Eloquent" by Leo Rosten, June].

HAZEL F. BRIGGS  
Madison, Wis.

*The above is a minority report. Most readers seem ready to permit Mr. Kaplan the folklore hero's prerogative of perpetual youth. The New York Herald Tribune, for example, commented editorially on June 15: "We are glad that the class has remained fixed in time rather than growing older. For the class is a kind of exhibit of America . . ."*

—The Editors

## Color-Blind Music

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just finished Nat Hentoff's piece, "Race Prejudice in Jazz" [June], and can only conclude that his findings

are entirely a pigment of his imagination.

RALPH A. BROOKS  
New York, N. Y.

As a believer in the Judeo-Christian ideal of equality, I wish to commend author Nat Hentoff, illustrator Benny Andrews, and *Harper's*. . . . This clinical analysis of racial bias, in an area where some of us had assumed it did not exist, should prove helpful in its ultimate elimination.

PALMER VAN GUNDY  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Puritan Browsing

TO THE EDITORS:

I wonder if Dean Acheson is justified in "taking comfort from Justice Holmes" in eschewing "self-improvement" in his reading? [P & O, June]. According to Catherine Drinker Bowen, President Roosevelt in 1933 called on the retired ninety-two-year-old Associate Justice of the Supreme Court at his home. Finding him reading Plato, FDR asked him [why he had chosen that book]. Holmes replied, "To improve my mind, Mr. President."

HONORE M. CATUDAL  
Washington, D. C.

## Unordained Reporter

TO THE EDITORS:

Yesterday I returned to my own Hopi Indian Reservation from Princeton where I am in the class of '60 at the Theological Seminary. . . . I decided to read Mr. William S. White's article ["The End of the Old Army," June] . . . although I am generally averse to editorial articles. [Usually] they are so un-intellectual and not brave. However Mr. White has impressed me. . . . I dare say, in all due respect, that he could be a very able minister.

CALEB HOLETSTEWA JOHNSON  
Oraibi, Ariz.

## Crafty Minstrels

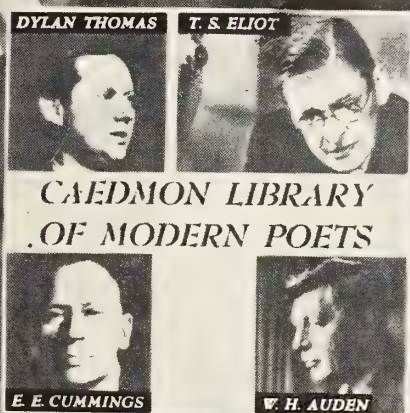
TO THE EDITORS:

Noting the preponderance of verse in the opening pages of *Harper's* [Letters, May], I muse that:

The new minor poets,  
Who envy their betters  
Have found a way 'round  
Editorial fetters:  
They publish in *Harper's*,  
In a section called "Letters."

Accepting the mantle of self-imposed stigma, I remain,  
JOHN L. LEONARD  
Phoenix, Ariz.





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## *the editor's* EASY CHAIR

### How to Cure Bird-watchers

ONE of our readers—a young woman living in Sacramento—has written to ask whether there is any known cure for bird-watching. Her father, she says, keeps gawking around the neighborhood with field glasses, often at unseemly hours. This causes embarrassment to her and her friends. Only last week a couple parked in a quiet lane was startled by the old gentleman at an unfortunate moment, and matters weren't helped much by his explanation that he was only looking for a spiny-toed nightingale.

The lady has come to the right place. This is a service magazine, in a soulful kind of way. We aim to help with the spiritual problems of our readers, just as *McCall's* takes care of the grosser human needs by printing all those articles about forty-three new ways to cook hamburger. Besides I have been plagued by birds for years, and while I can't say that I've learned to cope with them I at least know how to give them a good fight.

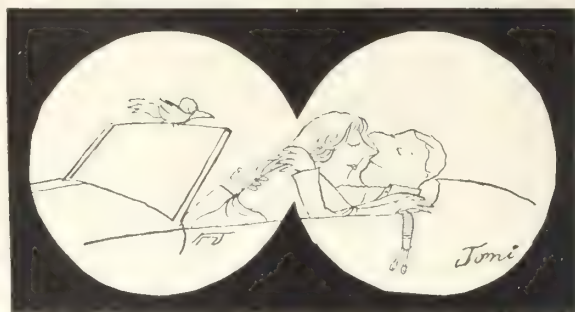
It is true that I have never suffered myself from bird-watching. Since childhood, when I was forced to take care of a herd of malevolent chickens, I have regarded all varieties of *Aves Neognathae* as smelly, noisy, feather-brained, hysterical little beasts, from which any sensitive man naturally averts his eyes. Nevertheless at a tender age I stumbled by accident on a sure-fire remedy for the affliction. The only difficulty is that the young woman will have to persuade her father to do his bird-watching, at least once, barefooted and along the banks of some southern stream. The Suwannee River would serve. Or Dead Man's Bayou.

My own discovery was made on Sweetwater Creek in northern Texas. I was after catfish, using a No. 6 hook baited with boiled potato. (This method is neither as sporting nor as efficient as dynamite, but my parents—who had never heard of Dr. Spock and permissive child-raising—discouraged me from playing with ex-

plosives.) So I was ambling along barefoot, brooding over parental tyranny and looking hard for one of those muddy backwaters where catfish hold their committee meetings.

All of a sudden my left foot came down on something unpleasant. I had never stepped on a water moccasin before, but somehow I knew right off what to do. The moccasin is a fat and sluggish snake, and before he knew what was squishing him I was ten feet in the air; and by the time he got his fangs cleared for action, I had hit the ground about five yards off in a high lope.

Ever since I have been a compulsive snake-watcher. Anyone, I believe, who has felt the coils of a water moccasin under his toes will thereafter keep his eyes firmly on the ground. Never again is he likely to be bothered with the sight of birds, aside from sandpipers and those little squinch owls that live in prairie-dog holes.



EVEN a reformed bird-watcher, however, is by no means out of the woods. With any decent animal—a grizzly, for instance—you can be reasonably sure that if you don't bother him, he won't bother you. But not birds; they seek out their victims with the vindictive persistence of the Kremlin's secret police. If you go to earth, so to speak, on the twenty-fourth floor of a Manhattan apartment, a posse of pigeons is sure to turn up at six the next morning to hoot



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and sneer at you from the window sill. Starlings will build a nest in the intake of your air conditioner. Or you will find, as one inoffensive New Yorker did recently, that something of the order *Columbiformes* has flown right inside and laid an egg on your bedspread.

Take the case of George and Helen Papashvily, sculptor and writer, who sought tranquillity in the upper fastnesses of Bucks County. They had hardly got the plumbing into their old stone farmhouse when they were beset by a retarded cardinal.

Like so many of his genus, he was belligerent as well as stupid. For weeks he carried on a running battle with his own reflection in the dining-room window—swooping into the pane like a *kamikaze* pilot, beating it with his wings, and pecking at it till his beak dripped blood. The round ended when he had knocked himself out or collapsed on the grass in exhaustion.

At this point the Papashvily—*who are kindly to the verge of simple-mindedness and constantly imposed upon by man and beast—would rise wearily from their dining-table and rescue the dope.* After they had trickled brandy down his throat with an eye dropper, plied him with smelling salts, and pressed cold towels to his forehead, he usually revived enough for another assault.

This might have kept up indefinitely, or anyhow until the brandy ran out, if a she-cardinal hadn't come along one day and diverted him to other interests. They are now, presumably, populating the thickets of northern Pennsylvania with generation after generation of half-witted *Richmondiana*.

SMART birds are even worse. Everything that wears feathers is a criminal at heart—as Dr. A. C. Bent demonstrated in his classic fourteen-volume *Life Histories of North American Birds*—but the elite of this over-world obviously are the crows. They are as well organized as the Mafia, and more cunning. Nobody has ever rounded up a gang of crows in an Apalachin farmhouse.

The reason is that—unlike Barbara, Genovese & Co.—crows do their conspiring in an open field, with guards posted to cover every approach. These sentries apparently carry binoculars, and are trained not only to spot a gun at five hundred yards but to tell whether it is a rifle or shotgun; and they have learned the range of each. Consequently, as every hunter knows, they are about the most elusive game on this continent.

I once tried to beat their system by sneaking up on a crow convention in a station wagon. They know that autos are harmless, and ordinarily pay them no attention. So I pulled up, in an offhand way, beside a pasture where maybe twenty-five of them were plotting their next job.

Sure enough, after one contemptuous glance they went right on with their scheming. I rolled down a window. Still no alarm. Then I reached for the carbine I had hidden under a gunny sack, and started to poke it—slowly and cautiously—over the sill. Not more than an inch of the muzzle was sticking out when the nearest sentry saw it, recognized instantly what it was, and blew the whistle. The whole gang took off, jeering vulgarly, before I could get in a shot.

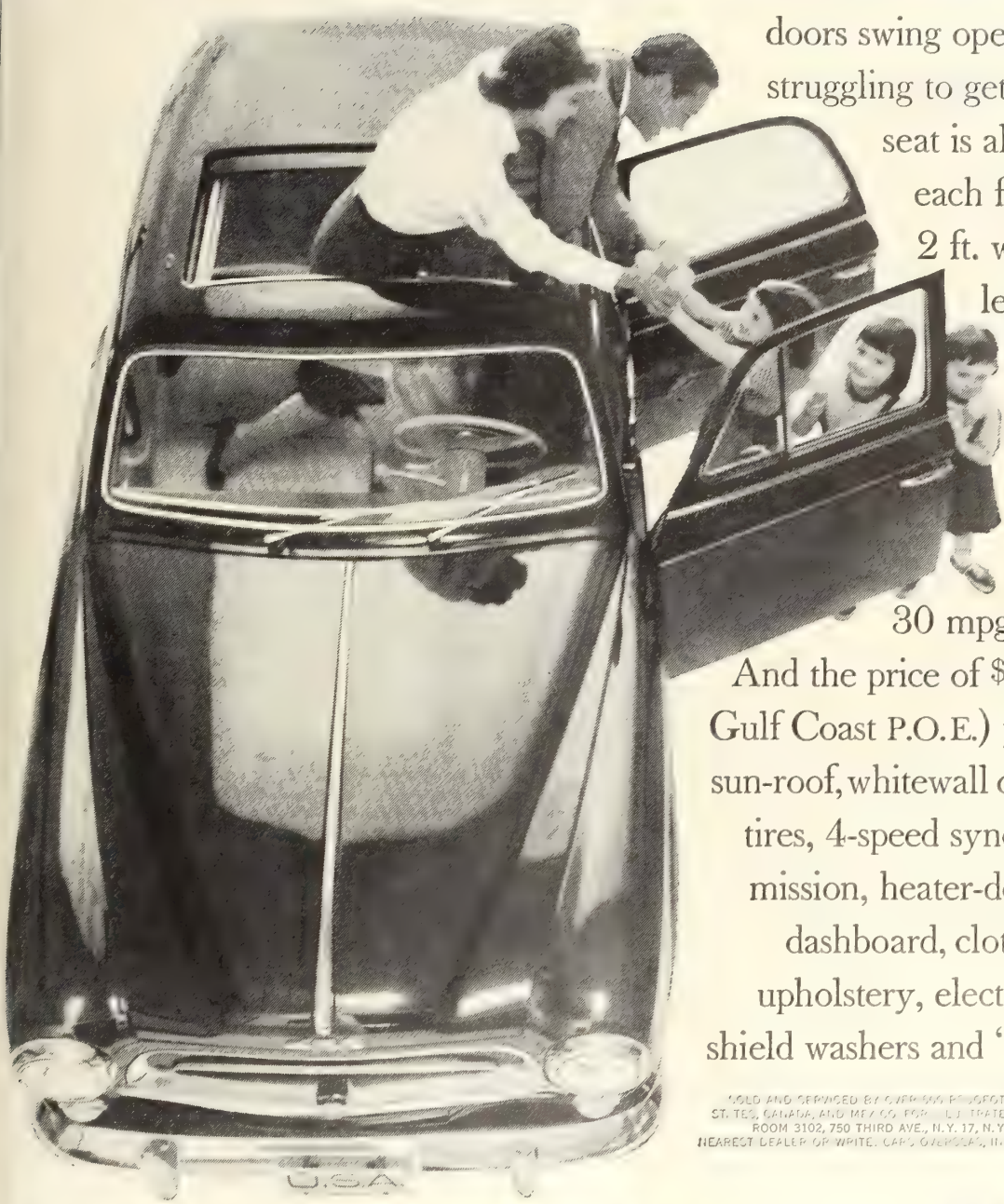
The only practical way to outwit a crow is with dynamite, the sportsman's best friend on water or land. Here is a tested recipe, bearing the Harper's Seal of Approval:

First you find a thicket of shinnery oaks where crows gather to roost. These scrubby little trees grow in dense clumps all over the Texas Panhandle; they make an ideal lair for crows, as they once did for horse thieves and train robbers. As many as five thousand birds may infest a single clump.

At daybreak they leave in small bands, scattering over miles of countryside on their criminal pursuits—stealing pheasant eggs, devastating grain fields, pecking the eyes out of newborn calves. As soon as you are sure they are all gone, you slip into the shinnery and start stringing up your dynamite. Half-sticks will do, tied to branches at about head height and spaced roughly five yards apart all through the thicket. Their detonators all have to be connected to a single wire, which runs to a hiding place a safe distance away—usually a neighboring patch of brush. There you wait, beside your storage battery and switch, until the enemy comes home at sundown.



This is the crucial moment. You have to lie well-ambushed and absolutely still; for if an advance patrol spots you, it will warn the whole flock—which at once will line out for another roost miles away. If you escape detection, however, you simply bide your time until the whole colony is assembled; then close the switch. The



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## THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

results are gratifying. A rain of black feathers, shimmery leaves, and crows' feet will cover the landscape for acres around.

**I**N OUR struggle with the birds, the most dangerous chink in man's armor is sentimentality. They are alert for any sign of this weakness; and, as we have seen in The Papashvily Case, they know how to take instant advantage of it.

My aunt Annie was, I guess, the softest-hearted woman in Comanche County, Oklahoma. For many years she lived on a homestead there, keeping house for her widower father. One Christmas a neighbor gave her a jar of brandied cherries and—though Annie disapproved of liquor even in semi-solid form—the guests at dinner that night managed to put away the whole quart.

In her thrifty way, Annie saved the pits and fed them next morning to her flock of hens. This was meant in the kindest spirit—Annie felt that even Plymouth Rocks deserved a Christmas treat—but it turned out to be a mistake. When Annie went out at noon to collect the eggs, she found every one of the chickens lying stone cold dead with its claws sticking up stiff in the air.

Crushed by grief as she was, she didn't mean to let those chickens go to waste. Annie couldn't bring herself to chop off their heads—that was man's work anyhow, and could wait till her father came in from plowing the northeast forty—but she could at least begin to get them ready for the cold-storage locker. With tears sliding down her nose, and muttering prayers against the evil of drink, she plucked them all—carefully saving the feathers for pillow-stuffing. Then she laid the corpses in a row along the shady side of the barn to await the axe.



Trouble was, they didn't stay dead. When her father brought in the team at supper time, he encountered a spectacle which, he said, beat anything he had seen since the night when a Kiowa war party scalped the whole village of Chillicothe. Twenty-three hens were staggering around the barnyard—over-hung, shivering, and naked as September Morn.

The sight so scandalized the mule—a high-strung pair at best—that it took him twenty minutes to get out of the harness.

Annie worked all night, cutting up old burlap bags and sewing them into hen chemises, while her outraged flock huddled squawking behind the stove. By morning they were the best-dressed chickens in Oklahoma, but they didn't seem to appreciate it. For the next six weeks, while they were growing a new crop of feathers, they wore their smocks with a look both sheepish and hang-dog—which, for chickens, is quite a trick. I am willing to grant (grudgingly) that they, anyhow, must have been birds worth watching.

## *HOWL, or a Beatnik-type Ode to Our Little Feathered Friends*

### Canto I

Hark, the robin  
And his uncle and his cousins  
and his aunts  
Plus some grackles or something  
And a lot of asthmatic thrushes  
Are starting up their harebrained  
noises  
Again just outside my window.  
Which means it is  
Four A.M. (Eastern Daylight Saving  
Time)  
And there will be no more  
Sleep around here this night.

### Canto II

Ah, why can't God's blithe spirits  
Keep their throbbing little throats  
Shut until seven o'clock  
Like cats and horses  
And other reasonable animals?

### Canto III

Anybody want to join  
The Little Daisy Air Rifle  
Bird-watching Association?

# PERSONAL *and otherwise*

## *Among Our Contributors*

### MANKIND BLASTS OFF

TALK about space is already charged with the characteristic sound and fury of mankind.

At 4:20 A.M. on May 28, just 45 minutes after Able and Baker rocketed up 300 miles, word came that the nose cone carrying them had been sighted in the target area near Antigua. From the tense throats of a hundred technicians and other watchers assembled in the firing laboratory at Cape Canaveral, a cheer went up "like at a Notre Dame football game."

A conference of scientists at the California Institute of Technology in March burst into an uproar when the manager of space programs for a large corporation shouted from the floor: "Our missile program is the swan song of a dying civilization. We don't need better missiles to destroy each other—the ones we have now will do the job adequately. And there isn't any point in zooming off into outer space. We could spend the money better solving problems here at home—taking care of our overcrowded, underfed millions. . . . We are in a bad way when we try to solve our problem by mass killing—or by paddling off to a bigger island in space."

Away in Australia on April 30, Britain's atomic research chief, Sir John Cockcroft, protested against the "fantastic amounts" being spent by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. in trying to put a man into space. The thousands of millions might better be used for biological and medical research on earth. "Space travel will not be of great use to humanity," he said.

Nevertheless in April also, Captain Donald Kent Slayton, 35, U.S. Air Force, who is in training as an astronaut of the U.S. Space Administration's Project Mercury—one of the "highly intelligent, highly motivated" chosen seven—said: "We have gone about as far as we can on this globe. We have to go somewhere,

and space is all that is left. . . ."

As long ago as last summer IGY scientists meeting in Moscow asked the Great Powers to develop methods for removing man-made satellites from orbit. "It is feared," Walter Sullivan reported in the *New York Times*, "that space will soon be filled with the radio howls and beeps of myriad outmoded satellites."

Into this cacophony of voices concerning the "zone of complete silence" which begins 100 miles above the Earth, *Harper's* projects the deliberate, good-humored, dispassionate analysis of Dr. Lee A. DuBridge: "Sense and Nonsense About Space" (p. 21). Dr. DuBridge, physicist and president of the California Institute of Technology, has combined zeal for research with concern for the public interest in his varied career. During the war he was director of the radiation laboratory at MIT, under the Office of Strategic Services, and he has served on the advisory committee of the Atomic Energy Commission.

. . . Elaine Kendall, who explains why it's "No Fun to Be Sick Any More" (p. 29), is a housewife living in Princeton, New Jersey. "I have been writing sporadically since college, where I edited the Mt. Holyoke magazine. Lately I have found myself more and more at bay when asked, 'What do you do with yourself all day?'—which accounts for my current spurt of activity. We live in a glass house with a considerable collection of modern painting and sculpture and two small children."

. . . The drama of Britain as a sinking power—both in the world's eyes and in its own—would be one of the great postwar shockers if it had not unfolded so gradually, almost so surreptitiously. No foreigner has painted this view of the inevitable sunset so well as have British writers themselves. For example, Peregrine Worsthorne of the London *Daily Telegraph*, in a brilliant article in *Foreign Affairs*, has said that the

# SELF- PORTRAIT

A self-portrait is likely to be the most revealing statement that a man ever makes about himself.

Rembrandt, in his self-portraits, looks out of the canvas with the steady, world-weary gaze of a man who has seen and survived everything, whose mettle has been tested—and proved.

Reynolds looks like the prosperous, busy, contented citizen he was—successful in his profession, at home in Johnson's circle of wits, welcome in society.

Van Gogh's self-portraits are highly introspective, the bold brushwork in vivid contrast to the vulnerability of the face, at once strong and sensitive.

If self-portraits are fascinating, so are portraits painted by others. There is, after all, an undeniable fascination in seeing yourself as others see you—as we have reason to know. For over the years, Merrill Lynch has sat for word portraits by some well known writers. The results have been gratifying on the whole, but we've always felt that a portrait by an outsider wasn't quite satisfactory—that the emphasis was sometimes wrong, the color missing, and matters of interest were omitted.

In fact, something kept saying, "Do it yourself." So we did.

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# Harper's

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## NEXT MONTH

### WHAT MAKES A GOOD AMBASSADOR?

How do we choose our ambassadors? What happens to them—and to our foreign policy—inside our embassies? Drawing upon his twenty years in the foreign service the witty author of *Bears in the Caviar* provides a racy and telling firsthand report.

By Charles W. Thayer

### COLE PORTER: AN AFFECTIONATE MEMOIR

A fabulous figure of the glittering 'twenties—as seen by a fledgling playwright on his first trip to Paris and on a memorable world tour.

By Moss Hart

### THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN ARCHITECTURE

An expert account of the recent development of new and exciting ways of building by architects tired of the modern "glass box."

By Robin Boyd

### ... AND IN OCTOBER WRITING IN AMERICA

In addition to a full issue of *Harper's*, a 64-page supplement with articles by Alfred Kazin, Budd Schulberg, Archibald MacLeish, and other leading authors.

angry young men "positively welcome the disintegration of the empire . . . because each blow helps to undermine a social system which they find intensely antipathetic." The Conservatives, in their fear of change, he added, are just as ineffective in directing foreign policy:

"Everything about the British class system begins to look foolish and tacky when related to a second class power on the decline, like a ceremonial robe cut for Apollo hanging loosely around his sunken limbs in old age."

Martin Green's "A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons" (p. 31) offers a change not only of costume and lighting for this dismal figure but a deep character reconstruction based on Britain's essential relation with America. Born in London, Mr. Green grew up in a Shropshire village, went to Cambridge (1945-48), served in the RAF, and studied further at London University, the Sorbonne, and the University of Michigan. He has taught in France and Turkey and at Michigan, and is now in the English department at Wellesley. This summer he is working at Yaddo on a book about England and America.

. . . In the days when the New York *Tribune* announced proudly that it sold for three cents and was worth it, it also described itself (in an advertisement in *Harper's Weekly*, December 8, 1883) as follows:

"Its news is complete, and its tone is pure. . . . In politics, the *Tribune* is heartily Republican, and aims to be the most accurate exponent of the best sentiment of the party. . . . No politician can afford to be without the *Tribune* when Congress is in session. . . . For families, the *Tribune* is the best, cleanest, and most useful paper. It refuses to print the demoralizing details of vice which many other papers resort to in order to build up a circle of readers among people of low and coarse tastes; and it believes that there can be no progress without the recognition of an over-ruling power in the affairs of men."

Costing only a nickel today, the New York *Herald Tribune* is even a greater bargain and, as Joseph Kraft describes it (p. 39), noticeably less smug than its ancestor. Mr. Kraft is an ex-newspaperman (Washington

*Post* and the *New York Times*). He has been free-lancing for two years, has had articles in many magazines including *Harper's*, and in March won the Overseas Press Club's award for magazine reporting from abroad.

A Columbia graduate, Mr. Kraft also did graduate work at Princeton, the Sorbonne, and the Institute for Advanced Study.

. . . "The Case for Mr. Parkhill" (p. 46) is the last of *Harper's* series of stories about Hyman Kaplan by Leo Rosten. A whole book called *The Return of H\*Y\*M\*A\*N K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N* will be published by Harper & Brothers in September. Leo Rosten is the scholar, suspense writer, and editor who published his first Kaplan stories under the pen name of Leonard Q. Ross twenty years ago.

. . . Howard Zinn traces the idea for his article, "A Fate Worse Than Integration" (p. 53), to a wartime incident aboard the *Queen Mary* carrying 16,000 troops. They ate in four gigantic shifts, first three shifts of white soldiers, then one of Negro soldiers.

"First day out, a mix-up," Mr. Zinn recalls, "and Negro GIs poured down before the whites had finished eating. Result: perhaps the war's first mass-integrated dining-hall. A Southern white soldier found a Negro next to him, asked the officer in charge that day (myself) to change seats, was told to eat there or not at all, wrestled agonizingly for a moment with food *vs.* segregation, and decided on food."

Mr. Zinn, a New Yorker by birth and a Columbia Ph.D., is chairman of the history department at Spelman College, a Negro women's college of the Atlanta University Center. The Cornell University Press will bring out his book about *La Guardia in Congress* later this year.

. . . Paul Henry Lang's charge in "Hoards of Music" (p. 57) that our musical taste in America is about three-quarters of a century in arrears may be a shock to people who measure enlightenment in sales of classical records.

One interesting attempt to jack up the inadequate music teaching that Mr. Lang and others believe is

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

argely to blame is a new Ford Foundation grant to be administered by the National Music Council. This experiment will establish 25 "composers in residence" over the next three years. The composers will be paid—on salaries commensurate with those of the public-school system—to live in communities throughout the United States, to compose for the schools' bands, choruses, and orchestras, and to help, without special teaching assignments, in enriching the local musical life.

Dr. Lang is professor of musicology at Columbia University, music critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, and editor of the *Musical Quarterly*. He is author of *Music in Western Civilization* and is working on a book on Handel. Born in Hungary, he was educated in Budapest, Heidelberg, and Paris before coming to the U. S. in 1928. He is now president of the International Musicological Society.

... In calling his article "Verdict Guilty—Now What?" (p. 60), Dr. Karl Menninger stakes out limits on a vastly complicated subject. His review of the known failure of our prison system and his recommendations for more intelligent and therapeutic treatment of convicted criminals were originally made in a speech to the Criminal Law Section of the American Bar Association in response to a specific inquiry. The article will be part of his book, *A Psychiatrist's World*, to be published by Viking in October in honor of his sixty-fifth birthday.

Dr. Menninger is chief of staff of the Menninger Foundation, the famous psychiatric clinic in Topeka, Kansas. He is a past president of the American Psychoanalytic Association and is consultant to a number of public and private organizations in the area of law and psychiatry, for example the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners at Springfield, Missouri. His books include *Man Against Himself* and *Love Against Hate*.

... Sean O'Casey, self-educated in Dublin in the 1880s and 1890s, became the most famous Irish playwright since Shaw. He wrote "The Delicate Art of Growing Old" (p. 65) in Devon, where he went to live

after a break with the Abbey Theater over the production of "The Silver Tassie" in 1928. Besides many plays, he has written six volumes of autobiography, from *I Knock at the Door* to *Sunset and Evening Star*.

During the past season, many of O'Casey's plays were on stage in the U. S.—including "Juno" as a musical and "Shadow of a Gunman" (52 performances on Broadway). A new play, "The Drums of Father Ned," had its American premiere in Lafayette, Indiana, this spring.

... "Why de Gaulle Needs More Miracles" (p. 67) comes from Edwin Newman, Paris correspondent of the National Broadcasting Company. He has been abroad with NBC for ten years, after working in Washington for CBS and, before that, serving in the Navy for four years. New York-born and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, he commutes across the Atlantic.

... Ray Bradbury, the intensely and variously gifted writer of short stories, novels, science fiction, and plays, comes back to *Harper's* with "A Wild Night in Galway" on page 73. It was inspired by two things: (1) Mr. Bradbury's eight-month stay in Ireland five years ago, writing the screen play of "Moby Dick," which was directed by John Huston; (2) an account of a dog race in Eire given him by his writer-friend Ben Maddow.

Mr. Bradbury has recently written a new three-act play for Broadway this fall, "A Clear View of the Irish Mist," and three science-fiction one-act plays. His latest book, *A Medicine for Melancholy*, containing 22 short stories, was published by Doubleday this spring. Bradbury is one of the most popular American authors in the Soviet Union. A half-million copies of his *Fahrenheit 450* have been sold there (alas, without royalty to the author).

... And the poets: John Ciardi (p. 26) is poetry editor of the *Saturday Review*, director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and English professor at Rutgers. Thomas J. Yborra, Jr. (p. 42) is a Du Pont engineer. Donald Justice (p. 71) teaches at the State University of Iowa (Writers' Workshop).

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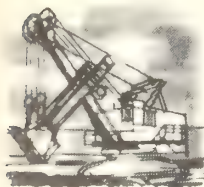
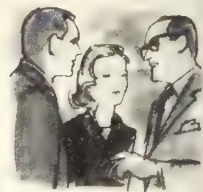
# “WITH”

“CHANGE THE FOR TO A WITH,” said one of our board members, “and I’ll vote for it.” He was talking of a proposed new slogan—“In service for people”—adopted in its final form as “In service *with* people” in 1955 when



our company’s name was changed from Farm Bureau to Nationwide. The board member had a point—for the clue to Nationwide’s real character is not in the word *service* (what insurance company is *not* interested in service?)...nor is the crucial word *people*. But when you try to describe how people experience this service...you realize that at Nationwide a different kind of relationship

does indeed exist between company and policyholder—and “service *for* people” is not quite accurate! Born of cooperative roots (an offshoot of the old Ohio Farm Bureau organization), Nationwide has always invited its policyholders to *share* in their company’s way of doing things. Even now, 33 years later, Nationwide policyholders meet with management to work out new ideas—to meet the challenges of our new era. And so it follows that Nationwide dollars work in creative ways developing new and



improved insurance services—to encourage housing, to raise broadcasting standards, to widen health services, to assist war torn countries, to reduce the cost of car and home financing...all designed to help people work out mature solutions to fundamental problems of their lives and times. Nationwide thus becomes a “workshop” where Americans create the tools for their own betterment. Fraternal instead of paternal, pitching-in rather than patronizing, searching not smug, related not remote, alive not aloof

...Nationwide Insurance works *with* people...is in service *with* people.



# SENSE AND NONSENSE ABOUT SPACE

LEE A. DuBRIDGE

Do you believe that men may reach other planets almost any day now? That flight to the stars is just a question of time?

That the first nation to get a foothold on the moon will have an overwhelming military advantage? If so, the president of Caltech has some myth-puncturing news for you.

EVERY American citizen of sixty years or more has witnessed in rapid succession the birth of the age of the automobile, the age of the airplane, the age of electronics, of radio, of television, and of nuclear energy—not to mention the age of the movie, of rock 'n' roll, of the supermarket, and a few others. One might indeed expect that most of us would be quite indifferent to the dawn of another age.

But not so.

For no age has had a more shattering impact on the people of the world than the beginning, on October 4, 1957, of the space age. And for good reason. For, although other twentieth-century discoveries have increased the human capacities for speed, for communication, and for destruction, it has been over four hundred years

since a wholly new area of geographic exploration has been opened up. Naturally this has been an earth-shaking event. For the first time in world history men are no longer chained to their tiny planet. Man-made vehicles can now sail the untracked reaches of interplanetary space itself.

It would not be reasonable to expect that such an event would be received calmly. To paraphrase a common Washington quip: "Anyone who is not thoroughly confused just doesn't understand the situation." The space cadets and Buck Rogers addicts are having a field day—in the belief that public gullibility about space is inexhaustible.

The confusion is understandable, for the conditions encountered by an object projected into a space trajectory are so unlike the conditions on earth as to defy any "common sense" discussion. Common sense is a distillation of human experience. And there has never been any human experience in space, where there is no air to breathe or to sustain flight or to prevent liquids from boiling away; where objects have no weight and things that are dropped do not fall; where frictional forces are absent and it takes no propulsive effort to keep an object moving forever; where "perpetual motion" is a natural and indeed a necessary condition, else all objects would be pulled together into a single conglomerate by the inexorable force of gravity.

Then, too, it sounds like nonsense to be told that if you wish to make an object go slower you



must speed it up, and if you wish to make it go faster it must be slowed down. Yet, for an object in a free orbit around the Earth or any other attracting body this is true. A push intended to speed up a satellite will only lift it to a higher orbit where it will rotate more slowly. Conversely, a retarding force will displace it into a speedier orbit closer to the attracting center. (As the Sputniks and Explorers came into the atmosphere and were "retarded" by friction, they did indeed speed up as they spiraled in until they burned up from the frictional heating.)

Also, the vast speeds required to project objects into spatial orbits are such as to numb the imagination. How can even the hardened jet-plane traveler who is used to speeds of 600 miles per hour, which is 10 miles per minute, conceive of what it is like to travel at 5 miles *per second*? Yet that is the speed of an Earth satellite. To escape from the Earth's gravitational pull entirely one must travel at 7 miles per second—and to escape from the pull of the Sun takes a speed, with respect to the Sun, of 26 miles per second.

Nevertheless, great as these speeds are, they are overshadowed by the vastness of spatial distances. For example, if one could, in spite of the Sun's pull, maintain in space a speed of 26 miles per second, it would take 23 days to reach Mars, over 3 years to reach Neptune, and 28,000 years to reach the nearest star (Alpha Centauri). It even takes a beam of light (at a speed of 186,000 miles per second) 4 years to reach that star, 150,000 years to cross the Milky Way, and 2 billion years to travel to the most distant nebula. Clearly the reaches of interstellar space are still far beyond our grasp.

#### A MILLION SECRETS

**W**E MAY have "conquered space"—yet we are still rather like a fly who has reached the outside of the windowpane but who, in a thousand lifetimes, could not begin to explore even the next county. We, too, must be satisfied with nearby interplanetary space for the time being.

Nevertheless, between the Sun and the orbit of tiny Pluto, the most distant planet, there lies a sphere 7 billion miles in diameter which is now accessible to human exploration and which may hold a million unimaginable secrets whose discovery, one by one, may keep human beings occupied for a thousand years. Even these relatively near regions of space offer a challenge to human curiosity and human ingenuity unequalled in all history.

Human beings have a right to be excited.

However, just because many of the things about space which are true appear to be fantastic, it does not necessarily follow that everything fantastic is necessarily true.

The laws of physics still apply—science fiction writers to the contrary notwithstanding. It is *not* possible to propel tangible objects to speeds which exceed or even approach the speed of light. Antigravity screens—no matter how handy they would be—do *not* (and will not) exist. Radio waves in space *do not* bend around corners; they can be reflected or refracted only by matter. To give an object a high speed always requires an amount of energy proportional to the *square* of the speed, and, no matter how clever we are, to obtain energy we must either consume fuel in some form—chemical or nuclear—or we must collect and convert energy from the Sun or other radiant body. In fact, the problem of obtaining enough energy for space exploration and converting it to a suitable form constitutes the most imposing barrier to many attractive ventures. Not even the most exotic propulsion schemes ("ionic," "photonic," etc.) can avoid the inexorable requirements of energy. It takes energy to acquire speed and energy to overcome gravity. And energy always costs money!

If we are interested in *human* space travel, it must also be recognized that, as far as we know, there is no place in the Solar System other than the Earth where men will find in usable form all four essential things they will need for travel and survival—oxygen, water, food, and fuel. Hence, man must carry with him, as he leaves the earth, adequate supplies of these things for his entire journey. This will mean a colossal cost in the energy required to get him and his supplies lifted from the Earth into a spatial orbit. It takes roughly 50 to 100 pounds of rocket fuel for each pound placed in an orbit around the Earth or to the vicinity of the Moon. This mounts up to mighty fuel requirements for extended space expeditions. We would do well to ask seriously the question of *why* we wish to send men into space and just how much it is worth.

#### THE FIRST SURPRISE

**L**ET us begin with the problems of orbiting the Earth at distances of only a few hundred to a few thousand miles. As a first step, this is a region well worth thorough exploration. With existing rocket thrusts of 300,000 to 500,000 pounds (150 to 250 tons) one can place vehicles with a total useful weight of from one-and-a-half

to three tons, or so, into orbit (excluding the dead weight of rocket cases and burned-out motors). Such vehicles may carry a large amount of useful instrumentation plus the necessary power supplies for the instruments and the radio to transmit the measurements to Earth. Even a man might go into orbit with enough supplies to sustain him for a short time and return him safely to Earth.

What values may such close-in expeditions have?

First, they will give us valuable experience in what the space environment is like and what it takes to keep men and instruments in operation. Second, they can yield a vast amount of valuable information about the one planet in the universe which will always be of greatest interest to human beings—the Earth itself. The Earth's gravitational, magnetic, and electric fields have very great intrinsic and practical interest, yet they have heretofore been accessible to direct measurement only within a few miles of the Earth's surface. It will take dozens or scores of instrumented satellites in orbits ranging from equatorial to polar, covering distances from 100 miles to 100,000 miles above the Earth, to explore these fields adequately.

What will such explorations reveal? No one knows and no one can predict. Space, it must be emphasized, is a great unknown area. Columbus could not have known what continents he would encounter. He set out to find a western route to

India; but America got in the way. So it will be in space. We will set out on one mission and find something else.

The first U. S. satellite, Explorer I, in fact, repeated Columbus' experience. It carried a Geiger counter to make some cosmic-ray measurements. Such radiation—as measured near the Earth's surface—has proved of vast interest to physicists in recent years and has added immeasurably to our understanding of atomic and nuclear structure. But that first Geiger counter in space discovered a new belt of radiation, thousands of times more intense than the known cosmic rays—so intense, in fact, that it paralyzed the counter completely. Later satellite experiments showed that this radiation extends from a few hundred to more than ten thousand miles above the Earth, following the contours of the Earth's magnetic field. The nature and source of this radiation are still unknown, but it is of great potential theoretical and practical importance and should be thoroughly explored. A dozen large satellites adequately equipped for this one job alone would be a worthwhile investment. Since this radiation is intense enough to kill an unshielded man in a few hours or a few days, it would be wise to know quite a good deal about it before men venture to spend much time within this belt.

Unfortunately, this intense radiation (known as the Van Allen layer) is in just the region in which many of the most valuable observations



*"By George, you're right—we are flying upside down!"*



about the Earth can be taken. The weather patterns, the upper radio-reflection layers, the gravitational irregularities (which may tell something of the shape and structure of the Earth), and many other things should be studied at heights of 200 miles to 10,000 miles. But if men are to be injured and photographic plates fogged and other instruments affected by this radiation, then it poses some difficult problems to be solved.

This is but one example of how a single new discovery may change our preconceived notions and alter many of our plans about space travel and space research. It is, after all, the *unknown* that is the challenge of space. If we were confident we knew all about everything existing out there, it would be useless to spend the money to explore.

#### A LOOK AT THE MOON AND THE PLANETS

**A**S ONE leaves the Earth behind, the next object of interest is, of course, the Moon, rotating around the Earth about 240,000 miles away. After centuries of speculation it seems almost unbelievable that our generation will at last be able to make contact with the Moon and learn something about it. The Moon's surface has been examined from the Earth with the most powerful instruments known to science—telescopes, spectroscopes, radiometers. We know a good deal about it—its size, its surface contours (mountains up to 26,000 feet in height), its temperature (250° F. in the middle of the sun-baked day, and down to 220° below zero in the middle of the night). We know that the Moon always presents the same face to the Earth—that is, it rotates about its own axis at exactly the same rate it revolves about the Earth. Hence, the Moon's "day" is about 28 of our days in length—336 hours of sunshine, followed by 336 hours of darkness, illumined only by reflected light from the Earth.

We know that the Moon has no atmosphere, no free oxygen, no water, no life. But we do not yet know what it is made of—whether the surface is hard rock or soft dust. We do not know what caused the pockmarks—meteor impacts or volcanic eruptions, or both. We do know that the surface is probably unlike anything on Earth, for there has been no erosion by wind or rain or ice or snow, no inundation by oceans or lakes or rivers; hence, there are no sedimentary rocks, no glacier-cut valleys. No corrosion or oxidation or decay has been at work; hence, we shall find no deposits of coal or oil or gas. But otherwise, the

same chemical elements that are found on Earth—and throughout the rest of the universe—will surely be present on the Moon in somewhat the same proportions, except for the gases like hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, argon, etc., which the Moon's gravitation is too weak to retain. Ordinary water would also quickly evaporate and escape.

But many things we neither know nor can predict. We must get there first with instruments and, sometime in the future, with human observers to find out.

Our curiosity about the other planets in the solar system is even greater than our curiosity about the Moon, partly because their greater distances make seeing more difficult, and partly because some of them have such cloudy atmospheres that we can never see the surface at all until we get there.

The nearest planets to the Earth are Venus and Mars. The orbit of Venus is closer to the Sun than the Earth's, and when "in conjunction" Venus comes (about once every two years) to within about 26 million miles from the Earth. Mars' orbit is farther away from the Sun than the Earth's, and every 18 months or so Mars comes within 50 million miles of the Earth. The more distant planets are very far away indeed. Probes which will pass in the vicinity of either Venus or Mars, however, are now well within the reach of rocket technology, and the launching of such instrumented probes will no doubt be attempted in the not too distant future.

Vehicles sent out to probe these planets will not return to Earth, of course—until that distant day when extremely large objects can be launched with the huge quantities of fuel and intricate guidance equipment required to achieve a return journey. The first probes will, like the Russian Lunik and the U. S. Pioneer IV, escape from the

#### *A Stillness at Appomattox*

**I**DON'T believe the people understand our present-day situation concerning public education in Virginia. It's not the education of our children that's so important. It's states' rights.

—State Senator Charles T. Moses, of Appomattox, Virginia, quoted in the Washington, D. C., *Post and Times Herald*, April 12, 1959.

Earth's gravitational field, will have their orbits disturbed only slightly as they approach their target, and will then continue on into an orbit around the Sun. A probe fired at Mars will enter a solar orbit somewhat similar to that of Mars itself. Incidentally, it is no trick to have the object go into a solar orbit. It can't help it. The trick would be to give an object enough speed to *escape* from the Sun.

The most disturbing problem about sending out probes to secure information about Mars or Venus or other distant points is the enormous power requirements for the radio transmitter to send observations back to Earth. A dead, voiceless, and invisible object would be quite useless. At distances of 50 million miles from the Earth a radio transmitter would have to have a power of thousands of watts in order to be heard even with very large receiving antennas. (A large Earth broadcast station may radiate 50,000 watts.) And the power required increases as the *square* of the distance.

No one has yet developed a scheme to supply any such power continuously to a space vehicle. Even heavy loads of batteries supply only a few watts of power for a few days. Solar cells are doubtless the ultimate answer—but high-power cells will be exceedingly heavy and bulky—and none have ever been built.

#### “PLATFORMS” IN SPACE

**B**UT if the Moon and planets are interesting, we must not forget that space itself will offer some interesting adventures too—either to instruments or to men. We humans have had very little experience in any environment save one in which we can travel in any path at any speed we wish. On land, on sea, or in the air we can, within wide limits, move about as we please, can travel any given path at any speed we select. Imagine our surprise, then, when we find that in any particular orbit around the Earth there is, for any given point, one and only one speed at which we can travel and still stay in that orbit. An automobile on Earth may circle a one-mile track once per hour or once per minute, or anything in between. But a satellite in a circular orbit which is, say, 500 miles above the Earth can only go at a speed of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles per second, and will thus complete one revolution in about 103 minutes. At 5,000 miles up, the speed will be just under 3 miles per second, or one revolution in  $5\frac{1}{3}$  hours. The Moon, at a distance of 240,000 miles, has revolved for ages at less than two-thirds of a mile per second

(about 2,300 miles per *hour*), or one revolution in 28 days.

“The square of the period is in proportion to the cube of the major axis,” said Johannes Kepler in about 1600, and this applies to the motion of any object in the gravitational field about any other object—to satellites about the Earth, about the Moon, about the Sun, or about Mars. Only when an object gets far outside the attractive field of all other objects—a condition only reached when at a distance greater than 100 billion miles from the Sun—does one regain independent control over path and speed.

Thus, two satellites in the same orbit around the Earth (or the Sun) cannot have a “race”—for to have a different speed requires a different orbit. This means, of course, that it is impossible to have a *stationary* space platform near the Earth. Any object in orbit must be rotating about the Earth at the required speed. In the very special case of an object circling west to east above the Earth's equator at 22,000 miles height, the speed of rotation will be once in 24 hours and hence, since the Earth rotates beneath it at the same period, the object will *appear* stationary. It will, nevertheless, actually be traveling at 100 miles per *minute*. Any object which attempts to “catch up” with such a platform can do so only in a lower orbit. Furthermore, only in an orbit over and parallel to the Earth's equator can such an apparently stationary object exist. In any orbit inclined to the equator, the object will appear to drift back and forth each day along a north-south line. Since the continental United States is not crossed by the equator, no “stationary” object will ever appear directly above *us*, though at that height it would still be visible above the southern horizon.

This does not mean that we will have no “space platforms,” for vehicles which move in various orbits around the Earth may be very useful for observations, communications, and research. But guiding another vehicle in such a way as to catch up to and land on such a “platform” will offer navigational problems never encountered on Earth.

The weightless condition in free flight also imposes some unfamiliar situations. Imagine, for example, trying to drink a glass of water in the usual way when traveling in a space capsule. If you quickly lower the glass, the water will stay suspended in midair. One of the first “man-in-space” experiments will be to see how bodily functions will be altered when there is no gravity to help—or hinder. At least one won't have to sit down to rest—just relax and float!



Can one "drop a bomb" from a satellite? One can certainly *release* a bomb, but it will certainly not fall to Earth. It will, of necessity, continue along with the launching satellite in the same orbit and with the same speed. In order to drop, its speed must be reduced by projecting it forcibly backward from the carrying vehicle by just the right amount to inject it into an orbit which hits the Earth's surface at the desired place. It can be done. But since bombs dropped from 30,000 *feet* do not always hit the target, we must expect additional difficulties when bombing from 300 miles up—especially when traveling at five miles per second, not five miles per minute. At first we would be lucky even to hit the right *hemisphere*.

#### SHOOTING FROM THE MOON

**E**VEN more interesting problems arise if one thinks of establishing a military base on the Moon and shooting weapons at specific targets on the Earth. The Moon is moving about the Earth at 2,300 miles per hour, the Earth is 240,000 miles away and it is spinning so that any target on its surface is moving along at a speed up to 1,000 miles per hour at the equator. A projectile must first escape from the Moon's gravitational field and then get injected into a suitable

Earth-bound trajectory. The time of travel to the Earth will probably be a day or two. Any duck hunter can appreciate the problems of hitting a particular spot on a bird when he is shooting from a car going 2,200 miles per hour (and the bird is also spinning!) when the bullet available travels a highly curved path and takes two days to reach the target. It may take quite a lot of practice to attain the desired accuracy under such difficult circumstances. Again we will be lucky at first to hit the Earth at all—still luckier to hit the right *side*.

Even the computation of what the trajectory would be is a major problem. And we haven't even mentioned the problems of getting all the men and materials up to the Moon in the first place. Why not stay home and fire our rockets from *here*? There is, in fact, a serious danger that in concentrating military effort on fanciful space schemes we will neglect the serious and urgent problems of ordinary intercontinental ballistic missiles—one weapon whose future importance is very clear.

The establishment of human colonies on the Moon or Venus or Mars is certainly an irresistible human dream—a dream whose possibilities should be investigated. However, one can hardly suppose that these places will offer very attractive living conditions to the prospective settler. No

JOHN CIARDI

#### BREAKFAST IN BED IN THE HOSPITAL

OUT in the sun a maplehead takes three colors of light apart. Closed in the shade, a brick wall seals to anonymity my second window. I lie late abed, fed, tended, swaddled. Everything I do begins once more to think of you.

Today I shall heal a little. Last night a child began to cry two doors away and still is crying. "Child," I think, "my child, nothing is as we wish it and every skill is here to tend you but the touch that is mother and father against absences.

Be eased, be eased. Oh may your healing come like trucks of toys to make Christmases by the hour. When I am home I shall tend all my children for your sake." A door shuts and its cries are sealed away. I think of you, the long street of the day.

What made the child in every need makes me. I need no skill but presences that heal. What takes the child from mercy's self takes me into the sterile light of orange peel, an empty cup, a tray so mildly blue cheerful and empty, that the thought of you

sobs in the hall against such neat excess of management and cheer, of starched immaculate linen nothingness with one three-colored maple standing clear like cut flowers on the sill. Better that wall of stolid brick on which light does not fall,

which is its own set anonymity, giving and taking nothing, being there between whatever absences may be, thrusting no sentiments upon the air, but mortared vertical and square and true. I shall stare there at nothing, and think of you.

place on Earth could conceivably be as unattractive as the airless, waterless, lifeless surface of the Moon. The best that can be said is that it is a good place to get away from other people; and it is a fine place—with its low gravity—for ambitious high jumpers—if it is possible to jump at all in a pressurized space suit with oxygen tank attached.

Furthermore, the difficulties of sending human beings to the Moon are enormous. We might imagine that a man with all the necessary oxygen, space suits, food, water, and instruments could be packed into a vehicle with a total weight of 2,000 pounds. A rocket with a thrust of some 300,000 pounds could project this vehicle into an orbit which would pass near the Moon. But our vehicle must carry along also enough fuel to fire a retro-rocket in order to reduce its speed, counter the Moon's gravitational pull, and lower the whole device gently to a suitable spot on the Moon. It seems reasonable to estimate that it would take two or more pounds of fuel for each pound actually landed on the Moon. Thus, 4,000 pounds of fuel would have to be lifted from the Earth in addition to the original 2,000-pound load, making a total load of 6,000 pounds. A total thrust of 900,000 pounds would now be needed.

But this would leave our man permanently stranded on the Moon with no fuel to return to Earth. We must then lift from the Earth enough fuel to lift him off the Moon again, and this will multiply our initial thrust requirement by another factor of 3—to 2,700,000 pounds. And if we want to allow the man and his vehicle to land safely on the Earth again, he will need fuel for that, too—and our initial thrust may climb to 5 million pounds or more.

A single rocket with a thrust of 5 million pounds is far beyond the reach of present technology; large and clumsy (and expensive) *clusters* of rockets would be needed. Furthermore, we can hardly send one man alone on such a journey. Think of the problem of a count-down on the Moon! Hence, it has been suggested that such journeys be made in installments, using orbiting space platforms to which fuel and equipment may be transported by many rockets, each bearing a smaller load. But the total fuel requirement is not reduced by this technique—rather it will be greatly increased, for we must lift the intermediate space platform off the Earth, too, and with it the crews of many men required to assemble the necessary equipment.

The technical problems to be met are probably not insoluble—but the expense and effort in-

volved will be colossal, and it is unrealistic to expect the "man on the Moon" mission to be achieved in the very near future. Sending a man to Mars or Venus or other bodies will be even more difficult—and the price of the journey correspondingly higher.

These considerations suggest that it is hardly realistic to expect that we may someday relieve the congestion of the Earth's rapidly rising population by establishing colonies on the Moon or on other planets. Since the surface area of the Moon is only one-sixteenth, and of Mars only one-quarter, that of the Earth, it would probably be cheaper to build great floating platforms over the surface of all the Earth's oceans (thus multiplying the available "land" area by four) rather than try to transport a few hundred million people, with all their water, oxygen, and food, to the Moon or Mars.

It would appear that population control would be still simpler!

One hears that there may be valuable minerals on the Moon or Venus or Mars waiting to be mined. There may be. But we are not running out of aluminum or gold or platinum or uranium here on Earth. The chief difficulty is that some of them are found only in rather low-grade ores so that it is very expensive to extract them. But it would surely be far cheaper to extract gold or other metals from sea water than to haul them in from the Moon. The situation, however, must be investigated. There might, after all, be a vast lunar deposit of diamonds, though it would take a lot of pretty big diamonds to pay for a Moon rocket. And if *that* many diamonds were suddenly thrown on the market the price would promptly collapse!

In other words, research and exploration rather than colonization or militarization or exploitation should be the first goals for the Moon and, indeed, for all other space stations. In spite of the fanciful potentialities, some extraordinarily sober thinking is going to be required to insure a sensible allocation of national resources to space ventures.

#### WHAT WE MAY FIND OUT

**K**NOWLEDGE, after all, can be far more valuable than any precious materials. And since outer space is a veritable sea of ignorance, the opportunities for new knowledge are enormous. It is pointless to ask at present what the practical value of the new knowledge might be. We cannot even predict *what* the new knowledge will be. But human beings have



never yet explored a sea of ignorance or opened up new areas of inquiry without learning things that paid huge—and unforeseeable—rewards. Fortunately, most of the new knowledge we wish to seek can be obtained with unmanned vehicles, avoiding for the present the great cost of carrying human beings.

Among the most avid enthusiasts for research in space are the astronomers. This is not only because they are anxious to learn more about the Moon and the planets, and it is not because they expect to make journeys to the distant galaxies—because they know how vast the distances are to even the very nearest stars. But when the astronomer can send his telescopes and spectroscopes up above the murky, quivering blanket of air in which they have always been immersed, he knows he will learn new things. He is exasperated to realize that light from a distant galaxy has been traveling unimpeded for millions of years through space on its way to the Earth and then, just one-thousandth of a second before it finally reaches his telescope, it strikes the upper parts of the Earth's atmosphere—there to be absorbed or grossly distorted or, if a cloud happens to be in the way, destroyed entirely. Many of the radiations which might have been in the initial beams—in the ultraviolet, infrared, X-ray, and radio portions of the spectrum—are absorbed entirely by the atmosphere. In all cases atmospheric irregularities cause a blurring of the image.

No wonder the astronomer, long an inhabitant of high mountain sites, now eagerly looks forward to an observatory in space. A good-sized satellite about 500 miles above the Earth will suit him just fine. It will be an unmanned satellite, of course; the astronomer will be content to stay home and analyze the information the instruments send him.

He is aware of other difficulties too. He won't soon be taking a fine photograph and sending it back to Earth. How will he get the negatives back? And what will prevent the Van Allen radiation from fogging all his plates? Television is not yet up to the task; and where does the TV transmitter get its power? But much spectroscopic data (on the intensity of various wave lengths) can be converted to suitable form for transmittal via radio, and human ingenuity is already making progress on many of the other problems.

If the astronomer seeks to be the most active space scientist, he will find the meteorologist and the communications engineer close seconds. To be able to have a view of the cloud pattern over

the entire Earth as it exists at any one time is the dream of the former, and to bounce radio waves from Earth to satellite and back to Earth or to another satellite opens new vistas for the latter. To observe the weather does not mean you can control it, of course, but it will surely help in prediction. Vanguard II is only a beginning in this direction.

#### WEAPONS AND MONEY

**F**INALLY, the military technologist is probably the greatest space enthusiast of all. The possibility of space vehicles arose out of a military weapon—the long-range rocket. Military men and the civilians who worked for them are justifiably proud of the astounding possibilities which their invention opened up. They know, too, that as they improve the size, range, reliability, and accuracy of their military rockets, they will automatically be contributing to the advance of space technology. Space research, conversely, will help to improve military weapons. It is not yet clear whether Earth-encircling satellites will make practical weapon-carrying vehicles for direct military operations, but certainly such satellites will have many reconnaissance, communication, weather-observation, and other functions of military value.

There are, of course, many who regret spending such large sums on space research when there are so many other problems of human health, human welfare, and even human survival, which need to be solved. But one must remember that scientific and technological breakthroughs cannot be planned in advance. Spending huge sums of money comes *after* a breakthrough, not before. The billion-dollar atomic bomb project did not produce the discovery of nuclear fission; it followed it. We have achieved a new breakthrough in space technology; it is time to exploit it. Maybe someday a scientific breakthrough in understanding cancer will occur. Then, and only then, it may be fruitful to spend large sums in bringing that new discovery to the benefit of all human beings. We should rejoice when a breakthrough occurs in any field and be prepared to exploit it. For conquest of ignorance in any area is always eventually of advantage to all.

One hundred years from now the new knowledge attained in space research will surely have paid untold, unforeseen, and unexpected dividends. Already the dawning of the space age has impelled Americans to seek to improve their schools. That alone may be worth the cost of all our space rockets.

ELAINE KENDALL

## no fun to be SICK any more



A plea for the advertising industry to bring back into fashion a glorious, Gallic, and almost forgotten luxury—La Grippe.

**I**T SEEMS like only yesterday that people used to get La Grippe.

Suppose that, for obscure and personal reasons, you couldn't manage a two-week cruise to the Mediterranean, but were desperately in need of a change, no matter how slight. The solution in those days was simple and inexpensive—you just neglected a cold until you achieved a low-grade fever and free-floating aches. That was grippe. It had status, it was accepted, and no apologies were necessary.

A kindly doctor—of a type now as extinct as spats—came to call. These doctors are collectors' items today—*Life* gives them four-page spreads and treats them in historic perspective like the mastodon. This twinkling, silver-haired practitioner had an uncomfortable and tastelessly decorated office without a single piece of Danish furniture in it. His surroundings were so dreary that he was willing to visit his patients at any

hour of the day or night. Once at the invalid's bedside, he shrugged his tweedy shoulders. That shrug was worth a thousand 'mycins.

"Chicken soup," he said. "Hot toddies. Rest and Quiet. Aspirin. Keep the children out. Call me in a day or two."

The patient sighed with delight, the door was softly shut, and her only problem was to keep her temperature a degree or so above normal until the committees for the PTA bazaar were chosen and the painters were out of the dining-room, so she could safely venture abroad once more. In those halcyon days, the maid gave up her day off, the children stayed in their rooms cutting pictures out of *Liberty* and quietly playing parcheesi, and the victim's husband stopped on his way home for butter crunch and tulips.

If you think this is too good to be true, read the *Woman's Home Companion* of 1926-28. (This article has been carefully researched.) After three lovely days of total relaxation, the monotony relieved by *Harper's Bazaar* and the old *Vanity Fair*, the whole lost generation emerged bright-eyed and rosy-kneed, with a provocative huskiness in the voice to indicate that they had just been released by La Grippe.

The place of grippe can never be filled by mononucleosis, which is debilitating; sinusitis, which is painful; or the new viruses, which last a mere thirty-six hours and are common in every sense. Besides, the whole science of medicine has gone do-it-yourself. Assume that you awaken tomorrow feeling not only reluctant but absolutely wretched. You suspect that there is a genuine physiological basis for this. You are Coming Down with Something—but you wait until you have driven to and from the station, the school, the scout meeting, and the Green Giant supermarket, trying to decide whether to call the internist or the otolaryngologist. You resolve this dilemma by flipping a tranquilizer.

A recorded voice then informs you that the Doctor is out; his office hours are from two fifteen until three fifteen on alternate Tuesday days. The apparatus offers to take your message if you will speak rapidly and distinctly. You chatter incoherently into the telephone, and several hours later the doctor's live secretary calls you back and says she will write you in during today's lunch hour. She asks if you were delirious when you left the message, and sounds disappointed when you tell her that the record just caught you unrehearsed.

By now you feel considerably worse; not only is your illness inadequate by today's high standards, but you are a nuisance and a poor manager



as well. It's just as easy to get sick on a Tuesday as a Wednesday, and to fall in love with a rich man instead of a poor one. You drive to the office, which is attached to the hospital and therefore affords you several shattering glimpses of real suffering. Doctors no longer practice in those tree-shaded clapboard houses, where the smell of fresh gingerbread mingled with old leather. This office is an excellent example of form breathing down the neck of function. A frail and elderly woman in a heavy plaster cast is waiting for the doctor too. She is smiling cheerfully and thumbing through the latest copy of *Punch*.

Touched by this example of indomitable spirit triumphing over flesh, you wipe off your lipstick and cough rather stagily, Mimi in a duffer coat. Beside you is one of those enormous doctor's plants that looks as if it should produce bananas but unaccountably doesn't. It seems to grow a foot while you watch it, listlessly reading the same three paragraphs on the psychosomatic reasons for everything. This doctor is the first one you've met who is younger than you are. Somehow this seems unnatural and not quite *comme il faut*.

As you gingerly disrobe for this boy, you recall something terribly embarrassing that happened at the Dartmouth winter carnival in 1949. It had to do with a nylon blouse and a cigarette, and you never expected to be reminded of it again. You succeed in concealing your discomfort behind a hectic flush while the doctor briskly examines you with a great many things made of ice cold steel and bright lights. He asks questions that you would have considered gratuitous before reading the article on psychosomatics, and writes the answers down on a large card especially designed for the purpose.

By judiciously squinting, you manage to see one question and one answer. It is, "Describe patient's demeanor" and he has written, "Patient seems well-oriented." You wonder which is the operative word, and are not reassured to see the Dartmouth yearbook of 1950 in his bookcase. While you have the thermometer in your mouth, the doctor tells you that he feels rotten himself and would like to get away during February. You nod sympathetically and mumble that it's probably overwork and strain. His smile is enigmatic, but he writes a prescription for twenty-six pills that cost \$1.50 each. These pills are so effective against what you have that it will not be necessary for you to stay in bed or vary your usual routine in any respect.

Heartbroken, you go home to swallow the blue

and white capsules of money at three-hour intervals. They make you feel as if you are in a plane that cannot land due to engine trouble of undetermined origin. All the new drugs produce this remarkable point-of-no-return sensation. It is called a harmless side-effect. (A harmful side-effect is sometimes fatal.) At the end of three days and thirty-nine dollars, the imaginary plane seems to land somewhere desolate like Gander, and you are considered to be Over It.

You have been sick the new way, without any of the advantages and all of the misery. The stand-up invalid is as much a part of the current scene as the stand-up comic, but even less funny.

**C**OULD N'T an aroused public bring back gripe, bed, tea with whiskey, and chicken soup? Look what advertising did for the derby, quinine water, and the chemise. Of course, the obvious slogan—Bring Back Gripe—sounds like something you shout at a porter in a Turkish railroad station, but there's nothing wrong with "Revive La Grippe." It's very sexy and Gallic, a natural for Madison Avenue.

Perhaps the chicken soup and aspirin companies would sponsor the campaign. The promotional possibilities are fabulous. A pale but exquisite girl is propped up by two fluffy pillows and her reserves of will power. She is wearing a nationally-known brand of drip-dry negligee that has dripped dry. Leaving the bedside is a gentleman of indeterminate age and tremendous dignity. He looks something like Robert Frost, but wears a scrub suit with "Mercy Hospital" stenciled across the back.

Entering from left (this is a full-page ad) is a small freckled boy carrying a steaming plate of golden soup, the nuggets clearly visible. His resemblance to the fragile woman against the pillows is striking. Behind him is a smaller child, a girl, whose dimpled hand can just grasp the aspirin bottle. They are both tiptoeing, and the little girl's chubby finger is against her lips. An impeccable man in a Viyella blazer is shaking hands with the physician. A ribbon-tied box peeps out of his breast pocket. The reader can just see the letters "Cartie . . ." The men look concerned, but not distraught.

Meanwhile, back at the bar, the houseboy is muddling rum and sugar with oriental impassivity. The label on the bottle is larger than life, but that does not detract from the beauty of the whole. From the day this ad breaks, viruses are dead. Grippe will have a clear field again; the stock market will boom, and someone will start manufacturing the Bearcat MCXIV.

# a Mirror for Anglo-Saxons



Why many Englishmen prefer to believe in a ridiculously unreal picture of Americans . . . how the American image of the British is changing . . . and what each country might do to restore peace in the family.

By MARTIN GREEN

*Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery*

Looked tough, was tall and permanently bronzed  
(I should guess Berkeley, do not quote me, though)  
Not an ounce above the statutory weight,  
Two hundred pounds, most of it bone and muscle;  
Blue-eyed, with jutting chin and jutting brows.  
The nose, however, did not command the chin.  
Myself, I would rather have no chin at all  
Than one that dared be wiser than its boss.  
As for his mouth, a man-sized Cupid's bow,  
Curved for kissing a diminutive mother  
And flashing teen-age smiles of high intent:  
Was that the cause, or was it one more symptom,  
Of his twin habits—equally repulsive  
To us inveterate Western Europeans—  
Downing a mid-day pint of raw cow's milk,  
And treating France's noblest vintages  
Like bath-tub gin whenever he got high.

*"Superman on the Riviera"*  
by Robert Graves

THIS poem seems to me an interesting example of the Englishman's image of the American. Interesting for the truth in it—test it out on Hollywood's Jeffrey Hunter, America's current idealization of herself—and for the spite in it. The image in itself is familiar; the best known version is of course the young Bostonian Alden Pyle of Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*; a more earnest type, but equally teen-age. The observation in this novel is not keen, and the feeling quite dismissable, but I have discovered that its implied indictment of America

seems completely convincing to Englishmen, including many who usually hold themselves above Graham Greene.

Why should this be so? The most interesting answer, I think, was given by A. J. Liebling in his *New Yorker* review of *The Quiet American*. He pointed out that all the things Greene accused his American of were just what the English themselves have always been accused of by the French: a lack of taste in food and drink, complacent ignorance of other languages and cultures, juvenility and romanticism about sex, a tiresome faith in official sources and eagerness for practical action—altogether too much well-scrubbed, big-shouldered innocence, too little sophistication, skepticism, *savoir-vivre*.

He pointed out further that this French image of the Englishman (though not unknown earlier) was a feature of the nineteenth century, after Waterloo, when England unmistakably drew ahead of France in the competition for world power. Moreover the French, in their turn, were subjected to the same ridicule by the Italians in the sixteenth century, just when they had welded their country together into unity and independence and efficiency. And the Greeks found the Romans crude at the time of Rome's greatness. In each case the younger, more vigorous country acknowledged a great cultural debt, and the older, beaten country jeered that the younger had not learned the essential lesson.

"Nevertheless you remain nasty, overgrown children," is Mr. Liebling's phrase.

This British attitude is a fact we are all aware of, but don't usually mention in a practical discussion of Anglo-American relations, because



we think of it in too crudely moral terms, as envy or jealousy, matters for simple self-correction. But the complex of feelings expressed in this image is too powerful to be so dismissed; there is too much truth in the observation, too much subtlety, and too much seriousness, to be merely the work of envy. Resentment, and of the simplest kind, there certainly is, but in this image it is indissolubly married with other, more respectable feelings and perceptions. Break the image, replace it, and our perhaps best insights will no longer be necessarily sharp-edged. But this is neither a moral nor a personal matter. An Englishman, a generous Englishman, can like every American he ever met, and still dislike "Americans." It is a matter of the collective imagination.

The problem is certainly not an academic one. British resentment of America can be seen in every debate on nuclear research, defense policy, relations with Russia. And it is not limited to Britain. *The Quiet American* was translated into French immediately, and ran as a serial in a newspaper; in Italy Mario Soldati's *The Capri Letters* gives essentially the same picture of Americans. All over Europe, wherever intelligent people discuss politics, they see Mr. Eisenhower as an aging Alden Pyle, and interpret, for instance, his loyalty to Mr. Dulles and to Sherman Adams in terms of this famous "innocence."

The real danger for the West, however, is not the immediate disunity; it is the corrosive effect of their greater "maturity" on the European nations themselves. Consider the political history of France since Waterloo; or of Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; or of Greece under Rome. There were some great artistic and intellectual achievements, but as political organisms they were feeble, rancorous, self-destructive. They were not valuable allies.

#### HAS ENGLAND GONE ARTY?

TO ME as an Englishman, of course, the weakening of America's ally is beside the point. America can look after herself. But is this what England has in front of her—an English version of France's way: fifteen years of the Bourbons, eighteen years of the July monarchy, the second republic, the second empire, the third republic, the fourth republic, the fifth republic, with scandals rising and governments falling faster and faster to general public amusement? I don't want to be a citizen of a country in that stage of disintegration. And I'm not consoled by the prospect of a British Montmartre or a

British Left Bank, or a British Surrealism or Existentialism.

Of course, my wants and non-wants are to some extent impertinent. It is happening. If Greene's portrait of America is importantly true, in so far as it is true so is Liebling's implied diagnosis of Britain. (They are obverse images of each other; Fowler, Greene's Englishman in the novel, is as feeble, rancorous, and self-destructive as you could wish.) Most of the changes that have come over England while I have been watching—since the outbreak of World War II—have been in that direction. England is becoming, that is, more interested in the arts and artiness, less serious about political and social action, more ready to find the truth complicated and bitter and impracticable, less willing to work for a cause, more completely reliant on personal advancement and appetite as the only effective motivations. The cheerfully pragmatic, eagerly active, simple, and idealistic Englishman (the one Conrad was so taken with) is hard to find now.

Take for instance the Mediterraneanism now almost nation-wide—even the farm-laborers go to Paris in the spring. England nowadays is neither an important work place nor a good play place; and so *un-gay-and-colorful*! This mood is introducing incongruous Left Bank touches into stolid provincial cities like Huddersfield and Sheffield and Chester. Everywhere now you find those dim-lit, often underground, espresso bars, called "Caprice" or "Macabre," where the young men and women, half of whom work in a solicitor's office and live in a red-brick "semi-detached," are wearing rose-pink and purple and discussing Cocteau. And sitting among them are sixth-form boys from the grammar schools (the kind of secondary school that takes the most intelligent) accepting artiness these days as a major part of intellectual growing up.

Then the political life of the country is losing out in excitement and vigor to the arts. The recent spurt of interest in the Liberals, which quite openly derived from boredom with the two major parties, has already died away. The big issues, like the nationalization of steel, seem quite unreal; foreign policy, when any initiative is taken, has an air of fantasy—the Suez adventure reminds one fatally of Napoleon III's military escapades. (Mr. Macmillan, as a whole, recalls that emperor in the way his personality refers one so steadily back to a more glamorous past, of Etonian Edwardian splendor.) Within the parties, politics has become nine-tenths machinery; and in natural consequence, as many

writers have recently commented, the quality of new MPs is declining. Two of the very few Conservative members who dared criticize the Suez idiocy when it began, have been repudiated now, three years later, by the Conservative associations in their constituencies. They will not be sponsored for re-election.



With this background, it is easy to understand why so much quasi-political excitement is aroused by, for instance, John Osborne (a "prominent university left-winger" was quoted recently as saying that "Look Back in Anger" was a more important political document than anything the Labor party has said since 1951); by the Angry Young Men in general; by that absurd scuffle between two groups of them at a theater last year. All this seems more real, more truly political than what the parties are doing; like the literary-political battles of the 1830s in France, and the contempt for bourgeois parliamentary politics that went with them.

Lastly, of this random sampling, take the young Englishmen now to be found in such numbers in the United States—in all the Eastern colleges, in the English departments of every fair-sized university, in publishing, editing, advertising in New York, in every kind of cultural job. Those who came over on Fulbrights will be from the top third of their year at Oxford and Cambridge, and as a whole these expatriates will rank well among their contemporaries. We don't find so obvious a parallel to them in French nineteenth-century history, but we do in the role of the expatriate Greek in imperial Rome. Not to mention, of course, the established British entertainers and performers who are settled over here more or less permanently.

And what are the qualities that add up to Britishness in Beatrice Lillie, Hermione Gingold, Cyril Ritchard, Noel Coward? Audacity, irony, edge, bite, polish—it's not what we used to mean by "so British."

All these and many other changes are in the direction Liebling indicated, away from bluff, hearty, kindly John Bull, toward the subtle Greek, the wily Florentine, the cynical Frenchman. We must accept it; at least we must accept the loss of our old size, along with our old innocence; that superior height and weight, that psychological-moral solidity, that "any Englishman can beat ten Frenchmen in any fair fight." We are condemned to nervousness, self-consciousness, irony, prudence. But we are not condemned to an Old Etonian Second Empire, or red-brick Machiavellianism. Or to "Let's Pretend It's Capri" in Hyde Park. Irony and prudence can still be honorable.

The current double image is found on both sides of the Atlantic: most Americans accept the idea of their "innocence"; most Englishmen are ready to think of themselves as ancient Greeks. But the responsibility for changing the image lies more with Englishmen. The inferior in any situation is always more constantly and acutely aware of its implications. The superior can be slow-witted and generous, and can half-forget his superiority half the time. Just as all intelligent Britons accepted as true the way the nineteenth-century French and Russians described them, so it is now with the more powerful Americans. America will believe more or less what we English tell her; having believed it, she will act on that assumption, and the relationship will become just what we said it was.

#### HOW BRITAIN SEES HERSELF

**T**O READJUST that image, to find a more valid way to conceive of Anglo-American relations, we must first get some idea of Britain's inner relation with herself, her self-confidence or self-disparagement, her passionate-ness or half-heartedness. What is Britain's picture of herself now, and how adequate is it? What role does she cast herself in for the future, and can she fulfill it?

Each group has its own picture, naturally, but the one most generally palpable is the Conservative party's: the quaint, old-fashioned country, full of eccentrics and courtly characters (you've seen them in the travel ads), retaining its "greatness" in the eyes of the world, thanks to surprisingly shrewd (beneath their old-world



charm) statesmen, and to the initiative of brilliant young adventurers. This concept has inspired slogan-makers to historical parallels—the New Elizabethan Age and, more recently, comparisons of Mr. Macmillan and the Queen to Disraeli and Queen Victoria. But in actuality, the Conservatives' aspiration is to the Edwardian Age—that decade or two before 1914, when England, already past its fiercest intensity of self-development, was above all conscious of its own greatness, luxuriating in it, admiring itself for its idiosyncrasies. This is the one living tradition in the British mind. Nostalgia for that gives the Conservatives a semblance of political meaning; ardor to change that was what once gave Labor its zeal. As George Orwell said:

The extraordinary thing was the way in which everyone took it for granted that this oozing, bulging wealth of the English upper and upper-middle classes would last forever, and was part of the order of things. . . . After 1918 it was never quite the same again. Snobishness and expensive habits came back, certainly, but they were self-conscious and on the defensive.

The Conservative party, then, wants to make Britain "great" again, in that sense, and the poignancy of its yearning derives from its acute awareness that she is no longer "great," nationally or internationally. The disastrous parallel of the Second Empire in France jumps to the mind again, but our own recent history is full of incisive proofs of the suicidal folly of any policy in which this yearning is a factor.

A vivid example is the career of T. E. Lawrence, the legendary Lawrence of Arabia. As a boy and young man around 1900 he had that combination of talents and psychological problems which makes the aspirant to heroism. And the image he modeled himself on, consciously or not, was the John Buchan hero. He devised for himself, that is, romantic costumes and titles; he trained in secret to endure pain, hunger, and fatigue; he made himself learned in obscure branches of archaeology and obscure Arabic dialects; add to this his sexlessness, his secret melancholy, his devotion to classical literature, his love of practical jokes, and you have the John Buchan hero complete. The conditions of war in the Middle East gave him a chance to act out in life this figure of which the American equivalent would be the Gary Cooper cowboy; and though he seems to have failed in particular missions as often as he succeeded—and certainly he never did anything very important—it was so clear to his superiors just what kind of brilliant adven-

turer he was that they accepted his work at his own valuation.

This glamor made him a perfect subject for propaganda, and Lowell Thomas made a film strip and lecture about him which ran for six months at the biggest theaters in London immediately after the first world war. As the prince of Mecca, with his Bedouin bodyguard, his gold-embroidered kaftan, his secret missions, his Aristophanes in the original, Lawrence was the only war hero to capture the imagination of the whole nation, from top to bottom. He was taken up by Mr. Churchill, who—according to Lawrence—gave him authority in the British delegation to the Cairo Conference of 1921, where the frontiers of the Middle East were drawn. His advice, therefore, helped create those Hashimite Kingdoms which so grossly affronted national, racial, and democratic pride. Lawrence saw statecraft in terms of personalities, adventures, and "greatness"; and Mr. Churchill did not distrust such a view. In other words our disastrous policy in the Middle East can be traced, at least in part, to the power over those in authority of this romantic image of "brilliance" and "greatness."

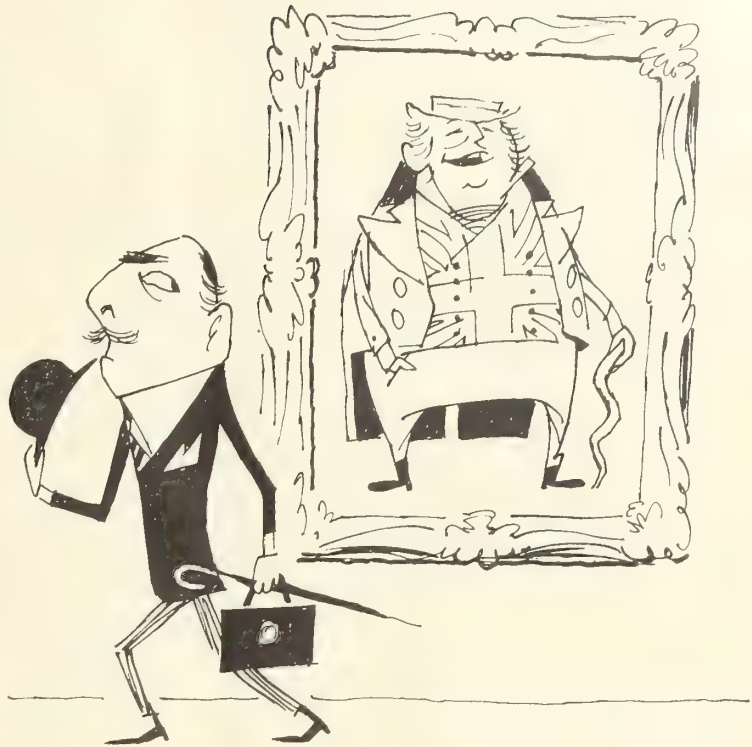
#### THE LITTLE ENGLAND THAT ISN'T THERE

**B**UT if the Conservative party's picture of England is dangerous and discredited, the Labor party just hasn't one. The party's reason for being was to redress the injustices and inequalities that were so crude and complacent before 1914. It did that in its 1945-52 period of office, and now it has nowhere to go, nothing to do.

The picture that most appeals to Labor voters, probably, is that of the neat, clean, classless little democracy, a bigger Sweden or Switzerland, with everybody busy and cheerful, and no Ministry for Foreign Affairs. This is a good deal more honorable and realistic than the Conservative myth, but there are three cardinal features of our situation it leaves out of account: (1) the Commonwealth; (2) the Anglo-Saxon culture we are responsible for to the world; and (3) our language, which puts us in a special relation to America.

(1) *The existence of the Commonwealth means that Britain is destined to genuine greatness again.* The resources of Canada, Australia, the Union of South Africa, India, Pakistan, the new African territories, all united, in spite of so much, and after so long, by so strong a centripetal impulse—all this constitutes a potentiality for

greater than Russia's or the U. S. A.'s. But how that greatness is to be realized is enigmatic, at present unimaginable. Australia and Canada are featureless, insignificant, beside China, beside France, beside even Egypt. And this is obviously in part because they belong to the Commonwealth; they accept a kind of political childhood. So that though Britain cannot accept herself as a second Sweden, must continue to be a world power of some kind, she cannot find out from the Commonwealth just what kind. Toward the dominions she has only the simple duty to arouse them to self-awareness, self-responsibility, identity. She must continue to guide her own development as if she were responsible for it only to herself—herself as a great power.



(2) Ultimately, of course, she is responsible for it to the whole world. This is the second thing that distinguishes her from Switzerland. *Anglo-Saxon culture is the dominant force in the Western mind, and the Western mind dominates the world*—Communism's appeal is significantly negative, as the *non-colonial* power, the friend *against* those in authority. And for historical reasons Britain will always be the senior guide and guardian of that culture. The youngest American poet is likely to learn from Wordsworth. But this culture needs transmitters, not custodians. It must be strenuously re-adapted all the time to contemporary conditions and challenges. Again we English can be responsible to the world only by being responsible solely to ourselves. Or rather to the Anglo-Saxon culture in which we are a partner.

What we owe ourselves culturally is first and foremost a change. It is the major significance of the Angry Young Men that they have made us realize how many things were never mentioned in public in England just because they never were. Intellectual and artistic life since 1900—down to the morality of the average sermon and the teaching of history in the schools—has suffered as much as politics from arrested development, romanticism, unreality. The Victorian creative impulse seems to have exhausted itself in the lower-middle-class generation that was growing old in 1914.

And the first war made the break complete. No one took up the serious exploration of the next phase of British life, which had been begun by D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster. The compass swung toward Bloomsbury—the elegant façade over echoing depths of fear—and to the priests of irony and mystery like Huxley and Eliot; to aesthetic and intellectual experimentation.

Modern British conditions of life—leveled-down incomes at home, fewer colonial jobs abroad, no place for brilliance in either—demanded different men from what the schools were producing, the professions demanding, the whole Establishment encouraging. For the public schools were still turning out men of action of the kind celebrated by John Buchan, men of sensibility like those in Norman Douglas; and after 1911 the new state secondary schools started making paler reproductions of these types. Boys were taught to model themselves on Lawrence of Arabia and Rupert Brooke—working-class boys from Liverpool and Hull!

And what did they find to do in the world? Anthony Powell's and Angus Wilson's novels give a comic answer, Graham Greene's and C. P. Snow's a more serious one; all agree they found life mostly a matter of limitations, frustrations, unpleasant surprises. They were pre-1914 types, and the world had no place for them, their talents and virtues any more than their weaknesses.



Britain must ask herself if there is any modern British type which has some vigor and glamor; which can accept poverty and irony without losing zest for life; which will feel itself at home in an overpopulated, post-industrial, post-imperial, rainy, lower-middle-class island in the North Sea.

I believe that she could find just that in the Anglo-Saxon puritan moralist, a very central British type, if little known abroad. Examples with some glamor are: George Orwell as a style, as a way of looking at politics and social life. As a critic and guardian of culture, F. R. Leavis. As a life, excluding the more exalted parts, D. H. Lawrence. As a comic voice, Kingsley Amis. These people are characteristically lower-middle-class, middlebrow, democratic, domestic, in a word, the decent man, as opposed to the gentleman. It is in this irritable, honorable, practical, puritan figure, that I can recognize that part of myself I am glad is England, that part of England I am glad to return to. If this image became dominant in the British mind, if our MPs and officers and teachers and novelists and works managers became more like this, or at any rate recognized it, valued it, preferred it, served it, Britain would start growing again, work would be done eagerly again, seriousness and vitality would reappear.

And Britain as a responsible cultural partner with America would be easy to visualize once we thought of her that way. Richard Chase has pointed out that American middlebrow readers already turn to British writers rather than to American or French or Russian; that they find their comic sensibility in Amis, their prophetic voice in D. H. Lawrence, their criticism in Leavis. American literature has tended to be either lowbrow or highbrow, with the people in between adrift. It could be Britain's job, then, to submit theory to tests of tough practicality, to relate sensation to integral moral experience, to ask always "Is this honorably livable?" America, with more bountiful vitality, could theorize, experiment, rebel, leap higher, fall lower.

(3) *The last feature of Britain's situation which makes it impossible to plan a future for her like Sweden's or Switzerland's is the fact that she speaks the same language as America.* It is often said that the likeness in speech conceals the great difference in thought, but I suspect that the concealment is more the other way round; that if West Germany started speaking English tomorrow America would soon discover far more profound differences from her than from Britain.

What is written in England is read in America,

and vice versa, more quickly and widely than happens with any other two countries. And the inevitable consequence is that they think alike. Above all, this immediate awareness of the other's feelings—like a blood relationship—this use of an identical vocabulary, makes Britain the natural interpreter of America to the world, and of the world to America. Every time an Englishman opens his mouth to speak the world acknowledges that here is someone close to the sources of power, a first-class, not a second-class, citizen of the world.

Of course this has its disadvantages. One of the ironic and corrosive joys of being born in England in this century is that one can earn a living anywhere in the world merely by teaching people to speak the language he has as a birthright—a silver spoon that was in his mouth when he was born, which is yet not *his* birthright. It's the American language the Turk and the Dane want, but they would rather learn it from an Oxonian than from an American because his accent is so much better. This is the apotheosis of shabby gentility—the impoverished older branch living off its relationship to the reigning house and *having* to sneer at their vulgarity as it does so. But this irony is only corrosive because of the general context of irritation in which it occurs. If there were a way of thinking about the two countries which granted to both their self-respect, the community of language could give Britain a world function that would feed her pride.

No, the current idea of England as a tidy democracy like Switzerland is no more viable than England as a "great" empire. Neither will it save her from rancor and pettiness. Nor does her position within the Commonwealth help us to foresee her future, beyond the fact that she cannot be secondary. But we have discovered both how much Britain needs to change her general picture of herself, and how essential to her is the link with America. What we need now is to translate our findings into usable myth.

#### AN OFFERING OF SYMBOLS

FIRST of all, as a general picture of herself now, Britain has the right to compare herself to the Athens of the fourth century B.C., rather than to Athens under Rome. I mean the period after the death of Pericles, and after his military and commercial empire had crumbled. Athens had become again only one of the ever-quarreling Greek cities. And yet this was one of the greatest periods in Greek history, with a kind of greatness available to England now. It

was a period of reflection after exhausting efforts, when crude vitality was lower, but when just for that reason the intelligence and the conscience could make their voices heard. In Demosthenes occurred one of the finest marriages of the practical with the idealistic in politics. In Plato's Socrates and in Diogenes, the most fruitful kind of austerity and skepticism. In Aristotle's tutoring of Alexander, and Plato's experiences at the court of Syracuse, you see the immediate practicality of Athenian wisdom.

Athens' distinguishing feature at that moment was its homogeneity, the way all these brilliant men knew every side of one another so well. And this gave Athenian wisdom a uniquely practical, civilized, human character—every part of it directly related to "how to live." Today this homogeneity is a feature of British society, despite the size of the population. Modern communications make every civilized country as homogeneous as a much smaller one in the past, and in England the taxes, the death-duties, all the machinery of the Welfare State—and most especially the finely sifting system of education—make it possible for one educated Englishman to learn all about another in fifteen minutes' conversation. The personal symptoms are much more universally valid than in a multifarious country like the U. S. A. Add to this modern Britain's awareness of a great living-past, great institutions, and a great culture, along with the popular mood of glory-gone, youth-past, and you have some striking similarities with Platonic Greece. Where are our Socrates and Diogenes? Read Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* and Leavis's *The Common Pursuit*; read Orwell's "England, Your England" and D. H. Lawrence's "England, My England." There is our nose for the truth, the sour healing truth about us, our unrelenting asperity. If the thought and feeling of those books could permeate literary, political, social life, this next fifty years could be the greatest in British history.

#### TOWARD FAMILY PEACE

**F**OR the relationship between Britain and America I can find no historical parallel. It seems as if no nation has ever yielded up leadership without an all-corrosive resentment of the younger country, and loss of faith in herself. But then no nation before has retained its position as a world power on other grounds—a position with a future—or has shared responsibility for a great culture so equally with the younger power, or has stood between her and the

rest of the world by virtue of a common language and a common history.

America and Britain have the chance to create a kind of family relationship between nations—the much older and retired brother's relation to the man in the bustling prime of life. The relationship, let's say, of Sergei Ivanovitch to Kostya Levin in *Anna Karenina*. The older man cooler, more skeptical, more cerebral, more detached; the other all boisterous exuberance, and then despondency. There are strains and tensions in such a relationship; it's not necessarily free from distrust; but as in the novels there can be between the countries real trust and liking. America has taken over Britain's nineteenth-century role of representing the Western industrial-democratic way of life, and there is a remarkable continuity—in the successes as well as in the failures—between the two interpretations.

Only if Britain can accept her present dependence on America whole-heartedly, only if she can identify herself—critically, of course—with America's interests, can she take a part in world affairs which will satisfy her. For some time, of course, she has had to *admit* America's greater power in international affairs. Just so she has long admitted the existence of American culture, in the form of bad films, cheap popular songs, horror comics. She has never yet *accepted* either aspect of America. Recently, of course, since the London *Times* Supplement on American Literature, there have been solemn discussions of American novels (though there is still only one man in all the British universities employed to teach American literature full-time, and neither Oxford nor Cambridge offers any series of lectures on the subject). But most of this new interest is neither intelligent nor whole-hearted. It either remains academic or concentrates on the exotic. It delights in Raymond Chandler and juvenile delinquents and jazz slang and Southern Gothic. It does not take America seriously.

Much less does it accept her as what she **is** to us now, the well of living truth, the touchstone by which we test our own development. For if we can easily tell when an American is being fantastic, or vulgar, or naïve, he can easily tell when we are being malicious or pompous or ingrown. On the whole in this century Britain has used France as her touchstone, to be sure we were not lacking in clarity, irony, wit, grace, etc. But it is the capacity for simplicity, generosity, enthusiasm, size we are now more likely to lack. The good things in British films are always the



supporting characters, the light touches; the worst are the heroes, so forceless, class-typed, and unreal. In even second-rate American films the central character is often a hero—someone, that is, you can identify your force and energy with. And American films have weaknesses where we are strong.

Such contrasts within the one common culture surely suggest the image of symbiosis. Each could supply essential parts of the other's vital economy. American middlebrows could continue to read British novels; British highbrows could begin to read American literary criticism; American musical-comedy stars could be exchanged for British revue stars, not resentfully but unself-consciously. We could compare Angus Wilson with James Gould Cozzens instead of with Dickens; Harold Macmillan with Adlai Stevenson instead of with Disraeli; Graham Greene with Flannery O'Connor instead of with Mauriac. It could be one culture, each part complementing—not competing against—the other, and Salinger could be made available (as he is even more valuable) to British readers as quickly as he is to American.

THE images we started off with, the Englishman's idea of the American, and vice versa, cannot be replaced by an act of will. Perhaps they will never see each other my way. There is not even any contemporary *general* image of the American or of the Englishman to compare with those magnificent images of the nineteenth-

century Russian that Tolstoy created in Kostya Levin and Pierre Bezukhov. But (though very differently focused, very unintended for this function) the two images I believe in, as mirrors of the Englishman and the American, occur in Kingsley Amis's novels and in J. D. Salinger. Lucky Jim and John Lewis, Holden Caulfield and Zooey Glass have quite a lot in common: their distrust of intellectual society, their acute self-dissatisfaction, their very moral sense of humor, the love of fantasy in their elaborate excuses and disguised voices at the telephone, most essentially their search for sincere meanings in themselves and one or two others without which they cannot begin to live.

In all this they dramatize the same predicament, that of the highly intelligent young Anglo-Saxon today: the ruling class of the world, comparatively unlimited, unoppressed, weightless, but heavy with guilt, with the fear of complacency, with the need to invent a completely admirable life; they are facing the same problems, discarding the same outworn solutions, abiding by the same tests. The difference is that the American takes more risks, comes nearer to complete disaster, rises higher, ignores practical material difficulties more grandly. The Englishman is concerned to find a more humbly workable life, limits himself severely, does not attempt religion or philosophy, uses his humor more purely for defense. But they are the same sort. They would understand and like each other, if they knew each other.

## DREAMS OF DISENGAGEMENT, REGENCY STYLE

Foston, York, February 19, 1823

My dear Lady Grey,

. . . For God's sake, do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state of the Delta; Tibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid that the consequence will be, that we shall cut each other's throats. . . . If there is another war, life will not be worth having.

—*Selected Writings of Sydney Smith*, ed. by W. H. Auden (New York, Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, 1956).

JOSEPH KRAFT

# *The New York Herald Tribune:* What goes on here?

The story of the fall of a great  
American press dynasty . . . and of  
John Hay Whitney's coming battle to rescue  
the leading Republican newspaper.

HEYWOOD BROUN once remarked that the death of a newspaper, unlike the closing down of a branch railroad or shoe factory, was fit cause for weeping. On that theory, the case of the New York *Herald Tribune* is fit cause for a couple of mild cheers. After a ten-year stagger toward the mass grave of the American daily, the *Trib* has acquired new breath from a new owner, John Hay Whitney, currently our Ambassador in Britain. What has been a sad, sad story may yet have a happy ending.

Happy or not, the fate of the *Trib* rises above parochial interest. In its time of greatness the paper combined a role as keeper of the Republican conscience with full coverage in a style that did honor to the nation. Tides lapping at all publishing ventures engulfed the *Trib* in its time of troubles; in the process tragedy was visited upon one of the foremost American newspaper dynasties: the Reid family, owners of the *Trib* for nearly a century. As to the future, far more than Mr. Whitney's money—a fortune sometimes estimated at \$150 million—is at stake. The life or death of the *Trib* will say something about the survival possibilities of quality and sensitivity in a field stained by raucous cheapening of standards.

It will also cast the long shadow of a circulation war over the country's most competitive newspaper market. New York City is now served by seven major dailies: the *Trib*, *Times*, *News*, and *Mirror* in the mornings; the *Post*, *World-*

*Telegram and Sun*, and *Journal-American* in the evenings. Each has a *raison d'être*, expressed in special qualities addressed to special audiences. For example, while the *Times* stresses the first word of its famous slogan ("All the News that's Fit to Print"), the *Post* champions minority causes and the *Mirror*, competing as a tabloid with the *News*, advertises itself as 90 per cent entertainment, 10 per cent news.

But the plain fact is that the city can no more support seven papers than it could sustain three ball clubs. Of the seven only the *Times* and *News* have been consistently in the black, the former with a profit margin of less than one-fifth of one per cent last year. All seven, therefore, are under pressure to expand. But the even spread of the market (the *News*, leading the field with 2 million circulation, controls little more than one-third of the total) leaves almost no elbow room. One paper can make substantial gains only at the expense of another. Thus Whitney's advent at the *Trib* will introduce a new set of sharp teeth into a world where already dog eats dog.

## REPUBLICAN BUT WORLDLY

WHAT "good gray" says of the *New York Times*, which is far from everything, "respectable Republican" says of the *Herald Tribune*. New York's oldest morning paper, it has at all times addressed its primary appeal to that famous trio supposed to typify the GOP's Federalist and Whig forebears: "The good, the rich, the wise." Horace Greeley, who founded the paper in 1841, and Whitelaw Reid, who succeeded him in 1872, were both pillars of the new Republican party. President Theodore Roosevelt, a faithful reader like the present Republican incumbent, acknowledged the paper to be not bad for his



digestion. Chauncey Depew, about TR's time, pronounced it "the greatest organ of the party."

As party organ the *Trib* was not above what one of its great city editors, Stanley Walker, called "a touch of Tory choler." "Anarchy And Repudiation Trampled Under Foot" was the *Trib* headline when McKinley beat Bryan in 1896. Within the party, though, the *Trib* did unceasing battle in the cause of the more liberal angels. Greeley fought Grantism to the death, expiring twenty-three days after losing the election of 1872. Of the GOP nominee in 1920, the *Trib* said: "We had hoped that a man of undoubted courage, vision, and executive ability would be chosen, but we have instead Warren Gamaliel Harding." Just how important *Trib* support was in nominating Governor Dewey or in prevailing upon General Eisenhower to run is a matter of speculation, but probably no paper has ever done more for a candidate than the *Trib* for Wendell Willkie, whom it supported at a time when such eminent Republicans as Arthur Vandenberg were misspelling his name.

Moreover, in the old days at the *Trib*, Republicanism never took for party what was meant for mankind. Individual giants—Twain, Henry James, Turgenev—established early a tradition of fine writing. Beginning around 1924, after merger with the *Herald* and a move uptown to 41st Street, the *Trib* developed that most precious of newspaper qualities—a corporate personality. Bleeck's, the neighboring chophouse-saloon, where *Trib* men gathered to eat, drink, and play the match game, was part of it. So were gibes against the great rival on 43rd Street: "Drink is the curse of the *Tribune*; sex the bane of the *Times*." The essence was a style—unostentatious, hence apt for the telling of plain tales, but well-bred and fit to capture atmosphere and nuance, to insinuate whimsy and melancholy, and, where occasion demanded, to strike the major chord.

Columnists gave some of the tone. Foremost was Walter Lippmann, the most steadily interesting ("Like flypaper to me; if I touch it, I am stuck till I finish," Justice Holmes wrote to Laski of Lippmann's style) and perhaps the only one able to rely for effect more on analytic powers than inside dopesterism. The editorial page, under the direction of Pulitzer-Prize-winner Geoffrey Parsons, was a distinguished one. There Walter Millis for thirty years wrung the most extraordinary effects from ordinary words. The sports page was free of both jargon and fraudulent piety. "The Gold Dust twins," W. O. McGeehan wrote in the 'twenties, in an account of what other papers were calling a fistic en-

agement, "did their little act at Madison Square Garden last night. It was the usual sterling performance, perfectly staged."

In foreign correspondence, the *Trib's* coverage was nearly as full as the *Times'* and infinitely more flavorful. Ralph Barnes, who was killed in World War II, provides perhaps the best example of the *Trib* correspondent at work. On the last day of the Munich conference of 1938, he wrote in great haste a dispatch of several thousand words, reporting that war had been averted and that "Hitler and Mussolini have won a new triumph." A detail at the very end dramatized the awful shabbiness of the whole transaction. "Hitler," Barnes wrote, "called Daladier 'ein ganzer Kerl'—a real he man."

Crowning all the glory of the *Trib*—and what made it the "newspaperman's newspaper," read by journalists, and their favorite spot to work—was the city staff. Dozens of fine writers did their apprenticeship under Stanley Walker. Many stayed year after year, turning out copy marked by a rich store of metaphor and imagination. To cite only one, Robert Peck, on the rewrite desk, once put this lead on one of the most hackneyed of all stories—an error in railroad switching:

"Train No. 470 of the Long Island Railroad, which in monotonous years of travel had never got to the south shore of Long Island, almost made it last night."

And of a man whose hobby was reckoning the changing popularity of given names in Nassau county, Peck wrote: "Dr. Brown took it up more or less idly, as a man might take up the practice of eating oysters with a knife."

#### OGDEN THE MAGNIFICO

WHEN Ogden Reid died, they buried the *Herald Tribune*," Lucius Beebe wrote in 1957, ten years after the event and with characteristic exaggeration. In fact, the *Trib* did not plunge from the heights, but remained probably the second-best paper in the country. Still, beginning in 1947, there was a marked falling off—the joint product of generally adverse business conditions and a crisis in top management.

In the war and postwar years, few industries felt the cost pinch more keenly than newspaper publishing. Newsprint, the basic component, rose from \$44 a ton before the war to \$88 in 1947, and to \$134 in 1958, a net increase of more than 300 per cent. Labor costs more than doubled. Individual productivity was held in check by the nature of the business—writing—and by traditional craft unionism in the mechanical de-

partments. Competition, except in one-paper towns, served to choke off price increases on the finished product: the *Trib* and *Times*, both selling for a nickel apiece, cost about nine cents to produce. And gains in the major source of revenue—advertising—were held down by television. While TV's share of the total pie jumped from one to nearly 30 per cent between 1949 and 1957, the newspaper cut slumped from just under 36 to about 33 per cent. In the squeeze, dozens of dailies became mere notion counters of entertainment, featuring puzzles, games, lurid stories, advice on sex and child-rearing; spice for the life-lorn. 180 dailies either suspended publication, merged, or went weekly between 1950 and 1958.

Several factors made the going specially rough for the *Trib*. Its largely white, Protestant, upper-income clientele (22 per cent of *Trib* readers make more than \$10,000 annually; 43 per cent have a college education) was on the move to the suburbs, and though many continued to take the *Trib*, some advertisers did not follow, preferring—as the success of the *Newark News* and the Long Island paper *Newsday* demonstrate—the lower rates and direct pull of the local suburban press. To make matters worse for the *Trib*, its principal competitor, the *New York Times*, after passing the war under the checkrein of paper rationing, began immediately afterwards to expand in a way which has made it probably the best paper in the world. It was not enough that in 1946, the *Trib* made record profits of over a million dollars, and had circulation (336,000 daily; 598,000 Sunday) nearly matching the *Times*. To stay alive the *Trib* had to grow. Without broad plans for development, it was headed toward disaster as surely as an ice floe drifting into tropic waters. At just that point, in January 1947 came the death of Ogden Reid.

His exact role at the *Trib* had never been easy to define. Editor of the paper since the death of his father, Whitelaw Reid, in 1912, Ogden Reid cut a figure as a man about town (“a member of every leading club in New York,” the *Trib* once

said), unremarkable for political acumen, or literary distinction. Lucius Beebe, who liked Ogden Reid, said he could barely write a coherent sentence, but added that he was a “magnifico,” or, as one of Reid’s editors put it, “Big League.” It was Big League to have good men on the *Trib*; Reid hired the best. It was Big League to have a foreign service; Reid maintained broad coverage from abroad. Above all, it would be bush league to allow business considerations to dictate *Trib* content, and Reid guarded the editorial integrity of his paper with unbending firmness. According to one story, the more meaningful for perhaps being legend, Reid once chided an editor he had seen lunching with a man from advertising:

“I won’t talk about it again,” he said, “but you are a cut above that, you know.”

#### SIBLING RIVALRY

**B**EHIND him Reid left a widow and two sons, bound together on the ice floe as it were, by a tradition of service to family and paper. The *Trib*’s interest had dictated schooling, bent careers, shaped social life. Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid, a Barnard girl out of Wisconsin, tiny in size but with spunk writ large in a bearing as stiff as any sergeant’s and a gaze as fixed, had worked for eight years as a social secretary to the Reid family before marriage to Ogden in 1911; in 1918, she plunged into the *Trib* advertising department, doing “everything anyone else did,” except drawing a salary, and some other things besides, among them the sale of the *Trib*’s first department-store ad. Her eldest boy, Whitelaw or Whitie born in 1913, counted knowledge of a paper in the family as “one of my earliest memories.” The younger son, Ogden Rogers Reid or Brownie as he was known in contrast to his brother, was only one day old, on June 24, 1925, when the *Trib*’s advertising department issued a special junior edition, including among many other things, a welcoming ode beginning, “O Ho Another Boss Appears.”

Rarely did sibling rivalry find easier pickings. Tall, fair, soft-spoken, unimpressive in articulation but immensely appealing, Whitie Reid is drawn to architecture and outdoor life—things far removed from the safety and racket of a city room—and possessed of a spirit his friends pronounce “noble.” Darker, shorter, and equipped with a voice that can bring hogs running, his younger brother is pushed by the kind of drive called “dynamic effectiveness” when it takes and “brassy arrogance” when it doesn’t.

#### Versicle

THE least of the troubles inherent in hashish  
Is the fact that almost anything you find to  
rhyme with it is going to sound a trifle  
ogdenashish.

Thomas J. Yborra, Jr.



"He attacks a problem," an admirer once mused, "like he shoots ducks. If the limit is four, he stays until he gets four. This wears out a lot of people who try to keep up with him."

True to tradition ("His father was editor and his father before him"), Mrs. Reid named Whitie editor in 1947. But majority ownership she kept for herself, and a large measure of influence was vested in a new business manager, William Robinson, formerly *Trib* advertising director and later president of Coca-Cola and one of President Eisenhower's favorite bridge partners. Split direction by itself meant inefficiency, and, as it turned out, worked to exaggerate individual shortcomings.

In Whitie, want of confidence was intensified by absence of full control. Though sensitive to the *Trib's* real qualities, he was ill at ease with the paper's shaggier giants. He replaced Walter Millis and the sports editor, Stanley Woodward, with two Yale '36 classmates: August Heckscher, a real find as chief editorial writer; and Bob Cooke, known as the only sports editor in the *Social Register*. He worked round the clock but tended to concentrate on details: "fiddling with semicolons," one of his editors said. His one big change was modernization of the *Trib's* type face and layout. On business, he deferred almost automatically to his mother and Robinson.

Neither Mrs. Reid nor William Robinson was ideally fitted by experience to run the *Trib*. Where good newspapering arises from an inner conviction of what to do, advertising stresses the importance of what other people think—particularly the right people. Mrs. Reid at one point publicly instituted a criminal investigation of persons spreading rumors that the paper was for sale. Robinson, according to his critics, was specially concerned to cement his friendship with Dwight Eisenhower. Mrs. Reid, according to hers, also felt the itch to be a President-maker. Thus preoccupied, they made, as major business decisions, two moves seriously compromising the quality of the paper.

In 1947-48 they initiated economy moves which resulted in cuts not only in staff but in coverage. Foreign news space, for instance, dropped from an average of more than twenty columns per day to an average of under ten. In 1950 they launched an Early Bird Edition, designed to reach the stands at eight in the evening, instead of ten-thirty, and to pick up some of the trade going to the tabloids. Earlier deadlines inevitably meant that stories were more hastily written and chopped to take account of late-breaking news.

Because the paper was competing with the tabloids, the way was opened for the blood, sex, and money fare that has always been their formula. For a starter, the *Trib* began a gossip column which passed through various hands, among them those of Jinx and Tex McCrary (the latter later became the paper's public-relations man) before ending up as the preserve of Hy Gardner, a former public-relations man.

Worse still, the Early Bird was a financial flop. *Trib* accounts, declining steadily from the 1946 peak, reached the break-even point in 1950, then sank steadily into the red. By the spring of 1955, the paper, heavily mortgaged and entering its slackest season, was heading for bankruptcy. Helen Reid faced a choice that set matriarch against mother. She could sell out: an ignominious end to three generations of control; or she could reorganize within the family. In April 1955 she stepped out as president, moved Whitie up stairs as board chairman, and vested full powers in Brownie, as editor and president.\*

#### TIPS FROM THE TABLOIDS

**B**ROWN (word went out after the take-over) that he wanted to drop the "ie" and it was also intimated that his brother might be called "White") was nothing loath. Out of Yale in 1949, after a stint in the paratroops, he had joined the ranks of the Communist-hunters, and produced—with the apparent aid of the FBI—a series of articles called the "Red Underground." This described, among other things, a set of sabotage instructions (written in Spanish and smuggled into this country in a sardine can) which were billed as "the most insidious Communist weapons of subversive violence ever to penetrate the borders of the U. S." Shifting to the business side, he took over the Paris edition of the *Trib* in 1953, helping to put it in the black. By 1955, he had worked out, in collaboration with some *Trib* business executives who felt the paper should be appealing to what they call

In May 1959, in committee hearings prior to Senate confirmation of this Mr. Reid as Ambassador to Israel, he indicated that his elevation to the top post at the *Trib* had come as a result of "certain recommendations" made by, among others, Mr. Robert J. Whitfield, who had worked as a senior vice president in the Chase National Bank.

Mr. Reid said: "The recommendations had to do with the future of the paper, and how the financial structure could best be strengthened, and how the paper could best serve the interests of this country and the free world."

"tabloid graduates," a plan for an almost completely new paper. His basic idea was to put the paper in the black by broadening its appeal, and then to borrow money for a complete overhaul.

Almost overnight, he junked the *Early Bird*; switched from a two- to three-section format, with the third section printed on mint-green paper; put out a pocket-sized, color-plated TV magazine; added as a Sunday feature a magazine called *Today's Living*, and, as a daily feature, cash prize puzzles. Both domestic and foreign coverage were expanded, but what most smote the eye was a new emphasis on celebrities. Extreme though not atypical was the work of May Mann, a Hollywood gossip columnist whom Brown brought to the *Trib* in February 1956. It included a five-part series on Joan Crawford ("no shadowy screen figure this Joan, but a full-blooded ruthless, yet charming three-dimensional woman") and articles on Tony Martin, Celeste Holm, Olivia de Havilland, Jan Sterling, and Jayne Mansfield ("She has brains").

Another series, on how to make a good husband, led off with the Norman Vincent Peales: "To the world Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is an oracle on human relations. To his wife, Ruth Stafford Peale, he's the man she married to love, honor, and obey." One May Mann lead on a regular news story went:

Lt. Col. John Paul Stapp, in meeting the challenge of supersonic speeds of the present jet and coming rocket age, is recognizably, although not named, portrayed by the late John Hodiak in the film "On the Threshold of Space" shown by Twentieth Century-Fox at the Capitol Theater tonight.

Anguish filled the hearts of many of the *Trib* old-timers who had already been set on edge by what some felt to be Brown's high-handed ways. About a half-dozen of the very best quit the paper. Right or wrong though, Brown's system at least worked. In the last eight months of 1955, he turned what looked to be a loss of half-a-million dollars into a gain of several hundred thousand. In the black in 1956, in 1957 he was in position to raise outside funds. In return for an option to buy the paper, "Jock" Whitney advanced a little over a million dollars, payable over a fifteen-month period. By October 1957 Brown had what seemed like still another new *Trib* on the streets.

Its special feature was a news-magazine motif. William J. Miller, brought over from *Life Magazine*, produced a stimulating editorial page, long on controversy, to the point of sometimes

forgetting that not all agricultural instruments are spades. Regular science and education columns were added. Explanatory paragraphs giving the background of stories, as in *U. S. News and World Report*, were fitted between headlines and the stories themselves. A "Radar-screen" collected hot tips, while news briefs from abroad were fitted into a special box: "World Insight."

Jerry-built, the new structure never gave the appearance of solidity. Brown had a finger everywhere, ordering special stories about friends (Bernard Baruch for instance), making changes in matters as small as the coverage of boat racing. Under indirect Administration pressure—notably a report that the President had stopped reading the paper—heavy wraps were put on the editorial page. When the Sherman Adams–Goldfine story broke in June 1958, the *Trib's* first editorial, written on Brown's orders though against the grain of a warning from the paper's Washington bureau, declared:

Whoever knows Sherman Adams knows that he is honest as the day is long. . . . Those who are using the matter of Boston hotel bills as an attack upon his character will find such tactics only boomerang upon themselves.

Even before that, the recession and the competitive obligation to stick along with the *Times* at the nickel price were driving the *Trib* back into the red. After a futile effort to raise more money elsewhere, Brown turned back to Whitney. In August 1958 papers were signed giving majority control of the *Trib* to the Whitney interests. At a press conference breaking the news, Mrs. Reid appeared with both sons. Brown said: "We never contemplated selling the paper. We are not selling it now." Whitie said: "I think that Mr. Whitney's thinking has been close to that of the family over the years." Mrs. Reid said: "I cease to be a member [of the Board of Directors]."

#### WHITNEY ON BOARD

NONE would call John Hay Whitney's *Herald Tribune* a healthy paper. Long-term trends working against all papers have not abated; in 1957, for instance, the number of households with television overtook and passed the number taking newspapers. The special instability of the *Trib* has had predictable effects on circulation (now slightly under what it was in 1946), and even more—since Madison Avenue



does not play captain to sinking ships—on advertising. In the fullness of time, problems which, caught early, might have been mastered, have acquired a built-in character.

The Sunday *Trib* is one of the most serious of these. Comprising a full-sized paper with additional political, sports, entertainment, book, and real-estate supplements, it could, as many Sunday papers do, carry the daily edition. Instead it is a loser, circulation having dropped from 598,000 in 1946 to 530,000, advertising from 10 million lines to 9.5 million. The chief reason is competition from the Sunday *Times*, which has raised circulation 50 per cent, and more than doubled advertising over the same period.

The key to the success of the Sunday *Times* has been "vendor advertising"—ads, chiefly in the clothing field, taken out in the names of New York department stores, but paid for by the wholesaler whose goods are being pushed. The wholesalers insist on the Sunday *Times* because it is widely read by buyers throughout the country who purchase for their own shops the goods they see advertised by the prestigious department stores. Many of the buyers, in fact, take the Sunday *Times* only because it carries so much vendor advertising—70 per cent of the total, according to one estimate. Thus to attract vendor advertising, the *Trib* would need a national circulation among buyers. But the best way to get that circulation is to have large volumes of vendor advertising.

Withal, Whitney's *Trib* commands undoubted assets. Despite the buffets of fortune, its staff remains first-rate. Walter Kerr in theater, "Red" Smith in sports, John Crosby on TV, Art Buchwald on Paris make up probably the best collection of special writers on any American paper. Tart sophistication—their stock in trade—also rules the woman's page, whose editor, Eugenia Sheppard, once referred to the color of dresses worn by mothers at weddings as "menopause blue." Judith Crist and Don Ross continue the tradition of fine writing on the city side, and not many editorial writers can match the sure touch of William Zinsser. Both Robert Donovan, chief of the *Trib's* Washington bureau, and A. T. Steele, a roving correspondent in Africa and Asia, are close to tops in their fields. Rewrite work has declined, as in every other paper, but at the *Trib* literary qualities are still emphasized, even in routine news stories.

"Our idea," one veteran desk man says, "is that there is no difference between writing features and reporting."

Few papers have more solid financial backing.

Whitney controls the *Trib* through the Plymouth Rock Corporation, a holding company which also owns an interest in a paper company, the magazine *Interior Design*, the weekly newspaper supplement *Parade*, and four suburban radio stations which are already discreetly promoting the *Trib*. Money-makers all, they are in effect made to work for the *Trib* by a device common to many corporations. Their earnings are, for bookkeeping purposes in the parent company, offset by the *Trib's* losses. The result is a drop in the profits accruing to the Plymouth Rock Corporation, which thus shoulders a lighter tax load. Just how much of a stake is going to be available for the *Trib* is a secret, but when the figure \$25 million spent over five years is mentioned, Whitney executives, while disclaiming it ("something someone pulled out of a hat") blink about as much as the average *Trib* reader does when he lays down a nickel for his paper.

With money, Whitney also brings a tradition of strong management, tested in a highly successful venture-capital firm, J. H. Whitney & Co. In the newspaper field—where the rule is family ownership with the most promising scions drawn to editorial matters—management has generally been shockingly poor. The magic touch of our newest press lord, S. I. Newhouse, publisher of papers from Newark, New Jersey, to Portland, Oregon, seems to be nothing more mysterious than applying standard business practice to the newspaper field. Thus the Whitney insistence on competent direction at the top may by itself pay big dividends.

#### THE RISKS AHEAD

**A**LREADY evident is the substitution of deliberate pace for frenzied chop and change. The business end of the paper is now handled by a committee of *Trib* executives and Whitney associates, working through the agency of Howard Brundage, a thirty-five-year-old banker and businessman with the calm of a septuagenarian. "Most of all," Brundage says of his outlook, "I'm trying to relax everybody around here."

Like show-biz, running a newspaper makes everyone an expert, and ideas for changing the *Trib* pour in. More columns and fewer columns; toning up the paper and toning it down; shorter news items and more serials; emphasizing promotion and trying to develop a newsboy delivery system; "going afternoon" or competing more directly with the *Times* in coverage or the *Wall Street Journal* in brevity—these are only a few

## COLLEGES:

*Midwest, South, and Pacific Coast*

A series of articles on three very different types of American colleges will begin in the October issue of *Harper's*. The author is David Boroff, who wrote a similar series—dealing with Harvard, Sarah Lawrence, and Brooklyn College—last year.

In the coming articles he will report on the manners, morals, aims, and quality of a big Midwestern state university . . . a small Southern denominational college . . . and an extraordinary educational experiment in California.

of the suggestions. "I've never heard so many experts come up with so many diametrically opposed recommendations," one Whitney executive asserts. In keeping with the relaxation principle though, the Whitney people, before making sweeping changes, are studying the *Trib's* market (through a public-opinion polling service) and its basic operation (through a management consultant firm).

At this writing the top editorial post is open, and direction is vested in the hands of an executive editor, George Cornish, who was managing editor in the halcyon days of the 1940s. So far, Cornish has bent his main effort toward undoing the wrongs of the past. General coverage has been expanded. Headlines are more modest in size; more civilized in tone. De-emphasis on spot news has yielded a crop of original stories, including a recent piece on poor direction markings on the New York State Thruway, and a penetrating article by Robert Donovan on the growth of ill-feeling between President Eisenhower and Chief Justice Warren. An editorial page column has been developed as a showcase for good writing on any subject. The Broadway note has all but disappeared—a fact reflected in the dropping of Tex McCrary as *Trib* public-relations man. Stanley Woodward has come back as sports editor, and a new city editor, Richard West, has been promoted up from the desk. It is a mark of renewed respect for the product that not long ago, when a tiff threatened between the two men, Woodward said: "Look Dick, you're a symbol and I'm a symbol. Let's not clash."

Not even George Cornish believes that recapturing the qualities of bygone days will be

enough to see the *Trib* through. Big changes are ahead, and whether they can work—indeed whether anything can work for the *Trib*—is still in doubt. Much, if not everything, depends on Whitney himself, the Hamlet in what otherwise would be a play about Denmark.

He pauses when asked why he bought the *Trib*—and with reason. His financial advisers had emphasized the risks of purchase. He himself, after his first term in London, appears to have no ambition for elective, or even appointive, office. To be sure, Brown Reid did an effective selling job, but what seems to have clinched the deal is that Whitney, while finding no satisfactory reasons for saying No, saw lots of circumstances spelling Yes. A liberal Republican long friendly to the Reids, he had in addition a family connection with the paper through his grandfather John Hay who had acted as editor in the 1880s. His own philanthropic interest has been in the direction of mass education, and he was a stockholder in the defunct paper *PM*.

The one story Whitney frequently tells about himself underlines an interest in public enlightenment. Captured by the Germans in World War II, he took the chance and escaped, but discovered, in the process, that many of his fellow-prisoners were unwilling to make the gamble.

"Jock," one of his associates says, "realized that the GIs didn't have the glimmer of an idea why they were fighting. He was appalled, absolutely appalled. He's been trying to do something about that ever since."

There are worse motives for running a paper, and if Whitney, in effect, could not refuse when the *Trib* was offered, he at least has set his sights high. He has said that on returning from London in 1961, he will give to the *Trib* his "major attention." He is aware of, and determined to resist, both business and political pressure. His idea of an independent Republican paper seems to be one that helps the party most by not always following its line. His hope appears to be nothing less than making the *Trib* the best paper in the country.

The odds may go against him, and years and millions may slip away before the results are in. But on the *Trib* staff at least, there is hope. "We've been through Pearl Harbor," one reporter says. "Now we're at Guadalcanal." Ahead, it may be added, lies not only the continuing struggle to remake the *Trib*, but the possibility of a slugging match with the competition which could make the Hearst-Pulitzer wars of yore look like a minor falling out between gentlemen of the old school.



Concluding a series of stories by

LEO ROSTEN

*Drawings by Karla Kuskin*



## *The Case for Mr. Parkhill*

IT WAS a miserable evening. All day long the rain had come down, in sudden, driving shafts, the way it used to descend upon Camp Quinnipaquig, the summer he had spent there as a counselor. Mr. Parkhill put on his rubbers and his burberry, opened his big black umbrella, and sloshed through the streets. It was only two blocks to the little restaurant on Ninth Street, and when he got there he ordered half a grapefruit, the clam chowder, and the steamed Maine lobster. He desserted on a delectable deep-dish apple pie, and, because it was a special occasion, drank *two* cups of Sanka. It was his birthday.

He had received a lacy birthday card from his Aunt Agatha, mailed, as it was each year, so as to arrive exactly on date, and containing, as it did each year, a crisp five-dollar bill with the tart instruction: "To be spent on something *foolish*." Aunt Agatha always underlined the "foolish."

The only other letter he had received (and what a surprise that had been) was from Mr. Linton, headmaster of Tilsbury:

Dear Parkhill:

The other night Mrs. Linton and I were reminiscing about past boys, and as we browsed through the old school annuals we came upon your photograph (the year you were awarded the Ernestine Hopp Medal for School Spirit). When Mrs. Linton reminded me of the time you astonished us all, as a freshman, by parsing that sentence from Cicero during tea, we laughed merrily.

The only other boy Mrs. Linton remembered so well was Wesley Collender ('33), who placed a copper contrivance in the fuse box at Farwell which intermittently expanded and contracted so that the "lights out" bell rang on and off, on and off, for a goodly ten minutes before Mr. Thistlewaite could ascertain the cause, and effect the remedy. Thistlewaite is no longer with us. He is, I believe, at Claremont or Carmel or some such place in the western states that begins with "C."

Be that as it may, Mrs. Linton called my attention to the birth date under your picture. "Why, that is next Tuesday!" she exclaimed, and indeed it was.

I extend, accordingly, our felicitations, and express our joint wishes for, in *loquendi usus*, "many happy returns."

Faithfully yours,

Amos Royce Linton

It had been awfully nice of Mr. Linton to write. Mr. Parkhill could not help feeling touched. The last time he had seen "Old Molasses," which was what the boys privately called Mr. Linton, was six years ago, when his class had presented the school with a fine, carved newel post for Modley Hall.

Mr. Parkhill remembered the first time he had gone back to visit Tilsbury. It was the year after he had received his B. A. When Mr. Linton had asked him what he was doing now, Mr. Parkhill told him he had taken a substitute teaching post, just for the experience, at the American Night Preparatory School for Adults.

"Parkhill," Mr. Linton had boomed in his

no-nonsense manner, "what on earth is that?"

"It is a night school, sir."

"College entrances? Cram courses? That sort of—"

"Oh, no, sir. This is an elementary school."

"A *what*? Speak up, Parkhill."

"An *elementary* school, sir," Mr. Parkhill repeated, raising his voice. "For adults."

Mr. Linton must have got hard of hearing, for he had gazed at Mr. Parkhill steadily for a moment and mumbled something that sounded like "Good God!" But that could not have been it; that was not at all like Mr. Linton; it was probably "Great Scott."

Mr. Parkhill often found himself thinking back to that little episode. He could understand that a man like Mr. Linton had no way of knowing what a fine institution the American Night Preparatory School for Adults really was. After all, Mr. Linton had led a rather sheltered life: Exeter, Harvard . . . He wondered, for instance, what Mr. Linton would have said when Hyman Kaplan named our leading institutions of higher learning as "Yale, Princeton, Hartford."

Tilsbury . . . What a different world that had been. What a different world it *was*. Mr. Parkhill felt a rush of pleasant, almost poignant, memories: that lovely campus, so tidy, green, serene, composed; the broad river that overflowed its banks in the spring; the school pond on clear winter days, a burnished white mirror; the path across Main Quad, that none but lordly seniors were permitted to use . . . Those were happy days in a happy world, a world ten thousand miles and years away.

Occasionally Mr. Parkhill caught himself wondering what it would have been like if he had returned to Tilsbury as a master. (Mr. Linton had never even sounded him out on that, to be frank about it.) Life was so curious. Who would have thought that the teacher whom Mr. Parkhill had temporarily replaced at the American Night Preparatory School for Adults would never return? No one even knew what had happened to him.

Mr. Parkhill recalled how Aunt Agatha used to ask him, whenever he visited her, if he intended to spend the rest of his life "among those people in New York." Aunt Agatha, who had never even set foot in New York, did not understand the special rewards adults provide someone who regards teaching not as a job, but as a mission. He had once had a little fun at Aunt Agatha's expense by saying, "Why, Aunt Agatha, just as your father brought God to the heathen, I bring Grammar to the alien."

Aunt Agatha never brought the subject up again after that.

"Miss," Mr. Parkhill called.

The waitress, who had done everything well except wait, slouched toward him from the kitchen.

"Check, please." (For some reason, Mr. Parkhill remembered the night Mr. Kaplan, chivvied by his foes, who demanded that he explain the "R.S.V.P." he had, in a reckless burst of elegance, tacked onto a composition, rejoined, "It minns 'Reply, vill you plizz?'")

Mr. Parkhill paid his bill, put on his coat and his rubbers, stepped into the street, and opened his umbrella. The rain was, if anything, worse.

He began to walk quite briskly. He could hardly wait to get to the school. Sometimes, when he entered that old, unprepossessing building, he felt as if, like Alice, he was walking through a looking-glass, into an antic and unpredictable world beyond.



MISS GOLDBERG . . . Mr. Scymzak . . . Mrs. Rodriguez . . ." As Mr. Parkhill called the roll he could not help noticing that Mr. Kaplan had not yet arrived. The seat in the exact center of the front row, that seat directly in front of Mr. Parkhill's desk, was empty. When Mr. Kaplan occupied that place, he seemed to loom out like a mountain, blotting out the rest of the class; and when Mr. Kaplan was not in that seat, as now, it seemed a good deal emptier than any other seat could possibly be.

"Miss Pomeranz . . . Mr. Wilkomirski . . ."

It was not simply that the corporeal Mr. Kaplan was missing; a certain point of view was missing, a magnetic pole, a spirit that expressed itself every moment the class was in session—with a gesture or a sigh, a whisper or grunt, a cluck, a snort, a gloat, a sneer, an approving "My!" or an admonishing "Tsk!", a commanding



"Aha!" or a triumphant "Hau Kay!" Mr. Kaplan's "Hau Kay!" often sounded like approval from on high.

"Miss Mitnick . . . Miss Gidwitz . . . Mr. Kap—"

The voice of Sam Pinsky cut the fateful name in half. "Mr. Keplen asked me I should say he is onawoidably detained. For maybe hefenarr."

Mr. Parkhill's long years in the beginners' grade had equipped him to translate "hefenarr," without the slightest break in his stride, into "half an hour." "Thank you." He put the attendance sheet to one side. "Well, class, suppose we devote the first part of the evening to—Recitation and Speech."

Smiles, grins, and dulcet affirmations issued from the Messrs. Plonsky and Marcus, and the Mesdames Gursky and Tomasic: they loved Recitation and Speech. Groans, moans, and piteous suspirations drifted out of Mrs. Moskowitz and Peter Studniczka: they hated Recitation and Speech.

"May I remind all of you, once more, to speak slowly, carefully, enunciating as clearly as you can. Recitation and Speech can be one of our most valuable—"

"It gives me goose-dimples," wailed Mrs. Moskowitz.

"From prectice you will *learn*," attested Miss Ziev, gazing at the diamond ring with which Mr. Andrassy had re-pledged his troth.

"I should live so long!" Mrs. Moskowitz fanned her many chins with a notebook.

"Now, now, Mrs. Moskowitz," said Mr. Parkhill with a smile, "nothing ventured, nothing gained." And probably because of that note from Mr. Linton, *Empta dolore docet experientia* leaped into his mind. How appropriate: "Experience wrought with pain teaches." He noticed the hand of Oscar Trabish in the air. "Yes?"

"What it means?"

"I beg your pardon."

"What it *means*?" Mr. Trabish repeated. (Mr. Trabish was a cleaner-and-dyer.)

Mr. Parkhill cleared his throat. "What does—er—what mean?"

"Those words you just gave. About adwentures and games—"

"Ah!" Mr. Parkhill could not help exclaiming. "I said, 'Nothing ventured,' not '*adventured*,' Mr. Trabish, '*nothing gained*,' not—er—'*games*.' It is a saying. It means that if we never try, how can we hope to succeed?"

"Psssh!" cried Mr. Pinsky, eyes closed, slapping his cheek with his palm. "Will Mr. Keplen be mat he wasn't here to hear those woids!"

"*'Mad,'* Mr. Pinsky, not '*mat*,'" said Mr. Parkhill earnestly. "And it really would be better to say that Mr. Kaplan will be '*disappointed*,' or '*sorry*,' instead of '*mad*.' '*Mad*' means insane, or—er—crazy."

"Exactly the woid for Keplan!" grunted Mr. Plonsky.

"Wait till he *comms* before you insult!" said Mr. Pinsky indignantly.

Miss Caravello gave a derisive laugh. "Ifa Kaplan is scratch, Pinsky holler '*Ouch!*' Ifa Kaplan is tickle, Pinsky makes '*Ha, ha!*' "

Mr. Pinsky turned to Carmen Caravello and tried to bestow upon her that glare, compounded of ice and fire, with which he had often seen Mr. Kaplan freeze the blood of his enemies.

"You look like Cholly Chaplin, not Hymie Kaplan," Mr. Blattberg snorted.

"Mrs. Yanoff," Mr. Parkhill called quickly, "will you go to the front of the room, please?"

A cantata of encouragement launched Molly Yanoff on her fearful path. (Mrs. Yanoff always wore black, though Mr. Yanoff was far from dead.) She moved her chair, removed her glasses, smoothed her hair, soothed her morale, and proved her mettle by answering a question no one had asked:

"So what's to be afraid?"

"Sure!" "Soitenly!" "Just stend up and talk!" the sympathetic gallery sang out.

"So what's the woist can heppen?" asked Cookie Kipnis.

"The woist can happen is I'll make four-five mistakes," sighed Mrs. Yanoff.

This union of courage and stoicism brought a medley of praises from the pit.

"Good fa you, Yanoff!"

"That's a spirit!"

Even Miss Mitnick, the shyest of gazelles, murmured, "Bast wishes."

Mrs. Yanoff marched to the front of the room with stately tread, placed one hand on the desk for support (it looked for a moment as if she were reeling, but she was only twisting or stretching), placed the other hand resolutely on a hip, and, in a surprising baritone, a voice before which both man and beast might quail, thundered, "Mary had a little lamb, with fleas white like snow!"

MR. PARKHILL sank into a chair at the back of the room. He saw Miss Gursky poise pencil over notebook, on the alert for error; he saw Mr. Scymzak put his hand over his eyes, the keener to attend; he saw Mrs. Moskowitz, reprieved from recitation, slide down her

noiseless ways to somnolence. Recitation and Speech had, unquestionably, begun.

"This little kindergarten pome," Mrs. Yanoff announced, "is learned by—by all the little kitties in America. Just like my little goil, Hinda, age tan, also learned it. So why I am taking waluable time in Racitation and Speech to manton this simple nurse's rhyme?"

"Why?" tiny Mrs. Tomasic promptly chirped.

"Because the woild would be a batter place all arond *if grownops behaved more like kitties!* Honist, sveet, and nice! If Congriss would be more like kindergarten, would maybe be less greft, crime and wiolence! Humans: remamber children!" And with that exhortation, her face flushed with both exertion and exaltation, Molly Yanoff marched back to her seat.

She barely had time to regain it before hands were bobbing up and down like buoys in a squall.

"Thank you, Mrs. Yanoff," said Mr. Parkhill. "Now—er—discussion."

Mr. Trabish opened the post mortem by observing that Mrs. Yanoff had used "goil" instead of "girl" and "woild" instead of "world." (Mr. Trabish had come a long way since his initiation into the beginners' grade.)

Miss Shimmelfarb remarked that Mrs. Yanoff had "used 'tan,' which is for color, instead of 'ten,' which is for aitch!"

Stanislaus Wilkomirski deplored the fact that Mrs. Yanoff kept saying "kitties" when she obviously meant "more than one children."

Miss Caravello leaped into the fray with a challenge to Mrs. Yanoff's naïve panacea for strife: anyone familiar with either children or kindergartens, Miss Caravello hotly observed, anyone not bemused by false sentiment, knew that our little ones would "chopa off da heads" of all within reach if but possessed of the weapons and provided with the opportunity.

"Cynic! Skaptic! Cynic!" hissed Olga Tarnova, thrice, then lamented, "You got no faith in mon? In God? In human soul?"

Miss Caravello cried "Name of the name" in Italian, and Miss Tarnova shot back an impure rejoinder in Russian, before Mr. Parkhill could impose an uneasy peace. (Tolstoy versus Machiavelli, he thought with a certain fascination.) "Let us limit our discussion to Mrs. Yanoff's *English*," he said earnestly. "There was one interesting mistake—in pronunciation—which has not yet been mentioned. It is most important. It occurred in Mrs. Yanoff's very first sentence."

His students dived deep into memory to recover Mrs. Yanoff's very first sentence. The diving was in vain.

"The sentence began," hinted Mr. Parkhill, "Mary had a little lamb . . ."

The class wandered through the caverns of "Mary had a little lamb"—to no avail.

"Did anyone notice how Mrs. Yanoff *completed* that quotation?" Mr. Parkhill asked hopefully.

No one seemed to have noticed how Mrs. Yanoff had completed that quotation.

"Well . . ." Mr. Parkhill moistened his lips. "Mrs. Yanoff said that Mary's little lamb had 'fleas' as white as snow!" He stressed the "fleas" quite emphatically.

"Maybe it was a *bleck* lemb?" ventured Fanny Gidwitz.

"In New York snow is not white!" Mr. Matsoukas, yearning for Arcady, declared.

"That is not what I mean," sighed Mr. Parkhill and stepped to the board, where he printed:

FLEECE  
FLEAS

But the assembled scholars did not break into the familiar responses to revelation: not a single "Ah" or "Oh" or "Aha" ascended from the lyceum.



"Mary's little lamb," said Mr. Parkhill earnestly, "had a 'fleece,' class, not 'fleas.'" He went on to delineate the disasters which might follow the replacement of the sibilant with the fricative. "Why, the entire meaning of a word, or a sentence, or an idea, can be radically altered if one says 'zzz' when one means 'sss,' or 'sss' when one means 'zzz.'"

"You hear?" whispered Cookie Kipnis.

"Imachin," breathed Mr. Guttman.

Mrs. Moskowitz was snoring softly.



"For example . . ." On the board Mr. Parkhill printed:

PEAS  
PEACE

"Ah!"s and "Ooh!"s and a reverent "Holy smoky!" from Mr. Wilkomirski, who was a sexton, greeted "peas" and "peace."

Mr. Parkhill struck again, while the pedagogical iron was still hot. "Or these words . . ."

KNEES  
NIECE



Now the class was beside itself with cognition. "A niece and a pair knizz is som difference!"

"Just on accont one little latter!"

"Sss! Zzz!" went one group of students. "Zzz! Sss!" went another.

The room buzzed as from a swarm of energetic bees.

"And sometimes, class," Mr. Parkhill plowed on, exhilarated by success, "two words are spelled alike, exactly alike, yet are pronounced differently *and have entirely different meanings!*"

This, alas, was too much for the beginners' grade.

"Hanh?" cried Mr. Marschak incredulously.

"No," groaned Rochelle Goldberg, and consoled herself with a bonbon.

"Same word, same spell, no same mean?" was the way Peter Studniczka put it.

Mr. Parkhill's chalk fairly flew across the slate as he printed:

CLOSE  
CLOSE

He turned to the class: "Now these, for instance, are two entirely different words!"

At this point Mrs. Moskowitz, returning to sentience, saw "CLOSE" spelled twice on the

board, heard Mr. Parkhill's emphatic "two entirely different words," and released a heart-rending "Oy! I'll die. I'll plain die!"

"Close," said Mr. Parkhill anxiously, "is an adjective, which means near. But 'cloze,' pronounced with the 'z,' is a verb, which means to shut, as in 'Close the door—'"

AS IF in some perfectly timed dramatization in reverse, the door was flung open. All heads turned. There, his clothes dripping, his face wet but his smile incandescent, his glistening hair wreathed in a sort of halo from the light in the corridor beyond, stood—

"Mr. Keplen!" cried Sam Pinsky.

"Et lest!" grinned Fanny Gidwitz.

Not all his comrades greeted Hyman Kaplan in such joyous accents.

"About time!" scowled Mr. Plonsky, squinting at his watch to see what time it actually was.

"You had to stop maybe on the way at City Hall?" asked Mr. Blattberg scathingly.

"You arriving or leaving?" inquired Miss Gursky.

Mr. Trabish announced, "Mr. Kaplan isn't late; the class is *early!*"

Mr. Kaplan suffered these petty taunts nobly. "I couldn't find fest vat I vanted," he said mysteriously. "An' texis are scerce like a chicken's toot."

"Good evening, Mr. Kaplan," said Mr. Parkhill dryly.

It was just like Mr. Kaplan to enter a room that way. Any other student arriving this late would have courted invisibility, opening the door like a mouse, entering on tiptoes like a thief, creeping to the nearest vacant seat, speaking only if spoken to—and then only to mumble some agonized incomprehensibility. Not Hyman Kaplan. He could not even arrive late without endowing it with the attributes of a world première. He made his tardiness an occasion that somehow called for public rejoicing.

Mr. Parkhill noticed that Mr. Pinsky was signaling to Mr. Kaplan with surreptitious flippings of his hand, accompanied by clandestine emissions of "Psst! Psst!" But Mr. Kaplan merely nodded with a certain insouciance and made not the slightest move to enter the room.

"Do come in," said Mr. Parkhill, not without a tinge of sarcasm.

"Axcuse me," said Mr. Kaplan; but his expression was not at all like "excuse me." "You blockink de dask."

Mr. Parkhill could hardly have been more astonished. He had indeed moved, without think-

ing of it, from the blackboard to the side of the desk nearest the door; but why that should impede Mr. Kaplan's passage from the door to his seat, a path entirely unobstructed by Mr. Parkhill or the desk, Mr. Parkhill could not for the life of him comprehend. "Mr. Kaplan," he began frostily, "I believe—"

He never finished the sentence. For the moment he turned, Mr. Kaplan lunged toward the desk, whipped a large object from behind his back, placed it on the desk with a flourish, and cried, "Soprise!"

The class, which had remained unusually quiet (now that Mr. Parkhill thought of it), erupted into salutations and applause.

"Congrejudation!"

"Happy boitday!"

"A hondritt more!"

Even Mrs. Moskowitz, returned from hibernation, sang out: "De present is from all!"

Mr. Parkhill felt his neck getting warm; a flush crawled up his cheeks. So that was why Mr. Kaplan was so late . . . and why he had made so odd an entrance . . . and why he had seemed so unapologetic. He had been shopping . . . But how in the world had they found out? Mr. Kaplan was pointing to the parcel on the desk. "So open op."

"Let all have look," called Mrs. Rodriguez.

"Could be teacher already *has* it," Dostoevsky's daughter intoned in her customary premonition of doom.

"Impossible!" Mr. Kaplan glowered.

Mr. Parkhill realized that they were awaiting his every word. "I—er—well, class—" He cleared his throat. "I hardly know what to say."

"You don't know what to say?" echoed Miss Ziev in delight.

"Don't say. Enjoy!" called Stanislaus Wilkomirski.

Mr. Kaplan raised his hand imperially. "Pro-cidd, Mr. Pockheel."

Mr. Parkhill fumbled with the wrapping on the parcel. It was gold-colored, with a bow of white ribbon the size of a cantaloupe, and wet, which made it singularly difficult to remove.

"Reep it!"

"Pull, maybe."

"Cot!"

"From de site!"

He removed the cantaloupe and the ribbon, and before the gold-colored paper came off the parcel, Mr. Parkhill suspected what was contained within. An attaché case. He pulled the last, damp strip of paper away. It was. An attaché case.

"Pssh!" cried Mr. Pinsky, slapping his cheek in ecstasy. "Is dat *beautiful*!"

"Use in bast of halth," called Miss Goldberg, reaching for a nougat.

"*Bella! Bella!*" That, of course, was Miss Caravello.

Mr. Kaplan passed his lighthouse beam across the ranks before him and inquired, *sotto voce*, "How's abot mine choice?"

"Fine!"

"I gotta admit!"

"Poifict!"

Mr. Kaplan accepted their accolade and signaled for silence again.

All eyes converged on Mr. Parkhill. He wiped his palms. "Well, class, this is really very kind—"

"Mr. Pockheel," Mr. Kaplan cut in with the pained air of a Brahmin forestalling some ghastly breach of protocol, "de acknowledgink comms *éfter* de prezantink!"

"Oh," said Mr. Parkhill. "Excuse me."



MR. KAPLAN faced his *confrères*, raised his arms to shoot his cuffs rather more ceremoniously than usual, inclined his head in the gracious manner of the Queen Mother distributing prizes at some rustic bazaar, and orated: "Distingvished titcher of beginnis' grate of Amarican Night Prap School for Adolts, prod mambers of de cless . . ." (Mr. Parkhill wondered why it had never occurred to him to call the ANPSA a prep school.) "Tonight ve have a fine, a foist-class occasion. Soch occasion is com-mink only vunce a year to eny man, an' netchelly also only vunce a year iven to our lovely titcher!" Mr. Kaplan paused for the applause he deemed appropriate at this juncture; it came; it departed at a wiggle of Mr. Kaplan's forefinger. "Ve all like boitdays—especially odder pipples!" Mr. Kaplan bestowed a glance of rebuke upon Mrs. Rodriguez, with whom he had once locked horns over that vanity which impels women to tamper with chronology. "So tonight ve vill tsalebrate Mr. Pockheel's, in a briff ceremonia. Ve got no *program*, ufcawss. Still an' all—"

"Make short, in Gott's name!" Mr. Plonsky broke in, then turned to face the rear wall in a gesture of supreme disgust.

"The Declaration Constitution didn't take so long," exclaimed some secret member of the Plonsky-Blattberg cabal.



## THE CASE FOR MR. PARKHILL

"Call Miss Mitnick," Gus Maisoukas growled. "Miss Mitnick! "Rose Mitnick!" "Speech from Miss Mitnick!" came a dozen rebel cries.

Olga Tarnova waved her perfumed handkerchief.

"You'll *gat* Mitnick," said Mr. Kaplan with an expression that signified there is no accounting for human folly. "So now, fallow-students of beginnis' grate, to prezant de prazent, givink rizzons an' full description, ve vill hear fromm de *odder* mamber of de Boitday-Prazent-for-Mr.-Pockheel Committee!"

The loyal friends of Rose Mitnick cleaved the air with their plaudits and turned toward their Guinevere. (Mr. Plonsky half-turned.)

But Miss Mitnick, skittish as a fawn under ordinary circumstances, now seemed totally indistinguishable from her background. She had slumped deep in her chair, her skin the color of oatmeal, her eyes stricken with panic.

"Mitnick," called Mr. Kaplan.

The wan maiden made a strangling sound; her lips were open but her tongue was paralyzed.

"Mitnick!" called Mr. Kaplan urgently.

Miss Mitnick had turned to stone.

"She got stage-fried!" cried Fanny Gidwitz.

"Svallowed her tong!" mourned Miss Kipnis.

"Miss Mitnick, Miss Mitnick, stand op, Miss Mitnick!" moaned Mrs. Moskowitz. It had the cadence of a dirge.

"Somebody slep her hendls!" suggested Cookie Kipnis.

"Make 'Boo!'"

"Snep fingers!"

"Could be her shoes are too tight," ventured Mr. Blattberg, who sold footwear. "She nidds at lease a 5-B."

The hollow tones of Olga Tarnova rose above the others. "Wonce I saw octress, had seemilar choke-in-troat. Eight minutes. In Rossia. In weenter. By lohver's funeral. Was sod, sod." (Sometimes Mr. Parkhill thought Miss Tarnova could not so much as say "Good morning" without invoking some image of tragedy on the frozen steppes.)

Mr. Kaplan was staring at Miss Mitnick with as much horror as she was gaping at him with terror. "Mitnick," he called, pleading. "It's not for *me*. It's for Mr. Pockheel!"

No other tocsin could have penetrated Miss Mitnick's benumbment. She rose, an automaton—ashen, trembling, clutching her handkerchief—fixed her eyes in a jellied glaze on a point in the middle of Mr. Parkhill's chest, and with muffled voice plunged into the fire: "On behalf of beginners' grade and all students in it, I pre-

sant this little key—" Miss Mitnick stopped. "—this key—" she gibbered, blinking her eyelids. "Key . . . key . . ."

Mr. Kaplan snapped his fingers, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a red ribbon from which two tiny keys dangled. "Two keys," he whispered. "Make plural."

Miss Mitnick took the ribbon, held it out stiffly and completed her ordeal: "I present these keys to now open the guaranteed genuine leather, full-lined, solid-brass-hinges—the case for Mr. Parkhill!"

Now it was done. Applause. Delight. Felicitations. A hush. They were all looking at Mr. Parkhill again.



He coughed. "Thank you. I—er—am most grateful. It's very kind of you, of all of you. Thank you ever so much." As he fitted one of the little keys into the lock, he noticed for the first time that the case was initialed. The initials were "M. P." M. P.? How strange. "M. P." stood for "mounted police," or "Member of Parliament." But *his* initials were not M. P. His first name did not even begin with "M."

He heard the rain splattering on the window, and the distant city noises with their ubiquitous intimation of the raffish. At Tilsbury, the peepers would herald each spring in night-whistlings so constant and so melodious that none who first heard them could believe his ears. For some reason Mr. Parkhill suddenly recalled the odd expression on Mr. Linton's face that time he had first told him about the American Night Preparatory School for Adults. Then Aunt Agatha's prim features materialized before him . . .

Mr. Parkhill looked up. The faces that loomed before him were rather larger than life, it seemed: Mr. Kaplan, Miss Mitnick, Miss Tarnova . . . Pinsky, Plonsky, Caravello . . . They seemed unified, for once, in most unfamiliar concord.

And it was clear to him, of a sudden, why the initials on the case were "M. P." Obviously. They always called him "Mr. Parkhill." What reason was there, indeed, to use his first name? Why, he could hardly remember the last time anyone had addressed him by it.

PAUL HENRY LANG



# HOARDS OF MUSIC

It simply is not true that the record-makers have scraped the bottom of the musical treasure house. Thousands of magnificent compositions—often forgotten for centuries—are now being rediscovered, and may soon be available for home listeners.

THE Sunday phonograph record columns and the glossy "high fidelity" journals are full of excited chatter these days about the revolution in the mechanical reproduction of music. The atmosphere recalls those animated days some ten years ago, when the introduction of the long-playing record consigned millions of shellac platters to the junk heap. So now for the third time within short memory the "entire repertory" of music will have to be re-recorded, for sure as the day, the newcomer—stereophonic sound—will be victorious.

This is, of course, an excellent thing not only for the manufacturer but also for the record reviewer. The former, after the twentieth record-

ing of a favorite concerto, is at a loss where to find a twenty-first pianist with enough appeal to justify yet one more enshrinement of the old war horse; while the reviewer can start firing all over again, just when he was beginning to fear that the end was in sight. "Practically the entire literature of music has been recorded, and from now on only duplications can be expected"—so runs his statement of sorrow and resignation.

While this monumental nonsense is of course not shared by most of our excellent record critics, the remark quoted above did appear in a national news magazine, and its author is not a solitary Cassandra. The manufacturers, the public, the managers, the musicians, and—worst of all—the music teachers, from kindergarten to university, also believe that we have reached the end of our tether, and that Mr. Schwann's ubiquitous and very helpful catalogue of LP records contains the sum total of our musical heritage.

This curious state of affairs almost defies explanation. Even the average college graduate knows that our literary heritage in the English language alone is immense, and he has also heard the names of Homer, Dante, Racine, Cervantes, and Goethe. He knows that works of the visual arts are valuable, even if they come from way back. But the art of music is supposed to be a recent invention, feebly starting somewhere in the eighteenth century with a sturdy old holy man by the name of Bach and a repertory consisting of "fifty pieces." (Virgil Thomson's *bon mot* is not an exaggeration.)

It stands to reason that, fine as they are, our own music collections cannot match the holdings of the great European libraries. Nevertheless, the visitor entering music libraries such as those of Harvard or Yale, or the music divisions of the Congressional or New York Public Libraries, will see row upon row of big folio volumes containing thousands of compositions. Bach's complete works make up forty-seven volumes, Beethoven's twenty-five. Others, taken at random, join the impressive list: Handel (91!), Brahms (26), Liszt (30), Chopin (14), Berlioz (20), Schubert (21). Then he will notice to his surprise the large number of "non-standard" composers such as Monteverdi (16), Palestrina (33 of the old, and 20 of the new edition in progress), Byrd (20), Purcell (over 30), Rameau (18), etc.

On other shelves there are gigantic anthologies entitled "Monuments of Music." These collections are culled from the manuscript holdings of libraries in various countries and are published by committees of scholars with financial help



from their respective governments. The German "Monuments" include more than 150 volumes, the Austrian 91, Italy over a hundred, and France, Spain, and others contribute hundreds more. Every year sees many additions to these great collections.

A German publication entitled *Choral Works* has over fifty volumes, Fellowes' *The English Madrigal School* offers thirty-six volumes, *Musica Britannica* has just produced the tenth big tome of a projected series, the fabulous edition of the Vivaldi Institute of Italy has reached volume twenty, another collection that goes under the name of *Nagel's Archives* boasts close to two hundred numbers, and there is an endless stream of other such anthologies by the Vatican, the St. Cecilia Society, the Plainsong and Medieval Society, the various national musicological societies, as well as by commercial publishing houses.

Pamphlets and catalogues inform the visitor that the works of many other composers are being readied for publication. He will recognize such names as Schütz, Gluck, Lasso, or Haydn, and he will readily appreciate the dozens of volumes already issued by the Russian State Publishing Company, for they deal with Mussorgsky or Tchaikovsky. But most of the other musicians are not even known to him by name. Moreover, rich as this partial enumeration seems, modern printed editions represent only a portion of the literature of music; we do not even know what else we possess.

#### WHAT'S IN THE CUPBOARD?

A FEW years ago the International Musicological Society and the International Association of Music Libraries decided to bring order to this confused situation. A world census of music is being made under their auspices by a legion of expert scholars and librarians, the first volume of which is about ready to be published. (I regret to say that while the plan was enthusiastically received everywhere, with donations coming from the smallest countries, no help was given by this country—although we are vitally interested in the success of the enterprise.)

Not even such a magnificent library as that of the British Museum knows exactly what all its holdings contain. Modern musicology is a relatively new discipline and only in recent years have there been scholars competent to deal with such problems. The able scholars in charge of the music division at the British Museum, at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and their colleagues at other institutions are systematically

analyzing their manuscripts, and scarcely a year goes by without some significant discovery.

But music is preserved not only in great public libraries; countless church, school, and private collections, former royal and aristocratic archives, and all manner of other sources have not yet been inventoried. Some of the most unlikely places harbor musical manuscripts of unique importance. The library of the medical faculty of the university in Montpellier, France, produced one of the most important collections of medieval music, and a few years ago a cupboard in Providence, Rhode Island, yielded the original manuscript of a famous Beethoven piece. Recently a Danish musicologist latched onto several masterpieces by Palestrina by sheer force of imaginative scholarly calculation, and the same man has unearthed a totally unknown contemporary of the famous church composer who promises to be pretty nearly Palestrina's equal. The late Alfred Einstein (a distant relative of Albert) spent forty years exploring the music of the Italian Renaissance. He copied thousands of admirable part-songs into dozens of big volumes which now rest in the library of Smith College awaiting publication.

"Practically the entire literature of music has been recorded"—indeed!

This concentrated effort may lead to the rediscovery of some missing masterpieces. We know, for example, that Schubert composed a symphony between the "Unfinished" and the great C Major. A large part of Bach's works is lost, as are many of the original manuscripts of Beethoven and Mozart. We do know these works, but from faulty later editions and copies. The first German opera is missing; so are some important late works by Monteverdi and Scarlatti.

Now how can such an uninformed concept of the literature of music arise? The fault rests with our music education, criticism, and musicography in general, for we have failed to create an educated musical public. Music has developed in this country into an industry with rather ruthless business methods. Furthermore, managers, directors of orchestra boards, music committees in political bodies, foundations, communities, and schools, mostly represented by laymen, exercise severe veto powers in artistic matters far beyond their comprehension. As things are now, most of these persons who make the policies can be likened only to cartographers who would mark "uninhabited" every place that has no house over two stories high.

All of us are the victims of the evolutionary

theory, applied to music by the Romantic writers, that the history of music is nothing but a constant development from primitive to higher species. Only a generation ago many considered Wagner the highest form of musical mammal, compared to whom Palestrina was an oyster and Mozart a dainty little bird. When Bach was rediscovered the musical representatives of Darwinism—performers and conductors—looked at him with admiration mingled with pity, for his forehead was somewhat sloping and his arms reached down to his knees. Therefore he was a bit humanized and brought up-to-date. It is only now that the public is beginning to realize that these great works have been disfigured by the transcribers.

This brings us, then, to the core of the problem: What is living music and what is dead music no longer acceptable to the public at large? Leonardo da Vinci and Ronsard are still alive but what about their musical contemporaries? A very small percentage of the world's music lovers knows, for example, that the Franco-Flemish composer Josquin Després was a towering giant among musicians, a composer every inch as great as the painter and poet just mentioned. Unhappily, during the course of an ordinary, decent education a student has little opportunity (as there is in the case of the conceptual arts) to acquire a knowledge and understanding of music.

#### WHY MUSIC DIES

THE average music teacher teaches how to play and how to sing, he knows about phrasing, dynamics, and harmony—but only according to nineteenth-century precepts. Consequently he teaches all this without any reference to changing musical thought. There are many music teachers who have never studied a bona fide modern composition, nor one antedating Bach, and even many of those with a wider knowledge have never read a modern book on music. They teach music as a skill that exists in a vacuum; it does not occur to them that music is an integral part of the history of ideas.

Yet the literature on music—and I mean serious art history and criticism, not anecdotes or “music appreciation” books—is rich in illuminating essays and monographs. If our players and conductors (not to mention record reviewers and university professors of music) would take the trouble to read about the manner in which music was practiced in the times of Bach or Mozart, we would not have to listen to so many

sad distortions of incomparable masterworks.

Now it must be admitted that even the scholar knows little about the crucial problem of living *versus* dated music, what it is that binds music to any given period, and how that period is related to the present. The prevailing taste glories in the Romantic music of the late nineteenth century, which is to say that musical taste and understanding are about three-quarters of a century in arrears. To a large segment of our intelligent middle-class society, Hemingway, Farrell, even Proust and Dylan Thomas are accessible, and only Congressmen would look upon Picasso with disapproval. But in music the same persons stick with Franck and Tchaikovsky. “Modern music” to them means Strauss and Ravel; anything beyond that is “poison,” to use the favorite word of concert managers. At no stage of the history of music was there such indifference toward contemporary music as in our day. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, admittedly a difficult and bold work, was enthusiastically received at its first performance!

Yet there are some facets of this problem that are clear. Certain aspects of medieval music are much closer to our present-day musical instincts than much more recent music. One can hear this in Stravinsky and Bartok. We also find that decidedly Wagnerian turns and harmonies are present in the late Renaissance madrigal. We must realize that every period, no matter how remote, was in full possession of the means of musical expression essential to its artistic fulfillment. Our supposed evolutionary “superiority” is a myth. The public has long since abandoned the idea that painting lacking perspective cannot be full-fledged art, but in music the equivalent of this conviction is firmly held.

On the whole the layman shows a receptiveness vastly underrated by the professionals in charge of our musical life. The professionals argue that the public at large is not interested in “esoteric” works and wants only the so-called standard repertory. But twelve thousand people turn up at Tanglewood for an all-Mozart weekend!

New systems of musical reproduction will come and go, they will re-record the “entire repertory,” but progress in musical literacy commensurate with the technical advances will come only after a thoroughgoing reform in our music education. If and when music ceases to be a manual skill and becomes one of the humanities, then the anxious record reviewer will not have to worry about the poverty of the repertory.



# Verdict Guilty — Now What?



Papin

By KARL MENNINGER, M. D.

A distinguished psychiatrist explains why our present method of punishing criminals is "an utter failure" and suggests a more scientific—and less extravagant—way to deal with them.

SINCE ancient times criminal law and penology have been based upon what is called in psychology the pain-pleasure principle. There are many reasons for inflicting pain—to urge an animal to greater efforts, to retaliate for pain received, to frighten, or to indulge in idle amusement. Human beings, like all animals, tend to move away from pain and toward pleasure. Hence the way to control behavior is to reward what is "good" and punish what is "bad." This formula pervades our programs of child-rearing, education, and the social control of behavior.

With this concept three out of four readers will no doubt concur.

"Why, of course," they will say. "Only common sense. Take me for example. I know the speed limit and the penalty. Usually I drive moderately because I don't want to get a ticket. One afternoon I was in a hurry; I had an appointment, I didn't heed the signs. I did what I knew was forbidden and I got caught and received the punishment I deserved. Fair enough. It taught me a lesson. Since then I drive more slowly in that area. And surely people are deterred from cheating on their income taxes, robbing banks, and committing rape by the fear of punishment. Why, if we didn't have these crime road blocks we'd have chaos!"

This sounds reasonable enough and describes what most people think—*part of the time*. But upon reflection we all know that punishments and the threat of punishments do *not* deter *some* people from doing forbidden things. Some of them take a chance on not being caught, and this chance is a very good one, too, better than five to one for most crimes. Not even the fear of possible death, self-inflicted, deters some speedsters. Exceeding the speed limit is not really regarded as criminal behavior by most people, no matter how dangerous and self-destructive. It is the kind of a "crime" which respectable members of society commit and condone. This is not the case with rape, bank-robbing, check-forging, vandalism, and the multitude of offenses for which the prison penalty system primarily exists. And from these offenses the average citizen, including the reader, is deterred by quite different restraints. For most of us it is our conscience, our self-respect, and our wish for the good opinion of our neighbors which are the determining factors in controlling our impulses toward misbehavior.

Today it is no secret that our official, prison-threat theory of crime control is an utter failure. Criminologists have known this for years. When pocket-picking was punishable by hanging, in England, the crowds that gathered about the gallows to enjoy the spectacle of an execution were particularly likely to have their pockets picked by skillful operators who, to say the least, were not deterred by the exhibition of "justice." We have long known that the perpetrators of most offenses are never detected; of those detected, only a fraction are found guilty and still fewer serve a "sentence." Furthermore, we are quite certain now that of those who do receive the official punishment of the law, many become firmly committed thereby to a continuing life of crime and a continuing feud with law enforcement officers. Finding themselves ostracized from society and blacklisted by industry they stick with

the crowd they have been introduced to in jail and try to play the game of life according to this set of rules. In this way society skillfully converts individuals of borderline self-control into loyal members of the underground fraternity.

The science of human behavior has gone far beyond the common sense rubrics which dictated the early legal statutes. We know now that one cannot describe rape or bank-robbing or income-tax fraud simply as pleasure. Nor, on the other hand, can we describe imprisonment merely as pain. Slapping the hand of a beloved child as he reaches to do a forbidden act is utterly different from the institutionalized process of official punishment. The offenders who are chucked into our county and state and federal prisons are not anyone's beloved children; they are usually unloved children, grown-up physically but still hungry for human concern which they never got or never get in normal ways. So they pursue it in abnormal ways—abnormal, that is, from *our* standpoint.

#### WHY OUR CRIME THERAPY HAS FAILED

WHAT might deter the reader from conduct which his neighbors would not like does not necessarily deter the grown-up child of vastly different background. The latter's experiences may have conditioned him to believe that the chances of winning by undetected cheating are vastly greater than the probabilities of fair treatment and opportunity. He knows about the official threats and the social disapproval of such acts. He knows about the hazards and the risks. But despite all this "knowledge," he becomes involved in waves of discouragement or cupidity or excitement or resentment leading to episodes of social offensiveness.

These episodes may prove vastly expensive both to him and to society. But sometimes they will have an aura of success. Our periodicals have only recently described the wealth and prominence for a time of a man described as a murderer. Konrad Lorenz, the great psychiatrist and animal psychologist, has beautifully described in geese what he calls a "triumph reaction." It is a sticking out of the chest and flapping of the wings after an encounter with a challenge. All of us have seen this primitive biological triumph reaction—in some roosters, for example, in some businessmen and athletes and others—and in some criminals.

In general, though, the gains and goals of the social offender are not those which most men

seek. Most offenders whom we belabor are not very wise, not very smart, not even very "lucky." It is not the successful criminal upon whom we inflict our antiquated penal system. It is the unsuccessful criminal, the criminal who really doesn't know how to commit crimes, and who gets caught. Indeed, until he is caught and convicted a man is technically not even called a criminal. The clumsy, the desperate, the obscure, the friendless, the defective, the diseased—these men who commit crimes that do not come off—are bad actors, indeed. But they are not the professional criminals, many of whom occupy high places. In some instances the crime is the merest accident or incident or impulse, expressed under unbearable stress. More often the offender is a persistently perverse, lonely, and resentful individual who joins the only group to which he is eligible—the outcasts and the anti-social.

And what do we do with such offenders? After a solemn public ceremony we pronounce them enemies of the people, and consign them for arbitrary periods to institutional confinement on the basis of laws written many years ago. Here they languish until time has ground out so many weary months and years. Then with a planlessness and stupidity only surpassed by that of their original incarceration they are dumped back upon society, regardless of whether any change has taken place in them for the better and with every assurance that changes have taken place in them for the worse. Once more they enter the unequal tussle with society. Proscribed for employment by most concerns, they are expected to invent a new way to make a living and to survive without any further help from society.

Intelligent members of society are well aware that the present system is antiquated, expensive, and disappointing, and that we are wasting vast quantities of manpower through primitive methods of dealing with those who transgress the law. In 1917 the famous Wickersham report of the New York State Prison Survey Committee recommended the abolition of jails, the institution of diagnostic clearing houses or classification centers, the development of a diversified institutional system and treatment program, and the use of indeterminate sentences. *Forty-two years have passed.* How little progress we have made! In 1933 the American Psychiatric Association, the American Bar Association, and the American Medical Association officially and jointly recommended psychiatric service for every criminal and juvenile court to assist the court and prison and parole officers with all offenders.

That was twenty-six years ago! Have these



recommendations been carried out anywhere in the United States? With few exceptions offenders continue to be dealt with according to old-time instructions, written by men now dead who knew nothing about the present offender, his past life, the misunderstandings accumulated by him, or the provocation given to him.

The sensible, scientific question is: What kind of treatment could be instituted that would deter him or be most likely to deter him? Some of these methods are well known. For some offenders who have the money or the skillful legal counsel or the good luck to face a wise judge go a different route from the prescribed routine. Instead of jail and deterioration, they get the sort of re-education and re-direction associated with psychiatric institutions and the psychiatric profession. Relatively few wealthy offenders get their "treatment" in jail. This does not mean that justice is to be bought, or bought off. But it does mean that some offenders have relatives and friends who *care* and who try to find the best possible solution to the problem of persistent misbehavior, which is NOT the good old jail-and-penitentiary and make-'em-sorry treatment. It is a reflection on the democratic ideals of our country that these better ways are so often—indeed, *usually*—denied to the poor, the friendless, and the ignorant.

#### SCIENCE VERSUS TRADITION

**I**F WE were to follow scientific methods, the convicted offender would be detained indefinitely pending a decision as to whether and how and when to reintroduce him successfully into society. All the skill and knowledge of modern behavioral science would be used to examine his personality assets, his liabilities and potentialities, the environment from which he came, its effect upon him, and his effects upon it.

Having arrived at some diagnostic grasp of the offender's personality, those in charge can decide whether there is a chance that he can be re-directed into a mutually satisfactory adaptation to the world. If so, the most suitable techniques in education, industrial training, group administration, and psychotherapy should be selectively applied. All this may be best done extramurally or intramurally. It may require maximum "security" or only minimum "security." If, in due time, perceptible change occurs, the process should be expedited by finding a suitable spot in society and industry for him, and getting him out of prison control and into civil status (with parole control) as quickly as possible.

The desirability of moving patients out of institutional control swiftly is something which we psychiatrists learned the hard way, and recently. Ten years ago, in the state hospital I know best, the average length of stay was five years; today it is three months. Ten years ago few patients were discharged under two years; today 90 per cent are discharged within the first year. Ten years ago the hospital was overcrowded; today it has eight times the turnover it used to have; there are empty beds and there is no waiting list.

But some patients do not respond to our efforts, and they have to remain in the hospital, or return to it promptly after a trial home visit. And if the *prisoner*, like some of the psychiatric patients, cannot be changed by genuine efforts to rehabilitate him, we must look *our* failure in the face, and provide for his indefinitely continued confinement, regardless of the technical reasons for it. This we owe society for its protection.

There will be some offenders about whom the most experienced are mistaken, both ways. And there will be some concerning whom no one knows what is best. There are many problems for research. But what I have outlined is, I believe, the program of modern penology, the program now being carried out in some degree in California and a few other states, and in some of the federal prisons.

This civilized program, which would save so much now wasted money, so much unused manpower, and so much injustice and suffering, is slow to spread. It is held back by many things—by the continued use of fixed sentences in many places; by unenlightened community attitudes toward the offender whom some want tortured; by the prevalent popular assumption that burying a frustrated individual in a hole for a short time will change his warped mind, and that when he is certainly worse, he should be released because his "time" has been served; by the persistent failure of the law to distinguish between crime as an accidental, incidental, explosive event, crime as a behavior pattern expressive of chronic unutterable rage and frustration, and crime as a business or elected way of life. Progress is further handicapped by the lack of interest in the subject on the part of lawyers, most of whom are proud to say that they are not concerned with criminal law. It is handicapped by the lack of interest on the part of members of my own profession. It is handicapped by the mutual distrust of lawyers and psychiatrists.

The infestation or devil-possession theory of mental disease is an outmoded, pre-medieval con-

cept. Although largely abandoned by psychiatry, it steadfastly persists in the minds of many laymen, including, unfortunately, many lawyers.

On the other hand, most lawyers have no really clear idea of the way in which a psychiatrist functions or of the basic concepts to which he adheres. They cannot understand, for example, why there is no such thing (for psychiatrists) as "insanity." Most lawyers have no conception of the meaning or methods of psychiatric case study and diagnosis. They seem to think that psychiatrists can take a quick look at a suspect, listen to a few anecdotes about him, and thereupon be able to say, definitely, that the awful "it"—the dreadful miasma of madness, the loathsome affliction of "insanity"—is present or absent. Because we all like to please, some timid psychiatrists fall in with this fallacy of the lawyers and go through these preposterous antics.

#### AS THE PSYCHIATRIST SEES IT

IT IS true that almost any offender—like anyone else—when questioned for a short time, even by the most skillful psychiatrist, can make responses and display behavior patterns which will indicate that he is enough like the rest of us to be called "sane." But a barrage of questions is not a psychiatric examination. Modern scientific personality study depends upon various specialists—physical, clinical, and sociological as well as psychological. It takes into consideration not only static and presently observable factors, but dynamic and historical factors, and factors of environmental interaction and change. It also looks into the future for correction, re-education, and prevention.

Hence, the same individuals who appear so normal to superficial observation are frequently discovered in the course of prolonged, intensive scientific study to have tendencies regarded as "deviant," "peculiar," "unhealthy," "sick," "crazy," "senseless," "irrational," "insane."

But now you may ask, "Is it not possible to find such tendencies in any individual if one looks hard enough? And if this is so, if we are all a little crazy or potentially so, what is the essence of your psychiatric distinctions? Who is it that you want excused?"

And here is the crux of it all. We psychiatrists don't want *anyone* excused. In fact, psychiatrists are much more concerned about the protection of the public than are the lawyers. I repeat; psychiatrists don't want anyone excused, certainly not anyone who shows anti-social tendencies.

We consider them all responsible, which lawyers do not. And we want the prisoner to take on that responsibility, or else deliver it to someone who will be concerned about the protection of society and about the prisoner, too. We don't want anyone excused, but neither do we want anyone stupidly disposed of, futilely detained, or prematurely released. We don't want them tortured, either sensationally with hot irons or quietly by long-continued and forced idleness. In the psychiatrist's mind nothing should be done in the name of punishment, though he is well aware that the offender may regard either the diagnostic procedure or the treatment or the detention incident to the treatment as punitive. But this is in *his* mind, not in the psychiatrist's mind. And in our opinion it should not be in the public's mind, because it is an illusion.

It is true that we psychiatrists consider that all people have potentialities for antisocial behavior. The law assumes this, too. Most of the time most people control their criminal impulses. But for various reasons and under all kinds of circumstances some individuals become increasingly disorganized or demoralized, and then they begin to be socially offensive. The man who does criminal things is less convincingly disorganized than the patient who "looks" sick, because the former more nearly resembles the rest of us, and seems to be indulging in acts that we have struggled with and controlled. So we get hot under the collar about the one and we call him "criminal" whereas we pityingly forgive the other and call him "lunatic." But a surgeon uses the same principles of surgery whether he is dealing with a "clean" case, say some cosmetic surgery on a face, or a "dirty" case which is foul-smelling and offensive. What we are after is results and the emotions of the operator must be under control. Words like "criminal" and "insane" have no place in the scientific vocabulary any more than pejorative adjectives like "vicious," "psychopathic," "bloodthirsty," etc. The need is to find all the *descriptive* adjectives that apply to the case, and this is a scientific job—not a popular exercise in name-calling. Nobody's insides are very beautiful; and in the cases that require social control there has been a great wound and some of the insides are showing.

Intelligent judges all over the country are increasingly surrendering the onerous responsibility of deciding in advance what a man's conduct will be in a prison and how rapidly his wicked impulses will evaporate there. With more use of the indeterminate sentence and the establishment of scientific diagnostic centers,



we shall be in a position to make progress in the science of *treating* anti-social trends. Furthermore, we shall get away from the present legal smog that hangs over the prisons, which lets us detain with heartbreaking futility some prisoners fully rehabilitated while others, whom the prison officials know full well to be dangerous and unemployable, must be released, *against our judgment*, because a judge far away (who has by this time forgotten all about it) said that five years was enough. In my frequent visits to prisons I am always astonished at how rarely the judges who have prescribed the "treatment" come to see whether or not it is effective. What if doctors who sent their seriously ill patients to hospitals never called to see them!

#### THE END OF TABOO

AS MORE states adopt diagnostic centers directed toward getting the prisoners *out* of jail and back to work, under modern, well-structured parole systems, the taboo on jail and prison, like that on state hospitals, will begin to diminish. Once it was a lifelong disgrace to have been in either. Lunatics, as they were cruelly called, were feared and avoided. Today only the ignorant retain this phobia. Cancer was then considered a *shameful* thing to have, and victims of it were afraid to mention it, or have it correctly treated, because they did not want to be disgraced. The time will come when offenders, much as we disapprove of their offenses, will no longer be unemployable untouchables.

To a physician discussing the wiser treatment of our fellow men it seems hardly necessary to add that under no circumstances should we kill them. It was never considered right for doctors to kill their patients, no matter how hopeless their condition. True, some patients in state institutions have undoubtedly been executed without benefit of sentence. They were a nuisance, expensive to keep and dangerous to release. Various people took it upon themselves to put an end to the matter, and I have even heard them boast of it. The Hitler regime had the same philosophy.

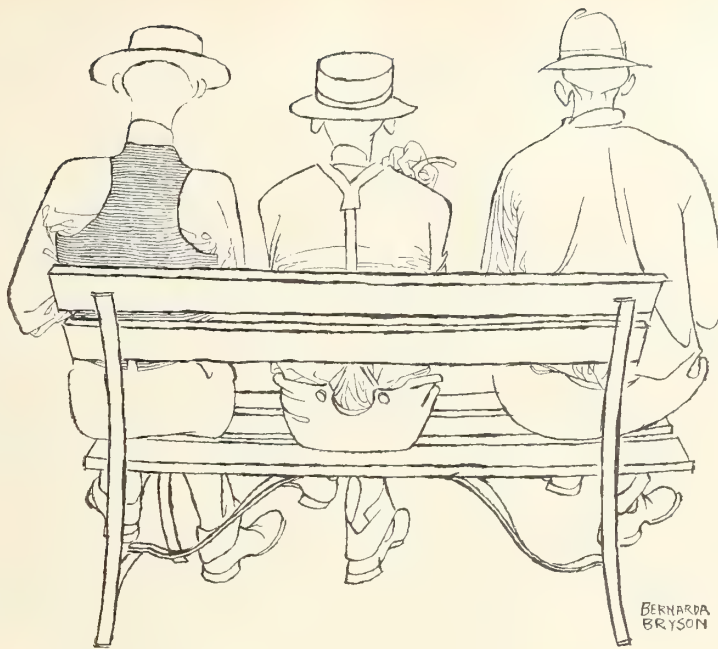
But in most civilized countries today we have a higher opinion of the rights of the individual and of the limits to the state's power. We know, too, that for the most part the death penalty is inflicted upon obscure, impoverished, defective, and friendless individuals. We know that it intimidates juries in their efforts to determine guilt without prejudice. We know that it is being eliminated in one state after another, most

recently Delaware. We know that in practice it has almost disappeared—for over seven thousand capital crimes last year there were less than one hundred executions. But vast sums of money are still being spent—let us say wasted—in legal contests to determine whether or not an individual, even one known to have been mentally ill, is now healthy enough for the state to hang him. (I am informed that such a case has recently cost the State of California \$400,000!)

Most of all, we know that no state employees—except perhaps some that ought to be patients themselves—want a job on the killing squad, and few wardens can stomach this piece of medievalism in their own prisons. For example, two officials I know recently quarreled because each wished to have the hanging of a prisoner carried out on the other's premises.

Capital punishment is, in my opinion, morally wrong. It has a bad effect on everyone, especially those involved in it. It gives a false sense of security to the public. It is vastly expensive. Worst of all it beclouds the entire issue of motivation in crime, which is so importantly relevant to the question of what to do for and with the criminal that will be most constructive to society as a whole. Punishing—and even killing—criminals may yield a kind of grim gratification; let us all admit that there are times when we are so shocked at the depredations of an offender that we persuade ourselves that this is a man the Creator didn't intend to create, and that we had better help correct the mistake. But playing God in this way has no conceivable moral or scientific justification.

Let us return in conclusion to the initial question: "Verdict guilty—now what?" My answer is that now we, the designated representatives of the society which has failed to integrate this man, which has failed him in some way, hurt him and been hurt by him, should take over. It is *our* move. And our move must be a constructive one, an intelligent one, a purposeful one—not a primitive, retaliatory, offensive move. We, the agents of society, must move to end the game of tit-for-tat and blow-for-blow in which the offender has foolishly and futilely engaged himself and us. We are not driven, as he is, to wild and impulsive actions. With knowledge comes power, and with power there is no need for the frightened vengeance of the old penology. In its place should go a quiet, dignified, therapeutic program for the rehabilitation of the disorganized one, if possible, the protection of society during his treatment period, and his guided return to useful citizenship, as soon as this can be effected.



# The Delicate Art of Growing Old

SEAN O'CASEY

*The Irish author, now living in Devon, was one of the most famous and eloquent of the old people who were recently asked to set down their ideas on how to improve the lot of the aging. The request came from former New York State Senator Thomas C. Desmond who has devoted much of his public career to this problem. This essay is excerpted from Mr. O'Casey's letters to Senator Desmond.*

I AM now seventy-nine and the days are all too short for me to hear, see, and touch the things around me. God Almighty, were I to be here another hundred years, I shouldn't be satisfied that I had seen, heard, and touched enough.

I have just finished a new play; I am working on a new book; I write many letters; and here I am telling those who may be a little younger, or as old as myself, to go on too.

I can hear a murmur saying, "Easy enough when you're a writer, to go on with the job." And maybe the murmur is right. There are old ones, though, who are carrying on who

hardly ever wrote a letter and never read a book in their lives.

One works in our small garden. It was in a wild state when we took over, but our efforts at improvement, if they didn't make it worse, made it no better. Finally we managed to get a man on a pension who knew something about the work. He was seventy-one, blind of one eye, with the other not so keen as in his younger days. After a few months, he brought tidiness and order out of the wildness and when summer came the garden shone with the bright color of plants his cunning hand had set out. Another friend of mine, Charlie, is an old lad of seventy-two, living with his wife on the old-age pension. He got hold of an old taxi that couldn't go, worked on it till it did, and now is very useful to us and other neighbors doing shopping, taking people to the station, adding to the security of his own life and the comfort of others.

My son, Breon, knew two women in London, one ninety and the other eighty-eight. The younger had to help the older one to rise from a chair; but the glorious thing about these two was that they were both busy learning Greek.

I like to work with my hands as well as my head though the hands don't handle heavy things and the head has to take an odd rest not needed in younger days. When I was seventy and over,



my favorite work was swinging a heavy axe, breaking up blocks of trees for the fires. But this work became dangerous, and I had to give it up. Now I do the washing up, peel potatoes at times, get the breakfast in the morning, carry down the pail of rubbish to the ash can, lay the table, and help my busy wife in any way I can. I take walks when the weather is not too bad, and find that even the same road changes its looks during the different days and the differing seasons. I read a little and am interested in painting and music and science, too. So I find that each day is not too long but far too short to do all that my heart and mind so eagerly wish to do.

I think that the old among us should receive enough in pensions, that is in money, to allow them to live within a very moderate independence. In kind, they should be provided with a fair-sized room or even a one- or two-roomed cottage if they be active enough to care for themselves. These are problems for the municipal authorities, the architect, and the engineer, with of course the advice of the social worker.

The social problem concerns the old people themselves. They can't keep up with the young and it is useless and distressing to try to do so, for the young can't be bothered with them:

they have their own problems, and can't give too much time to trying to lift the old out of theirs. We who are old should try to get more entertainment out of ourselves. Reading good books is one fine way to do it; but this needs practice and is hardly possible for those who haven't had some experience of good reading when they were young. These can enjoy light reading, and God knows there is enough of this to be found in all the libraries. Good music on the wireless, enjoying the many art books full of reproductions of the old and present masters of painting—these again need practice. But once acquired, the arts link those who enjoy them with the mighty past and the busy present, with the everlasting communion of beauty and truth.

For those who have never encouraged the habit of enjoyment in literature and art there are games—cards, backgammon, draughts, and chess—which require but two players. Many a delightful game of chess can be played between two people who could never become masters of the game. Alone, there are a hundred ways of playing patience with cards. The pity is that so many old people have always depended upon others for amusement when they were young.

We must begin at school and in college to learn to absorb life so that when we grow old we may be filled with its colors, thoughts, and sounds and so spend our last years in the melodies of sound, of color in flower, tree, and costume, and the lovely songs sung in poetry, story, and play. If we don't, then the old seek relaxation in being a misery to themselves and a damned nuisance to others.

Most important of all: the old must realize that they are old and not venture upon any activity that will distress them physically and make them an anxiety to the young. They must remember that their life is behind them and that every evening is eternally drawing to a close. So they must look back with satisfaction, and be thankful that they have lasted so long. Of course, once in a while, we may regret our lost youth, but this must be quickly set aside, for we have had our day. And we must leave the world to the young. We must not resent their seeming thoughtlessness, for they are, as we were once, full of themselves; and so they must be if they are to become useful and sensible citizens of their nation. We must decrease and they must increase, so we should rejoice in their energy and their eagerness. It is good to be alone in one's thoughts at times, to think of the end, to face it bravely, and go calmly and quietly when the time comes to go.

## AMERICANS GROW OLDER

Year	Number of people over 65 (millions)	Percent of aged to total population
1880	1.7	3.4
1890	2.4	3.9
1900	3.0	4.1
1910	3.9	4.3
1920	4.9	4.7
1930	6.6	5.4
1940	9.0	6.9
1950	12.3	8.2
1956	14.4	8.8
1960	15.8	8.8
1965	17.3	8.9
1970	18.8	9.0
1975	20.6	9.1

Adapted from U. S. Bureau of the Census reports and estimates (from Joseph T. Drake, *The Aged in American Society*. Copyright, 1958, The Ronald Press Company).

# Why de Gaulle needs MORE MIRACLES

He's worked wonders but France's ugliest and most menacing problems remain unsolved. A top Paris correspondent appraises his plans and his future.

**I**T IS now clear that in the last year, Charles de Gaulle has saved France—saved her from the civil war or semi-Fascist dictatorship that threatened her last spring, and saved that national self-respect which makes orderly, democratic government possible.

This is the second occasion on which de Gaulle has appeared, like the U. S. cavalry, in the nick of time, and it should be a sufficient display of heroics for any man. He might now be justified in sitting back and dropping discreet hints about where he would like the equestrian statues to rise.

This is, however, the exact opposite of what he intends to do, as his election to a seven-year presidential term indicates, and this is just as well. For he is confronted by tasks as difficult as those that have gone before, as difficult and more subtle. One is to end the Algerian war. The second is to preserve and eventually to extend what remains of France's parliamentary institutions while the non-Communist left rebuilds. If the first task is not performed, the disease that rotted French governments and gave de Gaulle his chance in May 1958 may some day rot his own. If the second is not performed, there will be nothing between the present sort of government, with its strong bias to the right, and the Communists; the danger to liberty will be immense.

These problems are indissolubly mingled. It was inability to solve the Algerian question that brought the final collapse of governments based

on the wayward National Assembly and led to de Gaulle's return. It was his return and his identification with the opponents of "the system" that led to the enfeebling of Parliament and the eclipse of the left.

De Gaulle is keenly aware of the need to bring the Algerian rebellion under control. No Frenchman could fail to be, least of all one who owes his position to the capacity of that rebellion to undermine governments. His bitter warning to extremist settlers in Algiers at the end of April to cease their complaints against him showed plainly that he knows his own position can be eroded.

It is extremely unlikely, however, that de Gaulle is a partisan of the restoration of parliamentary power. Perhaps he never will be. He dislikes and distrusts what he refers to as "party politics," and he comes by these emotions honestly enough. His contempt was born years before World War II and was strengthened by the French parliament's capitulation to Hitler and Pétain in 1940. It carried through the long post-war years when, by keeping him out of power, the politicians seemed to him to be using the parliamentary system for their private ends. "The self-preservation society of the parties," he once called it, or more sententiously, "the system."

Allied to this attitude is de Gaulle's mystical sense of destiny, which enables him to say, with a straight face and with considerable truth, "The national resolve, more powerful than any formal decree, openly appointed me to incarnate and lead the state." He has said that he felt the call first in childhood; it must have been deepened by his prophetic advocacy of the tactics of movement before World War II, tactics the French turned down and the victorious Germans used. Then he led the forces of Free France—it seemed to him not only against the Germans but



as he confides in his memoirs, "despite the allies." Finally, came his accession to political power, his defiant withdrawal, his long wait for the despairing call from the people of France.

"One does not shout, '*Vive de Gaulle*,' if one is not on the side of the nation." So de Gaulle once said. Anybody who believes that would have the gravest suspicions about the politicians who were trying to keep him out of office.

De Gaulle's present ascendancy is, in fact, in the nature of revenge on the politicians for past humiliations, his resignation as prime minister in January 1946, his failure to win power with the *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*, established in April 1947. The revenge is almost classic. He has a seven-year term as president, a government of his own choosing, and a constitution designed to fit his needs and desires. He even allowed himself the satisfaction when he took power a year ago of sending Parliament on an involuntary six months' vacation.

De Gaulle has established a benevolent despotism, and he finds its semi-monarchic qualities congenial. He makes provincial tours, visiting symbolically "great achievements" of France, such as an electronic microscope and the Caravelle jet-plane assembly line. There is even symbolism when he attends a social event, such as the graduation ball of the St. Cyr military academy, where he studied five decades ago, and where he shows his solidarity with the army in Algeria.

He retains his towering solemnity; his slow, serene speech; his brooding withdrawal from ordinary affairs. Even when he delivers a "fire-side chat," it is short and far from homely; he appeals to love of country with military metaphors, telling the put-upon poor that "it is the infantry that always wins the battles." If he goes through a crowd, his passage is triumphal. For France and himself, he actively pursues "grandeur."

#### THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

THE role de Gaulle has chosen is not an easy one. Anybody else who tried it might be laughed off the stage. He gets away with it because for him, it is not a role at all. Dedicated and austere, patriotic in the highest sense, he exists because from time to time, France needs him. "*La France entière*," he once called himself. Moreover, he long ago accepted the idea that successful leaders must cultivate some mystery about themselves, must remain withdrawn. He may even have been attracted to it because his personality made it impossible for him to be



otherwise. ("My nature warned me, my experience had taught me, that at the summit one can preserve one's time and one's person only by remaining habitually on the remotest heights.") In consequence, he gives himself a special status which he expects other people to be able to see, like a metal halo attached to the statue of a saint.

None of this suggests that de Gaulle is anxious to hand back to Parliament any of the power it grossly misused. The constitution he brought in shows he believes France should be governed. It gives him, as president, power to name the prime minister and other ministers, to dissolve Parliament and call elections. He is chief of the armed forces and "guarantor of the national independence and territorial integrity" and of "the regular functioning of governmental powers as well as the continuity of the state." In grave emergencies, he may govern alone.

With this constitution, de Gaulle is the indispensable man. In France's condition, he would be indispensable without it. There, however, is the rub. Some day he will no longer be there, and then a constitution drawn to fit the personality of one man is not likely to be the basis of a healthy political system. French instability may, of course, be chronic; the evidence has patently convinced de Gaulle. Nevertheless, in his anxiety to protect France against a foolish and incontinent legislature, he has left her with no constitutional protection against the possibility of an unscrupulous executive. There are parliamentarians who understand this, especially in the Senate. Late in May, the Senate asked for the right to vote on certain government policies rather than merely hear them pronounced. De Gaulle's prime minister, Michel Debré, himself a former senator, roughly, almost brutally, refused.

Former Socialist prime minister Guy Mollet summed it up in a partisan speech, as follows:

Our essential liberties have certainly been protected, but there are still great dangers, among them internal Fascism. The risk is not great while de Gaulle lives, but the present regime rests on the existence of one man. Let him disappear and the risk of Fascism will be there, with a government which feels itself weak because it is not representative of the whole nation and which tends more each day to become authoritarian.

For France, the hopeful way to look upon its savior is as an aberration. De Gaulle may not yet have asked himself the question, "After me, what?" let alone answered it. Some day, he will have to do both; perhaps he will then have an

answer that seems less likely to lead France along the way of Spain and Portugal.

#### WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LEFT

ANOTHER disturbing element in the political picture is the weakness of the parties of the non-Communist left. Their feebleness is in alarming contrast with the cohesion of the Communists. Virtually barred from Parliament by de Gaulle's electoral law, the Communists retain their grip on roughly one-fifth of the popular vote and they have regained ground by associating themselves—through the CGT, the largest national labor organization—with all protests against de Gaulle's program of deflation. Higher prices, lower welfare payments, stabilized wages, and a scattering of unemployment and shorter working hours are meat and drink to their cause.

The Force Ouvrière and Catholic trade unions struggle on, to be sure, but it is the Communists who set the pace. If there should be government concessions, it is the Communists who will, with some show of logic, be able to claim the credit. If there should be a recession, they will be able to claim leadership of the anti-de Gaulle struggle from the first.

By contrast, the condition of the non-Communist left is pathetic. The official Socialist party, headed by Guy Mollet, is a tiny fraction in the National Assembly. A few other splinter Socialist groups exist, and there are vague murmurings of all coming together if only Mollet can be removed. Dislike of Mollet springs from a number of causes—he helped de Gaulle to power in 1958; he supported the de Gaulle constitution last fall; and as prime minister he both launched the Suez adventure and gave way to the settlers in Algeria. In brief, he presided over the Socialists' decline and fall. He still, however, controls the party machinery and shows no signs of stepping down.

Equally shattered are the traditional wielders of the balance of power, the Radicals. Former prime minister Félix Gaillard controls what is left of the official party; Pierre Mendès-France leads a small and devoted following through the wilderness.

This situation was, in part, inevitable. De Gaulle's return to power was a revulsion against "the system," and in the election that followed, men identified with "the system" were swept out. There was more devotion to parliamentary methods, however badly abused, on the left than on the right.

Nonetheless, some of the responsibility was



de Gaulle's. After he returned to power, he decided to tie himself to no party and to remain aloof from all. If he expected this aloofness to be respected, it was understandable. Nobody aloofer lives. But this lofty detachment from nasty reality, while a splendid thing in a man raising his country from the ashes, is less useful in the political arena. His order that no party use his name, even as an adjective, meant in practice not that nobody would use it, but that everybody would who wanted to. Jacques Soustelle, leading the new Union pour la Nouvelle République, treated the savior of France as though he were the UNR's private property. "All with de Gaulle," his posters said, and, "A vote for the UNR is a vote for de Gaulle." Soustelle used the magic name best.

The reconstitution of the non-Communist left depends in the first instance on its own members, and it will be difficult. Socialists and Social Democrats rely on parliamentary methods and to a peculiar extent on the propagation of ideas. In the last year both sorts of activity have withered away. Most of the press would rather sound awed than critical, and opposition has come to seem almost unpatriotic. De Gaulle himself will not now help the left, except by reasonable protection of traditional liberties.

#### THE ALGERIAN DISEASE

**S**TILL, the day may come when he will want to do more. For apart from the danger of leaving people no practical choice except that between the right and the Communists, a recovery by the non-Communist left is desirable for another reason. De Gaulle may one day seize the chance of peace in Algeria short of a rebel surrender. If he does, although he has been moving his own men into key positions, he may run into trouble with part of the army. He will certainly run into trouble with some of the settlers, and with many of those who call themselves his supporters in France. The left might be needed.

A certain amount of mystery surrounds de Gaulle's policy in Algeria, thanks to his capacity for oracular pronouncement and to the capacity of others to hope for some spectacular, knot-cutting solution. In fact, his method is clear. It is to save Algeria for France and, as the French see it, preserve Africa from Communism by making peace maximally attractive and war maximally unattractive to the rebels.

He is not trying to bring about an overnight solution. It would be out of keeping with the attitude of a man who asked a recent visitor,

"What are a thousand years in the life of a nation?" and who has said publicly that generations may be required to solve the Algerian problem. The key to his attitude appears to lie in something he said, not long ago, in a private discussion of Algeria: "One must live with one's rheumatism."

Rheumatism is, of course, unpleasant but manageable. The question is whether the Algerian war is rheumatism or cancer. De Gaulle's intention is to reduce it to the proportions of the former. The war contained, France's mission in Algeria can go on.

This is a world of plans, and de Gaulle has two of them. One is the "Constantine plan," named for the city where he launched it last fall; its object is to give Algeria's nine million Moslems so much hope for the future that they will want France to stay on. This is to be done by industrialization, by providing jobs, distributing land, educating the children, raising health standards, and extending women's rights. There is a provision for drawing the fangs of the educated elite by offering them positions in the civil service, and there is also a political side. The Moslems, women included, are to be given the habit of voting—electing representatives in the French parliament and choosing municipal officials—so that a group may emerge with whom de Gaulle may work out Algeria's future.

In all this there is little that can have any immediate effect. Instead of genuine spokesmen for the Moslems, the elections have produced victories for lists of candidates organized by Europeans, some of whom support de Gaulle, some of whom consider him "too soft." They have also produced boredom. On the economic side, the brave schemes of de Gaulle's delegate general, Paul Delouvrier, are based on the oil and natural gas that lie beneath Algeria and the Sahara. It will be years before they begin to bear fruit. Even when they do, they are not likely to produce mass employment.

The uncomfortable fact is that, since the plan was launched, the condition of the Moslems has grown worse rather than better. This is because, as the tempo of military activity has risen, more and more Moslems have been taken from their homes and placed in makeshift camps and villages. By the time Delouvrier ordered an inquiry early this year, the number had reached a million, living conditions were primitive, the mortality rate, especially among infants, was abnormally high, and starvation an imminent danger. In April Delouvrier stopped all further population shifts without his personal approval.

The Constantine plan, however, is obviously meant for the long term. De Gaulle's short-term weapon is the Challe plan. This is named for the military commander in Algeria, General Maurice Challe, who was one of the two generals placed under something like house arrest by the Pflimlin government during the insurrection in Algeria in May 1958. His contribution has been to make the French army in Algeria more mobile, to substitute younger men for officers worn out by effort in Algeria and Indochina, to transfer garrison soldiers to fast-moving striking forces. The evacuation of whole villages, from which the rebels might have drawn food, money, and information, has meant that entire areas could be cleared.

Challe's plan has coincided with other rebel troubles. The electrified Morice line that runs parallel with the border of Tunisia has kept rebels there out of the fight; those who have come through have been badly mauled. The rebels' morale has suffered because of disagreement over the rejection of de Gaulle's cease-fire offer last October, and because of the obvious failure of the quest for help by their "prime minister" Ferhat Abbas in India, Pakistan, and the Middle East. There are signs that the rebel forces (Front de Libération Nationale) are running short of arms and ammunition; the French estimate that the Czech ship *Lidice*, which they intercepted en route to Morocco, carried enough material to outfit the equivalent of almost two divisions for a year. Assistance has been promised by the Chinese Communists but the French say there

is no way in which it can reach Algeria in any significant amount.

These factors have led Challe to say that a military victory is now possible. He gave no date but the calculation is that his plan will achieve its full effect in a year. All of this, it may be noted, is aimed at the FLN fighting men rather than their political leaders. The Challe plan, costing them casualties ten times those of the French, and the Constantine plan, enticing them, are expected to lead them to accept, at last, a cease-fire.

The question, of course, is when. For the moment, it appears that de Gaulle can wait, that he can carry on with his twin plans for months, possibly for a few years, without risking another explosion like the one that shot him to power. Provided reasonable military progress continues to be made, probably only economic troubles in France itself could set the explosion off sooner.

#### THE LAST QUARTER-HOUR, AGAIN?

IN HIS economic policy, de Gaulle has made two gambles. One is that the franc devaluation and reduction of subsidies will raise prices by no more than 7 per cent and that the unions will accept these sacrifices imposed on the working people. The other is that the deflationary measures of Finance Minister Antoine Pinay will not slow down French industry so far that it goes into a recession.

Should these gambles be lost, there will be open and bitter hostility from the unions, the Communists, and the rest of the political left. The absence of representatives of the working class from the government would feed the hostility—which might express itself in demands that the money now being spent in Algeria, estimated at \$6 million a day, be spent in France. Yielding to this would bring the right up in arms; the violence that lies just beneath the surface of French life might burst out.

So far, although it is a little early to make a final judgment, the gambles appear to have been won. Even the minor miracle of stabilizing the franc has been accomplished. For the first time in years French exports to the United States are exceeding imports.

But the time available to de Gaulle depends on military progress, on the tangible prospect of victory in the foreseeable future; and the sort of hope he is now holding out has been held out before. Frenchmen have a rueful memory of the

#### *Speaking of Islands*

YOU spoke of islands, where the fishing boats  
Sleep by the docks like men beside their wives,  
Content all night, while under them the waves,  
Arching their backs a little, purr like cats  
And rub against them peacefully. Some nights,  
You said, nothing in all that harbor moves  
Except those boats with motion of those waves  
And a few sleepy gulls with cries like flutes.

You spoke of islands as I speak of you,  
Sea-circled and remote, an island too,  
And of such latitudes as islands keep,  
And languorous airs, and fragrances offshore,  
And blue approaches to desire and sleep,  
O my belle harbor, my San Salvador!

—Donald Justice



phrase, "this is the last quarter-hour," used a few years ago by the then governor of Algeria, Robert Lacoste. The hope of victory now may prove just as illusory.

If it does, if the war continues, on roughly the same scale, all the factors that brought on the crisis in May 1958 may once more come into play: the frustration of an army starved of victories; the refusal to accept defeat and the conspiratorial talents of politicians like Jacques Soustelle; the settlers' fear of the future; the war weariness of the French people; the enormous disappointment of those who placed their hope in de Gaulle; the despair of the great mass of Algerian Moslems. Added to these would be the unpredictable consequences of the rebels' increasing reliance on the Chinese Communists for help and advice.

A special word should perhaps be said about Jacques Soustelle. He escaped from police surveillance in May 1958 to take political command of the insurrection of army and settlers in Algeria. He led the UNR to victory in the elections and might have been expected to receive a key post. He didn't. De Gaulle evidently decided that Soustelle would be hard to handle and bottled him up, first as Minister of Information, then as Minister for the Sahara.

How long Soustelle will be willing to stay in the bottle, it is impossible to say. He is an expert organizer—he headed the Free French secret service and counter-espionage for a while during World War II—and he helped arrange the downfall of three governments before de Gaulle's return. In any situation, he probably will be ready. Moreover, since de Gaulle has placed him on ice, he bears no responsibility for what happens in Algeria. Should de Gaulle's policy there fail and the settlers and the army demand a more radical treatment, they could once more choose Soustelle as their political mentor. Nor need Soustelle hurry. He is only forty-seven, and he can wait.

#### PASSIONS AND POLICIES

MEANWHILE there are reminders of the passions that can flare up. In Algeria, Prime Minister Michel Debré has been hooted and whistled at by right-wing settlers who want Algeria "integrated" with France. These same settlers have refused to participate in government-sponsored celebrations of the anniversary of May 13 and some declared it "a day of mourning." Signs have gone up on walls saying, "De Gaulle equals FLN" and, "De Gaulle to

the gallows." High army officers have made speeches designed to warn against any negotiations with the rebels. Newspapers have been seized on the ground that they impair the army's morale or impugn the honor of the police and the armed forces when they have made what seem to be accurate reports or engaged in journalistic speculation.

Europeans, outraged by rebel murders and kidnappings of young people and even infants, have at random beaten up Moslems in the streets of Constantine. North Africans have been rounded up in police raids in French cities and held without trial; not long ago, an Algerian wife and mother in Paris reported she had heard nothing of her husband since he was arrested years ago. French priests serving in the army have asked their bishops for guidance as to the attitude they should adopt toward torture and other abuses they say are practiced.

Yet these are mere ripples compared with the fanaticism and hatred the Algerian war has aroused in the past—and may arouse again, especially if French political life continues with no middle ground. It is too much to say that an end to the Algerian war would automatically produce a sane political life in France. Without it, there is no hope.

THIS is a problem only de Gaulle has the prestige to deal with, and for the present his position seems unassailable. He may no longer be the man he was; where once he uttered a clarion call, he now sounds like a grandfatherly tuba; but his record of achievement is remarkable. Not only has he banished the farcical spectacle of the rise and fall of governments. He has taken action: reforms of administration, of the judiciary, the tax system; of education, defense, profit-sharing. The French Community has been created, an act of enormous potential importance for the future of Africa; an attack has begun on France's dreadful housing shortage and on the wasteful system of food distribution. There has also been a frank appeal to nationalism with demands for a greater place for France in the Western Alliance. All of this has brought confidence; gold and dollars have flowed back into France, savings-bank deposits are up; the twenty-seven-months wait for visas for would-be emigrants to the United States has shrunk to nothing.

Nobody can say this is not impressive. If France today has an almost childlike reliance on one man, it is because that man has brought off miracles. It seems almost unfair to point out that there are other miracles still to be performed.



## *A wild night in Galway*

A Story by **RAY BRADBURY**

*Drawings by Willard Goodman*

**W**E WERE far out at the tip of Ireland, in Galway, where the weather strikes from its bleak quarters in the Atlantic with sheets of rain and gusts of cold and still more sheets of rain. You go to bed sad and wake in the middle of the night thinking you heard someone cry, thinking you yourself were weeping, and feel of your face and find it dry. Then you look at the window and think, why, yes, it's just the rain, the rain, always the rain, and turn over, sadder still, and fumble about for your dripping sleep and try to get it back on.

We were out, as I said, in Galway, which is gray stone with green beards on it, a rock town, and the sea coming in and the rain falling down and we had been there a month solid working with our film director on a script which was, with immense irony, to be shot in the warm yellow sun of Mexico sometime in January. The pages of the script were full of fiery bulls and hot tropical flowers and burning eyes, and I

typed it with chopped-off frozen fingers in my gray hotel room where the food was criminal's gruel and the weather a beast at the window.

On the thirty-first night, a knock at the door, at seven. The door opened, my film director stepped nervously in.

"Let's get the hell out and find some wild life in Ireland and forget this damn rain!" he said, all in a rush.

"What rain?" I said, sucking my fingers to get the ice out. "The concussion here under the roof is so steady I'm shell-shocked and have quite forgot the stuff's coming down!"

"Four weeks here and you're talking Irish," said the director.

"Hand me my clay pipe," I said.

And we ran from the room.

"Where?" said I.

"Johnny Murphy's pub!" said he.

And we blew along the stony street in the dark that rocked gently as a boat on a black flood because of the tilty-dancing streetlights above which made the shadows tear and fly, uneasy.

Then, sweating rain, faces pearly, we struck through the pub doors and it was warm as a sheepfold because there were the townsmen pressed in a great compost heap at the bar and





Johnny Murphy yelling jokes and foaming up drinks.

"Johnny!" cried the director. "We're here for a wild night!"

"A wild night we'll make it!" said Johnny, and in a moment a slug of John Jamieson was burning lace patterns in our stomachs, to let new light in.

I exhaled fire. "That's a start!" I said.

We had another and listened to the rollicking jests and the jokes that were less than half-clean, or so we guessed, for the brogue made it difficult, and the whiskey poured on the brogue and thus combined made it double-difficult. But we knew when to laugh, because when a joke was finished, the men hit their knees and then hit us. They'd give their limbs a great smack and then bang us on the arm or thump us in the chest. As our breath exploded, we'd shape the explosion to hilarity and squeeze our eyes tight. Tears ran down our cheeks not from joy but from the exquisite torture of the drink scalding our throats. Thus pressed like shy flowers in a huge warm-moldy book, the director and I lingered on, waiting for some vast event.

**A**T LAST my director's patience thinned. "Johnny!" he called across the seethe. "It's been wild, so far, all right, but we want it wilder, I mean, the biggest night Ireland ever saw!"

Whereupon Johnny whipped off his apron, shrugged his meat-cleaver shoulders into a tweed coat, jumped up in the air, slid down inside his raincoat, slung on his beardy cap, and thrust us at the door.

"Nail everything down till I get back!" he advised his crew. "I'm taking these gents to the

damnedest evening ever! Little do they know what waits for them out there!"

He opened the door and pointed. The wind threw half a ton of ice-water on him. Taking this as no more than an additional spur to rhetoric, Johnny, not wiping his face, added in a roar, "Out with you! on! here we go!"

"Do you think we should?" I said, doubtful now that things seemed really letting go.

"What do you mean?" cried the director. "What do you want to do? go freeze in your room? rewrite that scene you did so lousily today?"

"No, no!" I said, and slung on my own cap.

I was first outside thinking, I've a wife and three loud but lovely children, what am I doing here, eight thousand miles gone from them, on the dark side of God's remembrance? Do I *really* want to do this?

Then, like Ahab, I thought on my bed, a damp box with its pale cool winding-sheets and the window dripping next to it like a conscience all night through. I groaned. I opened the door of Johnny Murphy's car, took my legs apart to get in, and we shot down the town like a ball in a bowling alley.

Johnny Murphy at the wheel talked fierce, half hilarity, half sobering King Lear.

"A wild night, is it? you'll have the grandest night ever!" he said. "You'd never guess, would you, to walk through Ireland, so much could go on under the skin?"

"I knew there must be an outlet somewhere," I yelled.

The speedometer was up to 50 miles an hour. Stone walls raced by on the right, stone walls raced by on the left. It was raining the

entire dark sky down on the entire dark land.

"Outlet indeed!" said Johnny. "If the church knew, but it don't! or then maybe it does but figures—the poor buggers! and let's us be!"

"Where, what—?"

"You'll see!" said Murphy.

The speedometer read 60. My stomach was stone like the stone walls rushing left and right. Does the car have brakes? I wondered. Death on an Irish road, I thought, a wreck, and before anyone found us strewn we'd melt away in the pounding rain and be part of the turf by morn. What's Death anyway? better than hotel food.

"Can't we go a bit faster?" I asked.

"It's done!" said Johnny, and made it 70.

"That will do it, nicely," I said, in a faint voice, wondering what lay ahead. Behind all the slate-stone weeping walls of Ireland, what happened? Beneath the rain-drenched sod, the flinty rock, at the numbed core of living, was there one small seed of fire which, fanned, might break volcanoes free and boil the rains to steam? Was there then somewhere a Baghdad harem, nests awriggle and aslither with silk and tassel the absolutely perfect tint of women unadorned? Somewhere in this drizzling land were there hearth-fleshed peach-fuzz Renoir ladies bright as lamps you could hold your hands out to and warm your palms? We passed a church. No. We passed a convent. No. We passed a village slouched under its old men's thatch. No. Stone walls to left. Stone walls to right. No. Yet . . .

I GLANCED over at Johnny Murphy. We could have switched off our lights and driven by the steady piercing beams of his forward-directed eyes snatching at the dark, flicking away the rain.

Wife, I thought to myself, children, forgive me for what I do this night, terrible as it might be, for this is Ireland in the rain of an ungodly time and way out in Galway where the dead must go to die.

The brakes were hit. We slid a good ninety feet, my nose mashed on the windshield. Johnny Murphy was out of the car.

"We're here!" He sounded like a man drowning deep in the rain.

I looked left. Stone walls. I looked right. Stone walls.

"Where is it?" I shouted.

"Where, indeed!" He pointed, mysteriously. "There!"

I saw a hole in the wall, a tiny gate flung wide.

The director and I followed at a plunge. We saw other cars in the dark now, and many

bikes. But not a light anywhere. A secret, I thought, oh it *must* be wild, to be *this* secret. What am I doing here? I yanked my cap lower. Rain crawled down my neck.

Through the hole in the wall we stumbled, Johnny clenching our elbows. "Here!" he husked, "stand here. It'll be a moment. Swig on this to keep your blood high!"

I felt a flask knock my fingers. I got the fire into my boilers and let the steam up the flues.

"It's a lovely rain," I said.

"The man's mad," said Murphy, and drank after the director, a shadow among shadows in the dark.

I squinted about. I had an impression of a midnight sea upon which men like little boats passed on the murmurous tides. Heads down, muttering, in twos and threes, a hundred men stirred out beyond.

It has an unholy air, Good God, what's it all about? I asked myself, incredibly curious now.

"Johnny—?" said the director.

"Wait!" whispered Johnny. "This is *it*!"



What did I expect? Perhaps some scene like those old movies where innocent sailing ships suddenly flap down cabin walls and guns appear like magic to fire on the foe. Or a farmhouse falls apart like a cereal box, Long Tom rears up to blast a projectile five hundred miles to target Paris. So here, maybe, I thought, the stones will spill away each from the others, the walls of that house will curtain back, rosy lights will flash forth and from a monstrous cannon six, a dozen,



ten dozen pink pearly women, not dwarf-hish but willowy French, will be shot out over the heads and down into the waving arms of the grateful multitude. Benison indeed! What's more—manna!

The lights came on.  
I blinked.

For I saw the entire unholy thing. There it was, laid out for me under the drizzling rain.

The lights came on. The men quickened, turned, gathered, us with them.

A mechanical rabbit popped out of a little box at the far end of the stony yard and ran. Eight dogs, let free from gates, yelping, ran after in a great circle. There was not one shout or murmur from the crowd of men. Their heads turned slowly, watching. The rain rained down on the illuminated scene. The rain fell upon tweed caps and thin cloth coats. The rain dripped off thick eyebrows and thin noses. The rain beat on hunched shoulders. I stared. The rabbit ran. The dogs ran. At the finish, the rabbit popped into its electric hatch. The dogs collided on each other, barking. The lights went out.

In the dark, I turned to stare at the director as I knew he must be turning to stare at me.

I was thankful for the dark, the rain, so Johnny Murphy could not see our faces.

"Come on, now!" he shouted. "Place your bets!"

**W**E WERE back in Galway, speeding, at ten o'clock. The rain was still raining, the wind was still blowing. The highway was a river working to erase the stone beneath as we drew up in a great tidal spray before my hotel.

"Well, now!" said Johnny Murphy, not looking at us, but at the windshield wiper beating, palpitating there. "Well."

The director and I had bet on five races and had lost, between us, two or three pounds. It worried Johnny.

"I won a great deal," he said, "and some of it I put down in your names! That last race, I swear to God, I bet and won for all of us. Let me pay you!"

"No, Johnny, thanks," I said, my numb lips moving.

He took my hand and pressed two shillings into it. I didn't fight him. "That's better!" he said.

Wringing out his cap in the hotel lobby my director looked at me and said, "It was a wild Irish night, wasn't it?"

"A wild night," I said.

He left.

I hated to go up to my room. So I sat for another hour in the reading lounge of the damp hotel and took the traveler's privilege, a glass and a bottle provided by the dazed hall porter. I sat alone, listening to the rain and the rain on the cold hotel roof, thinking of Ahab's coffin-bed waiting for me up there under the drumbeat weather. I thought of the only warm thing in the hotel, in the town, in all the land of Eire this night, the script in my typewriter this moment, with its sun of Mexico, its hot winds blowing from the Pacific, its mellow papayas, its yellow lemons, its fiery sand, and its women with dark charcoal-burning eyes.

And I thought of the darkness beyond the town, the light flashing on, the electric rabbit running, the dogs running, and the rabbit gone and the light going out and the rain falling down on the dank shoulders and the soaked caps and trickling off the noses and seeping through the tweeds.

Going upstairs I glanced out a streaming window. There, on the road, riding by under a street light, was a man on a bicycle. He was terribly drunk, for the bike weaved back and forth across the road, as the man vomited. He did not stop the bike to do this. He kept pumping unsteadily, blearily, as he threw up. I watched him go off down the road into raining dark.

Then I went on up to die in my room.



BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Arnold Newman

the changing map of

# AMERICAN POLITICS

The professionals of both parties have not yet grasped the fact that voting habits are shifting fast . . . power is drifting westward . . . the Solid South has melted . . . and the old tactics just won't work any more.

WASHINGTON—The political map of the United States—that ultimate frame of reference which finally governs all partisan and ideological appeals and plans—is altering with gathering speed. And the older professional politicians, in both parties, haven't yet realized what is happening. They are ill aware that the very preconditions of the game are changing while they play a game that is out of date—and before long will be even out of mind.

Two great movements—one horizontal and massively obvious, one vertical and subtle—are working historic reformations before many eyes that see not.

The first is a new kind of glacier: the irresistible, marching rise of the population in the West accompanied by a relative fall in the East. The 1960 census will tell an almost unbelievable tale. Pennsylvania, the land of Boies Penrose, of storied Congressional and Presidential electoral power, will awaken to a new day which sees dipsy-doodle California pass it in terms of political impact on the nation. Ohio, the mother of Presidents, the seat of that most authentic of Old Guard Republicanism—"Ohio Republican-

ism" it has been called since before Mark Hanna—will fetch up behind Texas in power. New York will, after 1960, still hold the ancient primacy; but this, too, will pass, and possibly by 1980.

The second movement is even more advanced. Indeed, it is largely accomplished fact. The old eleven-state structure of the Solid South, which has stood with Bourbon pride and purpose and faded gallantry for a century and more, is gone already. The South is in fact no longer solid at all, in any sense, at any time. It is now a melting solidity at best, involving at most seven states instead of eleven.

Texas, which in political influence and savvy was incomparably the fustest with the mostest in that coalition of lost hopes, has long since left it. She has gone away to the air of the Yellow Rose of Texas. And she is able to smile at, and even herself to hum, that gusty parody of one of the lines of that song: "But the gallant Hood of Texas [a Confederate general, he was] sure played Hell in Tennessee."

Tennessee, indeed, has gone, along with Texas. For the things, politically, that Texas has now done have again sure played Hell in old Tennessee. But new Tennessee does not mind in the least.

Departed, too, are Florida and North Carolina. There are even signs that Virginia is slowly parting company, too, with a Solid South that is only a memory anyhow. (A nostalgically sad memory, however "wrong" some of it may have been, to some people—including me.)

In a word, the Texan leadership of Congress,



along with many other Southern moderates, has brought an end to what used to be a vast and often wholly negative Southern political monolith. These new Southern "moderates" (Senators Johnson of Texas, Gore and Kefauver of Tennessee, Ervin of North Carolina, Smathers of Florida are among the most significant) have created nothing less than a new Southern political condition.

It is true that there are counter-revolutionary forces at work, notably those typified by Governor Faubus in Arkansas, and that these are still capable of spasms or resistance arising solely from Southern fevers over civil rights. These, however, will be seen in time as *only* spasms. The wave of history is sweeping onward in the South. And in the longer slope it will take on the quality of inevitability, as that quality already pervades the rise of the New West.

But, hold up. May not this "wave of history" be arrested in the Presidential election in this very coming year? May not the South, or some of it, bolt the Democratic party again and so again turn its face to a past that will not return? Of course it may—or some of it may. But if it does, the bolting will come from the part of the South that is still unreconstructed, still "solid" locally. And even if much more of the South *does* bolt, this will help to prove the present point. For the profound changes here discussed assume the rise of yet another atypical thing in the old Solid South—a genuine two-party system.

The immense, overmastering new reality is that traditional allegiances and automatic voting on issues, on men, on parties, too, are dying out all over the country. We are crossing a high divide; and the wonder is that so few seem to notice its steepness.

#### HOW THE BALANCE WILL SHIFT

**T**O RETURN to the coming massive shift to be brought about by the 1960 census and the reapportionment of Congressional seats which will follow, here in a thin and mathematical way are some of the prospects:

- (1) The East to lose ten seats;
- (2) The South to hold just as it is—meaning that losses in the Old South will be compensated for by gains in the states which form the New South;
- (3) The Midwest to lose one seat;
- (4) The West to pick up eleven.

In Presidential electoral votes New York will

decline from 45 to 42. California will rise from 32 to 39. Pennsylvania will fall from 32 to 29. Illinois will stand fast at 27, Ohio at 25. Texas will rise from 24 to 26 and Michigan to 22 from 20.

Going beyond the bare bones of the figures, it is clear that convulsions in the national balance of political power are at hand.

In non-statistical terms, the Old South will be less and less able, in Congress and elsewhere, to make those alliances of temporary interest with the orthodox and largely Midwestern Republicans that used to be so often struck up with the *unfond* practicality in which royal marriages were arranged.

The Midwestern Republican heartland, in turn, will remain sentimentally the locus of the GOP; we shall be reminded endlessly in '60 of Abraham Lincoln in Illinois. But the long-observed *factual* swing of that locus toward the East may be checked—possibly even reversed—by the New West. That swing has been under way ever since the "Ohio Republicans" like the late Senator Taft began in 1940 to lose one national convention after another to the "Wall Street crowd."

Every GOP Presidential nominee since Landon of Kansas in 1936 has been Eastern-oriented and himself actually an Easterner. True, the Wendell Willkie of 1940 was presented as really a rustic free-enterpriser from the banks of the Wabash—as what Harold Ickes with memorable waspishness called "a simple barefoot Wall Street lawyer." True, General Eisenhower later was half-heartedly designated as a dusty plainsman from Abilene. But Willkie was of course a sophisticated corporation spokesman far more at home in the Economic Club in New York than in any rude tavern of Terre Haute. And Eisenhower's residence at Gettysburg hardly calls to mind a way station along the route of the Pony Express.

It is also true that in '44 and '48 a few faltering voices were raised that Thomas E. Dewey was at heart a sturdy, singing son of Michigan. This amiable nonsense, however, was too much for Dewey himself. It was impossible to hide the fact, and he himself never tried, that he was, after all, a fairly established Easterner; no man could be other after having sat so long in the Governor's chair in Albany.

The case for suggesting that the operating center of the GOP can no longer be assumed always to rest in Manhattan and environs is not confined to a totting up of the hordes of people now living in such states as California,

or quivering to move there amongst the movie stars and barbecue pits. There is also this: The repeated GOP rejection of the "Ohio Republicans" was not wholly geographical. One important and rarely apprehended reason was that New York was then the unchallenged heart and mind of the national communications industry.

#### THE POWER OF THE IMAGE-MAKERS

**T**AFT, and the Midwestern Republicans he personified, had got into the black books of the Eastern communicators—press, radio, slick-paper and earnestly-suffering magazines alike—because it was feared he would withdraw into something resembling Fortress America. Taft, in a word, needed to carry more than so many state delegations. He needed also to carry—as he never did—the whole nexus of American opinion-making. Now, to be sure, California has not yet matched New York as a HQ for political image-making. But in one aspect, that of television, it is surely approaching a substantial rivalry. (It is not a trivial bit of evidence that the 1960 Democratic national convention is to be held in Los Angeles.)

Thus, it is now shown, I believe, that we are well on the threshold of another political era. The politics of the future will have a markedly stronger Western accent. This accent will be softened a bit by a Southern note—but that too will be new-style, from the New South. The tones of New England will not, of course, be wholly lost. Nor will the harsh nasal clarity of the Midwest, nor the faint occasional murmuring of the Old South. But all these will be dwindlingly minor chords in the new national political speech and style.

Already, the West and the New South are in effective control of the *functioning* of both Houses of Congress because they hold nearly all the vital switches of the great machine. When, for example, critics assail the "Texanism" of Senator Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn, they are oversimplifying. Certainly, these men stand at the apex of Congressional power. But the middle section of the pyramid, and even much of its base, rests on the shoulders of the Westerners.

If Johnson goes on to other things—the Presidency, or whatever—it is as good as certain that the Senate Democratic leader in his succession will be Mike Mansfield of Montana. Moreover, the Congressional elections of last year, and those of 1956, brought into Washington a clutch of

able young Westerners who are going to be here for a long time, no matter what happens politically.

What has already developed, then, particularly in the Senate, where power once obtained is never quickly or lightly lost, is this:

The Congressional wing of the Democratic party—and to some small extent also of the Republican party—has been remade into a young, vigorous, unworried mechanism which largely rejects the traditionalism alike of Eastern, Deep Southern, and Middle Western politics. This new Western—Modern Southern politics is pre-eminently a politics of construction and not of ideology as we have known it. It is interested in social reform, yes. But it is even more interested in building big dams, in reclaiming a region, in throwing roads over mountains. It wants to bring to power and glory all over the West—and all over the South—a larger thing like that which Palmer Hoyt of the *Denver Post* calls, in his own bailiwick, the Rocky Mountain Empire.

#### THE NEW LIBERALS

**A**ND on what might be called social liberalism—civil rights, public medicine, and so on—this new coalition numbers some of the most advanced and authentic activists, men like Senators Neuberger of Oregon, Monroney of Oklahoma, and Church of Idaho in the newer generation and Murray of Montana and O'Mahoney of Wyoming in the old. Even these social objectives, however, are not to the new Westerners so nearly and totally a *final raison d'être* as they are to the more traditional Eastern liberals. The Westerners believe in these things; but they believe also in public power and other like things toward which the Modern Southerners can assist them. The Modern Southerners, on their side, are ready to go as far as they *can* go, considering their geographic realities, toward the social welfare goals of the West.

The Southern politicians by and large have of course long had many enterprises in common with the Western fellows—cheap power, lower freight and interest rates, a faint touch of a twentieth-century populism. What is new is that these common desires progressively and irresistibly are being made into political and legislative realities by the Western—New Southern concert. Anybody who supposes all this to have only transitory and sectional meaning has only to look again at the 1958 Congressional election returns.



As the ballot counting moved westward along with the time belt, the bad news for the Republicans, who had run a campaign of old-fashioned sterility, became worse and worse. This was not in consequence of purely partisan circumstances. It was not even attributable to the factor of "more attractive Democratic candidates," as organization Republicans like sadly to contend. It was more due to the simple fact that the new politics is more involved in building things—and with dispatch—than in endlessly discussing the political abstractions that occupy so much of the energy of the old politics, whether in the Old South, the Midwest, or the East.

And the Republicans themselves have not been wholly untouched by this new approach. The emergence this year of Thomas Kuchel of California as the assistant Republican leader of the Senate was not accidental. Kuchel, again, is a *building* politician, not an ideological one. He is hardly identifiable as either "modern" or "orthodox." And, most meaningful of all, he is from the West. (Knowland of California was strictly an "Ohio Republican," his birthplace notwithstanding.)

Now I am aware that Congressional political movements do not necessarily stand on all fours with Presidential politics. But when bills are passed in aid of the urgent constructive interests of very large regions, the effects are not merely incidental in Presidential elections. Political effects are not now halted by either state or regional lines.

And the returns from a series of elections—in 1952 for both President and Congress, in 1954 for Congress alone, in 1956 for both, in 1958 for Congress alone again—surely indicate this: *A critical and probably a decisive part of the voting public doesn't give much of a damn anymore about party slogans or partisan habits.*

#### THE VANISHING STEREOTYPES

THIS is why I believe the old-fashioned politicians are looking at a new political map which they do not or cannot read. Paul Butler of the Democratic National Committee, for example, spends much time issuing "must" directives for party actions, many of which were out of date even at the end of the Truman Administration. He is desperately "liberal" in his views of what the 1960 party convention should do, and there is surely no harm in that.

The trouble is that he is defining "liberal" in the terms of the Roosevelt New Deal. That kind of liberalism, however useful and gallant

in its day, is anachronistic now. Nobody, no party, is going to get anywhere now by supposing that you can pick up tidy blocs of voters—some labeled "labor," some labeled "farmers," and so on—and automatically wind up with the powerful Democratic mosaic of the old days.

Many people, indeed millions of them, who were "organized labor" twenty years ago wear that label now simply as a memento of yesterday. Much of the old militancy has gone. Usually, it went about the time the old militant bought his first split-level house. So with the farmers; the old powerful farm-bloc business is largely a memory.

To succeed politically now, as a person or as a party, you build things that are visible. You promote the definitely bread-and-butter aspirations of people and communities and states. You perform with efficiency—and there is no harm even in not talking overmuch.

You are lost if you preoccupy yourself with the old mumbo-jumbo expertise of an era that is done. This was the politics in which the pros stood muttering, like alchemists in a mad-scientist movie, over a beaker in which were placed, chunk by chunk, the infallible ingredients for success: So much of racial and religious "balancing," so much for "the farmers," for "the city people," and so on.

The Republicans, too, seem to have lost or misread the map, though one cannot fairly criticize Republican National Chairman Thruston Morton with quite the friendly briskness applied to Butler, if only because Morton is not long in his present office. They, too, are all too concerned with dead shibboleths. You don't, for illustration, carry the West Coast—or you won't in a few years, at any rate—simply by proud, stoic pledges to "a balanced budget," and by crying out slogans antithetical to those of the no-longer-relevant New Deal. (Nor the East Coast, nor the Middle West, either, if it comes to that.)

There is a new political geography, like it or not, and it is getting newer and newer, so to speak, and less and less interested in political stereotypes—even partisan stereotypes. This is a new country, politically, and it will require a politics of competence or performance and, I believe, of calm as well. There will not be many more torchlight parades; there will not be much more isolation of section from section. Even the courthouse gang, though certainly not yet finished, now looks across to the next county—and the next state—while it listens on the television to the endless "westerns" now more popular in the East than in their alleged locale.



## Tonight he'll KNOW

That special point which so absorbs him now—by tonight it will be his.

But tomorrow he will move on to the next point, the next topic, the next chapter.

And a week from now, a year from now, in the same subject, or in another, he will face new frontiers of KNOWING.

So it is with knowing the news. Today's news is only the beginning of tomorrow's news, this week's news only the first chapter of next week's.

For knowing the news, like *all* knowing, never ends. Each day mankind makes more news, has new triumphs and trials, crosses new horizons, faces new crises.

And all of this news matters to intelligent people, responsible people, successful people.

It was exactly for people like these that TIME was invented.

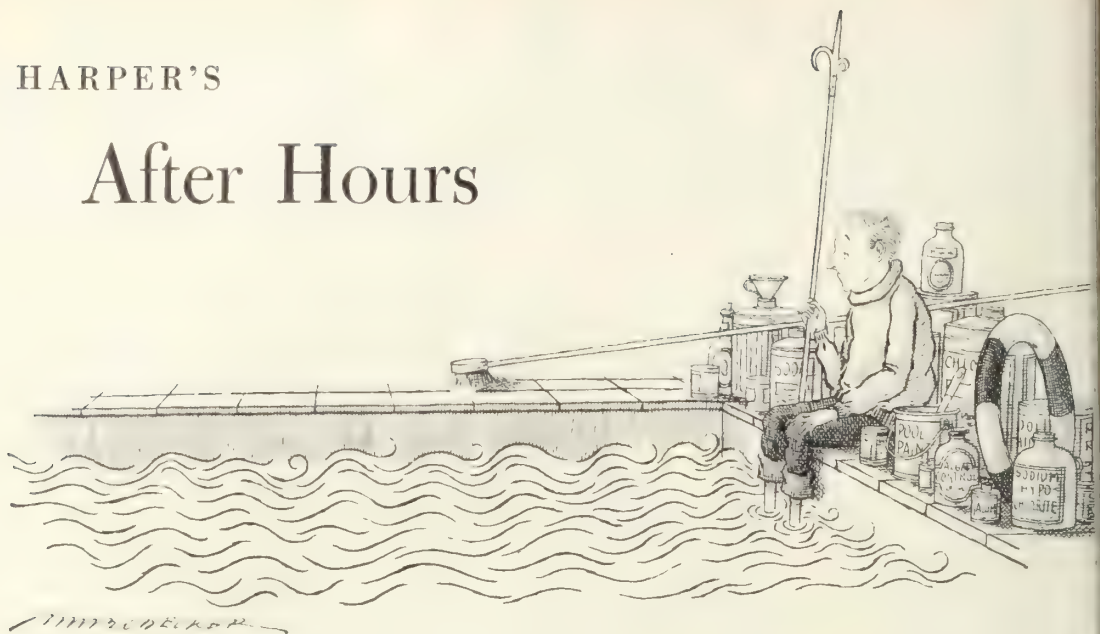
It is to people like these that TIME has become a lifelong weekly habit, just as their favorite morning newspaper is a lifelong daily habit.

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MR. HARPER'S

## After Hours



### THE POOL IS BLUE

**B**EFORE the whole country goes overboard with one big splash, someone ought to tell the truth: The back-yard swimming pool, once considered a rich man's luxury, is still a rich man's luxury and a poor man's pain in the neck, back, and pocketbook.

Most of the glowing accounts appearing in print about the joys of owning a pool have one thing in common. They are written by new pool owners who are enjoying their first season. I glowed too, the first year or two, but five years later, submerged by another summer, my glow has dimmed because of the continuing cost of upkeep, the inconsiderateness of users, and the perennial responsibility imposed by a pool.

The first big item of misinformation is cost. "I built a pool for \$769." "We dug ours ourselves and it only cost \$547." We are practical, salaried, original do-it-yourselfers who finally convinced ourselves, I forget by what arithmetical reasoning, that we could spend \$2,500. So, by the time the first person (aside from Christopher the cat) got wet in our pool we had spent \$3,500 and that was not the end.

We investigated pools for three years and tried every possible way to cut costs, but we were forced to conclude that a lasting, sanitary pool,

safe for teen-age diving (and teenagers will dive whether it is safe or not) is going to cost considerably more than \$393 or \$769 or even one thousand big round dollars—without a filter or any other necessities.

Some people feel they can get along without a filter. They can, if they have a small pool and want to change the water at least once a week. But with fifteen or twenty active swimmers day after day, it is questionable whether the water is safe for a week without changing.

Even if a pool takes only 10,000 gallons (and the novice will be surprised how small a pool uses that much) the water has to go somewhere when it is drained, and the sewer department will have some expensive ideas on how to connect up with the city system. Then, when it is time to refill, the water department may have decided that there has been so little rain that not even grass and trees should be watered—so the pool remains empty or the owner fills it anyway and feels like the heel he is.

The only practical solution is to have a filter (\$280 for pools of less than 10,000 gallons, and up depending on size). But of course when you have an efficient filter you are not through. The pool requires chemicals. It needs chlorine to keep down the bacteria; algae control to keep the sides from getting slimy; alum; and soda cakes to counteract the acid

which is inevitable from the chlorine and perspiring bodies even if no unhousebroken children are allowed.

In addition, there is the matter of getting the chemicals into the water. An automatic chlorinator (\$93 and up) simplifies the matter but it can be done by hand. Not arduous, but oh, so regular, also with the usual testing for alkalinity or acidity. (The test kit is the other thing I know connected with a pool to be had for as little as \$5.50—aluminum, of course.) In a rainy spell or very hot one, the algae will beg to grow in spite of chemicals so the sides have to be scrubbed down (Wall brushes \$9 up, plus long handle \$6 up.)

The expense by no means stops with building the pool and buying the filter and chemicals and utensils. If grass clippings and dirt are to be kept out of the pool, a paved walk around it is a must, as is liability insurance.

That is mostly first-season work and expense, of course, but getting a pool ready for the summer is always a tremendous physical undertaking and also more expense. The pool must be cleaned out and repainted (swimming pool paint \$10 or more per gallon). One doesn't just grab a ladder and bucket and brush and start one nice spring day when the weather begins to warm up and the phone is jingling with, "Is the pool operating?"

# AFTER HOURS

If the pool has been filled all winter it must be drained and the accumulated muck from the winter must be cleared away. This cannot be done through the filter system because it would ruin the filter media and, besides, the filter had to be winterized the preceding fall (motor disconnected, serviced, stored, and pipes drained, \$15 up). So, after the pool drained as far as possible the residue has to be bailed by hand. Even with a pool cover (\$100 or more) there will still be leaves that got in somehow and silt and a little dead house or two. Then comes the scrubbing. First with clear water, then with sodium hypochlorite (bleach to the housewife) and then with muriatic acid, none of which is very expensive including the scrub brushes which are good only for the one job, but it makes a ten-dollar bill fade rather rapidly. Then after final washing down with clear water the paint goes on.

When the pool is filled, along with the swimming comes the skimming. Skimmer \$5.25 up, a big bargain because the same long handle used for the wall brush works here, but a shorter one, \$6, is handier.) Ordinarily, skimming needs doing only two or three times a day, but any little gust of wind necessitates extra skimming unless leaves are to be allowed to accumulate on the bottom and make vacuuming harder. Vacuuming? Yes, every Saturday morning from breakfast until noon. A pleasant job but oh, so regular! It goes on from the first week the pool is filled until too many leaves fall in October. With strong water pressure (which we do not have) a \$60 vacuum attached to a garden hose will probably be adequate. Otherwise the cost is upward of a hundred dollars.

My original idea in having a pool was that it would be a wonderful center for teen-age activity. Teenagers do enjoy it, of course, but the lack of activity is what palls—eight, ten, or twelve big hulks in bathing trunks lounging around the living-room on antique velvet sofas or chairs. When I say "out," instead of leaving as the dog does they quibble, "but our suits aren't wet."

Another not-so-hidden cost of the pool is the food bill. I provide soft drinks, cheese, peanut butter, lunch



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meats, and cookies, and we have apples and cherries in the yard. So what happens? I buy half a gallon of ice cream at two o'clock for dinner dessert and when I start to serve I find barely enough for one. I leave a cake under a bell and return to find most of it gone. If this sounds stingy, remember, we are salaried people and this goes on for three months.

Naturally, the pool ends spur-of-the-moment expeditions away from home for a few days or even overnight because it is difficult to get anyone to take care of the pool on short notice and the leaves will sink and the algae will grow and the weekly vacuuming will be missed and it will take a couple of weeks to get the pool back in balance—so we stay home.

Likewise, any very extended vacations are also out. If we manage to get a friend to take care of the pool, we hate to impose very long, and professional care is too expensive for us. Besides news of our departure spreads and people we never heard of use our pool, and we cannot be sure how careful they will be. Always there is the worry, "What if someone is badly hurt?" or, "What if some playful soul decides it would be funny to dump in several bushels of dirt?" as happened once. So we do not really relax when we do get away but hurry back to more riding herd on the pool and the algae and the strangers who announce they are Susu's mother (who's Susu?) or Sammy's friends.

If one can really afford all the hidden costs of a pool, plus professional maintenance plus at least a part-time lifeguard, then perhaps a pool can be a pleasure. But that puts it right back in the "rich man's" class and for my money that is where it ought to stay. I wish some rich man had mine!

—Valre Talley Davis

#### IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE

ON THE first steaming hot day of June I got into a mid-day plane at the Newark airport to go to Williamsburg, our most prominent eighteenth-century "fly in amber," for a conference of foreign students. The theme of the confer-



ence, I had been forewarned, was "The American Dream—Myth or Reality." We live in an age of myths, I thought, and one of them is the myth of speed as exemplified by air travel. I was thinking this as we took off down the runway, and my notion was confirmed when five minutes later we wheeled around and returned to the airport. Someone, it seemed, had forgotten to lock the door to the baggage compartment, and it had come open. It could only be closed from the outside.

If you are on your way to make a speech, this sort of incident takes on significance. You keep trying to draw lessons from anything that might help you over the chasm of misunderstanding between you and your audience. I needn't have worried. If there were moments at the conference when communication of ideas failed completely, there never was a moment when someone didn't have quite a lot to say.

The conference, whose proper name was the Third Williamsburg International Assembly, brought together forty-nine students from thirty-eight foreign countries and eight American students who plan to work overseas. It was as bright, varied, inquisitive, friendly, and skeptical a lot of people as you would be likely to find anywhere. They were not kids. Almost without exception they had been here in graduate schools and on Fulbrights. They had gone to small colleges and large universities, private ones and public ones. There was no continent that was not represented and no political ideology. (There were no Russian students, but there were two from Communist Poland.) There were, for example, a sociologist from the United Arab Republic, a beauti-

ful female criminologist from Switzerland, the head of music education of New Zealand's teacher's college there were representatives from Kenya, Thailand, Korea, India, and their average age, I would guess, was about twenty-six, possibly less.

Colonial Williamsburg, which sponsored the four-day conference had invited eight men to discuss the American dream, and we were nearly as mixed a bag as the students: an ex-Ambassador to Turkey who is also a successful businessman, an American historian, a lawyer, a university president, two newspapermen and a couple of us who had written books on American culture. We each had a subject we were asked to propound briefly, after which we were quizzed. We ate with the students, drank beer with them, chatted with them, and debated with them. On the whole I think we learned more than they did.

A young man from China, Fu Hu, who had been at Emory University said that he thought that higher education in America was too restrictive—too many required courses, too much required reading, and too little opportunity for individual initiative and selection; and a student from Korea said that he found this reflected in the attitude of the students. American students, he said, are too polite to each other in conversation. They don't argue passionately about large problems for fear they will hurt somebody's feelings.

This is an observation that has long been made by foreign visitors about Americans, and one of the most refreshing things about the Assembly was the absence of rancor coupled with candor, that characterized the discussions. The questions were pointed and they were probing. All of the usual clichés about America were exposed: Americans are materialistic, they only think about refrigerators and about money. Americans are conformists (all Americans look alike, dress alike, want the same cars, etc., etc.); Americans are led around by the nose by advertisers; Americans put up with the lowest levels of taste, witness the nature of television shows.

One would think that these clichés are easily disposed of. They are not for two reasons. It is with such clichés in his mind that the foreign

## AFTER HOURS

ident arrives in this country and, quite naturally, he looks for evidence of their truth. What's more, he finds plenty of it. Furthermore, he sees our society as a block and not as a series of individuals; he is looking for the similarities among people and not the differences. The conclusions he draws are large ones that lack subtleties, and he cannot be blamed for this. American travelers draw similar large conclusions when they travel. But the second reason why the clichés are not easily disposed of is that they are perpetuated by the intellectual community, and it is primarily in the intellectual community that these students met in America.

One of the "authorities," as the night conference leaders were called, said, apropos of a persistent question about conformity from a young Jewish economist from Israel who cited *The Organization Man* and *The Lonely Crowd* as sources, "The authors exaggerate because they want to make their point." Actually, it seems to me, that the authors isolate, not exaggerate, and in so doing focus on individual aspects of our society so that it seems like all of our society. And this, indeed, is what the foreign students had done. The clichés grew in their mind as useful clues to understanding us, until the clichés themselves took over. In every cliché about us there is a large grain of truth; to destroy the cliché would be to destroy part of the truth, to support it is to permit the truth to be distorted.

But there was a built-in contradiction in the minds of a great many of the students which was, we found, nearly impossible to dislodge. At the same time that they believed in the uniformity of American life, they saw a great many problems that they thought could be solved "by the government." Why did we allow education to be good in some states and very poor in others? Why did we tolerate the Puerto Rican problem in New York City? Why did we allow a strike in the steel industry that affected the whole economy? Why did we not support our artists, our opera, our theater with government funds? In other words, at the same time that they deplored the lack of differentiation in the national character they didn't understand why

the national government didn't run everything.

There was no question of democracy as opposed to dictatorship, but there was little understanding of our tradition of either local determination or of the rights of the states. The community's responsibility for its own educational and cultural standards, for example, seemed to them not only inefficient (which it undoubtedly is) but wasteful. How, they wanted to know, could a country that prides itself on its know-how put up with a kind of diversity of opinions and standards that keeps it from getting things done? They could not understand why we insist on sacrificing efficiency to self-determination or why we put up with being wasteful for the sake of letting communities or businesses or unions work out, sometimes with government help but often without, their own salvations.

I HAD to leave the conference before it was over, but I felt that I had traveled farther in three days than I had in a lifetime. I had been exposed to more countries, more points of view, and more kinds of people. But in a sense I had seen more of America than ever before, because I had seen it through fifty pairs of observant, eager, curious foreign eyes, each looking from a special perspective, each seeing us in a different manner. I have often laughed about the anachronism of Williamsburg with its quaint dedication to the past, but it is not a bad background against which to have to explain the present. It insists on putting the American experience in perspective.

In a way it is no more quaint or out of touch with reality than my flight back to New York. After about forty minutes in the air from Patrick Henry airport to Washington, we were asked to keep our seats for "immediate departure" to New York. We sat on the field for an hour in steaming heat. Nobody explained to us why; we were expected to accept as truth the myth of the joys and efficiencies of the air age. We were expected to keep our minds on the dream without, as the foreign students had done, questioning the reality.

—Russell Lynes

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## Gifts: Free and Cultivated

**M**ISUNDERSTANDING between the United States and Great Britain has one of its small but hardly insignificant causes in the fact that the two countries are so often out of phase with each other in their approach to social questions. At present education is a conspicuous example. In the United States, as no one needs to be told, there is now a tremendous upsurge of interest in the "gifted student," in various schemes for dividing students into groups on the basis of their ability, indeed in almost any plan that will improve the quality of education for at least some of the students.

But Britain has had about fifteen years of experience with a program of education based on a strict division of the students according to their ability, and rumblings of discontent are beginning to be heard. As far as I know the first book critical of the new English educational system to be published here was W. R. Niblett's *Education: The Lost Dimension* (1955), an eloquent but little-noticed appraisal of what is lost when the competitive examination becomes the sole criterion of educational excellence. Now it is followed by a brilliant piece of criticism called *The Rise of the Meritocracy* by Michael Young (Random House, \$3.50).

Young writes as if from the next century, relating the present as history and predicting the future as if it were past. He sees English society as undergoing a major transformation, perhaps the greatest it has ever known, a transformation from a system of classes based on birth and breeding to a system based on "merit," which Young defines as the sum of IQ plus effort.

This change is being brought about by two forces—ideological pressure and economic necessity. The ideological pressure is not new. Ever since the revolutionary period of the eighteenth century there has been a clamor in Western Europe for opening all careers to the talented, and the notion that men should be able to get ahead in society by their own efforts has hardly been questioned in America, with a few large exceptions, chiefly racial. But the emergence of an elite based on merit has been slowed down,

partly by the family, which nearly always seeks to give its children advantages over other people's children and sometimes succeeds, and partly by the lack of any very satisfactory method of locating talent, especially in those who are too young to have demonstrated their gifts by accomplishment. With the emergence of psychological testing in the last half-century, however, a good many people, including those who have written Britain's recent educational legislation, have thought that the gifted young could be ferreted out and given special treatment that would assure the full development of their talents.

Such a procedure has generally been felt to be just, in spite of the grumblings of parents whose offspring fail to qualify for the educational elite and in spite of the difficulty some reactionaries have in understanding why those who are good at taking tests should inherit the earth. The reason there has not been more objection, as Young sees it, is economic necessity. The modern state is geared to science for its security, both internal and external, and the financial demands made by science are insatiable. The only way the state can meet its expenses is by increasing taxation; the only way it can increase taxation is by increasing production; and the only way it can increase production, whether of bombs or of refrigerators, is by getting all the available ability on the job. Young's working definition of intelligence, therefore, is "the ability to raise production, directly or indirectly."

Young is not pleased by the emergence of the new elite, the meritocracy, selected by psychological testing and groomed by special education; he would like to see England adopt an educational system much more like the American one that is now the object of so much criticism. The one page that he devotes to his educational ideal reads suspiciously like a description of what until recently at least was called progressive education over here.

At the bottom Young objects to the meritocracy because it deprives the working class of leaders and program; it siphons off their cream and homogenizes it with the cream of all other classes. Society ceases to be plural in the sense of having several different roads to power and

several different kinds of leadership; it loses the vitality born of conflict between men and women of different backgrounds and aims. There opens up only one road to success—possession of a high IQ and the kind of training which that IQ makes available.

*The Rise of the Meritocracy* is lopsided and incomplete and immensely stimulating. Young is no ossified Tory; in fact he was director of research for the Labor party for six years after the war, during the period when the Welfare State was brought into being in England. Obviously he is a very clever man and he has written a very clever book, though not everything he says has to be believed. I doubt that the problem of keeping society "plural" is anything like as exclusively a problem of education as Young thinks it is; probably taxation, with its ability to cut down inheritance or income and to create loopholes of privilege, can do more than education to redistribute power in a modern society. And technological change constantly modifies the power structure—the invention of the typewriter did more than the whole women's rights movement to give women a place in business.

Possibly Young has written his book too soon. The first generation of the meritocracy may be over-assimilated to their upper-class predecessors at the universities, but surely in time there will be some bright boys from working-class backgrounds who will see that they can go farther and do more by leading a labor union than by genteelly warming a chair in the Foreign Office. If not, then there is more wrong with young Englishmen than the system that gives them their education.

However that may be, *The Rise of the Meritocracy* raises central problems about education and society in a way that is amusing, vigorous, and intelligent.

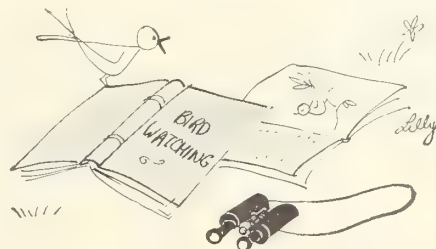
#### COLLEGES, MONEY, AND POWER

*Memo to a College Trustee* by Beardsley Ruml and Donald H. Morrison (McGraw-Hill, paperbound \$1, hardbound \$2.95) has already been so widely and favorably discussed that there is no longer any need to review it fairly, which is fortunate, since I intend to concentrate on its weaknesses.

The book is essentially an introduction to the political economy of private colleges, with proposals for reform. It does not attempt any sustained discussion of the interplay between educational institutions and the politics and economics of society at large, as Young does in *The Rise of the Meritocracy*, but concentrates on the political and economic problems of the institutions themselves. Such a study has long been needed, and though the *Memo* is too brief and general to perform the task very thoroughly, it at least shows that the subject can be discussed.

Recommendations for the reform of collegiate economics chiefly concern the more efficient use of teachers' time and their more adequate compensation. Most of Ruml's suggestions for improving the use of teachers' time are eminently sensible, though whether the smaller colleges can give the large lecture courses that he relies upon for major economies is doubtful.

Ruml's main prescription for reform, of course, and the aspect of the book that captured wide-



spread interest, is his plan for doubling college teachers' salaries. This plan is based on the assumptions that teachers' time can be used more efficiently, already mentioned; that a private college can and should devote all its income from tuition to compensating teachers, which is not unreasonable; and that a college does or can collect \$800 a year in tuition from each student, which is a good deal more doubtful. Oddly enough, the book offers no evidence that Ruml has made any attempt to see how closely this last assumption resembles reality, though surely it would not be impossible to get hold of a representative sampling of college treasurers' reports. My guess is that the income from tuition per student in many private colleges is nowhere near \$800 a year and, except for the colleges with considerable social and/or intellectual prestige, cannot be brought up to that figure.

In the long run the section of the *Memo* that may be most significant is Ruml's proposal that control over the college curriculum should be withdrawn from the faculty, where one department vies with another for size and students, and either returned to the trustees or delegated elsewhere. As economics this proposal is perfectly sound, because planning a curriculum cannot be divorced from planning a budget, and the budget is the trustees' business. But as politics it is more questionable. Nobody has a good word to say for the departments in colleges these days, but they do introduce a principle of federalism into collegiate governments that otherwise could all too easily become despotisms. If a college faculty cannot be trusted to design the curriculum, under suitable budgetary instructions from the trustees, then it can hardly be trusted to execute a curriculum in the classroom. If college professors have cut their own throats economically through proliferation of courses and misuse of time, then they are not very bright; but if college trustees have allowed such dissipation of the



energies of their hired help, then they are not very bright either. And it is not the professor's job to see the economy of the college as a whole, but it is the trustee's job.

The *Memo* shows a fondness for centralization (its proposals would have the effect of increasing the college president's duties, though it describes his job as already "unmanageable"); it shows a trust in the wisdom of the men at the top of the organization and a distrust of the political give-and-take that has to be gone through when people of different interests and objectives try to work out their own problems.

In short, the service performed by *Memo to a College Trustee*, as I see it, lies less in its specific proposals for reform than in its striking reminder to everyone who has a voice in college government that the private college is an institution with a rather peculiar political economy that might be altered to use men and money more efficiently. At the same time, it is worth remembering that the low compensation of college teachers may result less from financial mismanagement within the institution than from maladjustment in the economy as a whole, and that a teacher's productivity cannot be measured by the number of students who sit in front of him.

#### THE BIG ECONOMY

TWO recent books by European observers of America remind us that Ruml's solution to the financial problems of colleges runs counter to the traditional way in which Americans have solved financial problems. Ruml proposes to slice the economic pie differently, but traditionally, when Americans have seemed to be confronted with this need, they have simply got a bigger pie.

The books referred to are *Image of America* by R. L. Bruckberger (Viking, \$4.50) and *The American Economy* by Massimo Salvadori (Doubleday, \$4). Both authors have distinguished records of service in the cause of freedom, both have extensive firsthand knowledge of America and a great respect for its institutions, and both write their books in the first instance to increase the understanding of America among readers abroad. Father Bruckberger,

a French Dominican who served as Chaplain General of the Resistance and who later spent eight years in this country, originally addressed his book to French intellectuals; Salvadori, who has devoted years of his life to the anti-Fascist cause and who is now a professor in America, originally addressed his book to an English audience. Both books have been somewhat revised for American publication.

The gist of the two books is not very different. Though Father Bruckberger implores Americans to stop calling their economic system capitalism and Salvadori calls upon them to use the word proudly, both writers describe what has come to be called "people's capitalism"; both see the American economy as characterized by a lack of dogmatism, a willingness to experiment, a firm conviction that men are more important than abstractions, and, above all, by a commitment to using our abundance in such a way that nobody will be left out. Neither writer is a professional economist, and neither pretends to be original in his insights into what goes on in America, but both are intelligent, well-informed, and highly skilled in presenting their arguments. Father Bruckberger has a number of American heroes—the New England Puritans, Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel Gompers among them—but the two men who are central in his book are Henry Charles Carey, whom Karl Marx called the only American economist of importance though he is now largely forgotten, and Henry Ford, a manufacturer of automobiles who is still pretty well known. Carey's central teaching was that economic well-being requires mutual dependence rather than mutual antagonism, and Ford's great accomplishment was his demonstration that Carey was right—that if you want to sell a lot of cars you will have to pay workmen enough to buy them and give them enough time off to drive them.

But such a summary cannot do anything like justice to the elegance and suavity of Father Bruckberger's argument, the wit and imagination that carry it along. The American reader may stumble over occasional details, such as the comparison between Washington and de Gaulle or the news that the French won the

American Revolution, but he can help being flattered to see his malbadgered society described and defended in prose that quotes from Molière and Simone Weil, Cervantes and Claude Bernard. Father Bruckberger even finds a similarity between Ford and Freud, but the parallel is too delicate to go into here, or perhaps anywhere. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

*The American Economy* is in less brilliant than Father Bruckberger's book, but Salvadori probably knows considerably more about what actually goes on in America, and has a quiet patience in presentation that gives his account solidity and makes it convincing.

Salvadori has a wide acquaintance with human history and a firmly-held commitment to human liberty. Consequently he can see the American economic system as one of many systems that have come and gone in the course of the centuries; he sees the economy less as the product of mutable laws than as one aspect of civilization among others, a result of choices men make in the course of realizing their whole image of culture. But Salvadori does not believe that one economy is as good as another; without being blind to its faults, he believes that the American economy is uniquely successful in showing what free men can accomplish.

#### ANIMALS AND ECONOMY

##### Codfish, Cats, and Civilization

Gary Webster (Doubleday, \$3.50) collection of short articles on the role animals have played in human history, is one of those books that deserve to be reviewed unfavorably but turn out to be so fascinating that they can't be. The title of the book obviously has been chosen on the assumption that for a book of popular science to sell it must have three nouns for a title, like *Rats, Lice, and History* or *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*. The headings of the various chapters are too cute to be repeatable, and the articles themselves are written in a flashy journalistic prose. The chief stylistic resource is the device beloved by sports writers and called "elegant variation" by O. Fowler; it consists of never calling anything by its right name twice in

## THE NEW BOOKS

cession. So the potato bug benes, in the course of a few pages Webster's writing, the striped inter, the obscure little feeder, the edy immigrant, the gaudy insect, six-legged invader, the potato er, the hungry Colorado beetle, and the winged marauder.

But if the reader can bring himself overlook the way the book is written he will find it full of extraordinarily interesting information. Webster shows that we could hardly have a civilization as we know it without the enormous contribution of work and food made by domestic animals. He is particularly good on the subject of the mule, who has a long history but apparently little culture (King Solomon rode one, but today dog-food factories flourish in regions where mules are still numerous), and on the subject of the pig, which, according to Webster, is now the most abundant large animal on the face of the earth except for man, and the most efficient producer of food in the animal kingdom.

Much as we owe the lower animals, however, they owe us a lot too, and Webster has a good deal that is interesting to say about pests and depredators (rats, boll weevils, rabbits, etc.) and how much they cost us. The absorbing chapter concerns the starling, which was introduced to New York from England in 1890 by a gentleman who thought that America should have all the birds mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. It has now become a major nuisance in most cities, and there seems to be no cure. But perhaps we should not be too harsh on the starling, for he owes his success among other species to much the same reasons as man does: he is brainy and adaptable.

*Codfish, Cats, and Civilization* is a book that many older readers will want to hand on to younger readers, unless, like Proust's grandmother, they cannot bear to give a child anything that is badly written.

SINCE, of living Americans who have successfully completed the work of the fourth grade, I seem to be the only one who has still not read Harry Golden's *Only in America*, I cannot compare it with his new book, *For 2¢ Plain* (World, \$4). But after reading the new book I can understand why Golden has become, almost over-

night, the nation's favorite matzoth-barrel philosopher.

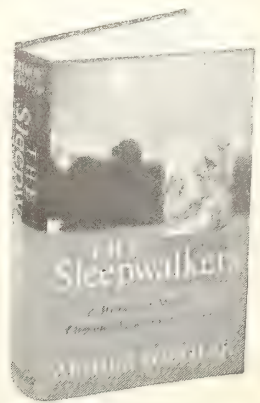
For 2¢ *Plain* (the title alludes to the price of soft drinks in the Lower East Side of Golden's boyhood) is a collection of pieces from Golden's newspaper, *The Carolina Israelite*, and the subjects range over a considerable area—recollections of his Jewish family and of the great artists of his youth, chiefly musicians; the Jew in the South and the Negro in the South; newspaper work and family life; the passing scene.

Golden's work is nostalgic, sentimental, humorous, and down-to-earth. If any one theme dominates the sketches, it is the reminder that we have not always been where we are now, that we live in a mobile society which carries us away from our origins, and that there are both loss and gain in the process. Such writing has been a long tradition in America, with Will Rogers the last great practitioner I can think of. But earlier writers of this sort, Rogers among them, found most of their jokes in reminding their readers that they weren't after all very long off the farm, whereas Golden returns to the past of the big-city tenement rather than to the farm as the basis of his social commentary. Probably he appeals to the new suburbanite as his predecessors once appealed to the new urbanite, by reconciling progress and homesickness.

Writers like Father Bruckberger and Salvadori do a fine job of describing an economy that is moving in the direction of one big middle class, with nobody left out, but Golden, like other writers of his sort before him, shows how much insecurity there can be among the new recruits to the middle class, how much they may have to give up in the way of warmth and established ways. Golden is particularly aware of the problem because he not only looks back upon his own big-city Jewish origins but lives among Southerners who, though their past is very different from his, feel much the same sentiments at giving it up.

All this is perhaps a rather dreary way of talking about a book that is full of humor and vivacity, but the immense popularity of *Only in America* will doubtless take care of its successor, however heavy-handed the reviews may be. (Cont. on p. 90)

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BY ARTHUR KOESTLER

whose "personal prejudices and predilections will variously delight, enrage, stimulate, repel, attract, astound and titivate the scientist, the historian and the general reader. . . . the narrative is fascinating and the style engaging and urbane . . ." —I. Bernard Cohen, *Scientific American*

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"... a brilliant piece of work which deserves wide reading." —Paul Arthur Schilpp, *Chicago Sunday Tribune*

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"... a mind-awakening book . . . it swings along at the brisk pace of an exciting fictional narrative." —Maurice Dolbier, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"... brilliant and provocative . . ." —A. C. B. Lovell, *Saturday Review*

"... unusually lively and informative . . . [Koestler] has succeeded in bringing the astronomers down to earth." —Charles Frankel, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"... pungent, historically exciting . . ." —*Newsweek*

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WALTER MACKEN is an Irish writer whose new novel, *Seek the Fair Land* (Macmillan, \$3.50), deals with one of the two or three most desperate periods in Irish history, the years in the seventeenth century when Cromwell's army invaded Ireland and laid it waste.

The narrative chiefly concerns a young man named Dominick and his attempt to provide a home for his two motherless children during the years of bloodshed and brutality. After Cromwell takes Drogheda, Dominick and the children flee to the west and finally, after much suffering and many encounters on the way, establish themselves on a farm there.

Macken's theme is that the continuity of Irish civilization has rested on the "small people," the tough and wiry who could escape the meshes of their enemies.

*Seek the Fair Land* is an old-fashioned historical novel, as innocent of sex as Sir Walter Scott himself, full of daring escapes and noble endurance. The narrative is briskly related and the descriptive writing is good, but the dialogue often has a flat and decidedly twentieth-century sound to it. For example, one character remarks: "Now I am a *tiarna*, I'm a chieftain, with lots of tenants like you to keep me in a style to which I am unaccustomed." I do not pretend to know how a *tiarna* of three centuries ago talked, but I find it hard to believe that he sounded anything like that. (A Literary Guild selection.)

#### TWO THINKERS

I HAVE neither space nor competence to review *My Philosophical Development* by Bertrand Russell (Simon & Schuster, \$3.75) and *Blaise Pascal* by Ernest Mortimer (Harper, \$4), but both are very engaging books.

Russell's intellectual biography has patches that are hard reading, and occasionally he plays a dirty trick on the reader—he quotes a fairly dense passage from one of his earlier books and then, after the reader has done his best to understand it, dismisses it as "complete nonsense" or "unmitigated rubbish." But as a whole the book has the wit, the wonderful agility and clarity of mind

that mark all of Russell's popular writings. He seems to have been born with these gifts, for he quotes from a diary of speculation that he kept at the age of fifteen (in 1888), and he wrote very nearly as well then as he has since.

Perhaps misled by his essays on social questions and the sketches of old friends he has written in recent years, I was a little surprised to discover how very little interest Russell has in what goes on inside people. More than once he remarks that he takes no satisfaction in regarding the human race; he is much more pleased with what goes on outside men, in the universe out there. He is convinced that man is "cosmically insignificant." Consequently, in spite of his great literary gifts, Russell has very little to do with modern "literary philosophy," which is concerned with the human predicament, consciousness, the problems of existence. In a fine passage he speaks of how, at the end of the first world war, he came to recognize the need for "a strange marriage of pain with the actual world," but he seems to have regarded it as a cosmic inconvenience rather than a philosophical problem.

PASCAL, on the other hand, was a man quite as interested in what goes on inside men as in what goes on in the external universe, and intensely, brilliantly interested in both. In a short life, often shadowed by illness, he made important contributions to mathematics, originated the barometer and calculating machine, introduced the first public omnibus system, and wrote about as beautifully and searchingly concerning the human condition as anyone ever has.

Ernest Mortimer, the author of the new study of Pascal, is an Anglican clergyman, and not very surprisingly he is more concerned with Pascal the religious thinker than with Pascal the mathematician and scientist, but he tries to do justice to both. His book has a kind of fine amateurishness about it; obviously he has studied and loved Pascal for many years, and he has written down what he had to say with no play for the reader's attention, no tricks or gimmicks. The result is a clear, humane, unhurried, probably not very profound but thoroughly pleasant study of a wonderful man.

## BOOKS in br

KATHERINE CAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

*A Travelling Woman*, by J. Wain.

There are eight characters in this book. One of them—and one of the most interesting—is a young man whose only passion in life is locomotive engines; one is a pseudo-philosopher who has written the current religious best seller in which he no longer believes; the other six are solely concerned with adultery. Maybe Mr. Wain is trying to say that this is a universal state among middle-aged, middle-class people of our day. He has written it ably and there is a certain amount of suspense, but the fact of the matter is that a story, of and by itself, makes pretty dull reading, especially when it is cold-blooded and deliberately planned. There is only one germ of an idea in the book. The injured wife (who herself takes a fling at some one else's bed) grasps at something the little boy says as he shelters her through the "wintry, suspense garden." "We let the soil rest over winter," she hears him say (for he is not talking about his engines), and in the way she ponders it as if it were a revealed truth one feels perhaps she has learned something of the way to hold a husband's affection—or that of any other human being. But it is all pretty oblique. By the author of *The Contenders*, and though it is a pretty *vieux jeu* by now to bring it up, he is one of those outspoken young English writers labeled as right or wrongly—"angry."

St. Martin's, \$3.95

*The Daughters of Necessity*, by Paul S. Feibleman.

As a great admirer of Mr. Feibleman's first novel, *A Place Within Twilight*, I was sadly disappointed in this, his second. Where the first was simple and heartfelt this one is mannered and contrived out of the hope of carrying conviction. It tells the story of a Southern gentleman's two marriages and the two daughters of these marriages—one a step-daughter whom he has wronged overtly

lesertion, the other, whose mother lied when she was born, whom he has wronged by loving her too much. The story comes to a climax as they react to their psychological inheritances. A lot of the action is told through opaque conversations of and with women—an old aunt, a couple of prostitutes whom one of the daughters has taken in, a Negro maid—all of whose peculiarities and much of whose history come in for minute inspection and make the story interrupted and interminable instead of the high tragedy which seems to be intended. The Greek chorus device and the over-written and over-heavy atmosphere seem to me to have browned the substance of his narrative.

World, \$4.50

NON-FICTION

**Can Man Be Modified?** by Jean Rostand.

Perhaps because the author, the great French biologist, is also son of the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* this book is much more than the 'predictions of our biological future' which the subtitle indicates. There is a literate and even poetic, a compassionate and amusing mind at work here, and though the author does indeed outline the possibilities of our future in view of what biologists have discovered in tinkering with chromosomes, he is as humble before the truth as he is passionate about it. His attitude makes it less terrifying to read of the possibilities of man himself creating the superman—"perhaps he will reject the superman out of scruple"; of man *vs.* cybernetics—"this competition between the flesh and blood brain and the metal brain is a fascinating and extremely disquieting subject. . . . 'Human' will mean not only that of which no beast is capable, but that which exceeds the power of any machine."

He discusses—on the basis of experiments with frogs and other lower forms of life "human propagation by cuttings" and, he says, "it is now a regular thing for perfectly constituted living creatures to be born from a virgin egg without any help from a male [parthenogenesis]—'chemical citizens, the sons of Madame Sea-Urchin and Monsieur Chlor-

ide of Magnesium.'” It may, he says, be possible to combine the chromosomes of embryos to produce this or that kind of human being:

“More simply one might also bring to bear on the adult brain chemical substances—hormones or catalysts—that would stimulate its working. . . . Quite soon, perhaps, people will buy genius or sanctity at the chemist's.”

He discusses sex transformations as possible both before and after birth. And so where in all this does man as a moral being come in? His final chapter gives his own beliefs very movingly indeed—a paean in praise of truth and love, and of the scientist's love affair with truth. A book that is deeply serious, lively, amusing, frightening, enlightening, and challenging.

Basic, \$3

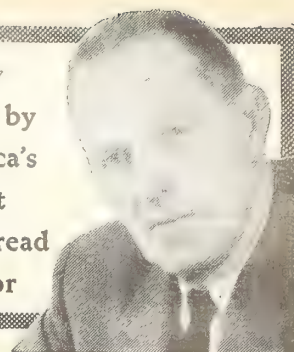
BIOGRAPHY

**Senator Joe McCarthy**, by Richard H. Rovere.

Mr. Rovere's rather elegant use of the irreverent vernacular is exactly right as a style for writing about the news-crazy demagogue who for a few years brought part of Congress, parts of the Army, parts of the government, and parts of our mass media to near-paralysis. He gives us McCarthy's background; he reconstructs the frightening days of his ascendancy; he recalls enough of the Alice-in-Wonderland sound of the hearings when McCarthy's theory of the "multiple lie" seemed to have the truth hamstrung, to evoke a healthy shiver. (And he shows convincingly how the multiple-lie system worked.) He analyzes the decline and the final failure. He puts his finger on the Senator's weakness: ". . . he lacked the most necessary and awesome of demagogic gifts—a belief in the sacredness of his own mission." If we are to analyze the hysteria of those days the author believes (with Cassius) that "the fault was always in ourselves but he [McCarthy] was close to being a genius in bringing it out." He quotes Nietzsche: "‘Here,’ he wrote, ‘is a hero who did nothing but shake the tree when the fruit was ripe.’”

“However that may be,” Mr. Rovere concludes in his easy, effective way, “we are faced with the fact that he gave the tree one hell of a

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Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95

**Richard Nixon: A Political and Personal Portrait**, by Earl Mazo.

It will be impossible, I think, for most people to read this book impartially, for Nixon is not a man that people tend to feel this-way, that-way about. Quiet in tone though the biography is, it will leave Nixon's opponents more convinced than ever of a formidable opponent, and his friends more friendly than before.

The story of his student days and first job, of his Army career and his election to Congress shows a bright and determined young man on his way up. In the story of the Hiss case he is no Joe McCarthy but an able and relentless lawyer working somewhat the same street. The Voorhis and Gahagan defeats in California are retold so that no one could fail to acknowledge the political acumen that went into them, whatever else one may think of them. There is the story of the “Nixon Fund” telecast. There is less detail about the years as Vice President, but again a vivid retelling of the dramatic Venezuelan affair. Mr. Mazo has spent a great deal of time traveling with Nixon and untold hours interviewing him and also all manner of people (on both sides) involved in the history recounted here. He ends with a chapter of off-the-record remarks from the Vice President. No one, of whatever persuasion, who is interested in this most controversial of all our controversial political figures, can afford to ignore this record.

Harper, \$3.95

**D. H. Lawrence and America**, by Armin Arnold.

In the year that the unexpurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is first published in the United States, readers are fortunate to have also this scholarly analysis of Lawrence's changing attitude toward America and how it affected his life and work. The analysis goes back to his early works, to his connection with the Imagists; to the origin of his *Studies in Classic American Lit-*

*erature* with detailed notes on each in each of their three versions. It discusses his years in America (1922-25); and in a compact and useful appendix Dr. Arnold gives a history of Lawrence's reputation in America and Europe, starting with a summary up to 1925, and then proceeding with year-by-year accounts of the articles and reviews which have appeared about him and his work. A dedicated and valuable, if not very lively, piece of work.

Philosophical, \$6

**Turgenev: the Man, His Art, and His Age**, by Avraham Yarmolinsky.

In contrast to the literary biography mentioned above, this one is chatty, informal, full of the man and his life with much less detail about his work, though there are plenty of discussions of that too. It is a pleasant and readable picture of his early life, his relations with his astonishing mother, with the family Viardot, his illegitimate daughter, and his many other friends as he proceeded as a kind of wanderer through life. Informative and pleasant reading, by the former Chief of the Slavonic Division of the New York Public Library.

Orion, \$6

**Steps in Time: An Autobiography**, by Fred Astaire.

If Fred Astaire had written his autobiography in Sanskrit I would find a way to read it. I mention this only to indicate prejudice, for in my eyes he can do no wrong. Actually, though he (modest about being a writer) calls it an assault on basic English, the book is written in casual and unadorned prose without too much sense of literary form to be sure, but full of meat, information, and nostalgia. There are many photographs from the days when he and Adele started out, and others through the 20s, 30s, 40s, down to the present. Like many of his dances the book has an easy, unrehearsed quality (usually the sign of how much work has gone into it) and for all that it tells, it is modest and restrained as one would expect.

Harper, \$4.95

**Ingrid Bergman: An Intimate Portrait**, by Joseph Henry Steele.

This is a completely different the-

atrical story. Mr. Steele, who has been a close friend of Miss Bergman for many years and her publicist man almost from the beginning of her American career, writes almost too easily and makes the most of the many dramatic moments in his dramatic subject's life. Many of her own letters are quoted here, too, and they are the articulate, imaginative letters of a dedicated actress and an extraordinarily warm and complete human being. Alas, the book has no pictures.

McKay, \$3.9

## FORECAST

**Battles—Old and Not So Long Ago**

I guess there's never been a time since the siege of Troy when people haven't wanted to hear the stories of war and battles, from a respectable distance. There is a distinguished lot of them coming up. In August Coward-McCann will publish *Stalingrad: Point of No Return: The Story of the Battle: August 1942-February 1943*, by Ronald Seth, a former British secret-service agent, who tells it from the Russian side for the first time. Also in August, from Ives Washburn comes *The Battle of France, 1940* by General A. Goutard, a French military historian who fought in both world wars and gives here the “first analysis from the French point of view of the French military failure.” The book has an introduction by B. H. Liddell Hart and a note by President Charles de Gaulle. Random House has on its list for the same month *Battle: The Story of the Bulge*, by John Toland. September takes us further back with *Pickett's Charge* by George R. Stewart who wrote *Storm*, from Houghton Mifflin, and October will see the publication of *West Point Atlas of American Wars*—“every important battle in which Americans have fought, from Colonial skirmishes with Indians in 1745, right down to the UN struggle in Korea.” Praeger, who publishes it, says that the 400 maps carry the theme supplemented by 250,000 words of text. And Morrow announces for October not a book about battles, but one about some of the men and women who helped to win them in *What Men of Men: Forgotten Heroes of the American Revolution*, by Fred J. Cook.

# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## EVEN YEARS OF PLENTY

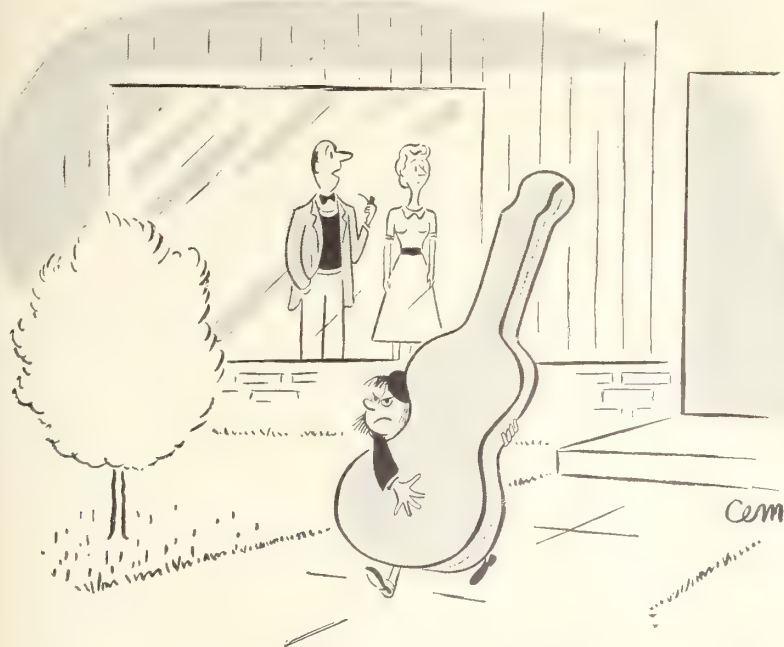
The seven years of this column's life to date seem like fifty in an inspiring sense—so much has changed in that time in the field of recorded sound. If all last, these years will mark one of those major turning points in cultural history, perhaps like the early seventeenth century in music when opera and instrumental harmony, figured bass, and other tempestuously new developments laid the foundations for all our music since.

It is an even wider revolution that is going on now, and records would seem to be firmly at the center, the intersecting point in the remarkable crossings of ancient lines between old arts and sciences, between traditional media and new electronic wonders, tying together these many concepts and altering them, too, more profoundly than we can yet quite understand. Would Beethoven so much as recognize as his the sound of the "Fifth" via stereo hi-fi? I suspect not—yet his "message" still reaches us in our own new terms, where to him the sound would be hideously meaningless.

What about record criticism? It is this sort of immense, vaporous, yet decidedly realistic questioning that must influence critical writing today on this once rela-

tively minor subject. These years have turned our little profession inside out, blown it up sky-high into unheard-of regions. "Records" in the large have to do with practically everything that involves artistic communication. If a new production isn't on a record to begin with it always ends up there, sooner or later. Kabuki and Noh from Japan, the *Nautilus* under the North Pole, folk music from Albania, the best of musical life in any city you can name, courses in French and hypnosis—these are merely routine. Recording as a new medium reaches into the realm of ideas and imposes aesthetic laws of its own that apply to, and transform, every art it touches.

It's worth reflecting that record criticism began in the leisurely days of the old 78-rpm electrical recording, back in the 'thirties. Records were few and precious; each new release was a big event, to be mulled over for months. The first reviewers had the time to be individualists in an old American tradition, right out of the Mark Twains and Thoreaus and along with the Menckens, Woolcotts, Will Rogers types of their own day. They had time, too, for those exhaustively brilliant comparisons of all existing recorded versions which came to be their main stock in trade—until the



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galloping LP ran up the duplications into dozens. Nowadays, the old comparison-criticism has mostly retired into "discographies," specialized hundreds of brief comments in some extremely narrow field. The main stream of criticism has moved on to wider fields, and just as well.

My own writing on records began at the tail-end of the old days and I'm amused to find myself almost an anachronism already—a one-man reviewer in a teamwork age. But I don't lament the passing of the old style of reviewing or the rise of the new specialists, such as the man I just met who writes only reviews of Mahler. Specialization is not the problem; it is merely an easy answer to a bigger challenge—how to keep up with the racing progress of new ideas, new aesthetic values, new techniques, that are now of necessity a part of the so-called record reviewer's writing.

Seven years of plenty—but there's more to come.

**Echoes from a Sixteenth-century Cathedral.** Roger Wagner Chorale. Capitol SP 8460 stereo.

I had a hunch that this record might be something special—though outwardly it might seem to be another in a general series of semi-popular recordings made by this well-versed West Coast chorus. The title of the record doesn't exactly suggest high culture. The group has previously recorded an album of sea chanteys, a Christmas item called "Joy to the World," a bit of sentiment-with-orchestra under the name "Starlight Chorale," and something called "Virtuosos!"—which removes them from the Pro Musica and Deller Consort category with finality.

Nevertheless, here is some of the finest singing of sixteenth-century *a cappella* music I've heard on records, notably on the first record side which apparently involves a small picked group of singers. A new species of professional voice is growing up on the West Coast. It sings like a flute, an oboe, produces virtually no vibrato or wobble, is classically restrained, incredibly accurate in pitch, relatively small in tone. A blended chord of such voices sounds like an instrumental harmony.

Individualism, rampant among most professional singers of opera and church music, is utterly suppressed here. The voices blend as impersonally and totally as strings in an orchestra; even the names of the individual singers are presented in small type, or not at all.

I seem to trace this in my mind back to Nadia Boulanger in the pre-war days—her madrigal groups sang in somewhat this same selfless manner (though the graduates, such as Doda Conrad and

Hugues Cuenod, went on to personal fame). There's something uncanny about it all—an ominous suggestion of a kind of collectivity, shall I say, that is all too typical of our age. But musically, the results are astonishingly beautiful. You'll have to hear to believe.

In other similar recordings there has been a kind of instrumental reserve that seemed excessive and a strict metrical beat that denied the free rhythm of sixteenth-century textual setting. But these things can't be held against Mr. Wagner's singers. Their shaping of the musical ideas is warm, expressive, plastic, never rigid in tempo. My only reservation is as to diction, which is more instrumental than vocal.

**Beethoven: Sonatas for Piano and Violin, Op. 30, #1 and #2.** Noël Lee, Paul Makanowitzky. Vanguard VRS 1039.

This is the second of two volumes of sonatas, played by a team of young internationalists who have been successful in France. The Beethoven is as good as any you will find, played warmly, modestly, with perfect teamwork. It is not flamboyant Beethoven—but then, these middle-early sonatas aren't as flamboyant as some Beethoven, either. If this is the product of French musical styling and education, then France is still a pretty fine place to learn the musician's trade.

Vanguard's piano and violin sound is particularly good in the exquisitely right balance between the two instruments. The violin has an open, natural sound as though out of the speakers and into your room (but not uncomfortably close); the piano envelopes the fiddle, as it should in this type of sonata.

Volume One (VRS 1038) contains Op. 23, Op. 24 ("Spring") and Op. 30, #3.

**Choral Masterpieces of the Russian Orthodox Church.** Don Cossack Choir, Jaroff. Decca DL 79403 stereo.

**Divine Liturgy. Requiem Mass.** (Russian Orthodox music.) Don Cossack Choir, Jaroff. Decca DXD-158 (2) mono.

The Cossacks never seem to get older, vocally. Where do they recruit young blood, after so many years? I can't see any deterioration in spirit or technique and would still rate them as the best of their type—granted that the Don Cossack sound is perhaps a slightly exaggerated expression of Russian style. They're good—as good as ever—and modern recording technique continues to add to their impact.

These discs (they are all available in both stereo and mono; I got one set of each) are a good move toward broadening and strengthening the Cossack's ap-

peal, after too many shapeless potpourri over the years. The style is the same always, but one of these recordings presents a good cross-section of typical Russian Orthodox choral music, and the other sets forth at great length two who services, complete with astonishing sochant (some of it on a chromatic scale by one of those immense and incredible Russian basses—an authentic Verv Reerend, assisted by a squeaky tenor Deacon. Composed choral works are incorporated at intervals into the broken sequence. Impressive, if lengthy.

It's worth noting here that the Russian school of *a cappella* choral music is unique in that, though based upon ancient traditions and employing much of the old Eastern chant, it is a product of a recent time, the late nineteenth century mainly, and depends strictly on relatively simple harmonies for its framework. That such a composite, John come-lately tradition should have developed so firmly and gloriously in the *a cappella* area, in the midst of the age of instrumental music is quite astonishing. The music is a marvelous combination of exotic mysticism and clear, nineteenth-century Romanticism; it's not exactly in high style these jazz days, but a good many enthusiasts, myself included, have always thought of it as a major force within the world's great choral music. In spite of their ultra-dramatic approach, the Cossacks give over the essence of this interesting style.

## WORTH HEARING . . .

**Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, 525; Les Petits Riens, K. Anh. 10.** P. Arte Chamber Orch. of Munich, Reda Westminster XWN 18852.

**Baroque Sonatas for Flute and Harpichord (C.P.E. Bach, Telemann, Corelli, Blavet).** Jean Pierre Rampal, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harps. Washington WR 107.

**Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake; Sleeping Beauty (Suites).** Virtuoso Symph. London. Winograd. Audio Fidelity FC 50010 stereo.

**Beethoven: Symphony #9.** Nordm Lovberg, Ludwig, Kmentt, Hotter, Philharmonia Orch., Klemperer (with incidental Music to "Egmont"). Angel S 3577B (2) stereo.

**Mussorgsky: Complete Songs.** Boris Christoff, bass. Orch. Nat. de la Radiodiffusion. G. Tzipine; Alexandre Labinsky, pf. (With commentary by Christoff and score). Angel 3575 D/LX (4).

# AZZ notes

ric Larrabee

## JAMAL

Ahmad Jamal is no less vulnerable than many another modern jazz pianist to the trend toward playing piano as a solo, one-finger instrument, note at a time. Yet his sense of passion overcomes him periodically, and he busts out in real, two-handed chords. Until last year he enjoyed a considerable obscurity, and even now he is not so much a force as a personality, and less a public person than a private one. Jamal, that is, has a combination of individuality and fastidiousness that is unusual for jazz "personalities" in that the latter predominates. He has more digital dexterity and knowledge than his immediate purpose requires, and he manages to make you conscious of them even when he refrains from using them. His restraint applies not only to his melences, to the wispy quality of some of his figures, but to the very personality he presents: astringent, witty, forward, yet somehow evasive.

For the most distinctive aspect of Jamal is his wit. Unless I am mistaken, he "quotes" more often than is customary—that is, in improvising he works in phrases from other melodies, like a scholar decorating his text with footnotes. Jamal's sources are varied (one I remember offhand is Ferde Grofé) and he makes them count; you feel that each one has scored off you in much the way he intended. Yet there is a risk here, as in any effort to protect the self so fully that it disappears.

The saving of Jamal's music is his rhythm, which rescues him from aridity and aligns him with a force to which his unquestioned intelligence can concede: that traditional momentum, disciplined but relaxed, which distinguishes those who swing from those who do not. Jamal has it, and the fact that he knows it—and wants you to know it too—matters not in the slightest. Jazz is a generous faith, and those who pursue it with sufficient dedication are often saved despite themselves.

The three LPs noted below were all recorded within a space of three days, in September 1958, at the Spotlight Club, in Washington, D. C. On them Jamal is accompanied by Israel Crosby (bass), Vernell Fournier (drums), and by a remarkably well-behaved audience which does not—for a wonder—rattle glassware and interrupt with superfluous applause.

Portfolio of Ahmad Jamal, (2) Argo LP 2638. Ahmad Jamal, Argo LP 636.



AUGUST: IN STEREO ON

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The "Wild West," as Puccini saw it after his first visit to the U.S. in 1905, was more exciting than "Gunsmoke"—certainly more melodic! In this "golden" new La Scala Opera recording for Angel of "Girl of the Golden West," Birgit Nilsson sings Minnie, the saloon-keeper, with João Gibin as Bandit Dick Johnson, Andrea Mongelli as Sheriff Jack Rance. "Excellent production...to be accepted as authoritative" (Gramophone). La Scala Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Lovro von Matačić, who makes his U.S. debut this fall.

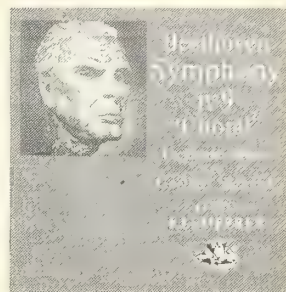
3 records, with libretto

Angel (S) 3593 C/L

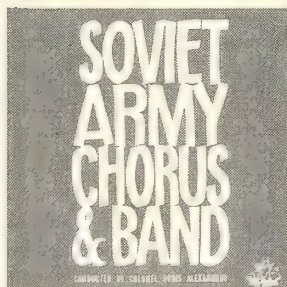
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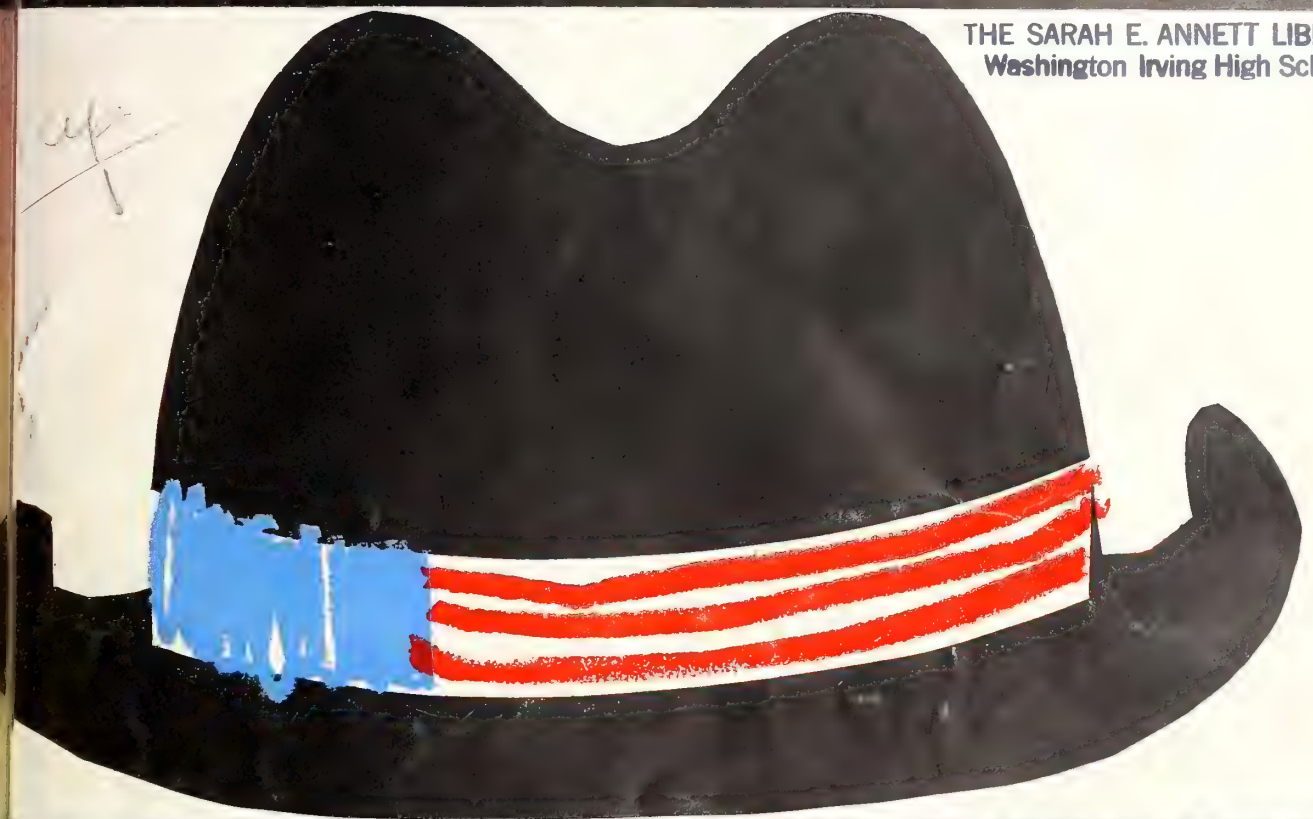
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CATHARINE MEYER  
ROBERT B. SILVERS  
LUCY DONALDSON  
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Washington Correspondent:  
WILLIAM S. WHITE

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VIRGINIA HUGHES

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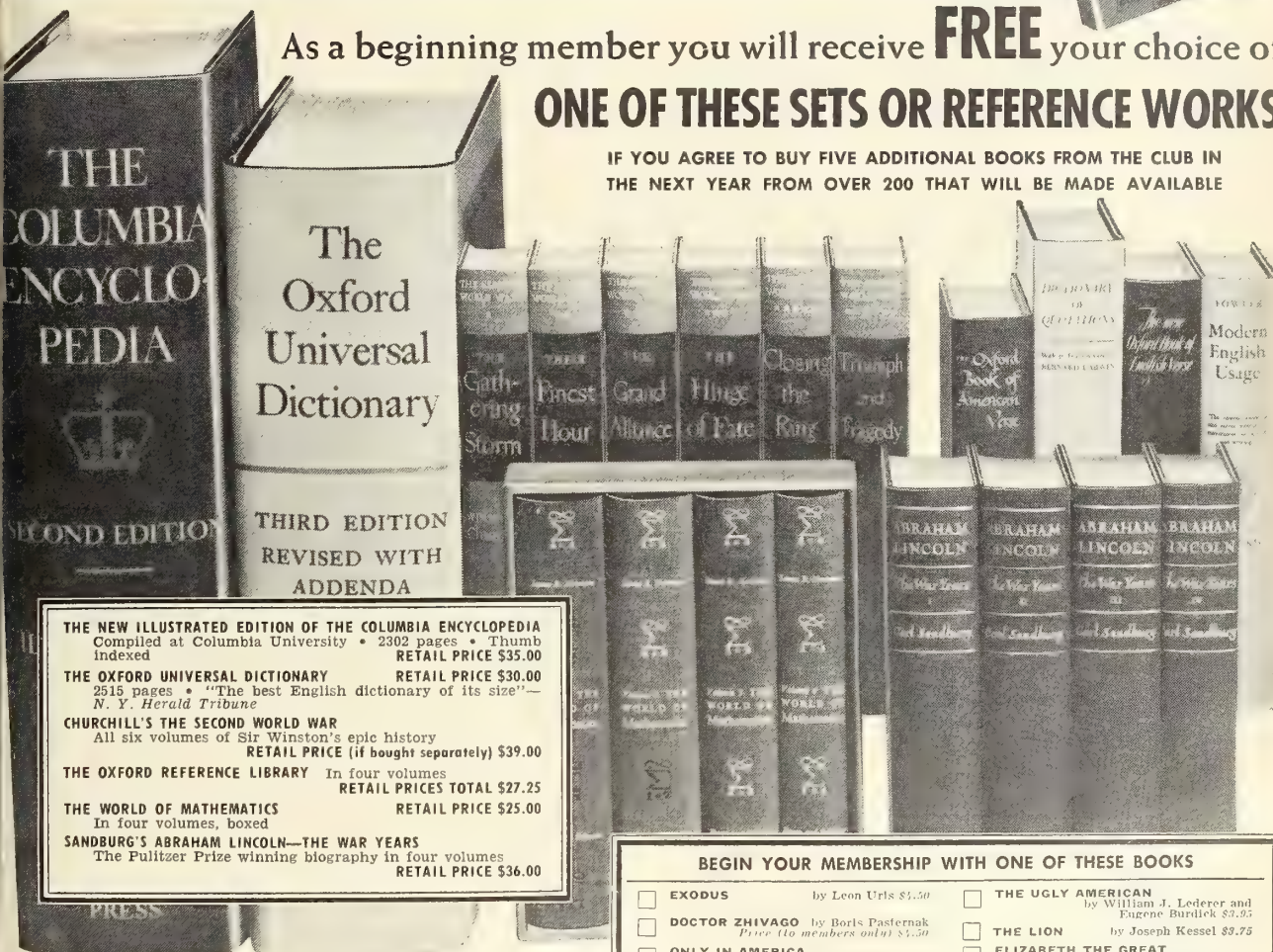
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Buying with the ear means buying on rumor and report, on gossip and hearsay, on other people's opinions of a painting or a piece of sculpture. Sometimes the outcome is happy for the collector. But in buying by the ear, he is running the risk of buying a fake that will prove worthless or a fad that will decline in value over the years.

The collector who buys with the eye is likely to fare better. He studies a work carefully before he buys—reads whatever documentary evidence there is about its genuineness, solicits the opinions of experts about its quality, makes sure that he is getting value for his money.

Buying by ear is what all too many investors are doing these days—believing tips, taking the word of strangers about the prospects for this company or that, putting their money into securities about which they know entirely too little.

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# LETTERS

## TV and Its Critics

*In the Editor's Easy Chair for July John Fischer proposed that instead of giving away the air channels, the government should rent them to TV and radio stations and create with the proceeds an independently controlled National Broadcasting Authority which would produce good public-service programs for presentation on the major networks. When the proposal appeared, readers in every state of the union inundated Harper's offices with mail. Over a hundred letters a week are still arriving as we go to press and more than 99 per cent of the writers have expressed dissatisfaction with the present state of TV and enthusiasm for the new scheme.*

*Mr. E. J. Gauss of Los Angeles summed up the reaction of a good many when he wrote: "Bully, I'm for it. I might even buy a TV set."*

*From Harvard, Professor David Riesman commented "... your plan is excellent—the best I've seen. It is a terribly important issue and more power to you."*

*Most of the writers expressed the hope that the Easy Chair's proposal would lead to definite action. Several members of Congress have indicated strong interest in it, among them Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, who wrote:*

*I am very much intrigued with your suggestion to set up a National Broadcasting Authority. . . . I should be very happy to discuss the matter further with you because I believe the plan is a deserving one. I share with you the view that our broadcasting and telecasting systems should serve us better than they do.*

*All the comments of Harper's readers are being forwarded to Senator A. S. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma who is studying the problems of television for the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. He has wired the following from Washington:*

*Congratulations to the editor of the Easy Chair on his criticism of the current dismal diet of TV programming. I have tried my best many times in the Senate to express my resentment against*

*this underestimation of American intelligence and good taste. I applaud and concur in your diagnosis of the case.*

*I must respectfully dissent violently from your proposed treatment for the removal of the fungus my TV screen has developed. . . . I do not wish ever to see the control of public service programming turned over to any quasi-public group of censors, keepers, planners, or psychologists. No matter how eminent such men may be in their fields, government-sponsored intrusion into this field smacks of state control of the dissemination of information in this most important medium. During my years in Washington, I have not seen any great masterpieces come from such commissions, boards, or authorities. As poor as the current run of TV programs is, I'd rather go on leaving my screen dark than abandon the concept that a competitive system of TV offers the best long-range hope for decent programming. I would hope that, instead of transferring public-service programming to an artificial brain of government authority, the TV industry eventually will mature. After all, the newspapers and the magazines weren't so hot twenty years after Gutenberg invented movable type.*

*Some day, our commercial TV programmers will divorce that nagging old crone, audience ratings, and show some adult initiative. There is a TV audience for quality programs that advertisers and quality products need to reach. Perhaps the big-show sponsor may be displaced by joint ventures of advertisers who now use quality media in the journalistic field. The very existence of Harper's *New Yorker*, and other fine magazines, as well as many distinguished newspapers, proves it can be done. Even newspapers with screeching headlines of crime and violence still devote some space to book reviews, art and music columns, sports, and financial news.*

*The best corrective eventually will prove to be the TV viewer. When intelligent people begin to write the sponsor telling him what they really think of this program, heads will begin to roll along Madison Avenue and in the network programming departments. Public opinion is slow to be aroused, but once it awakens, it's better than a stampede of buffalo in any current Western drama. It is, thank God, the most important force of all in a democracy.*

*From the broadcasting industry itself came a long letter which was not so much a direct comment on the Easy*



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
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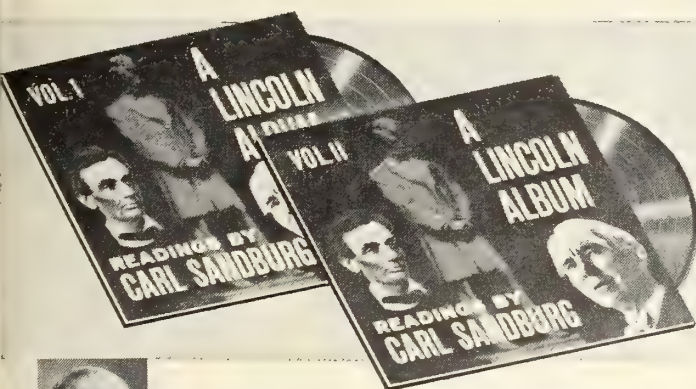
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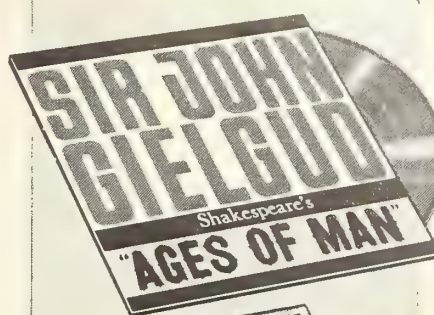
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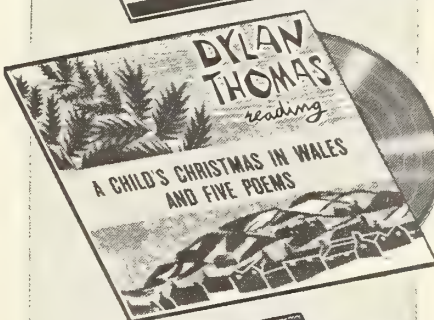
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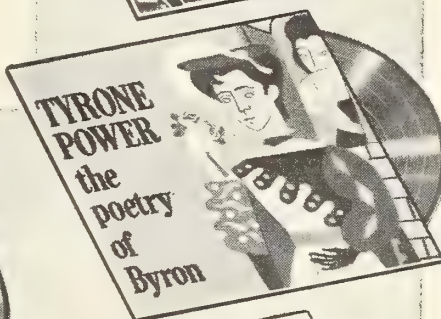
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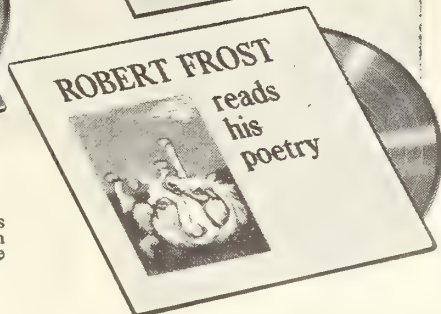
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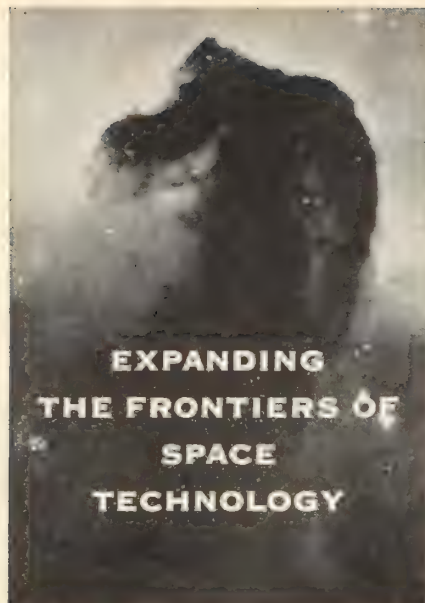
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## **LETTERS**

*Chair as an ironic counter proposal. Mr. Robert Sarnoff, the Chairman of the Board of NBC, wrote:*

TO THE EDITORS:

I am much intrigued by John Fischer's proposal for a National Broadcasting Authority, which would be supported by an ingenious double levy of time and money on American broadcasters and, as a *quid pro quo*, would relieve these same broadcasters of "the painful and expensive duty of producing public-service programs."

That I, as a broadcaster, might disagree with some aspects of the proposal does not lessen my appreciation of Mr. Fischer's very earnest and sincere effort to solve a problem that has bothered us for many years. We are still groping for solutions, and his thoughtful attempt to provide them should be cause for gratitude, not irate reproach.

My principal quarrel with Mr. Fischer's idea relates to its area of application and to the fact that he nowhere suggests that it be pre-tested. The very name National Broadcasting Authority has a ring of granitic permanence; and before anything so radically and challengingly different is imposed on the infant, sprawling, enormously complex television industry, I would like to see a trial run in a more mature, more stable branch of the mass communications family.

I suggest magazines for the test, and I believe the data developed through a National Magazine Authority would be enormously useful in fashioning any future NBA—far more, in fact, than might at first blush be apparent.

It is hardly necessary, in proposing this to *Harper's* readers, to elaborate on the imbalance of mass-appeal magazines. In 1958, for example, nearly one-third of all weekly magazine serials (as well as mass-market paperbound fiction) consisted of Westerns—a ratio several times greater than the ratio of Westerns to other programs on the NBC Television Network.

Why should the great mass of American magazine readers—those who read *Look*, *Playboy*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, to say nothing of such chastised brethren as *Confidential*—never be exposed to Alfred Kazin's analysis of the fiction of the 'fifties [coming in October in *Harper's*] or a piece by the Bolshoi Ballet's Galina Ulanova on how she created the role of Juliet [July]? Why not give readers of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* a crack at articles with such titles as "The Hidden Affair Between Big Business and Big Labor" [July]?

As with television, there are two valid reasons to promote greater cultural, educational, and "public-service" content in our mass magazines. One is that it would

help to raise public taste and broaden public interests. The other is that readers who already count themselves among the cultural elite. Why should a member of this elite who happens to find some amusement in *Reader's Digest* be saddled with the expense and trouble of finding more specialized fare in smaller publications, any more than an *avant-garde* television viewer should undergo the inconvenience of tuning in his special preferences at hours or days when he may want to be doing something else?

Mr. Fischer has pointed the way to the remedy. In proposing that television and radio stations and networks be taxed twice (once in funds and once in segments of choice time) to underwrite an NBA, he noted that the broadcasters are commercial beneficiaries of the free public air, obliged by law to operate in the public interest, convenience, and necessity.

Magazines too are on the receiving end of substantial public bounty, though a more old-fashioned one of money. In 1958, the U. S. Post Office put the subsidy represented by second-class mailing privileges at \$272,096. The largest group beneficiary was magazines, with the most popular, mass-appeal magazines naturally benefiting to the greatest extent. Moreover, Congress clearly intended this privilege to encourage the spread of public enlightenment; the law grants it expressly to the dissemination of information of public character, or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry."

Nothing could be more in keeping with the spirit of this clause, and the thrust of Mr. Fischer's idea, than to tax the recipients of this public largesse to implement the very ends it was intended to serve. A nominal levy of profits of each magazine, even less than the "modest percentage" of 10 per cent or 15 per cent that Mr. Fischer would impose on broadcasters, could underwrite the costs of a National Magazine Authority, a public body chartered by Congress but carefully insulated from politics.

The five directors of this Authority should meet all the exacting criteria Mr. Fischer has prescribed for them. They should be men of impeccable professional competence, high intellectual stature, and detachment. Under general policy directives, exempt from articles, fiction, reviews, and verse would be solicited and conceived, assigned, written, and generously paid for. The

*\*As Mr. Sarnoff states, these are Office figures; in fact they are highly controversial interpretations of cost accounting.—The Editors*



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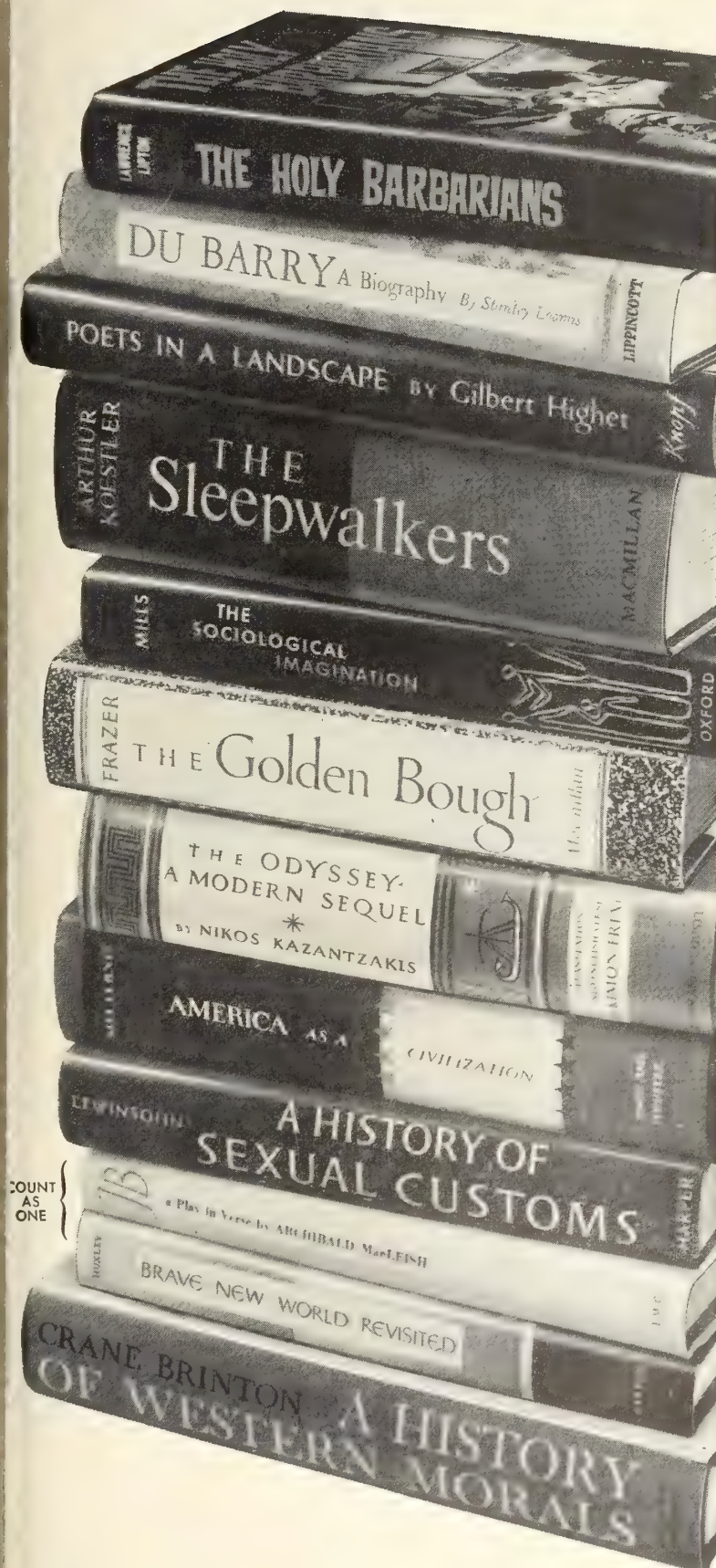
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items would be placed regularly, on a staggered basis, in the commandeered pages of national magazines of vast circulation.

Thus, for example, every other issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* would be required to devote, say, six pages in the front of the magazine to the kind of worthwhile prose and poetry that ripens almost unnoticed in such esoteric periodicals as *Hudson Review*, *Seaweed Review*, and *Commentary*. Or if J. D. Salinger wants to undertake another extraordinary effort such as the 34,000-word story "Seymour," which appeared in a single issue of the *New Yorker* last June, the NMA could place it for him in a magazine of far greater circulation, say the *Reader's Digest*.

Just consider what a refreshing and uplifting change of pace, what a stimulus to further creativity, this procedure promises for those literary figures who now scorn the mass magazines because they dislike being forced to write "garbage."

My NMA plan would cost magazines far less than they might fear. Conscientious editors and publishers would be largely relieved of the painful and expensive duty of ferreting out, encouraging, and publishing obscure works of genuine distinction. All that would be taken care of for them by the NMA, and they could concentrate instead on income-producing Western and private-eye serials for the millions. And those magazines which totally evade their moral obligation under the second-class mail privilege—for example, the semi-pornographic magazines that dominate so many newsstands—would be forced to bear their fair share of the Authority's cost.

For the NMA to serve as an adequate test of Mr. Fischer's basic idea, at least two years might be needed, and I do not think it ought to be rushed just to get at television. Indeed, he has my assurance that the one-hour weekly quota of prime-time, prime-quality programs assigned under his plan to the NBC Television Network will in fact be fulfilled two to three times over in the forthcoming season, and without the help of any Authority. Among these programs, during peak evening viewing hours, will be original dramas by such playwrights as Archibald MacLeish and James Costigan; news-in-depth specials on such subjects as the rise of African nationalism; adaptations of outstanding works, e. g., Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," starring Sir Laurence Olivier, "What Makes Sammy Run" by Budd Schulberg, and Shakespeare's "The Tempest"; historical dramas filmed on the actual scenes of the events, e. g., Jefferson at Monticello, and numerous music specials with artists of the caliber

of Renata Tebaldi, Harry Belafonte, Isaac Stern, Eileen Farrell, and the New York City Center Ballet.

Since these projects and many others like them involve lengthy contractual commitments by NBC, it seems only fair that we have the opportunity to fulfill our contracts before we are relieved of the painful and expensive duty of presenting any further programs of this kind.

ROBERT W. SARNOFF

Chairman of the Board, NBC  
New York, N. Y.

## ES Postscripts

TO THE EDITORS:

"The Uncomfortable Facts about Extrasensory Perception" by Dr. Ian Stevenson [July] gives a fair picture of the current difficulties confronting the experimentalist in this field. . . . I particularly liked his emphasis on the transition from anecdotal to experimental work, and his emphasis upon the possibility of successful repetition of experimental methods by the same investigator and others, so that a well-confirmed body of findings can ultimately be built up. . . . I hope there will be more articles like this by others qualified to describe contemporary trends.

GARDNER MURPHY

Director of Research  
Menninger Foundation  
Topeka, Kan.

What a pity to waste *Harper's* space on the near-charlatanism of ESP. . . . Shame on you for furthering such obvious obscurantism.

P. L. FORSTALL  
Evanston, Ill.

At its present rate of acceptance and recognition, parapsychology should be warming up to a revolutionary climax by the year 2059. This is not, however, a feature peculiar to parapsychology as Dr. Stevenson's earlier article "Scientists with Half-closed Minds" [November 1958] indicated. It is rather, a general cultural subnormality with regard to the reception of new ideas, especially in the science of life and mind. One wonders what would happen to the advancement of a nation that, in contrast, would educate its students to reach out and utilize revolutionary discoveries as fast as they could be verified.

J. B. RHINE

The Parapsychology Laboratory  
Duke University  
Durham, N. C.

All of ESP to date is experimental. . . . To pretend the subject is a science is akin to establishing anatomy by examination of masses of flesh, ignoring the skeletal frame that supports it. Scientists

cannot prove, and have not proved, ESP does not exist, they merely say some theoretical basis is necessary to move the subject from the realm of speculation.

WALTER S.  
Norwalk, C.

## Chinese New-w

TO THE EDITORS:

Though Kuo-P'ing Chou deals roughly with the language problem in China ["Red China Tackles Its Language Problem," July], she does not realize the consequences of the "reform." Though she understands the enormity of the gain to the Party, she does not seem to appreciate the enormity of the loss to the Chinese people and the inherent danger to the West. . . . What the Chinese innovators have undertaken amounts to a cremation of the classical characters and the use of the ashes as "New Writing." . . .

Spoken Chinese—when written phonetically—is merely a pale shadow of traditional writing. The present method of China will be able to reach everywhere without, however, making the masses illiterate. The mastery of written Chinese requires great intellectual effort. The reform has removed that effort and substituted for it a deceptive ease.

The new writing is the ideal totalitarian method of propaganda and communication, for it is highly effective at the same time discourages the free flow of thought. . . . Linguistically, therefore culturally, the new approach will make the average Chinese poorer than the Russian peasant. The "New Writing" used by the Chinese masses will be the written counterpart of Orwell's "Newspeak."

VICTOR G.  
Philadelphia,

## But Is It Lou

TO THE EDITORS:

I admired Bernard Nossiter's article ["The Hidden Affair Between Big Business and Big Labor," July]. . . . However, I would like to suggest that the role in the total economy of the "concentrated industries" and "administrative prices" and even "big labor" is greatly exaggerated. . . . Steel and autos are really the determining elements in the economy, nor in the cost of living. Furthermore, there is no conclusive evidence that "concentration" is significantly greater today than it was 20 even 50 years ago. . . . The "hidden affair" may or may not exist, but I am not sure it matters all that much.

E. L. DALE  
Washington, D.



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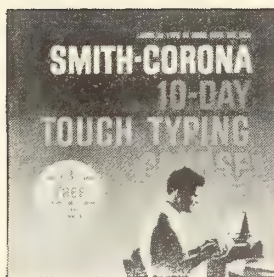
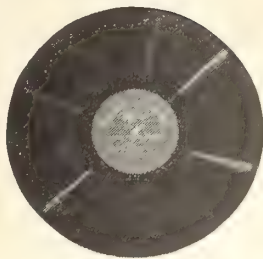
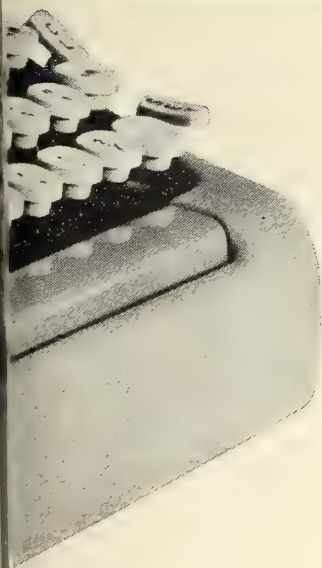
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# the EASY CHAIR

## Why Handle Criminals with Kid Gloves?

*The guest editor in the Easy Chair this month is an editorial writer for the Washington Post and author of The Loyalty of Free Men. He spent the past academic year as visiting professor in the political science department at the University of California in Berkeley.*

YOU might as well put detectives back in uniform, pounding a beat. The only way they will be able to solve a crime is to see it happen or find a witness." This was the bitter comment of Deputy Police Chief Edgar E. Scott of Washington, D. C. after the Supreme Court, in 1957, upset the conviction of Andrew Mallory, a Negro who had confessed to raping a young married white woman. Chief Scott's indignation led him, indeed, to suggest examining defenders of the Supreme Court's decision "to see what selfish interest" they have; and he remarked ominously that one of the first acts of persons seeking to overthrow the government would be to break down law enforcement.

Policemen and prosecutors all over the country echoed this reaction with varying degrees of dismay. They accused the Court of sentimentality, of exalting the rights of individuals above the "rights" of the community, of frustrating effective law enforcement. The Washington public which had felt rather pleased with the police for having solved a difficult case with efficiency and dispatch and for having put an ugly and dangerous fellow behind bars, was correspondingly outraged when this same ugly and dangerous fellow was once more set at large in the streets of the Capital on the basis of what most people considered a "mere legal technicality."

All that the Supreme Court had done, however, was to reassert a rule which it had laid down fifteen years earlier in the *McNabb* Case, that confessions obtained through unlawful detention of a suspect may not be admitted in federal courts. The purpose of this rule was to prevent the

extortion of confessions by third-degree tactics, by intimidation, or by taking advantage of an arrested person's ignorance of his constitutional rights.

Mallory was a twenty-one-year-old Negro of not much more than moronic mentality. The rape occurred in the basement of an apartment house in which young Mallory was living along with his older half-brother, the janitor of the building, and the half-brother's two grown sons. As so often happens in cases of this kind, the victim of the crime was unable to make any positive identification but told the police her masked assailant resembled Mallory and his two grown nephews. No other persons had easy access to the basement. The police arrested the three Negroes, took them to a police station and questioned them intensively. They told Mallory that his half-brother had identified him as the masked assailant. Mallory strenuously denied guilt. After some hours of persistent interrogation, he was induced to take a lie-detector test; and after almost an hour and a half of steady questioning with the machine, he agreed to sign a statement that he had committed the crime. By that time it was late in the evening, and Mallory was not brought before a United States Commissioner for arraignment until the following morning.

There was no evidence that the police had used any physical force on Mallory; they had simply taken advantage of his ignorance and fear to persuade him to tell what was presumably the truth. When Mallory's trial finally took place—it was delayed for a year because he was deemed mentally incompetent to stand trial—his confession was the principal evidence against him. He was convicted of rape and sentenced to death.

The United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit sustained the conviction in a two to one decision, Judge David Bazelon dissenting.

The Supreme Court reversed the decision on the ground that the confession should not have been admitted as evidence because it was obtained in violation of the Federal Rules of Crim-

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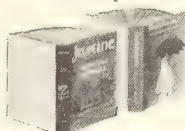
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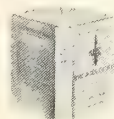
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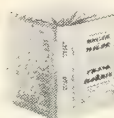


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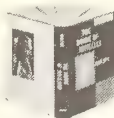
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inal Procedure. Under Rule 1 of these rules, a suspect may be arrested only if there is probable cause to believe that he committed a crime. It is unlawful to arrest a citizen for questioning or on suspicion—that is, in order to establish the probable cause required to justify the arrest in the first place. And Rule 5 provides that when a person is arrested, he must be taken before a United States Commissioner for arraignment “without unnecessary delay.”

At this arraignment, it is the duty of the Commissioner to inform the arrested person of the precise charge against him and to advise him of his rights—his right to have the benefit of counsel, to avoid self-incrimination, and to have a preliminary examination. It is also the duty of the Commissioner to determine whether the evidence constitutes probable cause to believe that the arrested person committed a crime and to hold him for trial, discharge him from custody, or admit him to bail.

#### JUST A “TECHNICALITY”?

THE police in the *Mallory Case* were following standard operating procedure. The requirement that arrested persons be arraigned without unnecessary delay—a requirement in state as well as federal jurisdictions—has long been interpreted by the police almost everywhere with great laxity. It is common practice, in most states as well as in the District of Columbia, to question suspects and often to hold them incommunicado in order to build a case against them prior to arraignment. The Illinois Division of the American Civil Liberties Union recently published an illuminating report on “Secret Detention by the Chicago Police.” It discloses, among other significant facts culled from a study of case files in nine branches of the Municipal Court of Chicago, that:

Fifty per cent of the police prisoners produced in Felony Court have been held without charge for 17 hours or longer, according to the ACLU sample of 334 cases. Another 30 per cent could not be accounted for in terms of pre-booking detention because of police failure to complete the arrest slip. Only 20 per cent of the files showed on their face that the defendant was booked within 17 hours of his arrest. . . .

One out of every ten Felony Court defendants in the sample had been held for 48 hours or longer. One out of every 20 had been held for 60 hours or longer. One out of every 40 had been held for at least three days, before he was charged with an offense.

That the victims of such police practices are not always criminals is attested by the case of Leslie George Wakat, reported by the Illinois Civil Liberties Union. Wakat was arrested by Chicago police officers “for investigation” on September 21, 1946. Two days later, when his

wife learned where he was, she retained a lawyer who filed a petition for habeas corpus. On September 24 a judge ruled that Wakat’s detention was illegal and ordered him released. Four hours after the judge’s ruling, however, the Chicago police re-arrested Wakat “for investigation.”

For the next three days Wakat was held incommunicado at a police station. His lawyer tried to see him but was turned away. Throughout his detention, Wakat was not charged with any crime, was held without bail, and was denied any communication with the world outside. On September 27 the police succeeded in wringing from him a signed confession of burglary. Then, and only then, did they take him to court and charge him with a crime. On the basis of his confession Wakat was convicted and given a ten- to twenty-year prison sentence.

Seven years later the Illinois Supreme Court ordered Wakat’s release. He managed, at last, to prove that his confession had been extorted by a series of violent beatings by the police during his secret detention.

Behind this flagrant disregard of the law by law-enforcement officers lies a public tolerance or indifference; the community prefers to keep its eyes closed. Ordinary law-abiding citizens find it hard to identify themselves with those who fall afoul of the law—for the most part the scum of society, vagrants, pickpockets, dope peddlers, robbers, rapists, and others who present an indisputable threat to law and order and the safety of the community. It is not easy for respectable citizens to recognize that their own rights are bound up intimately with the rights of such outcasts.

There has been an undoubted and very disturbing increase of crime in the postwar years. The causes are complex. Among them, certainly, are social conditions which lie entirely outside police jurisdiction and beyond the power of the best of police departments to correct. Some have said that the causes of contemporary crime are to be found in a breakdown of moral values. Commenting some time ago on that peculiarly distressing and disconcerting sort of anti-social conduct which is commonly referred to as juvenile delinquency, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover remarked that juvenile delinquents “are the victims of a society which has substituted indulgence for discipline. They are the victims of a breakdown of authority and moral standards in the home, in the neighborhood and—too frequently—in the entire community.”

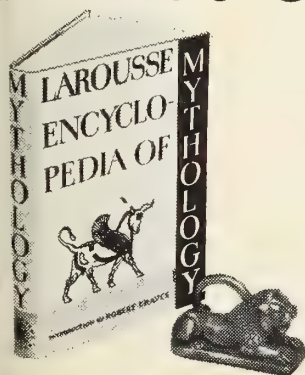
#### PRESSURE ON THE POLICE

THIS may well be the case. If so, however, it is perplexing to find Mr. Hoover advocating tougher treatment of youthful lawbreakers, including full public disclosure of their identities. “In recent years,” he testified before the House

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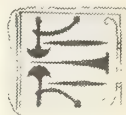
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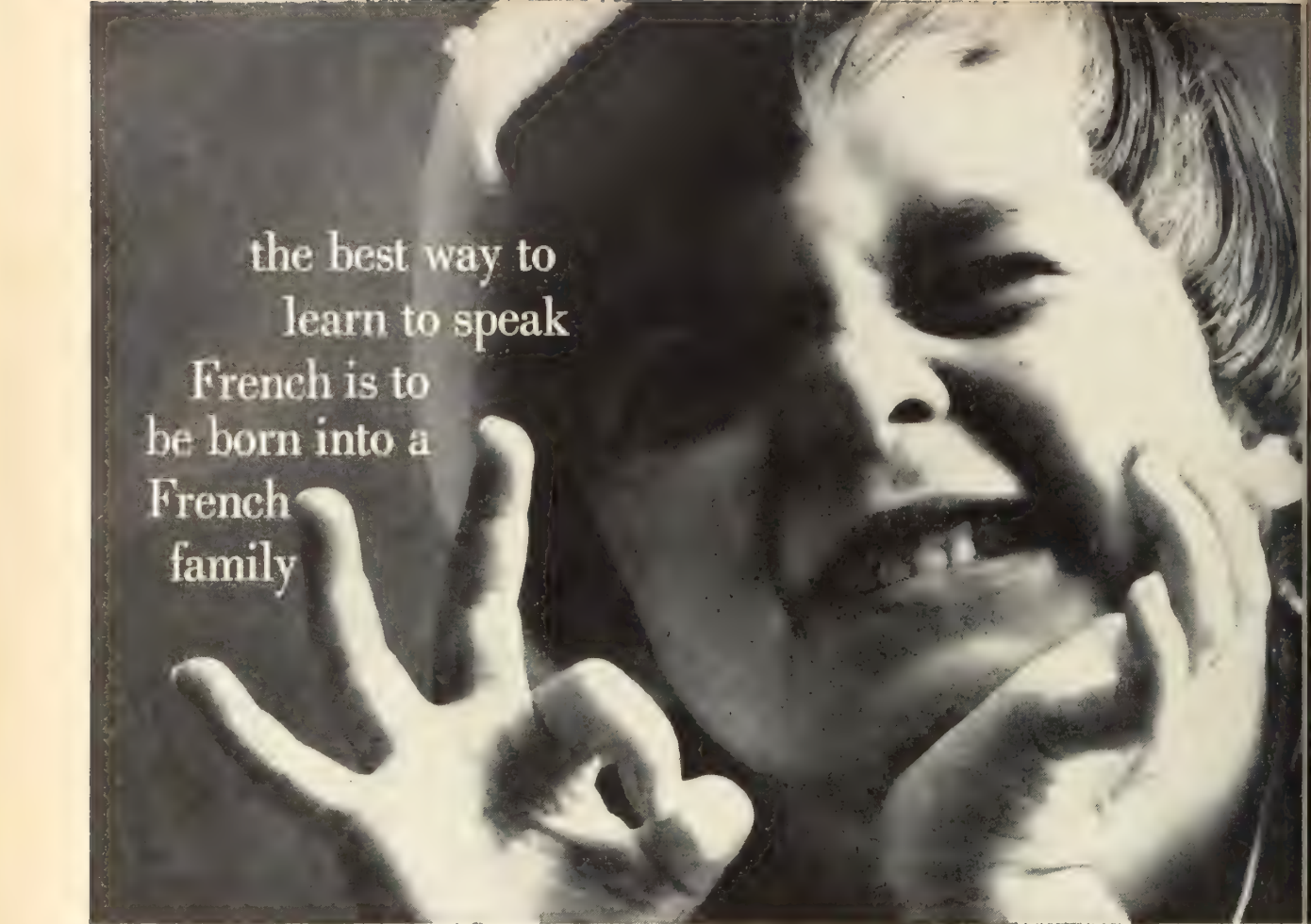
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be born into a  
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But the circumstances of one's own birth are difficult to pre-arrange and so you're as likely to be born in Peoria, Illinois, as in Paris, France. Assuming that you *were* born in Paris, French would be your native language and you would learn it as a child does—by hearing, seeing, associating objects and actions with sounds, repeating, imitating and, finally, speaking. This is by far the best way to learn any language.

If you are *not* native to France then the next best way to learn French is to simply go and live there. Surround yourself with all things French, listen, ask and learn. This, of course, takes time and can be very expensive.

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If you have unpleasant memories of high school or college language courses—put them away. Lock them in your trunk or press them into your yearbook. There's no place for them at Berlitz. We abhor inflexible routines and we sometimes wish that

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## THE EASY CHAIR

Appropriations Committee last May, "reports on youth crimes have indicated a mounting savagery, a senseless brutality, which leaves little doubt that in the interest of self-preservation, it is now time for sterner measures to be taken by the communities and the courts." The only way to civilize these young barbarians, it would appear, is to treat them with the utmost savagery.

Other critics have ascribed urban hoodlumism to slum conditions and to inadequacies in educational and recreational facilities. Some blame the impact of motion pictures, television programs, and comic strips. Still others regard the incidence of juvenile and adult delinquency as symptoms of a pervasive sickness of our society. In any case, whatever the causes, there is now a very widespread popular alarm over the growth of crime and violence. This alarm finds expression in innumerable newspaper and magazine articles. Its feverish nature can be seen in the following brief excerpt from a series of articles in the San Francisco *Chronicle* which appeared some months ago under the titillating title, "Terror in the Streets" and presented a succession of lurid stories of violent crime culled from the newspaper's files:

This is the hoodlum era, the era of the switchblade and the zip gun, the flailing belt buckle, the slashing bicycle chain.

This is the era of violence on the streets.

This is the problem the new police administration has inherited, a problem they are now facing.

Police statistics show that more than twice as many citizens are robbed, raped, or assaulted on San Francisco streets as before World War II.

What the statistics don't show is the spreading pattern of senseless brutality, the increasing outbursts of pure sadism. It is this, more than anything, that sends the fear drumming through the city's streets.

This is not an isolated instance of journalistic viewing-with-alarm. A year or so ago, the Washington *Evening Star*, published on the other coast of the continent, edified its readers with a series under a similar headline, "Crime in the Streets," recounting much the same sort of

record of assaults, beatings, rapes, purse-snatchings, and general hoodlumism.

Such newspaper stories excite, as well as reflect, public panic about the incidence of crime. They operate to make the public impatient with police forces. And they operate to make the police forces, in turn, impatient with the restraints imposed upon them by the Constitution and the courts. Police under pressure—police with a zeal for law enforcement—tend in these circumstances to take short cuts which inevitably lead to trespasses on civil liberties.

There has been no comprehensive study of police practices throughout the country since the Wickersham Commission made its shocking report on "Lawlessness in Law Enforcement" in 1931. There is reason to believe, however, that the worst of the abuses, and especially the widespread employment of third degree tactics revealed by the commission, have abated. Perhaps this improvement has been due in part to police recognition that psychological pressure can accomplish the same results as physical brutality. As the late Judge Jerome Frank put it:

"Policemen have discovered that they need neither intricate devices nor violence. The easiest way to persuade a man to confess to whatever you want is to deprive him of sleep beyond the point of normal exhaustion, questioning him endlessly."

### THE PRE-DAWN RAID

POLICE continue to use methods which breach the law and encroach seriously on rights of privacy. An illustration can be seen in the widespread abuse of the so-called vagrancy and disorderly conduct laws. These laws are commonly stretched and distorted to provide a pretext for arrests on mere suspicion, without any semblance of probable cause. The same can be said about dragnet arrests which the police are fond of making whenever they confront some particularly ugly instance of crime for which they have no ready solution. In the District of Columbia a year or so ago, for example, when the police found a waitress who had been brutally beaten by some thug, they rounded up and ar-



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## THE EASY CHAIR

rested more than ninety suspe  
This was, to be sure, a demonstrat  
of police vigor and enthusiasm; b  
it involved at the same time a  
grant invasion of the civil liber  
of ninety-odd innocent citizens.

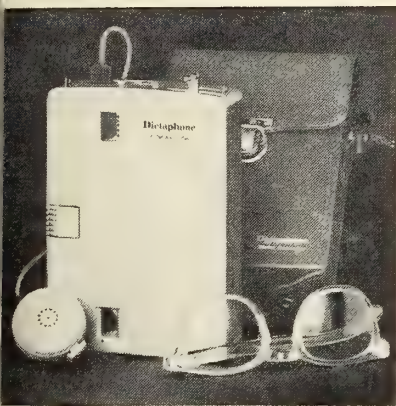
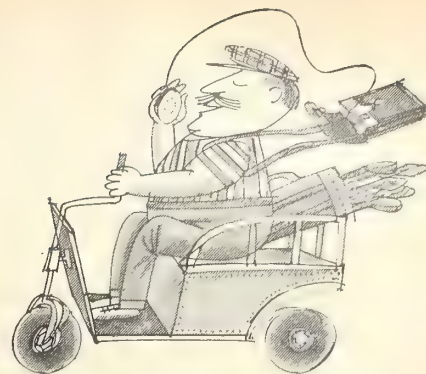
Arrests without warrant have  
come so much a commonplace t  
an arrest warrant is now almos  
collector's item—a relic of some  
tant law-abiding and law-respect  
past. Under the law, policemen  
most jurisdictions may arrest witho  
a warrant whenever they have “pr  
able cause” to believe that the pers  
to be arrested has committed a  
ony. But probable cause g  
stretched pretty thin by zealous  
licemen. Upwards of 600,000 arre  
are made in the course of a year  
California, for example—100,000  
them for felonies—and 90 per c  
of them are made without using  
warrant.

It is notorious that wire-tappi  
although indisputably a violation  
the Federal Communications Act  
widely used as a technique for cri  
detection by federal and local pol  
alike. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover candi  
acknowledges from time to time t  
the FBI taps wires in a limited nu  
ber of cases involving national  
curity. Electronic eavesdropp  
techniques which involve grave  
vasions of privacy are also wid  
employed as aids to law enforce  
And the Supreme Court itself—p  
haps in response to public clamor  
strengthening the power of the pol  
—has sanctioned detection devi  
which seem altogether repugnant  
the spirit of the Fourth Amendm  
of the Constitution.

The Fourth Amendment provi  
without equivocation, that “the rig  
of the people to be secure in th  
persons, houses, papers, and effe  
against unreasonable searches a  
seizures, shall not be violated, a  
no Warrants shall issue, but up  
probable cause, supported by O  
or affirmation, and particularly  
scribing the place to be search  
and the persons or things to  
seized.”

It can hardly be denied that t  
provision imposes upon the police  
heavy handicap. Undoubtedly  
authors of the amendment intend  
that it should do so. They plac  
great value upon privacy. In Just  
Brandeis' words, “They conferred,

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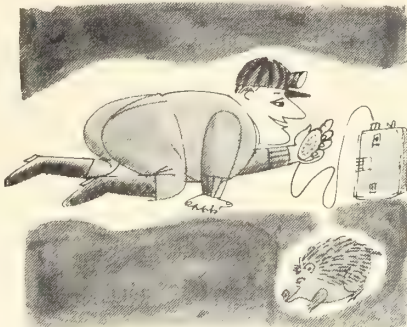
entists, reporters, engineers, researchers and a good many people who actively resist classification.



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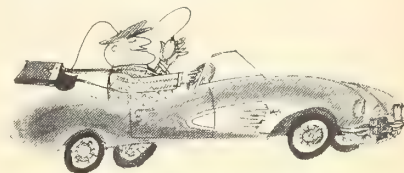
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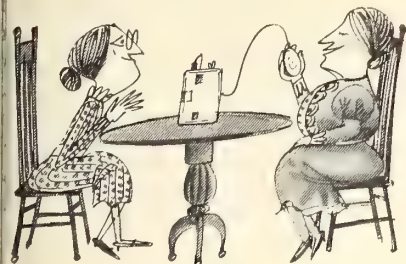
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Profile of a great Midwestern campus—its students, faculty, and philosophy. First of a new series on American colleges.

*By David Boroff*

### BALANCHINE BUILDS A BALLET

What does a great choreographer do when the star's feet hurt? When opening night jitters hit the whole troupe? The human—as well as the aesthetic side—of a genius at work.

*By Robert Kotlowitz*

### HOW MUCH POISON ARE YOU BREATHING?

The stark facts about a health menace which *can* be eliminated if enough Americans insist on the steps proposed here.

*By Charles Schaeffer and Art Cosing*

### DAG HAMMARSKJOLD

A full-scale portrait of one of the most remarkable personalities of our time.

*By Joseph Lash*

### WRITING IN AMERICA

See preview of the 66-page supplement on page 18.

against the government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men.”

A year ago, in support of this right, the Court reversed a conviction simply because the police failed to observe a procedural rule which to many may seem a mere formality. At about four o'clock one morning, without an arrest or search warrant, the police unceremoniously forced their way into the apartment of one William Miller, arrested him, and seized a quantity of heroin they found on the premises. The police had ample reason to make the raid. Their sole delinquency was that they failed to give notice of their authority and purpose before breaking open the door.

The giving of such notice has been a requirement of the English common law since the fifteenth century and a basic rule of American law since the earliest days of the Republic. And as Mr. Justice Brennan said for the Supreme Court, “However much in a particular case insistence upon such rules may appear as a technicality that inures to the benefit of a guilty person, the history of the criminal law proves that tolerance of shortcut methods in law enforcement impairs its enduring effectiveness.”

It should be recognized, of course, that the police have a very difficult problem, when they are in hot pursuit of a criminal, in determining just what constitutes probable cause for an arrest and just when a search is reasonable within the constitutional meaning of the term. They often have persuasive reasons indeed for a failure to observe amenities which must sometimes seem to them, in the course of their difficult and dangerous jobs, to be silly and frustrating impediments to law enforcement.

These amenities are, nevertheless, the very essence of civil liberty. And it is a vital responsibility of courts of law to see that they are faithfully observed. The courts have thus far discovered no more effective means of doing this than to exclude resolutely from a trial any evidence which was obtained by unconstitutional means. This is called the exclusionary rule, and it has been in force in all federal courts ever since

the Supreme Court adopted it in 1914. “If police officers know evidence obtained by their unlawful acts cannot be used in the courts,” said Mr. Justice Douglas, “they clean their own houses and put an end to this kind of action.”

Perhaps this is an overly optimistic view; but the exclusionary rule serves at least to admonish the police to keep the courts from conniving in their law-breaking. It is hard to see how popular respect for the rule can be maintained if the police are permitted to flout it.

Many states have not adopted the exclusionary rule; and many conscientious lawyers feel it confers undue advantages upon criminals at the expense of the community without effectively curbing the police. There can be no denying that it creates frequently to upset convictions of indisputably guilty defendants. And whenever this happens, police and prosecutors react with the same sort of frenzied indignation that was expressed by Deputy Police Chief Scott in Washington, D. C.

### HOW TO KEEP LAWYERS IN THEIR PLACE

IN 1955 when the Supreme Court of California adopted the exclusionary rule for that state, upsetting the conviction of a notorious gambler, cause it was based on evidence obtained through a flagrantly unlawful search, the Police Chief of Los Angeles commented as follows: “This decision is] a terrible blow to law enforcement and has conceivably law enforcement back fifty years. I am only concerned with the security and welfare of the law-abiding element of our people. With these further restrictions being placed upon us—what are we going to do?”

And the District Attorney ofameda County said on the same occasion:

[The] net result of the exclusionary rule is that the persons who benefit the most, in fact almost exclusively, are the blackmailer, the kidnaper, the big-time narcotic dealer, the racketeer, the dishonest gambler who preys in deviousness upon a gullible public, the pandyer and procurer, the entrepreneur of syndicated prostitution, who like the pimp, lives off the earnings of

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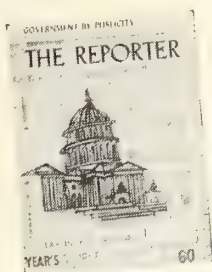
...in 1958, with the first publication in English of "Doctor Zhivago"—excerpts in three consecutive issues two months before the book appeared

...in 1959 (so far), with the essay, "The Policymaker and the Intellectual," by Henry A. Kissinger on the causes that make for sterility in our foreign policy

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titutes, and other types of organized syndicated crime such as, for example, the international conspiracy of communism to destroy the American way of life, and the very constitutional rights which the majority opinion seeks to protect.

This kind of protest from policemen and prosecutors has evoked a sympathetic response among legislators. Senator Kenneth Keating of New York has introduced, in collaboration with Representative Edwin Willis of Louisiana, a bill which has already at this writing passed the House, designed to modify the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure in such a way as, in effect, to overturn the Supreme Court's decision in the *Mallory* Case. The Keating-Willis bill provides simply that "evidence, including statements or confessions, otherwise admissible, shall not be inadmissible solely because of delay in taking an arrested person before a Commissioner" or other judicial officer; and it imposes on the police a duty to advise an arrested person prior to interrogation "that he is not required to make a statement and that any statement made by him may be used against him."

It is plain that this bill, in the interest of law enforcement, would relax restraints on the police and correspondingly diminish the protections which American law has traditionally thrown around accused persons. It would operate to deny arrested persons the right to counsel at precisely the time when this right could be most important to them and it would effectively nullify the privilege against self-incrimination. During the course of a recent trial in federal district court in Washington, the prosecutor unintentionally revealed one of the reasons why police prefer to question suspects prior to arraignment. In his argument to the jury, the prosecutor declared:

"They say why didn't we put him downstairs [in jail, that is, after arraignment] and call him back the next morning. Why? We would find the place crawling with attorneys telling him, 'You don't have to talk to the police.'"

Naturally enough the police do not want to have their police stations crawling with attorneys telling arrested persons to keep their mouths

shut. Nevertheless, the fact of the matter is that counsel can be a great deal more useful to a defendant before he makes damaging admissions than after the admissions have been made. Moreover it is one thing to be advised of one's rights by a commissioner or magistrate in a courtroom and quite another thing to be told about them by a police officer in the lonely and intimidating atmosphere of a police station. A policeman may tell a prisoner of his rights in such a tone of voice as to warn against any resort to them.

#### FOR RICH PEOPLE ONLY

THE police preference for questioning prisoners prior to arraignment makes a mockery of the concept of equal justice. Well-to-do and respectable persons who know their rights are likely to assert them and have them recognized. And this is even more clearly the case with well-to-do and unrespectable persons—the big-time gamblers, members of criminal syndicates and organized vice rings—for the protection of whose rights a "mouthpiece" is always at hand. The people whose procedural rights are breached by the police are almost invariably the poor, the ignorant, and the friendless.

Perhaps the weightiest objection to the Keating-Willis bill is the consideration that, if it became law, it would transfer the authority to determine what constitutes probable cause for arrest from a judicial officer to a police officer. It would, in short, make policemen judges of the legality of their own arrests. And this is, when you come to think about it, an identifying characteristic of the police state. As Judge Bazelon observed in his dissent when the *Mallory* Case was in the Court of Appeals, "The law's requirement of arraignment without unnecessary delay is grounded upon the theory that where policemen are judges, individual liberty and dignity cannot long survive."

The *Mallory* and *Miller* Cases briefly recounted here are cases in which odious and dangerous criminals were involved, in which there was no doubt whatever as to their guilt, and in which zealous police work was frustrated by the Court's decisions—cases for which the Court

has been subjected to a storm of criticism and protest. In a limited sense, the safety of the community was imperiled by the release of *Mallory* and *Miller*.

But in a much more vital sense the safety of the community was protected by these decisions. For they serve to safeguard the community against that most terrifying symbol of the police state—the ominous rap upon a householder's door at night, the random search and the arbitrary arrest and detention of a citizen by policemen who have become masters, not servants, of the law. "The history of liberty," Mr. Justice Frankfurter once observed, "has largely been the history of observance of procedural safeguards. And the effective administration of justice hardly requires the disregard of fair procedures imposed by law."

#### THE POLICEMAN'S LOT

THE men who wrote the Constitution and who consciously imposed in the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth articles of the Bill of Rights sweeping restraints upon law enforcement were well aware of the community's concern with the prevention and punishment of crime. But they were aware also of the community's overriding concern with the insidious perils in overbearing police authority. In Justice Brandeis' words, "they did not exalt order at the cost of liberty." And perhaps the healthiest tradition which they handed down to their posterity is the tradition that among free men the policeman's lot can hardly ever be a happy one.

The dangers which arise from "terror in the streets" are undoubtedly real and serious dangers. It may be, however, that elimination of "terror in the streets" must be sought not alone in vigorous police action but in reform of the social conditions which give rise to this terror.


The offspring of terror is panic. And panic is always a poor counselor. It can lead at times to senseless sacrifice of the very values which it is the fundamental function of law to sustain and secure. There is danger from the outcasts of society who violate the law, there is also danger from the law-abiding who, in an excess of anxiety, may exalt order at the cost of liberty.



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## Among Our Contributors

SHORT. BRIGHT. COSTLY

ONE useful by-product of the talking-match between ex-Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce and Senator Wayne Morse in Washington this spring was to focus public attention on the question of what makes a good diplomat. If the American way of choosing its representatives is faulty, one reason may be that the choices have usually slipped through unnoticed. In "Our Ambassadors" (p. 29) Charles W. Thayer opens the question to the light of historical and literary perspective and his own personal experience in the Foreign Service.

Three additional observations from recent official and press commentary underscore the short, sometimes brilliant, and always costly diplomatic history of this nation:

(1) Though "amateurs," American diplomats have often been brilliant representatives. James Reston commented in the *New York Times* (using the term "ambassador" in its general sense):

"Some of the most distinguished ambassadors in American history have been 'amateurs'—among them, in addition to Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Jay, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, Washington Irving, John Hay, James Russell Lowell, and, in more recent times, Lewis W. Douglas, John J. McCloy, and Gen. George C. Marshall."

(2) Our formal ambassadorial system has developed within a lifetime. "When I was three years old—that was in 1893—" President Eisenhower told a group of graduates of the Foreign Service Institute this June, "the first ambassador of the United States was appointed. Today there are 77 ambassadors representing the United States abroad. We have representations in 86 different countries, and I think we have large groups or at least representation in something like 285 separate cities."

(3) If we wish to change the sys-

tem, we have to pay the price. There is a good reason why the crucial all-choice European posts go to rich men. For example, the tradition of Fourth of July party for visiting Americans in Paris this year set M. Amory Houghton back \$5,500 ("not counting tips and breakage," says James Reston, a guest). Ambassador Houghton's total official entertainment allowance for 1959 is \$6,000 and the entire Embassy staff is allocated only \$25,800.

... Charles W. Thayer served in diplomatic service from 1933 (when as a West Point graduate studying in Moscow he got a job as messenger in the U. S. Embassy) until 1955 when he was U. S. Political Liaison Officer to the German government in Bonn. He is the author of *Beat in the Caviar*, *Hands Across the Caviar*, and *The Unquiet Germans*. His article this month is from his new book, *Diplomat*, which will be published by Harper & Brothers in October.

... The chief news out of Detroit this summer was that the Big Three have at last harkened to the song of the Volkswagen, the Fiat, The Peugeot, the Simca, the Rambler, and the Lark. This fall the buyer will be able to get a compact model of his big old American car; and what that will do to the market is both a nightmare and a golden dream.

Meanwhile Janet Agle responds in advance to this offer in "Come Back to Detroit, All Is Forgiven" (p. 36). Like many of our women contributors, she has combined writing with housekeeping, more or less: "I hit on a system of leaving undone those things which ought to be done and it worked fine. The household stopped running and slowed down to a limp, and my first novel, *Family Secret*, was published by Lippincott in 1955. Since then, articles in the *Bazaar*, *Vogue*, etc. I devote my winters to haute cuisine and my summers to doing penance on the tennis court maintaining an uneasy balance."

... Excitement and poetry are the important new criteria for the buildings which are described by **Robin Boyd** as landmarks in "The Counter-revolution in Architecture" (p. 40). In asking for a responsible use of these qualities, Mr. Boyd calls for a "better educated public taste." Such calls, he admits, have always been "forlorn." Why this may be so was suggested a few years ago in a well known book by a member of *Harper's* editorial staff, Russell Lynes (who, incidentally, contributes an item on our Presidents' taste in art to "After Hours" this month).

"I do not know what *good* taste is," said Mr. Lynes in *The Taste-makers*. "I do know that taste is not constant and that it is a creature of circumstance. I also know that one measure of a man's taste is what he will put up with. Furthermore it seems apparent that not only is one generation's good taste very likely to be the next generation's bad taste, but one individual's ideas about what is good taste and bad taste change as he matures, moves to a different place or a different way of living, and acquires new sets of values for judging not only his surroundings but what he wants out of life. . . .

"We are fortunate in America that we have so many different ways of satisfying so many different kinds of tastes. We produce hundreds of movies each year, some of them good by the most discriminating standards, some of them bad by the least discriminating, and the same may be said of paintings and of architecture and cookery and probably of circus wagons. . . .

"Unless I completely misunderstand the real reason for having taste, it is to increase one's faculties for enjoyment. Taste in itself is nothing. It is only what taste leads to that makes any difference in our lives."

A difference in our lives may well be what Mr. Boyd is after—as well as a difference in the buildings where we live and work. He brings to these questions a rich background of work and the distance of another hemisphere. A partner in the Melbourne, Australia, architectural firm of Grounds, Romberg, and Boyd, he is also a lecturer and architectural historian at the University of Melbourne.

Mr. Boyd's books include *Victorian*



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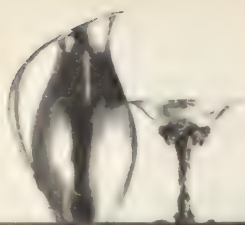
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**P & O**

*Modern and Australia's Home*, and his professional articles have appeared in American journals. In 1956-57 he was Visiting Bemis Professor of Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He will speak in October in Honolulu at the California AIA's "Pacific Rim Conference."

Since Mr. Boyd was in Australia when his article went to press, the editors are indebted to the *Architectural Record* and the Museum of Modern Art for help in answering many questions.

... Felicia Lamport reports on a special trip into the bosky world of dictionaries (p. 49). Ordinarily she indulges in word-hunts or while working on a novel and collaborating on a play, being married to a professor of law and bringing up two children in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She is the author of *Midnight Weekdays* and of light verse and articles that have been published in *Harper's* and elsewhere.

Under prodding, Miss Lamport admitted to P & O that her interest in dictionaries goes back to childhood—along with a love of conspicuous words—and that at the age of eight she used a dictionary in preparing class paper in which she described her heroine as offering "gastronomic reinforcements" to the troops.

... Among those present—and leaving—at innumerable Democratic caucuses in the next year will be a relative newcomer, Paul Ziffren, whom Arthur A. Engel describes as "California's Cure for Tired Democratic Blood" (p. 55). Keeping an eye on West Coast politics and Ziffren's very commonly broad area of activity for some time, Mr. Engel has seen a big impact on national politics deep.

Mr. Engel is a management consultant and writer who settled in Los Angeles after World War II service as a Marine Corps officer. He has been engaged in the industrial, publishing, and communications business there, and was on the founding faculty of the UCLA Department of Journalism.

... Reese Wolfe tells in his recent story, "Darwinian Man, Though Well-Behaved . . ." (p. 60), of his return from an adolescent affair with

the sea. A native San Franciscan, he had developed a taste for foreign parts by going to school in Paris and Lausanne. He later attended the University of Madrid, though graduating from Stanford. He has published a sailor's-eye view of history called *Yankee Ships*, and two other books. His next will be *The Monkeys Have No Tails*, which Regnery will bring out in October and from which his "Darwinian Man" is taken. He lives in California, across the Golden Gate Bridge, in Marin County.



... In his affectionate memoir of Cole Porter (p. 65) **Moss Hart** calls their musical comedy "Jubilee" a pleasant enough success. Actually the New York reviewers were ecstatic when it opened on Broadway October 12, 1935, and the *Times* critic spoke of it as a "rapturous masquerade" in which Mary Boland as the Queen was "unconscionably sharp and funny."

Mr. Hart grew up in unrelieved poverty in the Bronx and went to work in a furrier's vault at thirteen. He had already written "Once in a Lifetime," with George S. Kaufman as collaborator, before his meeting at the age of twenty-eight with Cole Porter. He later wrote several more plays which have become comedy classics—including "Lady in the Dark," "You Can't Take It with You," and "The Man Who Came To Dinner"—and he is writing another play now.

As a director Moss Hart apprenticed by putting on amateur one-act plays at the Labor Temple in Manhattan and by working as "social director" at adults' summer camps—as much to get away from the heat and squalor of the New York streets as to indulge his obsession for the stage. Recently he was director of, no less, "My Fair Lady" and he will direct the new Lerner and Loewe play next winter.

Moss Hart's memoir of Cole Porter will be the introduction to Simon and Schuster's *The Cole Porter Song Book*, to be published in October. Meanwhile Random House will bring out this month Mr. Hart's *Act One: An Autobiography*, taking him from the Bronx apartment to "Once in a Lifetime."

... In "The Mathematics of Sex, Gambling, and Insurance" (p. 69), **Darrell Huff** takes a carefully calculated shot at amateur statisticians who fool themselves more than fate in playing with figures. He adapted this article from his new book, *How to Take a Chance*, which W. W. Norton will bring out in October. Irving Geis, the illustrator of the article, is his collaborator on the book.

Mr. Huff's previous book, *How to Lie with Statistics*, which has been published in several languages, originated in a *Harper's* article in August 1950. He is an Iowa-bred Californian, who has written several books, innumerable articles, and conducted a craftsmen's do-it-yourself organization. Last year, he and his family toured Europe in a Microbus.

... Between ten and twenty million people in the United States suffer from some hearing loss. To a great many of these, **John Freund's** article, "Surgery Helps the Hard of Hearing" (p. 76), will bring hopeful and possibly practical news for their own condition. Mr. Freund, who is a writer-editor on the radio news desk of the New York *Daily News*, gathered the material for his article when his wife had the ear operation he describes. Mr. Freund has done news reporting for Washington papers, for government agencies, and for radio and wire services.

... **Gwendolyn Brooks** (p. 35) is a Chicago poet who returns to *Harper's* after some years. Her first of several books was *A Street in Bronzeville*, and the next (which will include this poem) will be called *The Bean Eaters* and will be published next spring.

**Helga Sandburg** (p. 56) is new to *Harper's*. With her first novel, *The Wheel of Earth* published last spring, she has a new one ready for next, *Measure My Love*.

**John Holmes** (p. 79) is the author of many books of poetry, most recently *The Symbols*. He is professor of English at Tufts University and director of the Tufts Writers Workshop. He is not related to Oliver Wendell Holmes, he says, but to Adam, who came from North Ireland seven generations ago.



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# OUR AMBASSADORS

an intimate appraisal  
of the men and the system

CHARLES W. THAYER

A prominent and witty career diplomat (ret'd.) opens the doors of our embassies, introducing us to the men—some able, some confused, some just miscast—who represent us to the world.

NATIONS, it has frequently been observed, are judged by their representatives abroad. For this if for no other reasons governments should take special pains in selecting their envoys. In the seventeenth century ambassadors were often selected from one of three professions: the church, the military, and the law. Today the first is seldom a source of recruits except for the Vatican. Though generals and lawyers are frequently appointed to diplomatic posts, most authorities agree that neither group is well suited to diplomacy.

Although on rare occasions brilliant generals have become excellent ambassadors, most have been failures. The military career has indeed

little in common with diplomacy, and not only because one is directed toward war and the other toward peace. The headquarters atmosphere with its stress on procedures, channels of command, and external discipline is totally different from that of the chancellery, where individual methods are employed, informal relationships exist, and rank plays a lesser role.

There is an even greater difference in the subject matter of the military career and that of diplomacy. The one deals with weapons, logistics, and organization; the other deals with political concepts, the written word, and personal relations.

A diplomatic friend of mine, after reading in the papers of the appointment of a series of generals and admirals to diplomatic posts, asked facetiously: "Do you suppose that one day they will appoint Ambassador Smith to take command of the Sixth Fleet or Counselor of Embassy Jones to head the 45th Jet Fighter Squadron?"

Although it is quite commonly supposed that a legal career is an advantage for diplomats and though many lawyers have been appointed to embassies, law in some respects is even less suited as training for a diplomatic career than the military profession. In fact Sir



Harold Nicolson, the leading English authority on diplomacy, maintains that "the worst kind of diplomatists are missionaries, fanatics, and lawyers." "The training of a lawyer," said Callières,\* "breeds habits and dispositions of mind which are not favorable to the practice of diplomacy. The occupation of a lawyer," he added, "which is to split hairs about nothing is not a good preparation for the treatment of grave public affairs in the region of diplomacy."

Whether or not splitting hairs over nothing is the basis of a legal career, the superficial similarities between the law and diplomacy are perhaps one reason for their incompatibility. The lawyer, like the diplomat, deals in debate and compromise. A knowledge of law is essential to the diplomat, and ability to negotiate is essential to the lawyer, and a knowledge of human nature is essential to both.

But when the lawyer turns to international problems these similarities lead him to the false conclusion that diplomacy is a form of law. His whole training has accustomed him to presuppose a court where right is distinguished from wrong, legal from illegal, and where there are police and jails to enforce decisions. Moral as well as legal concepts govern his thinking.

When the lawyer faces a problem he attempts to solve it by legal agreements in which every contingency is foreseen and every detail is strictly defined. He seeks to regulate affairs by hard and fast formulas within a completely ordered system. None of these concepts apply to international affairs. Even international law, which covers only a tiny part of the field of diplomacy, has few sanctions. The World Court can regulate but a fraction of the daily disputes and differences which occupy diplomats because sovereign states refuse to submit to a higher sovereignty despite idealistic proposals that they should do so.

The traditions, customs, and histories of different countries, areas, and religions, on which their moral as well as their legal concepts are based, vary greatly. In Western countries Christian morality and principles prevail. In Arab lands the ethical rules of the Koran are the basis of law. In the East Buddhist ethics dominate. In England only a judge may condemn to death. In Germany not even a judge has the power of pronouncing death, but in Eastern lands a killer's life is at the disposal of his victim's family.

\*François de Callières (1615-1717) wrote *On the Manner of Negotiating with Princes*, a manual on diplomatic method.

Nowhere is the difference more marked than between Western and Byzantine concepts of justice. In the Soviet Union a war to establish or defend a Communist dictatorship is a "just" war, a lie to the same purpose is a white lie, and what the West considers truth is often a bourgeois falsehood.

Diplomacy mediates not between right and wrong but between conflicting interests. It seeks to compromise not between legal equities but between national aspirations. Among nations, despite the efforts of statesmen since Grotius, no ordered system with a unified process of law enforcement exists. Furthermore, a nation's interests, aspirations, and the power to satisfy them vary from year to year, indeed from day to day. What yesterday was satisfactory may tomorrow be intolerable and unenforceable.

#### THE FINE PRINT

WHEN the Western Allies relinquished their sovereign rights over Western Germany they sought to regulate the new relationship by the so-called "Germany Treaty." Owing largely to the preponderance of lawyers in the negotiations, particularly on the American side, a contract was drawn up that tried to foresee every contingency and provide by legal agreement for solutions to problems that until then had rested with the victorious powers as a result of the war. The abolition of cartels, the guarantees of democratic government, the punishment of war criminals, and a thousand other details were negotiated by a host of lawyers and legal experts as though a system of law existed into which the agreements might fit.

When after months of intense negotiation an agreement was reached in 1952, the chief German negotiator, State Secretary Walther Hallstein, himself a brilliant professor of law, bursting with pride asked an Allied diplomat who had not participated in the negotiations what he thought of the treaty.

The diplomat replied bluntly: "It is not a treaty at all. It reminds me of the fine print on the back of my fire insurance policy."

The diplomat's judgment was more than vindicated within months. By granting Western Germany her sovereignty, the treaty fundamentally altered the power relationship of the signatories. The limitations that it sought to impose upon the Germans became meaningless because the power to enforce them no longer existed. Those obligations the German government assumed which corresponded with her na-

tional interests remained in force. The rest, in a matter of a few years, vanished all but unnoticed. All that remained were a few general principles, implicit but not explicit in the treaty, which reflected the realities of the new relationship created with the re-establishment of German sovereignty.

#### TYCOONS IN STRIPED PANTS

**T**O THE church, the military, and the law the twentieth century has added a fourth potential reservoir of ambassadors—business. It is widely believed, particularly in America, that diplomatic negotiations are essentially business deals and that the best negotiator is therefore a shrewd Yankee horse trader operating under the cover of a pair of striped pants. As a result, a number of successful businessmen without diplomatic experience have found themselves pantless and shirtless at the end of a negotiation with experienced diplomats.

However, diplomatic negotiations differ fundamentally from commercial or business dealings. In the first place, business deals, like legal business, are conducted within the framework of a regulated system with self-enforcing powers. Business to a large extent is regulated by the laws of contracts. Even international business deals generally provide for arbitration in the courts of one or the other contracting party. Diplomacy has been defined as "commerce in mutual benefits" or the harmonizing of interests. Only as long as mutual benefits accrue or harmony prevails is there any real assurance that the agreements will be fulfilled.

The businessman who has concluded a "deal," whether to buy a factory or sell a shipload of coffee beans, knowing that the contract is binding, can often scarcely wait to announce his triumph to his stockholders and assure his associates of the profit he has made. The diplomat, however, never proclaims a diplomatic success. On the contrary, he will endeavor to advertise the benefits he has sacrificed to the other party.

In the second place, unlike the average businessman, the diplomat cannot pick and choose his associates. He must deal with the political power that rules. Nor can he ever be sure when power relationships will change and the government he rebuffed yesterday must be wooed as an ally today. Only the amateur or the Byzantine diplomat slams doors. The professional may say "perhaps" or "tomorrow" but he never says "no,"

whether to a treaty of alliance or a request for a loan to build a dam.

Thirdly, unlike the businessman's, a diplomat's negotiation is never finished. A treaty may be signed and sealed but it is seldom irrevocably delivered. So long as it remains in force it is subject to modification, renegotiation, or denunciation. For example, the United States may find it advisable to establish air bases in Spain. Delicate feelers are first put out by the ambassador in Madrid. If the Spanish government responds favorably, formal negotiations are begun. Long discussions and haggling follow on sites, payment for the final disposition of the fields, the labor terms and material costs to build them, and legal jurisdiction over the American airmen who will eventually man them.

Even when the treaty has been signed and ratified, the diplomat's job has scarcely begun. Differences of interpretation of the most precisely drafted text will arise. Unexpected obstacles will develop as construction crews go to work, equipment is imported, and finally the crews and their families move into their strange environment and start to adjust themselves to local customs and laws. Each of these problems must be ironed out in endless negotiations. Meantime the mutual benefits accruing to the Spanish and American governments will fluctuate with new political or economic conditions and the development of new weapons.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, now ten years old, is practically in a perpetual state of renegotiation. Scarcely a week passes without discussions between the diplomats stationed at NATO headquarters to smooth out difficulties, modify impractical commitments, or even occasionally to prevent the entire edifice from collapsing because of conflicting interests between the partners, whether Turkey and Greece or England and the United States.

#### DILETTANTES ABROAD

**I**F churchmen, soldiers, lawyers, and businessmen make poor diplomats, Callières maintained, the dilettantes make the worst of all. Men of small minds, he said, should content themselves with jobs at home where their errors may be easily repaired; for errors abroad are too often irreparable. Acknowledging that there is always a temptation to use ambassadorships to pay old debts, he warned that the public interest must be supreme and that officials should steel themselves against the pressure of political friends or relatives seeking diplomatic posts.



Sometimes a host government may complain discreetly about the quality of the ambassador it receives. Some time ago, the Canadian prime minister is said to have complained that Canada had suffered her share of American dilettantes and hacks as ambassadors and pleaded that it be sent a professional diplomat. The President then sent a distinguished career officer.

After World War II the government of Luxembourg, having been host to a series of political party favorites as American ministers, let it be known in Washington that its patience was exhausted. If the next appointee was not a career official, it intimated, it would refuse to receive him. The United States again acceded.

Other governments have grown accustomed to non-professional American diplomats, tolerating them as part of the American system of conducting diplomacy. However, as Nicolson points out, the United States has suffered much from political appointments under the "spoils system." "The capitals of Europe and Latin America," he says, "echoed with the indiscretions of these amateur diplomatists and much damage was done to all concerned . . . by politicians whose intelligence and conduct were not consonant with the dignity of the United States."

Nevertheless, the spoils system continues to dispose of many diplomatic posts. Today only four of the fourteen American ambassadors in important Western European posts are professionals. Because many non-European posts, especially in out-of-the-way places, do not attract office seekers, the percentage of professionals on a global basis is somewhat higher. Even so, about half our embassies are still headed by amateurs whose previous experience has been as successful bankers, salesmen, race-horse breeders, and so on. Not all have been failures. Indeed some, like Douglas Dillon, have revealed the rare talents of a born diplomat.

It is popularly supposed that ambassadorships are bought by rich men with social ambitions or socially ambitious wives. This is only partly true. Aside from the professionals appointed from the career service, many ambassadors are selected by the President or the secretary of state because he genuinely believes that they possess the attributes of a good ambassador. They are good mixers. They make friends easily. They are conciliatory and have pleasing personalities or they have some special tie with a particular country that is expected to make them popular there.

President Roosevelt, who, according to John Gunther, shopped about for ambassadors like a

housewife shopping for potatoes, selected Professor William Dodd as ambassador to Germany because he was a specialist in German history and a fanatical enemy of Nazism. Dodd was a great scholar but a disastrous diplomat. President Eisenhower appointed an ambassador to Southeast Asia because he knew the country well from the frequent big-game shooting expeditions he had made there.

#### POLITICAL PAYOFFS

**M**ONEY nevertheless plays a prominent role in the distribution of diplomatic prizes. By making a substantial contribution to a political party, office seekers can enhance their chances for a diplomatic post, particularly if they or their backers can discover something in their background that passes for a diplomatic qualification: they have traveled abroad or know a lot of foreigners or are accomplished hostesses.

An old friend of mine who had served for many years in the Foreign Service found promotions slow and anybody's chances of getting an embassy by way of the career ladder slight. Thereupon he resigned from the service and made a substantial contribution to the Republican party. Within months he had a good embassy.

In the roaring 'twenties a wealthy playboy was left a large fortune by his father, together with precise instructions about its disposition. One provision instructed him to make a heavy contribution to the Republican party. However, the elections of 1932 were in the offing and some of the playboy's Democratic friends persuaded him that the Republicans did not have a chance. His father, they argued, would have been just as pleased to back Franklin Roosevelt. He agreed and after the election found himself heading a choice embassy.

Contributions to parties need not be monetary. Editors who put their papers behind a political candidate can often count on an embassy for themselves or their wives. A lawyer may help a leading candidate to clear up a messy lawsuit and get a good appointment. Even mediocre journalists, by writing stories favorable to a candidate, can earn an embassy.

Exile to an embassy overseas has long been a way of sidetracking political opponents. Hitler thus got rid of former Chancellor Luther by sending him as ambassador to Washington.

Some years ago a novice Congressman from New York, having displeased his local party bosses, was offered by them either the embassy in New Zealand or the embassy in Portugal if he

would step down and not run for re-election. Doubting their ability to dispose of embassies in this cavalier fashion, he made inquiries in the State Department and to his amazement learned that both posts had been put at their disposal. Nevertheless, he rejected the offer and is still a prominent member of Congress.

The national committees of both major parties supervise the disposition of political appointments to embassies through an informal system whereby the party in power maintains within the State Department and on its payroll a small group whose function it is to watch over the disposition of such patronage as becomes available within the department of the diplomatic service. They keep an eye out for possible openings for loyal party followers, check appointments with the patronage bosses of the state from which a candidate comes, and from time to time clean out the political appointees who have expended their patronage claims or dun them for further contributions.

Patronage bookkeeping is very informal, a circumstance that occasionally leads to misunderstanding and even bitter recriminations. An old friend of mine, a political incumbent of an embassy, was approached by his national committee chairman with the suggestion that he increase his annual contribution to the party or resign. The ambassador was well off, so he gladly upped his donation and settled back for another term in his pleasant embassy. However, the national chairman was suddenly replaced and the new man, searching for a vacancy for a prominent politician in need of a job, reneged on his predecessor's assurances and my friend found himself an ex-ambassador.

Since public-opinion polls are not perfect and elections are notoriously unpredictable, eager office seekers occasionally contribute to both major parties. This practice is considered unethical by some politicians and is frowned upon by patronage bosses. However, since the contributor usually uses his wife's name for one contribution and his own for the other, it is not always easy to check.

Listening on the embassy radio to the returns coming in on the Willkie-Roosevelt campaign, I was astonished to hear my boss, a Democratic appointee, cheering the early lead established by Willkie. Blandly he announced that he had switched allegiance to the Republicans and had backed their candidate heavily. When Roosevelt caught up and eventually passed Willkie, however, the ambassador was equally unconcerned. His wife, he announced unabashed, had main-

tained her loyalty to the Democrats with an equally substantial contribution. The ambassador survived two more elections and eventually died "in harness."

Although embassies are usually much sought after, it occasionally happens that a deserving party follower prefers his rewards in the form of a judgeship or a post office nearer to home. In the 'thirties a deserving claimant to party favors was asked whether he would like to be minister to a Baltic capital.

"Minister?" he asked incredulously, "hell, I've never even been in a pulpit let alone ordained." Nevertheless, he was induced to accept the post.

#### HOW TO FIRE A DIPLOMAT

**B**EFORE the establishment of the career service in 1924, all embassy officials were expected to submit their resignations when the Presidency changed hands. After that, career officers below chief of mission were considered permanent. In fact, several career ambassadors, assuming that they too were exempt, failed to submit their resignations. However, they were quickly put right by the White House and since then after every election all chiefs of mission whether career or political appointees submit their resignations.

Partly as a consequence of this practice, professional diplomats who have risen to ambassadorial rank often find their careers suddenly terminated when their resignations are accepted by a party in power in need of patronage posts. Since there is no way for a career diplomat to remain an ambassador for more than a limited period without an embassy, he must thereafter retire. Legislation to create a reserve pool of ambassadors who can retain their employment for several years is, in fact, one of the pressing needs of the Foreign Service today.

It has become a political tradition for Presidential candidates to pledge their support of the career principle and to promise not to replace career ambassadors. However, in view of the automatic resignation procedure, it is relatively easy to circumvent such pre-election pledges.

Whenever a new party comes to power it is customary to demonstrate statistically that the number of professional diplomatic incumbents has been increased or at least not decreased. The statistical game is fairly simple to play no matter what inroads the patronage committee has made on the embassies, since the number of embassies has in recent years steadily increased with the creation of new independent states, many of



which political office seekers do not consider desirable.

The most desirable diplomatic posts are generally those in Europe, especially London, Paris, Rome, and Madrid. The so-called "commuting embassies," Ottawa, Mexico City, and Havana, whence an incumbent can easily commute to his office in New York for the transaction of his personal business, also are highly in demand. Where climatic conditions are good outside Europe or where there is a special interest for an office seeker one also occasionally finds political appointees.

One office seeker accustomed to living in comfortable circumstances not long ago sought for and got an embassy in a far-off primitive post. Asked by a friend why he wanted to give up his comfortable existence in the U. S. for a squalid Asian city, he replied blandly, "My psychiatrist recommended it." Apparently the remedy for whatever problems ailed him was a success, for after serving several years there he applied for and got another embassy.

Not infrequently it becomes necessary to dismiss an ambassador to make room for an important politician who has lost an election or has been ousted from his job for other reasons. When the prospective victim is a political appointee it is relatively simple for a national committeeman or departmental patronage official to write him that the party deems its obligations to him fulfilled. Even this formality is not always observed. Not too long ago, an ambassador in Scandinavia read in the local morning paper that Washington had appointed a successor to him. Angrily he cabled for confirmation and shortly received it together with an urgent request for his resignation.

If the prospective victim is a career appointee, on the other hand, the procedure is more delicate. An old professional friend of mine with many years of service was happily serving out the last year or two before retirement in a not particularly pleasant post when suddenly a courier delivered an urgent letter from the State Department. It stated that it had been reconsidering his allegedly long-expressed wish for early retirement and reluctantly had decided to accept his resignation as ambassador. Since his successor, a New York lawyer, was planning to leave for his new post within a few days, it was suggested that he leave his embassy within the week. Sadly and bitterly the old diplomat wired his resignation, packed hurriedly, and retired on a substantially lower pension than he would have received had he been allowed to serve out his full career.

Although the Senate under the Constitution empowered to pass on all diplomatic appointments, its responsibility has been fulfilled in recently with perfunctory regularity.\* O rarely has an appointment aroused such animosity that the appointee has withdrawn. When, for example, Edward J. Flynn, the retiring chairman of the Democratic National Committee, turned out to grass as minister to Australia in 1943, the public reaction against him was such that he was persuaded to request that his nomination be withdrawn.

#### BREAKING IN THE NEW BO

**A**LTHOUGH, as we have noted, authorities on diplomacy have laid great stress on the prior training of an ambassador, the State Department has found it necessary to compress a political ambassador's briefing on the country to which he is assigned to a few weeks or even days. Largely because of the shortage of time frequently happens that an ambassador is not even able to pronounce the name of the country to say nothing of the name of its highest official. As Ambassador Gluck found to his sorrow, the ambassador assigned to Yugoslavia boasted to his friends that he was on his way to Czechoslovakia (*sic*) and constantly confused the Masaryks with the Karageorgeviches.

Once arrived at his new post, even a professional ambassador expects to spend weeks if not months familiarizing himself with conditions and making the acquaintance of its officials. For a political appointee a special and often complicated routine has been established. As counselor, deputy chief of mission, an experienced professional officer is frequently designated as personal assistant to keep the ambassador informed of diplomatic usage and to reduce his diplomatic gaffes to a minimum. Against the weeks it takes a professional to work himself into a new post is an old axiom among career diplomats that an amateur often requires years.

It would be unjust to ascribe to pure cynicism this haphazard way of manning the key foxholes in the outer perimeter of our national defense. Whereas provincial party bosses and paragon National Committeemen may deliberately overlook national interests, the political leaders whose name the appointments are made frequently sincerely persuaded that the

\* A recent exception was, of course, the argument over the appointment of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, which ended in her withdrawal as Ambassador to Brazil.

pointees foisted upon them actually possess qualifications popularly associated with "diplomacy"—affability, social grace, or Yankee shrewdness.

Furthermore, it is widely believed that the long-distance telephone and the cable have reduced the role of a diplomat to that of a Western Union messenger boy and that the risk of the irreparable damage, of which Callières warned, has been eliminated. Disregarded is the warning of Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes. "It is perfectly idle," he said testily, "to believe that we can get along without diplomatic representatives. . . . We cannot rely on direct messages. We need the man in personal contact with other men in transacting the business of their government." The French diplomat Jusserand was even more explicit. "Experience has already shown and will more and more show," he said, "that no invention, no telephone, no airplane, no wireless will ever replace the knowledge of a country and the understanding of a people's disposition."

FEW statesmen or diplomatic authorities have argued that diplomatic posts should be filled exclusively from the trained career service. Callières urged that men of letters be enlisted. Others have warned against the incestuous habits of mind that a closed professional service inevitably induces.

Every political generation produces a half-dozen or more individuals capable of making a distinguished contribution to diplomacy without going through the long and arduous training

of the professional service. If they are familiar with government practices and particularly foreign problems and have demonstrated their political sense, their appointment to diplomatic posts not only puts their talents to valuable use but also serves to refresh, invigorate, and inspire the career personnel. In recent years David Bruce, John Sherman Cooper, Chester Bowles, and Douglas Dillon have rendered outstanding service to the country in diplomatic posts. Great Britain, too, has frequently brought new blood into its career service through such men as Sir Oliver Franks.

Politicians have argued earnestly that the present method has for over a century adequately served our political system, providing the essential means for financing costly campaigns. For centuries, they point out, other countries also staffed their entire civil service by the same method. Indeed, up to the Crimean War the British Army was officered almost exclusively by the sale of commissions.

One of the most vigorous defendants of the present system, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, who has herself served as ambassador to Italy, has pointed out that despite occasional lapses the United States has not done too badly with it. "In 181 years of our diplomatic history," she has said, "America has not yet made the irrevocable diplomatic blunder."

Could Lord Raglan, the British commander in the Crimea, have put the case for his officers more strongly as the Light Brigade charged into the Valley of Death?

## THE EXPLORER

GWENDOLYN BROOKS

SOMEHOW to find a still spot in the noise  
Was the frayed inner want, the winding, the frayed hope  
Whose tatters he kept hunting through the din.  
A velvet peace somewhere.  
A room of wily hush somewhere within.

So tipping down the scrambled halls he set  
Vague hands on throbbing knobs. There were behind  
Only spiraling, high human voices,  
The scream of nervous affairs,  
Wee griefs,  
Grand griefs. And choices.

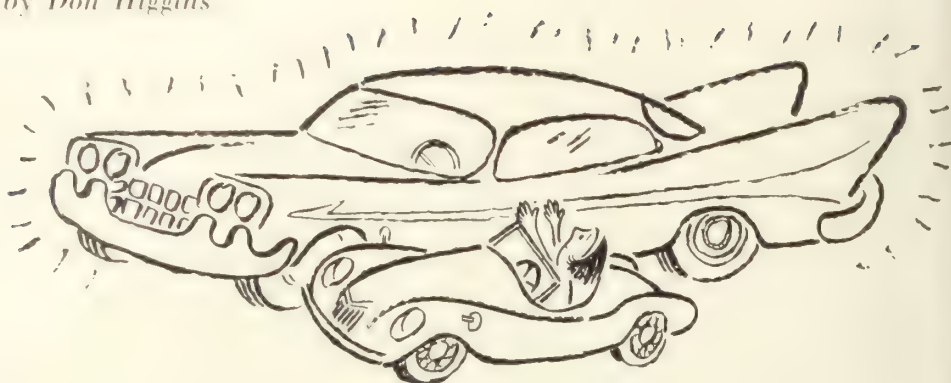
He feared most of all the choices, that cried to be taken.

There were no bourns.  
There were no quiet rooms.



By JANET AGLE

Drawings by Don Higgins



## Come back Detroit, all is forgiven

The erstwhile mistress of a beautiful, clean-lined, but capricious sports car tells the entertaining story of her love and disillusionment.

I CAN'T remember when I first realized I had begun to loathe my sports car. Like most high-octane romances, mine was all-consuming and, I dare say, somewhat embarrassing to my friends. Certainly they tended to drop away from me during the height of my passion, but—as is typical in such affairs—I failed to notice their defection. I had a small but steadily growing group of new friends, ones who spoke my language: other sports-car owners. If our world was hemmed in by smugness and limited in scope, none of us was aware of it—not then, at least.

How I enjoyed those days when love was fresh—and innocent! In the first gleeful hours after taking possession of my treasure, I drove to the house of my most conservative friend, taking the right-angle curve into her driveway with only the slightest slackening of speed and shifting down smartly until I came to a stop beside her terrace with the merest application of the brakes. I shall never forget the shocked incredulity on her face. Long accustomed to seeing me in the stately family sedan, my appearance in a small convertible was perhaps too dazzling. Within

hours she had spread the word that I was driving a red sports car. I called her up at once.

"It's white," I told her, reproachfully.

"Are you sure?" she asked, her voice full of doubt.

"You saw it! Of course it's white."

"Maybe you're right," she admitted. "It seems red."

I soon discovered that she represented the sentiment of the population that mentally draws its skirts and recoils from the sports car and its implications. In these quarters, I could scarcely have been accorded greater disdain. I started running around with a married man.

One can rise above this, however, when driving a car that automatically attracts a crowd wherever it comes to rest. Sports-car owners of those days, at least—were treated to the social camaraderie hitherto known only among the owners in New York City.

"What is it?" was the first question we heard on turning off the motor, and inevitably we found ourselves surrounded by eager, admiring new friends.

"You should have seen it whistling down the Turnpike last week!" I found myself telling an interested knot of spectators once. "I held it up eighty all the way to Valley Forge . . . passed everything in sight."

Among the group I then noticed one of the local cops, thoughtfully twirling his stick.

"What mileage do you get?" he asked, fully. Those were the days!

With all the enthusiasm of a new bride trying to persuade her husband's friends to marry and settle down, I made my way through several social seasons hammering away on a single theme.

"You can have it," someone would remark, after hearing me on my favorite topic. "I don't want to be bothered with all that shifting."

"Bothered!" I would cry. "It's *fun*! You're not really driving when all you do is sit there and steer. In a sports car you're living, every moment. You're always on the *qui vive*, getting the most out of your car, feeling the thrill of its quick response. . . ."

Here and there an eye would kindle, but for the most part the faces that confronted me were dull—and often sullen.

"Of course if your idea of driving is to be wafted around on a magic carpet . . . !" I said once, scathingly, to a group of unbelievers . . . and fell back agast as I saw the truth: it was.

We sports-car owners tended to huddle together at parties, communing with one another. We discussed the decline of the art of driving and the decadence and vulgarity of American cars, and there was a period when we took credit for the recent recession. Single-handedly, we felt, we had brought production in Detroit to a halt; too many had seen the rectitude of our ways and the day of the land yacht had passed.



#### CASTE AND CHARACTER

THE romance faded so slowly it was almost imperceptible, at first. I can remember that there came a day when I suggested to a friend that we drive to New York in her car instead of mine, because while mine was unquestionably easier to park and all that, still it was cold out and perhaps we might be just a tiny bit more comfortable in the big car. She leaped at the suggestion with an alacrity which somehow failed to wound me.

The fact was that the week before I had insisted on driving a friend to Virginia in my car and the memory was still green. We were scudding down the road (getting about thirty-five miles to the gallon) when she turned to speak to me.

"When we pass a pronthos, I'd like to blagdad," she said.

"What?" I shouted back.

"To blagdad hork," she replied, and I could see the veins standing out in her throat.

"Tell me at the next traffic light," I suggested.

Shrugging, she reached for the radio switch and before long more indistinguishable babble filled the air.

"Doesn't this thing work?" she screamed.

"Sure," I told her. "It's a wonderful radio. But you can't hear it when the motor's running."

I can also remember the first apostate in our happy little band—a man we had seduced into buying a Flimflam. For months thereafter he had been as insufferable as we, but perhaps a little more so, since there are degrees of caste among sports-car fans and *his* obsession was that the Flimflam was superior in every way to anything else on four wheels. Needless to say, this caused a certain strain in his relations with the owners of British Haymakers and custom-built Bloopers.

This fellow was driving through the Alleghenies during a snowstorm one day when his windshield wipers failed. After hours of going along with his head out the window while he negotiated hairpin turns, he gave up, left his car in a garage where the mechanic had never heard of a Flimflam, and came home by train. What with the pressure of affairs he was unable to return for the car when the weather cleared and it fell to his mutinous wife to make the trip. This was a woman whose loyalty to her own car—a native product—had never wavered; she had steadfastly refused to display any interest in her husband's toy. One hesitates to imagine her remarks when she finally delivered the object to the local garage.

I heard the rest from the man, himself, at a party a few weeks later.

"How's the Flimflam running?" I inquired. Looking furtively around, he seized my arm and dragged me behind a potted palm.

"Know anyone who wants to buy it?" he asked, through clenched teeth.

I'm sure my mouth fell open.

"You mean you want to sell it just because of a little trouble with *windshield wipers*?" I said.

"Little trouble!" he retorted, a wild look in



little ones. "Do you realize that Flimflam windshield wipers are collector's items, as hard to come by as Napoleon brandy or piston rings for a Model T Ford? Listen," he hissed, "each little Flimflam windshield wiper has its own little motor, and each little motor is turned out at the rate of one every six weeks, by Benvenuto Cellini, who works only on Sundays at nine and a half. And his shop, I think, is in a remote hidden village in Ibkusk."



#### THE MAN WITH THE WRENCH

THE whole subject of repairs brings on traumatic twinges. Sports-car owners are in a plight similar to that of a diabetic with hemophilia, who has just developed ulcers. The complications are beyond the scope of the family doctor; a staff of specialists must be called in. However, since foreign-car specialists are not subject to call, the ailing car must either limp or be dragged to the doctor's office—and there's the rub.

A man living in Scranton, Pennsylvania, say, and owning a Browbeater Mark XII, will, by the process of trial and error, discover that the specialist for *him* practices in South Orange, New Jersey. This will be a mechanic named Wolfgang, who was born in the Browbeater district of Upper Silesia, and whose contempt for American cars is only exceeded by his contempt for Americans, themselves. Wolfgang manages to convey, during the first interview, his conviction that the owner's ineptitude is so gross that officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Sports Cars—if there were such an organization—should intervene in the case. At the same time he makes it clear that such a man in presuming to drive a Browbeater is as guilty of social posturing as Khrushchev in Shetland tweeds. Humbled and respectful, the owner places himself in Wolfgang's hands and turns his pockets inside out in an effort to give his Browbeater the sort of care that will earn him Wolfgang's regard.

For several years I have been at the mercy of a surly practitioner named Gustave, whose loathing for me is so intense he can never bring himself to address a word to me. I send my car in for treatment and in due course I receive notice

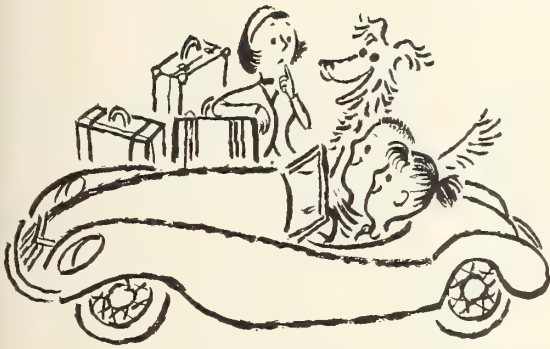
through an intermediary that the patient be ready for dismissal at three o'clock on a afternoon. Nine times out of ten I arrive a two-hour journey involving the use of a little known railroad and bus system find my loved one suspended from the car, its wheels in one corner, its motor in another, and its intestines sitting in a tub of grease. Outcries have never caused Gustave to so much as lift his head from his work. Besides, I am American and out of my social sphere, and without automotive sense, I am something far worse than a male European motor-worshiper: I am a victim of and beneath contempt. All of my dealings with Gustave are carried on through the janitor.

The foregoing may have something to do with the fact that people who buy foreign cars tend to buy lots of them. The case of my friend, Pete, may serve as an illustration.

Pete started out with a small German car which is now mass-produced and widely marketed in this country. The novelty of it carried him for a while, but before long he became convinced that he had suffered a certain loss of prestige. Owners of American cars were more amused and impressed—but so were the owners of sports cars. He took to reading that rapidly growing section of the papers devoted to the re-sale of foreign cars, and soon he found himself tempted. "The blue convertible Hornswoggle 120, white leather upholstery, 8,000 miles, driven only by a married clergyman," he read—and a few days later his family was in for a shock.

When an aching tooth has stopped aching, one is conscious at first only of the absence of pain, and for a short period Pete enjoyed some respite. In those first blissful days, he rejoiced in the fact that the Hornswoggle designers had omitted the two open vents in the dashboard which—in his first car—had caused a steady blast of cold air at his feet.

All too soon it became clear that the "married clergyman" had cannily disposed of the Hornswoggle just as the potwhistle was blown out, the frumption ground down, and the spittle wires (made of llama hair chewed to the right consistency by the native women of Spitzbergen) had worn out. Pete learned that repair would be shipped from Spitzbergen after spring thaw. One thing led to another, and Pete is driving a Hornswoggle 320. But all the same, I gather. While the 320 performs spiritedly on the road, Pete finds that after trips of less duration than an hour or two he needs the services of a good osteopath. His wife says lately he's been studying the Italian Alte



## THE NUMBERS GAME

AT TIMES even the most rabid sports-car fan begins to suspect the practicality of his plaything. Another friend of mine—a bachelor who proudly drives a *Petite Vipère*, with bucket seats for two—called me not long ago with a puzzling problem. His aged parents and his sister were coming for Thanksgiving dinner. How, he wondered, was he to transport them from the railroad station to his home, five miles out in the country? Offering him my car was no solution, and he was in no position to borrow a car from any of his friends—he had no friends, by then, who would not have made his life unbearable with their ridicule.

In this quandary, for a while we could see no alternative to his making three round trips to the station to bring his guests home one by one—and even this presented a problem. His seventy-five-year-old mother, once lowered into his car, would be almost impossible to dislodge; she weighed close to two hundred pounds. As for his father, *his* deportment and bearing made even the thought of jack-knifing him into a sports car seem like a form of sacrilege. Furthermore, as we talked it over, it seemed highly dubious that he could be bent into such a position, in the unlikely event that he was willing to make the effort.

We worked it out, finally. He sent a taxi for them.

Not long afterwards, I was confronted with a similar situation myself. Faced with the problem of making a thousand-mile drive with two children, one Irish setter, and all the accouterments essential to such a junket, namely ten or twelve suitcases, I saw no way of fitting them into a car designed to carry nothing bulkier than a pocket-book. It took some figuring.

This is how a sports-car owner arranges such a trip. He selects from among his friends one who is footloose, impulsive, and, if possible, a little bit gullible—and who owns an American

station wagon. He suggests a joint vacation, pointing out that the arrangements are all made; all one has to do is jump in the car and go. If one has chosen wisely, the question of *which* car is never mentioned. In my case, the friend took a look at my impedimenta, bought herself a plane ticket, and left me to follow along in the wagon.

It was a disturbing experience. By nightfall, after a full day of driving, I was purring along a North Carolina highway, fresh as a daisy. Children and livestock slept soundly, stretched out full length in the ample space behind me, lulled by the motor's quiet hum and the car's gentle motion. The radio worked . . . and I could hear it. The lighter lit, the heater heated, and the car asked no more of me than a hand on the wheel and an occasional light tap on the power brakes. A feeling of euphoria stole over me. Caught off guard, I made a damaging admission to myself: driving an American car was a pleasure!

Shocked by my heresy, I stopped in the next town for dinner and deliberately chose the most awkward parking place I could find. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; the proof of the foreign car is in the parking, I reminded myself. I had not reckoned with power steering. With disconcerting ease the car folded itself into the designated space. It shook me.

Nor was this all.

The following morning, in an abandoned section of southern Georgia, the car, which had been performing smoothly, suddenly went into a series of bumps and grinds. I nursed it along for a mile until I came to a shanty with a dusty gasoline pump outside, and explained my difficulty to the only attendant in sight—an undersized twelve-year-old boy whose vacant eyes suggested only too clearly that he had not reached an equivalent mental age. My heart sank as he lifted up the hood.

"Your goofus has dinked," he said, in bored tones. "Wait a minute, I'll get you another."

In the time it takes to drink a Coca-Cola we were under way again, with everything in order . . . but I was thinking soberly.

It was after this that I began to avoid the sports-car enthusiasts at parties—or thought I did. After a while I realized we were all avoiding each other, and I suspect I know why. It is not easy to speak of a dead love while the ashes are still warm.

Perhaps in another year we'll be able to discuss it quietly together, without pain. Our love was passing fair and wove a wondrous spell—but she just wasn't the kind of girl you marry.



■

A new architecture of daring curves and exciting shapes is challenging the domination of the modern "glass box" building. This account, by an Australian architect of the new movement—and its implications for public taste—is the first of a series of articles on building in America which will appear in *Harper's* in the coming year.

# The Counter-revolution in ARCHITECTURE

ROBIN BOYD

THE saddest thing about architecture today is that "Modern Architecture"—the movement which came to light in Chicago and Central Europe about the turn of the century and held such brilliant promise—was too pure to live. Its principles were too innocent to survive any civilized age to date—least of all this excitable twentieth century. Now it has reached a possible turning point and the principles are in the balance.

Originally, long before it found expression in buildings, modern architecture was not a style and had little enough to do with practical design. It was just an idea, and one which escaped the few attempts made to build it into bricks and mortar. It was one of the revolutionary architectural theories which heaved occasionally under the ornate surface of nineteenth-century building. At first, it was necessarily a destructive theory, denouncing all smug imitations of the past, calling for freedom from ancient habits of building and the irrelevant rules of historic styles. Then it was constructive, substituting for symbolism and decoration the idea of realism: buildings which are what they are, and look it; architecture for living, pure and simple, architecture spared the indignity of any sort of applied art and uncontaminated even by the desire for beauty.

In practical application the idea had to split into two—as is always necessary in architecture, where form and surface are almost independent

elements. Thus the new rule of form "the unflinching adaptation of a building to position and use," as Horatio Greenough, an American sculptor, expressed it in the middle of the nineteenth century. As for ornament, the new rule was to banish it entirely, since, as Greenough said, no more than "the infant effort of infant civilization to disguise its incompetence." To many nineteenth-century architects, the spirit of democracy and the new technology sent up an irresistible call for a rational approach to building.

Yet the revolt resisted translation from ideal into structure for half a century. The first half, in a few years of the 1890s and 1900s the movement began to bear strange fruit: buildings which were unique in history not only because they refused themselves to be shaped by new materials like reinforced concrete, but also because they were deliberately unornamented. While being moved from the utilitarian, they delighted in the look of utility.

But utility is not the best word; the avant-garde architects sought suitability on the plane. They wanted realism in the interior, not the needs of the people they were serving. They abhorred fake. They did their utmost to be rational.

Now imagine the mood of architects who broke these new rules from the plushy Victorian into a clean new century—free at last, they thought, of the suffocating dictatorship of historic styles. Naturally they reacted violently against the grotesque forms and surface confusion of the past fifty years. The concept of rationalism led to the placing of bricks and sticks in the simplest geometrical forms. The anti-

ethics led to the absolute plainness of unbroken white slabs and sheets of glass on rectilinear, roofless boxes. The principle of allowing the structure freely to suggest the shape led to minor acrobatic feats like cantilevers and corner windows. And sheer cussedness in distaste for the old order led to various gestures of independence from the Greeks, such as deliberate effects of unbalance: weight poised over void, gashes for windows where you least expected them.

All this was done in the name of the principles of rationalism, realism, and functionalism, and while the results were often genuine and sensitive, they were still no more than artistic expressions of those principles, and it was art performed in a heady mood of rebellion. The sad thing about the rest of the story of modern architecture is that this mood got confused with the principles.

#### SLICE OF CAKE

THE architecture just described was seen briefly in Chicago in the 'eighties and then was more consistently developed in Europe before the first world war. After the war it established itself, with the inspired encouragement of Walter Gropius in his Bauhaus school, teaching artistic teamwork for a technological era. Gradually it leaked across to England, the U. S. A., South America, and elsewhere. In 1932 Henry-Russell Hitchcock and Philip Johnson introduced it formally at the Museum of Modern Art as "The International Style." Gropius himself has always resented this term as an insult to the rationalism which the movement stands for. If the principles are followed, he says, regional variations are automatic. But the name stuck, and slowly through the 1930s the International Style won over numbers of architects. All the time it was growing more mature and sophisticated. In the postwar building boom it ripened rapidly, and in 1951 Mr. Johnson was able to say: "With the mid-century, modern architecture has come of age."

Its coming of age was celebrated, you might say, by the United Nations Secretariat building, a big slice of plain fiftieth-birthday cake. With its team of architects from member countries, this building exemplified the international approach and teamwork, as opposed to introverted genius. In its size and elegant slimness it represented the full bloom of the box (*Figure 2\**). It was a direct descendant of structures like the Fagus factory, built by Gropius in 1911 (*Figure 1*). The UN building had the same approach, the

same principles, the same aesthetic. All the earlier boxes suddenly looked tentative. This plain slab was, excepting a few minor imperfections, the ultimate rectilinear form—one image, unornamented, windowless (while being all glass). It was a monument to technology and impersonal technique, and stated in a language which the everyday architect could easily adopt. This was surely near the end of the search. Modern architecture had arrived at the goal dimly outlined fifty years earlier.

In fact the same straight road did go on a little further. Workaday architects all over the world took the curtain wall from the UN and usually made some minor amendments to justify their commission. Often they tried to improve the shining metal panels between the glass with spots or folds. Generally they monkeyed about within the established formula, marking time at the end of the road until someone shouted a new order. But one or two sensitive designers pushed on beyond the UN. Skidmore, Owings and Merrill gave the glass box new life by dividing it and hollowing part of it in Lever House. And later, across Park Avenue in the Seagram Building (*Figure 3*) Mies van der Rohe polished it even more, simplifying its surface to nothing but an elegantly, classically proportioned bronze grid holding sheets of dark glass. Now surely the end of this road was reached. Further simplification seemed unlikely, at least until someone invented a new sort of fireproof, continuous transparent material which would eliminate even the simplest metal framework.

#### SEARCH FOR AFFLUENCE

THE atmosphere at the end of the road may suit Mies van der Rohe, who plotted out the journey years ago and led thousands of others all the way. It may suit busy commercial architects who can now produce the basis of a clean, smart design from a catalogue of curtain walling. But it did not suit the small proportion of architects who consider their calling primarily a creative art, and it held the interest of the man in the street only briefly while the novelty value lasted. Plainness had lost its fashionable lift. Simplicity of form commanded some respect but little enthusiasm. A glimmer of the old joy of discovery accompanied early technological developments of the curtain wall, and there were moments of revived visual delight when it was discovered that the glass curtain, although in itself as clean and innocent as can be, reflects in engaging distortions the clouds and any quaint

\*For photographs of numbered buildings, please see pages 42-43.



# *The Glass Box*

The Central Road of  
Modern Architecture

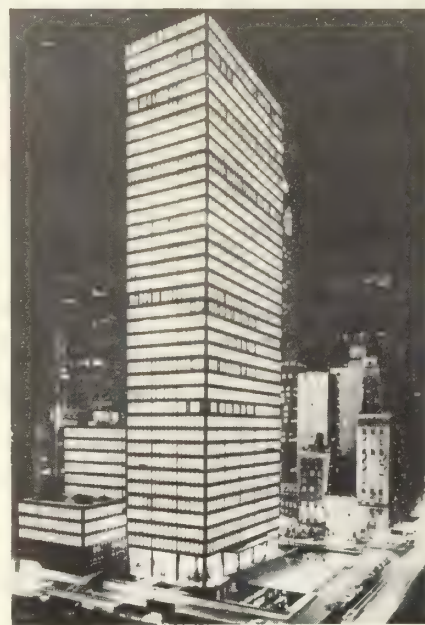


1 THE FAGUS WORKS, Alfeld, Germany, by Walter Gropius, 1911. Near the start of modern architecture



JOSEPH W. MOLITOR

2 THE UN SECRETARIAT, 1951, by an international team of architects headed by Wallace K. Harrison. The full bloom of the International Style.



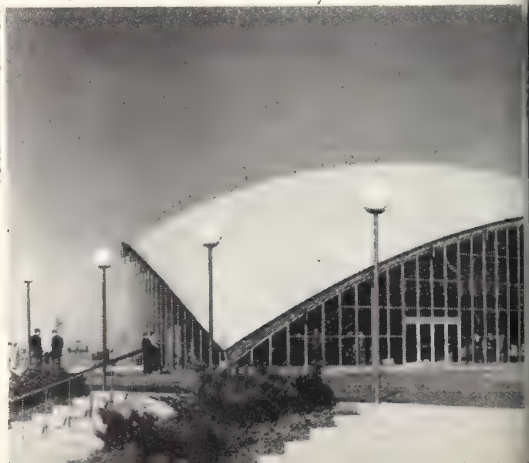
EZRA STOLLER

3 THE SEAGRAM BUILDING, 1956, by Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson. Further variation and perfection of the theme of the Glass Box.

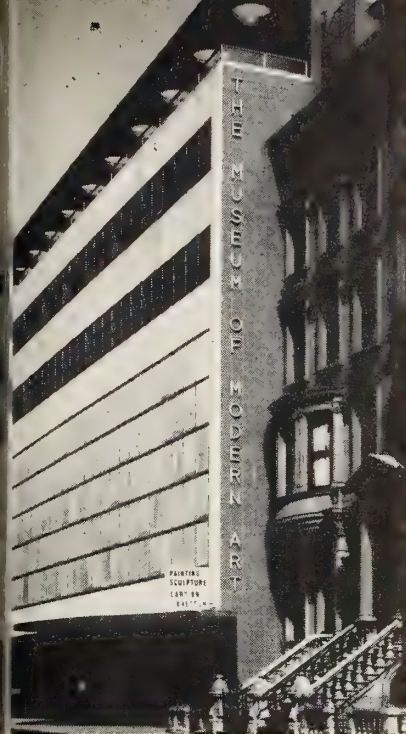
## *Eero Saarinen*

The New  
Search for Form

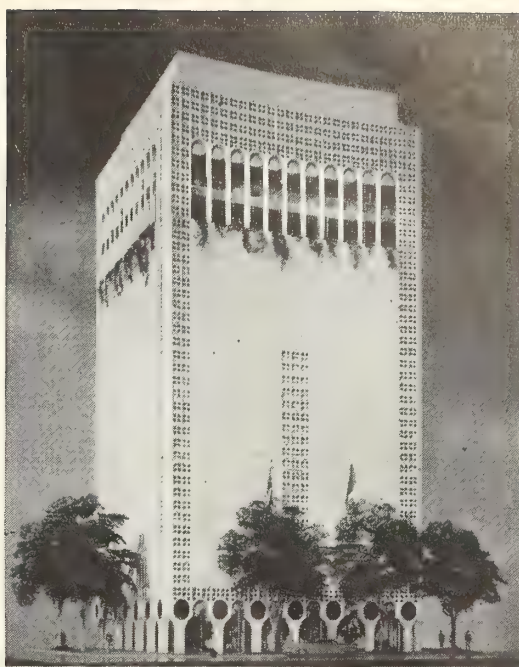
7 MIT'S KRESGE AUDITORIUM, 1953. Saarinen was a pioneer in the search for new forms from the International Style.



JOSEPH W. MOLITOR



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, New York, done when Stone still followed the International Style.

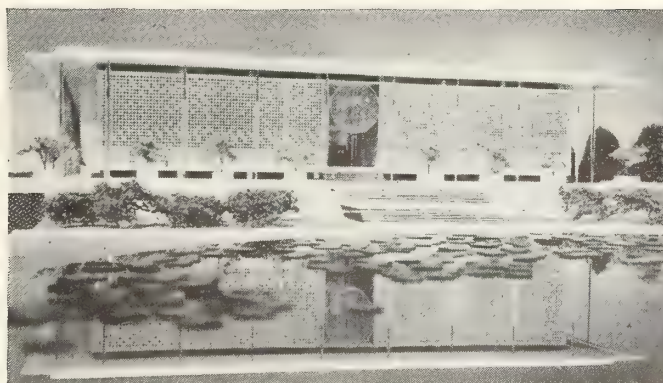


LOUIS CHECKMAN

5 THE HUNTINGTON HARTFORD MUSEUM, New York, 1959. A new romanticism.

## Edward D. Stone

### The Decorative Breakaway



6 THE U. S. EMBASSY, New Delhi, 1955. Stone's point of departure from the International Style.

7 YALE HOCKEY RINK, 1956. Saarinen's second notable "essay in excitement."



9 THE TWA TERMINAL, Idlewild Airport, New York, 1958. "A giant bird in flight."





old buildings opposite. But these attractions also faded fairly quickly.

Very soon after Lever House, long before the Seagram Building began, architects were growing dissatisfied with the cube, the right angle, the glass wall, and the plain surface. The glass wall had passed from the mind of the architectural artist over to the hands of the technologist; now the restless creators of the profession set out in various directions to find something more interesting, something more exciting hidden behind the curtain.

Which way to go? There was one obvious way: to follow Frank Lloyd Wright, who had always disparaged the soulless box. But this did not suit the searching spirit of the architectural adventurers. The abundant decade of the 1950s unquestionably called for a new approach, a new affluence in architecture. The austerity of the International Style may have been meaningful and refreshing after a surfeit of ornamentation, but now it seemed only a restrictive bore.

Again the quest split into the two parts of architecture: a search for new richness on the surface and a search for new excitement in form. The simplest and most convenient way to study the vigorous development of these two quests is to follow the two men whose work seems to express the spirit of the mid-century more vividly than others': Edward D. Stone—for the surface quest—and Eero Saarinen—for the excitement. These are two of the most distinguished members of modern architecture's second generation, two who helped substantially in their time to promote the perfection and public acceptance of the glass box (and two incidentally who have received the accolade of a *Time* cover story).

Fame has come to Mr. Stone because he has stimulated the unresponsive public eye with a chiaroscuro splendor quite unfamiliar after two decades of boxes. *Time*, and more recently a *New Yorker* profile, have told the story of his metamorphosis in 1954, when he forsook martinis and the International Style and turned to coffee, fountains, and decorative grilles. The full range of his pendulum swing is seen in the two museums he has designed for Manhattan. The Museum of Modern Art in 1939 (*Figure 4*) was wholly International Style, if not all glass at least all box. The Huntington Hartford Museum (*Figure 5*), designed twenty years later for Columbus Circle, is as romantic in conception as an "atmospheric" movie palace.

Mr. Stone's stylistic swing was gentle and took him through several gradual steps. The first was the U. S. Embassy at New Delhi (*Figure 6*),

classically square and disciplined behind frankly Taj Mahal atmospherics. Then came the pill factory in Pasadena, which, with rather good reason to be Eastern, had even more pools and many more grilles. These buildings, despite their romanticism and surface frills, were members of the modern movement. They were International Style gift-wrapped. But the very presence of these tried decorative effects, however sophisticated, broke the spell of the modern pioneers' fundamental law that every element must be useful. Once started down the byroad from New Delhi, there seemed to be a fatal fascination to reach the end as soon as possible. The ornamentation, not in itself the chief affront to the principles of the old modern architecture. It represented a general drift away from the realities of the modern world to literary associations and symbolism for prettiness for its own sake. The end of this byroad may not yet be reached, but it can be far beyond the Huntington Hartford Museum with its Venetian arcade and verd-antique marble medallions promising to be as exquisite as a superbly packaged chocolate box.

Mr. Stone's adventures impressed a number of architects, and many who, unlike him, had not been really at home with modern architecture were relieved to see the discipline broken by the return of the old hands. Grilles of various sorts appeared all over the world and in many architectural circles decoration was again considered respectable. But not, by any means, in all circles. Most ordinary architects were not yet ready to discard so lightly the accumulated principles of a century of attacks against applied ornament. Edward D. Stone's supporters might argue that his work retained the essential simple imagery of the modern movement, but to most architects simplicity meant more than lack of clutter. Simplicity meant the indivisible quality of "nakedness." Greenough saw it in 1852, "the majesty of the essential instead of the trappings of pretension." Perhaps Adolf Loos, the great Viennese pioneer of rational design, went a little too far fifty years later when he equated ornament with crime; many still would accept his treatise that "Evolution of human culture implies the disappearance of ornament from the object of use."

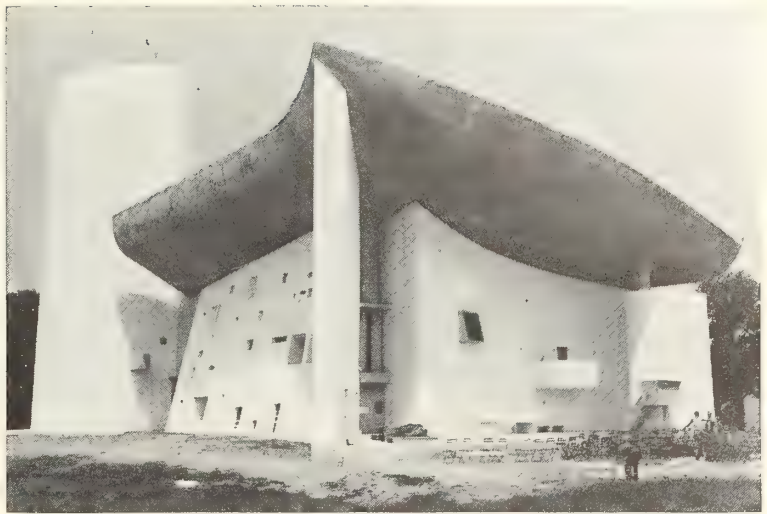
#### THE FASCINATING SADD

**T**HUS Stone's example was unacceptable to many, and they turned instead to examine the structural form of building, and to question the universal rightness of the right angle. In a matter of months between 1953 and

1955 a number of respected designers made notable assaults on the traditional rectangular form of modern building. Le Corbusier, who had often played with free shapes on the periphery of his buildings, built a famous little concrete chapel, Notre Dame du Haut, at Ronchamp, France, which looked as if it had been shaped by hand while still wet. In Mexico a brilliant engineer, Felix Candela, performed structural gymnastics with subtle geometrical shapes. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Eero Saarinen produced the Kresge auditorium in the form of a dome reduced almost to a triangle in plan by removing three big slices from its sides (Figure 7).

Suddenly it began to dawn on architects everywhere that the functional box need not be rectilinear, and they pestered the engineer for rational but different ways of enclosing space. The principle of exploiting the strength of steel cables in tension, as in suspension bridges, produced draped and drooping roof lines. The principle of exploiting the strength of a curved shell, as on an egg, produced waved and warped structures. The strength of a thin folded plane, as in a paper fan, produced zigzagging roofs and walls. But the most exciting of all the suggestions made by the engineer was the shape that curved in two opposing directions: the saddle shape. Imagine a square laid diagonally on the back of a horse with two corners bent down to hug his back and the other two diagonally opposite corners turned up in front and back of the rider. It happens that a doubly-curved plane like this can be made up entirely from straight lines and is a pure geometrical form called the "hyperbolic paraboloid."

This fascinated architects. It was used in its simplest form by Matthew Nowicki for a cattle pavilion in Raleigh, North Carolina, and by Eduardo Catalano for a house in a suburban street nearby. It was hailed as the first real contribution to form by the twentieth cen-

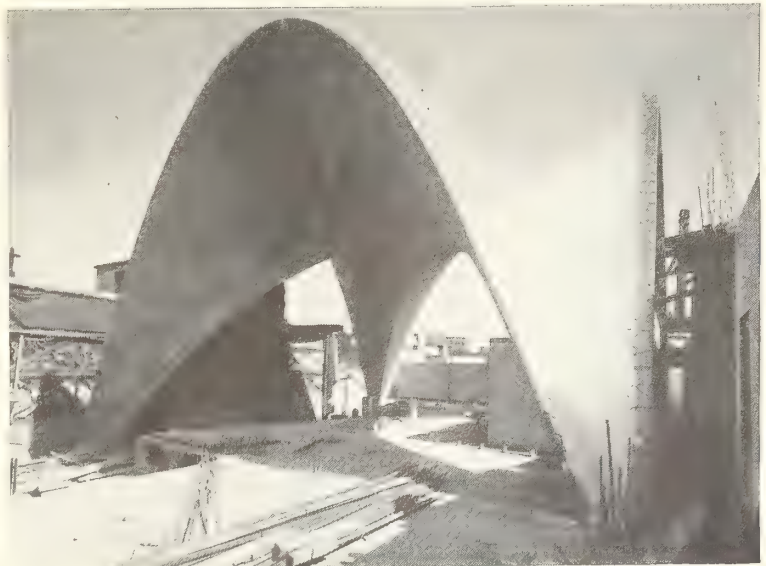


RENE BURRI-MAGNUM

*Chapel: Notre Dame du Haut at Ronchamp, France, by Le Corbusier, 1955*

tury, comparable to the discovery of the dome by the Romans, or the Gothic vault. On the fringe of the Iron Curtain in Berlin, Hugh Stubbins used the new twisted plane for the roof of the great Congress Hall, a gift from the U. S. to West Germany. In extraordinarily daring structures such as his shell for a church Felix Candela demonstrated how to connect saddles together to extend the theme indefinitely.

By 1956 such multiple-unit roofs constituted a new *avant-garde* movement. At Long Beach, California, Raymond and Rado joined three round-cornered saddles to make a restaurant. For the Sydney Opera House, Joern Utzon grouped



ERWIN LANG

*Church: San Antonio de Las Huertas, Mexico, by Felix Candela, 1954-59*





*Restaurant at Long Beach, California,  
by Antonin Raymond and L. L. Rado, 1956*

a number of shells of various heights to billow like sails at the edge of the harbor. Meanwhile in Mexico Felix Candela continued to push ahead into deeper geometry, with projects for complex roofs looking from above like plump, buttoned upholstery.

Despite their apparent diversity these buildings had in common that they could be, and frequently are, called "exciting." The curves seemed to point around a corner to something previously hidden behind the glass box. The shapes were not essentially new. They seldom introduced principles of construction not understood many years ago, but in the past these principles had belonged to engineering. Now they belonged to architecture, and they were being produced with a nakedness, a scorn for ornament, that would have satisfied Greenough and Loos. But were they still on the same path of modern architecture? At this point critics as well as confused architects demanded an explanation from the men who were leading the new development: was it functional, reasonable, rational? Where was it headed?

#### ESSAYS IN EXCITEMENT

THE simplest way to study the galloping development of the excitement—the new search for form—is, as I have said, to follow the second of the two leaders of second-generation modern: Eero Saarinen, forty-eight, son of the famous Finnish-born architect Eliel Saarinen who came to live in the U. S. in 1923. Eero first achieved world fame as a brilliant exponent of Mies van der Rohe's principles in the General Motors' showplace laboratory at Detroit—elegant glass boxes in a supremely regular, rectilinear, and reasonable model of the last phase of the International Style. But "there are many ways

of form influenced by . . . says Saarinen. "I would say I . . . most influenced him in the MIT [Kresge Auditorium] . . . not form but by his . . . principle making structure the dominant element in architecture among the functional ones."

The tri-cornered dome of the Kresge auditorium, designed in 1953, was Saarinen's first important essay in exciting shape. It was not a structural code. A dome does not stand naturally and comfortably on three

pointed shoes. It had to be cramped into a box, and it suffered accordingly. And it was not a functional idea. Saarinen let the functional element fit in, as he says, and finally the lid was shut. The success was not inevitable; the container was neither a soft-sided zipper bag nor a violin case. It was an inflexible piece of geometry. In order to give privacy to the back-stage space, about a quarter of the "glass" area in the open segment where the slices were removed from the dome had to be opaque. And it is not a visual, expressive, or emotional idea. It does not convey a sense of meetings and it could have been made prettier with more feet, or more projection above the bulging glass—if prettiness had been the aim.

The MIT auditorium in Cambridge was entirely an intellectual concept, as pure and as an International Style cube but suggesting a break free from the cube, a tentative side movement around the curtain wall.

In Eero Saarinen's next notable essay in excitement, the Yale Hockey Rink (Figure 8), designed in 1956, the shape is not so pure and rigid. It is more relaxed and much more convincing as a form derived from functional structural requirements. An upright arch of central spine is matched on each side by a reclining arch of a beam running around the top of the raised seating. Thus the basis of the roof saddles is framed from structural requirements. Whether it was absolutely necessary to extend the central arch at each end, curving upwards to shape the whole like a cupid's bow is another matter; at least the body of the building has an authentic and imperative air. But it does "express" any idea, or activity, this we seem to be accidental; at the most it might appear that the hunch-backed curves express the movements of Ivy Leaguers on skates.

For his next, third, exciting shape, Saarinen changed his starting point again. His design for the TWA terminal building at Idlewild (*Figure 9*) is one of the most fluid designs in the movement. In forming it Saarinen retreated from the box about as far as anyone could go. He shaped it as freely as a sculptor would, with the only qualification that he retained the traditional architectural quality of symmetry. He actually designed it against a mirror which represented the center line of the building. The mirror balanced every move he made. Thus the roof springs out like graceful wings from the central axis giving it something of the look of "a giant bird in flight" as one ecstatic journalist described the model. Inside the giant bird the functions of an airport terminal were fitted easily and loosely, like a weekend's luggage in an ample trunk, with no sign of the squeezing apparent in the MIT auditorium. And the structure was again well considered and convincing, as in the Yale rink.

But the initial stimulus was not functional or structural; nor was it intellectual as at MIT. It was emotional. The *Architectural Forum* described at the time (January 1958) the way "Saarinen and co-designer Kevin Roche set the key to the planning in their design discussions: the sense of movement, which is an intrinsic part of a terminal should show in the design." The design team was described at work sculpturing the cardboard model of the terminal, cutting, trying, altering, and discussing. In the end they satisfied themselves in shaping the interior to give a visual effect of flow coinciding with the passengers' bodily movement through the building.

Thus Saarinen, under the gaze of a lost, impressionable generation of younger architects, developed in a few years from reasoned rectangles to felt space. But while many hearts warmed to the giant bird, the question still plagued some heads: is it reasonable? The problem of fitting modern services, lavatories, and elevators into a bird brought problems that were only partially, only visually, solved. The plans showed some awkward pockets where rectilinear equipment was caught in organic intestines, and the main pedestrian bridge across the voluptuous space had a peculiar kink in the middle which could hardly be called "functional." But to dwell on these points would be fatuous. This is a key building which marks a transition from one architectural approach to another; if it has practical imperfections, we can rest assured that Saarinen will overcome them later, assuming he

continues on the same road. Very few rectilinear buildings are without practical sin. Any irregular building is victim to much more searching and spiteful scrutiny, but there is no inherent reason why a flowing shape should be less functional than a square one. On the contrary—consider the human shape.

The question facing Saarinen and all who would follow him is not the comparatively simple matter of mastering the technique of bending functional and structural requirements with acceptable logic. After the technique—the language of curves—is mastered, what have architects to say? The Saarinen trail leads to the fundamental question of the nature of architectural expression.

#### SWIRLS AND FEELING

MUCH of the new architecture of excitement is so strong and confident that it may delude us for a moment that it is leading to new realms of architectural beauty. But birds and curves can pall at least as quickly as boxes. All the shapes of architecture are of equal importance or insignificance in the cosmic pattern. Only associations of familiar shapes and surprise in unfamiliar shapes affect the immediate reaction of the eye. Ultimate satisfaction is achieved only when the long-term visual reaction is appropriate to the human activities involved—and when the architectural environment engenders a quicker sense of the realities of the situation, a sharpening of each experience.

Appropriateness of expression has been the aim in most of the "exciting shape" buildings. Stubbins' Berlin Congress Hall, with its jaunty saddle roof, clearly sought to express the concept of freedom in the speech which it was built to house. Utzon's opera house caught up the sails of Sydney Harbor. A restaurant by the sea in Puerto Rico by Toro-Ferrer shaped its concrete roof after a magnified sea shell. At TWA Saarinen and Roche let the movement of the crowd lead them.

But all this is symbolism, or somewhat shallow emotionalism, or plain high-class advertising. It has nothing to do with the appropriateness of an enclosure as *experienced by an occupant*. If curves and swirls really do convey a feeling of movement, what has this to do with the emotional state of the average passenger waiting for his flight signal? *Must* he be swept up in a feeling of movement? The mutual adjustment of the spatial expression and the psychological state of a sensitive occupant is more



valuable than any ordained symbolism or poetic abstraction. Excitement, in short, should be pertinent.

Architecture is, as most architects will frequently remind you, an expressive art. Frank Lloyd Wright used to insist that no building had a right to exist unless it had poetry. Yet there never have been and never will be enough artists or poets to go round, and the worldwide architectural mess which is the disgrace of the twentieth century is largely caused because we expect plodding, conscientious architectural technicians to act like artists.

Attempts to solve this anomaly sometimes lead to a concept—which has some support—of a frank division in architectural practice: a separation of the technology from the artistry. Thus the repetitive, reasonable curtain-wall grid—the box-like building—might become a universal backdrop silhouetting a foreground of special individual gems. The most likely impediments to this scheme are the commercial need to advertise the importance of unimportant buildings and the egotistical urge of some builders and architects to raise monuments on their own inadequate ability. The only counter to this, and ultimately the only cure for architecture's ills, is a better educated public taste.

#### RETURN OF THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

**A**T PRESENT it must be admitted that few people outside the higher ranks of the architectural and engineering professions take their architectural excitement with any discrimination. To many a somnambulant eye there is no essential difference between a Saarinen shape on the brink of greatness and some convulsive curve bent only to attract attention—Google Style, as it is sometimes called, after the remarkable California restaurant chain.

The International Style's plainness was accepted as a fashion and has now run the brief course of any fashionable style. Irresponsible new sorts of enrichment and excitement threaten from all sides. Infant civilization still demands the paint and feathers. At this critical stage the unexpected structural shapes of an imaginative engineer might well hold the greatest promise for the sensible revitalization of architecture. But they are not appropriate, or even possible, for *all* buildings and the architectural profession will have another nervous breakdown if it tries to find the common denominator, for universal application, of the box and the bird. Architec-

tural poetry is not practically possible for building and automatically is limited to the poetic potential of the community. You spread it thin; somehow no one would tolerate plate mass-producing giant birds.

The main problem is how to control the relevant enrichment and irresponsible stylization and to restrict the foreground to genuine poetry. This is a task which concerns everyone. The better architects should be relevant in their excitement. Less gifted architects should be encouraged to keep to the obvious, unexciting, but lucrative background. The audience should learn to see the line that divides any sincere expression from the line of advertisements, and to keep raising another peg. This is not altogether an unrealistic cry for a knowledgeable and sophisticated public eye. Calls for better public taste have always been forlorn, we know; but in the end discretion may not be out of the question. It requires only that people grow more aware of the possibilities of architectural expression. Awareness is undoubtedly being stimulated now by the experiments in enrichment and excitement. Later, if this awareness can become a public demand for genuine and appropriate character, architecture will be on its way back to its former status at the head of the parade of arts.

Will that happy day mark the end of the International Style? Not at all, for technology will continue to work on the problem of universal shelter. Beyond the latest curtain wall there will be more boxes or bubbles offering possibilities of press-button control of light, privacy, climate. These buildings will be descendants of the early Moderns: rational, efficient, as scientific as can be. Must we forsake that the rationalism and realism will have been forsaken by those other buildings which have appropriate character? This appears to be a general assumption today and it holds the seeds of another breakdown for architecture on parallel lines to that of the late nineteenth century. The principles of early Modern Architecture were no more than a restatement, in the tightest, almost legalistic, terms, of timeless architectural virtues. They are still as valid today as ever they were. They do not necessarily lead always to glass or to a box. They need to be applied in a mood of revolt against the machine. They do not by any means debar excitement or genuine poetry. They exert serious resistance only on those who would use architecture as a kind of monumental advertisement.

By FELICIA LAMPORT

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

## Dictionaries



## our language right or wrong

Far from being pedants, the men who make our dictionaries have their ears cocked and their eyes sharp for every changing nuance of the language . . . good, bad, and intolerable.

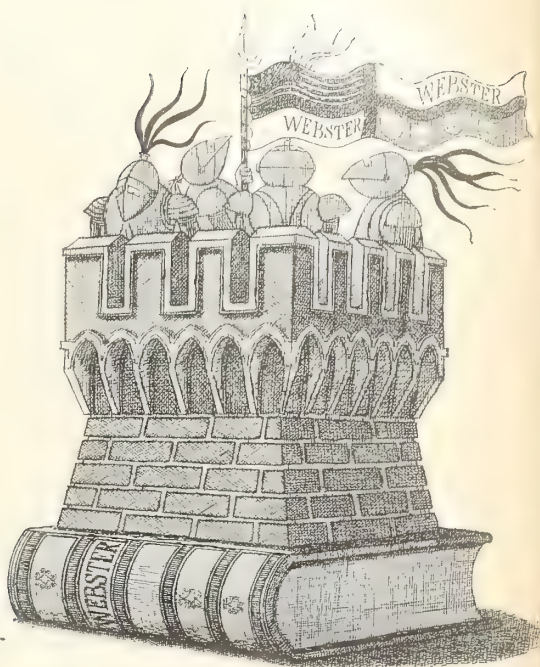
SOME people are born to dictionaries, some achieve them as Confirmation presents, and others have them thrust upon them by schools. Nevertheless, at some time in the lives of most people it becomes necessary actually to choose a dictionary. Often the bright lexicon of one's youth tends to exert an umbilical pull through life. Many a man who has lost his dictionary or worn it to tatters will set out to buy the same one all over again, in the identical edition, if possible; a new type face in his dictionary would be as unsettling to him as a new type of face on his father or mother—probably because, in these uncertain times, so many people look confidently to the dictionary as the last stronghold of immutable authority.

Actually it is nothing of the sort. The modern lexicographer prides himself on being as mutable as mercury and quite as responsive to climatic change. In the jargon of the trade, the approach has changed from "prescriptive" (telling people

what language they ought to use) to "descriptive" (recording what language they *do* use). The old rigid corset of correctness has given way to a flexible girdle of usage.

This policy is enunciated in most dictionary introductions, but with approximately the effect of a gnat's scream, possibly because of the small type, but more probably because dictionary jackets, with their claims of supreme authority, persist in implying the opposite. Lexicography may be a philological science to editors, but to publishers it is big business: the most recent edition of the Merriam-Webster unabridged dictionary cost well over a million dollars to bring to market. Usage is a demanding master, and a costly one to serve. Corps of experts are needed to read millions of pages a year, winnowing new words and meanings, noting change or obsolescence in old ones. These readers cover a vast range of newspapers, magazines, and books marking up a page with symbols until it looks like the bottom of a canary's cage, and then extracting "citation slips" for each context in which each word appears. Other experts monitor the spoken word on radio and television to keep up with current pronunciation. Editors are rigorously guided by these citation slips.

The smallest and newest publishers work mainly with free-lance lexicographers. They be-





gin with an out-of-copyright dictionary as a base, or with a word-list assembled, according to one candid editor, "by gosh, by golly, and by plagiarism"—this last euphemistically described in the trade as "knowing one's competition." From this point on, editors of large dictionaries and small alike see themselves as devoted and scholarly spaniels, following the path of usage. However, they seem to balk at a number of well-worn turnings. Their image of "correctness" as a concept broad enough to include the consensus of literate error pales before several glaring examples.

Consider the word *jejune*, familiar to many people and defined by 99 per cent of them as "youthfully foolish, naïve," doubtless because of its resemblance to *jeune*. The editors of dictionaries give it only its classic meaning: "meager, scanty, barren, unsatisfying to the mind." *Fey*, construed to mean "elfin" by most literate people, is defined as "fated to die"; its popular meaning has only recently crept into a single dictionary. Confronted with this lag, editors say that the citation slips have not yet shown sufficient evidence to justify the new sense.

There is no mathematical formula for the dictionaries' seal of approval. Editors exercise a judgment based not only on frequency but on range. A word may accumulate a foot-high pile of citation slips, but if it appears only in a single publication it will not make the grade; otherwise *Time* and *Variety* alone could make a shambles ("a slaughterhouse; abattoir") of existing dictionaries. Editors must also be prophets of longevity: slang words often crop out in epidemic proportions only to vanish, leaving no more trace than a measles rash (e.g., *making whoopee*, *ruptured duck*, and, it is to be hoped, *square* and *cool* used as antonyms).

Dictionary makers must also deal with word coiners who press for the inclusion of their inventions. Their neologisms are often ingenious, but are admitted to the word sanctuaries only through the gate of popular acceptance. The word *humiture*, more succinct and less alarming to Chambers of Commerce than *discomfort index*, was recently submitted to the Merriam Company's scholarly editor, Dr. Philip Gove (Merriam prides itself on its Ph.Diesel-powered staff). Dr. Gove views the word with interest and will watch the citation slips to see if it catches on.

From out in left field (an expression not yet and possibly never to be included in the word-books) has come perennially another pressure on the man behind the thumb-indexing of the brain.

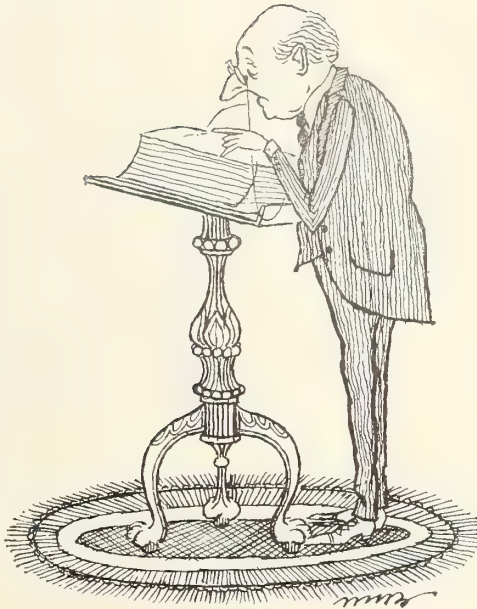
Ever since Warren Gamaliel Harding—an unlikely neologist if there ever was one—accidentally added *normalcy* to the language, there has been a rumor that a kind of royal prerogative adheres to any Presidential slip, making it a must for all future dictionaries. "There's nothing to that rumor," one lexicographer says. "If there were, we'd have had to reset half the book for several Presidents I could mention."

Editors are often confronted with pressure to keep words *out* of dictionaries. While they may sympathize with those who campaign against terms with invidious racial or ethnic implications, they maintain that it is their job to report usage, not to change it. Occasionally, however, they slip in a hint of disapproval by defining such terms as "used by prejudiced people." Further pressure for omission comes from the proprietors of trade-marks, who, having spent fortunes making their catchwords familiar, then spend further fortunes trying to prevent them from becoming so generic that they are no longer the sole property of the original holders. *Aspirin*, *cellophane*, and dozens of other trade names have been popularized right into the public domain. Here again the editors politely disclaim all right to control. They observe, record; perhaps permit themselves a secret smile or grimace.

#### THE PURIFIERS

THE idea that the lexicographer is the man who lays down the *lex* is one with strong classic antecedents. In the late sixteenth century, the *Accademia della Crusca* was formed to refine the Italian language and preserve its purity for all time in an official dictionary. The *Académie française* was organized a few years later in France to assure the permanent inviolability of that country's excitable tongue. The effectiveness of these undertakings has been something less than complete: Not long ago, the *New York Times* reported that the 3,500 members of *L'Office du Vocabulaire français* had met to consider the alarming pace at which the corruption of the language has been proceeding. English has been creeping in—and not good English, either. The French alarm themselves.

In England the purifying, refining, and smelting movement developed rather more slowly. Most of the early English glossographers devoted themselves to defining the unfamiliar or "hard" words, largely for the benefit of women, children, and foreigners. But the eighteenth century began with a trumpeting of the "prescriptive" note when Swift, writing to the Lord Treasurer "in



*The word-lover is a mild man, but he can be stung to action by any abuse of his pets.*

the name of all the learned and polite persons of the nation," complained of the corruptions, absurdities, and gross improprieties of the language. Remedial action was undertaken by Samuel Johnson, who made no bones about being as prescriptive as R. It was his candid intention not only to stem the current of linguistic change but actually to turn back the stream. The syntax of the fathers was to be visited on the children.

Johnson felt that the language had "spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance" since the days of the Elizabethan writers, whom he considered "the wells of English undefiled." He proposed to cleanse English of its impurities and secure it against future decay by producing a dictionary that would record all "good" words and set a permanent standard for proper diction. Undaunted by the reminder that forty French academicians had labored forty years to produce such a work, Johnson undertook to do the job alone in three ("As three is to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman"), for fame, the honor of his country, and the unprecedented advance of £1,575 from a syndicate of booksellers.

By the time he had finished his great *Dictionary of the English Language*, the three years had stretched to eight, the advance had long since been used up, and he was no longer sanguine about the likelihood of "embalming his language." Yet for the next hundred years Johnson's dictionary was the standard for most

Englishmen and many Americans. One Massachusetts judge still uses it exclusively, on the ground that "the language has gone plumb to hell since Johnson."

Most Americans, however, turned from Johnson to Noah Webster, who gave us our first truly American dictionary in 1828. Despite Webster's genius for the clear, concise definition, his dictionary was not notably well received during his life. His price was too steep for the public, his etymologies were too unscientific for the scholars, and his attempts to reform spelling met with such frenetic resistance that he was forced to drop many of them. He succeeded in knocking the "u" out of such words as *honor* and *glamor*, in substituting *jail* for *gaol*, and in making many Americans so unsure of whether they were going to the *theater* or the *theatre* that many of them eventually took to the movies; but he failed to popularize *wimen* or to reduce our tongue to a reasonable *tung*. Benjamin Franklin, Theodore Roosevelt, and G. B. Shaw all tried in vain to simplify our spelling. It seems unlikely that our letters will ever achieve happy togetherness with our phonemes: fonetik speling stil haz implikashunz uv unejukatid absurditi.

In 1857, a revolution in dictionary making was launched in England by Dean Richard Chenevix Trench of Westminster. Dr. Trench felt that a dictionary should not be a standard of the language but an inventory, that the lexicographer should be a literary historian, not a critic, and collect not merely the "good" words but all words. His suggestions started the wheels turning on the vast project that resulted, more than seventy years later, in the publication of the *Oxford New English Dictionary*.

The compilers of this lexicon proposed to include every word recorded in the English language since the middle of the thirteenth century, the obsolete as well as the current, giving the full biography of each, illustrating every change in form or meaning by a quotation, proving etymology by the word's history—not by ingenious conjecture, as Webster had done.

This new approach required not just a highly determined man with a quill but a highly financed organization with a staff. The Philological Society sent out a call for collaborators to help with Dr. Trench's proposed "drawing as with a sweep-net over the whole extent of English literature." Before the dictionary was published, over 2,000 volunteers were helping in the monumental task. Every parson worth his psalter was busily seining the language and making extractions; literary-minded ladies and gen-



tlomen in England, the United States, and all other English-speaking countries were sending in quotations by the thousand, one man reaching a total of 165,000. When finally completed in 1933, the great thirteen-volume work became the dictionary maker's dictionary and the scholar's delight. One can wander through its acres of quotations with endless pleasure—given the \$300 to buy it, the shelf space to store it, and a back sufficiently free from slipping discs to handle it comfortably.

#### HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE "WEBSTER"?

A DICTIONARY without quotations was described by Voltaire as only a skeleton, but the average or non-scholarly American favors the skeletal in dictionaries. With several hundred of them now on the market, he faces a difficult choice. He is confronted by yards of dictionaries: multilingual, bilingual, encyclopedic, general, and specialized. In the specialized field alone a single publisher, with the resplendent name of Dagobert D. Runes, claims to have published 250 volumes, including dictionaries of Americanisms, folklore, mysticism, psychology, and even tobacco. Narrowing the field to the general English dictionary, there are still some eighty-odd titles, ranging in price from 25 cents to \$300, in size from a few ounces to 90 pounds, and in quality from hastily patched-up offsets to fine scholarly works. Yet all of them claim to be the most supremely authoritative, complete, and up-to-date in a given category and to have the most entries with the fullest definitions in the most compact form and the most readable type.

These claims are somewhat puzzling to the prospective buyer. To begin with, he is unlikely to know what an "entry" is (it's any word that appears in boldface type). Nor has he any conception of where a category begins or ends: Is a "desk" dictionary more advanced or less advanced than a "college," bigger or smaller than a "concise"? (The terms are used loosely: the "college" claims roughly 125,000 to 175,000 entries; the "desk" and "concise" are more or less interchangeable, running from 70,000 to 100,000; the "shorter" Oxford is longer than any in this last group. However, as one lexicographer says: "Most dictionary publishers either lie or equivocate in their entry claims: no one is likely to sit down and count." Exaggerations of up to 20 per cent are considered sporting in the trade, but the claim of 100,000 by a dictionary with 50,000 is *infra dig.*)

For some, the name "Webster" might be reassuring if it were not for the tangled web of Websters now in print. The original claim is held by the G. & C. Merriam Company, which bought the unsold copies of Webster's dictionary at his death and popularized it by astute merchandising and scholarly revision. Webster's name was a fertile source of litigation for decades, producing, in some years, more suits than Brooks Brothers. His dictionary is now out of copyright, can be used by any publisher, and is currently in brisk circulation. Merriam and World, the two leading Webster publishers, each cautions the public against confusing "the" authoritative Webster (*i.e.*, its own) with any others. Merriam, somewhat obsessed by the idea of confusion, goes so far in its biographical dictionary as to include under the sketches of Noah and Daniel a warning against confusing them with each other.

The Merriam Company tends, on the whole, to exude an air of superiority, perhaps because of its lofty position on the heights of Springfield, Massachusetts, and dictionary sales charts, but more probably because of its well-merited reputation for consistently fine scholarship. The faint antiseptic aura that occasionally emanates from this company may spring from its ties to Noah Webster, who undertook at one time to bowdlerize the Bible.

The first article of lexicographic faith is that the dictionary should provide the user with the information he wants. Dr. Johnson carried this premise to the extent of listing several words under two headings (*soap, sope; fuel, fewel*), "that those who search for them under either form may not search in vain." The modern lexicographer is too space-bound for such a courtesy, even though it would have spared Clarence Barnhart, the editor of the Thorndike-Barnhart dictionaries, the wrath of a lady who recently wrote in: "There is no excuse for a dictionary the size of yours leaving out a word like 'phsychology'!"

There are necessary limits to the province of the dictionary, but the public, reluctant to recognize them, writes in such questions as: "Does the fire engine, the ambulance, or the mail truck have the right of way?" The editor, if not too busy, will try to oblige (the mail truck has the technical right but never enforces it), but his patience gives out during the mammoth word-puzzle contests. Librarians are equally annoyed by such competitions: during one recent contest the New York Public Library had to call in the police to prevent contestants from frustrating

their rivals by tearing relevant pages out of dictionaries.

Editors are also irritated by the practice of selling dictionaries by creating anxiety neuroses ("Are you guilty of these common errors?"), or imparting snob appeal to sesquipedalian words. They are articulate and learned men themselves, but they speak with notable simplicity, appearing as anxious as morticians to keep the flavor of their work from creeping into their conversation. They are, however, tolerant of such word-play as the search for the longest word in the language. According to *The American College Dictionary's* amiable managing editor, Jess Stein, the old standby *antidisestablishmentarianism* (28 letters) has been topped by *floccinaucinihilipilification* (29 letters adding up to "estimation as worthless"), and again by an obscure lung disease, *pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanikoniosis* (45), and finally by the one-word description of the spa waters at Bristol, *aqueosalinocalcalinocetaceoaluminosocupreovitriolic* (51), pronounced salutary by an eighteenth-century physician.

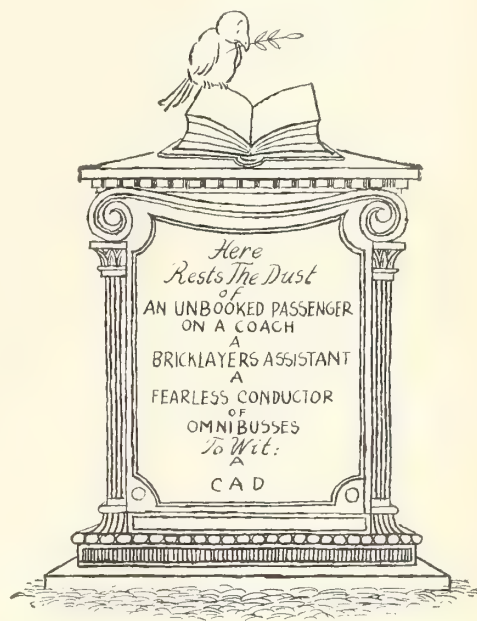
Editors prefer to confine such frivolities to publicity releases or supplements; space is too limited in the book itself. Since the public demands encyclopedic material in dictionaries, even the abridged ones include a sprinkling of biographical, geographical and historical nuggets in the main alphabet. The supplements, which are as broadly stocked as drugstores, are likely to include such essentials as: Lists of Proper Names (segregated by sex), Flags of All Nations, Signs and Symbols (from Astronomy to Zodiac), Lists of Colleges (Junior, Senior, and Canadian), Pronouncing Gazetteers, Letter Writing Guides, Tables of Weights and Measures, Population Statistics, Forms of Address (Written and Spoken, from Ambassador to Vice-President), Usage Guides, Glossaries of Foreign Words, Rules of Simplified Spelling, Vocabularies of Rhymes, Alphabets for Semaphoring and Telegraphing, Foreign Alphabets, and the chewing gum left by a visiting child.

#### WHICH ONE TO BUY?

TO THE regret of the dictionary makers, the average American demands very little in the way of etymology, and so misses the delights of peeling back layers of meaning.

The *gossip* (*god + sib*, as in *sibling*) becomes a full-bodied character when seen first as "a baptismal sponsor," then as "a close friend or chum," only lately reaching the present status of

"a tattler." The *cad* is far more interesting historically than face to face, originating as "an unbooked passenger on a coach," becoming "an assistant, as a bricklayer's laborer," shifting to "an omnibus conductor," and finally generalizing into "a fellow of low and vulgar manners." A bland word like *pretty* picks up piquancy when one discovers that it meant "sly" in its infancy, moved on to "clever," and only developed its "beautiful" implications quite late in its history.



Occasional words, too lively to sink into obsolescence, spring back into action every so often. Dean Trench argued eloquently but in vain for such beauties as *cankerfret* and *witwanton*; his list of synonyms for *miser* (*nudge*, *curmudgeon*, *cuff*, *gripe*, *pinchpenny*, *clutchfist*, *penifather*, *nipfarthing*) should certainly be hoarded by any word-lover.

The word-lover is generally a mild man, but, like the animal-lover, he can be stung to action by any abuse of his pets. The use of *like* as a conjunction has driven some members of this species to give up cigarettes entirely. Others have committed assault on hearing *literally* used as a kind of double-strength *figuratively* (as in the great blooper, "The pastor was literally the emotional word-buff is likely to descend on the dictionary editors, demanding that they abandon their eulogy of usage and return to the good old prescriptive ways. But the sensible logophile simply retires to the nearest dictionary, where he roots about with all the joy of a pig in a truffle field.

This man will probably have the Oxford at



his elbow, but he has a deeper interest in words than most Americans. The man who wants a dictionary principally as a prop against malapropisms would be ill-advised to use the Oxford. American unabridged dictionaries are far less cumbersome. In this field, scholars and sales charts agree on the superiority of the Merriam-Webster *New International, Second Edition*. This dictionary is a splendid one to have in a man's library, but if his space is limited to a desk top, he may find that it nestles there rather like a St. Bernard in a window box, and decide on something smaller.

In the "college" class there are a number of fine dictionaries. Although publishers tend to guard their figures as zealously as fashion models, bookstore reports indicate that here again Merriam, the Abou Ben Adhem of the field, leads all the rest with *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, but the Random House *American College Dictionary* and *Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language, College Edition* (published by World) offer lively competition. All three are good. Winston and Funk & Wagnalls also publish good ones.

Choosing among all these is largely a matter of personal taste, of calculating, weighing, and evaluating their many minor differences. To

consider a few: Merriam has the largest reputation but the smallest type; World has the most pages, Random House the most illustrations; World and Merriam put derivations before definitions, Random House after; Random House and World include all entries under a single alphabet, Merriam lists biographical and geographical material under separate alphabets; Random House lists meanings in order of frequency of use, World and Merriam emphasize historical order; World and Random House repeat their pronunciation key on the bottom of every page, Merriam gives it only at the start.

If harmony with the color scheme of a room is a decisive factor, it may be useful to note that Random House is jacketed in black and bound in russet, World has a gray jacket and a red binding, Merriam has a crimson jacket and is bound in blue.

School dictionaries are issued by the five publishers mentioned above; in addition there is the Thorndike-Barnhart series, which ranks with the best and is the most comprehensive.

In the event of total confusion, it may be useful to remember Samuel Johnson's dictum: "Dictionaries are like watches: the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true."

## THE VIRTUES OF MALE NOVELISTS

*Adam Bede*, by George Eliot, 3 Vols., Blackwood and Sons.

NOVEL-WRITING has of late years devolved so largely upon women, that it is quite rare to meet with a well-matured and carefully executed novel by a man of genius. In novels written by women, the exaltation and predominance of one class of feelings, and the slight and inadequate treatment of all that lies beyond their immediate influence, make even the best of them seem disproportionate and unreal. The life which they represent is a kind of *Saturnalia* of love and the domestic affections, the practical business part of it being either slurred over or ludicrously misapprehended. Novels written by men are nearly always more in keeping with the actual world, have a wider outlook, and embrace a greater variety of interests. Even if they are dull, there is generally some positive, impersonal sort of knowledge to be gained from them; when they are original and clever and artistically constructed, they are more delightful as well as more profitable than the best novels by women. *Adam Bede* is one of the best of this class of novels. . . . After a course of the feverish, self-critical, posted-up-to-the-latest-dates novels of the present day, reading *Adam Bede* is like paying a visit from town to the open hill sides, pure air, and broad sunshine of the country which it describes. We trust it may be no longer than is necessary for the conscientious attainment of the high standard reached in this book before we shall meet Mr. Eliot again.

—The *Economist*, London, March 5, 1859 (reprinted March 7, 1959).

ARTHUR A. ENGEL

# PAUL ZIFFREN:

## *California's Cure for Tired Democratic Blood*

Don't underestimate that friendly, professorial-looking gentleman from California in the smoke-filled rooms where high Democratic policy is made. He may turn out to be the next Democratic National Chairman.

PAUL ZIFFREN is the only politician I know who called an election wrong the day after the polls closed," says Jacob M. Arvey, veteran Democratic boss of Chicago. The reference is to the hectic post-election dawn of 1948 when votes were still being counted and Ziffren prematurely conceded California to Dewey. Truman, in fact, carried it.

"Perhaps Jake is right to call me the most amateur politician in the country," says Ziffren who was once a minor toiler in Arvey's vineyard but had to move to California to become a major party figure. "I really have no power," he adds. "All I have is friends."

"When Jake didn't do anything for him in Chicago," says a woman who knows them both, "Paul took his revenge by becoming important anyhow."

"Ziffren made a big thing of his connection with Arvey when he first came out here," says an old-time West Coast politico. "We didn't have any state Democratic organization at all in those days. He simply mushroomed."

These four comments, made at different times and places, sum up the story of one of the most potent back-room arrangers in today's national politics:

- (1) He is an amateur and sometimes looks it.
- (2) He has a remarkable network of friends.
- (3) He is determined to be important.
- (4) Arvey is no great admirer politically of his former protégé and law partner.

Ziffren has been California's Democratic National Committeeman since 1953. He has never held public office and says he never will. But Westbrook Pegler warns that if the public is so wrong-headed as to elect a Democratic President in 1960, Ziffren may be the next Attorney General. Others foresee him as Democratic National Chairman or a latter-day Colonel House. Already, at forty-six, he is the youngest member of the Democratic inner guard, which regards him, according to a news magazine, as the "persistent gadfly from California."

### OUTMANEUVERING THE PROS

ZIFFREN is a professorial-looking man with a gentle, earnest manner that makes him seem far more naïve than he is. Friendship is his *modus operandi* and *modus vivendi*. He works at it. He is given to sending small gifts, such as a thoughtfully-chosen book, to useful people. He also telephones them periodically merely to ask how they've been and what's new. At state and national conventions he steadily corrals new acquaintances in his room for a drink and a chat. Soon he calls them "my good friends."

The Ziffrens entertain lavishly and incessantly in a twelve-room house (with swimming pool, five acres of gardens, and a four-car garage) in the elegant Coldwater Canyon section of Beverly Hills. Movie people, politicians, industrialists, lawyers, and judges mingle in his dining-room, which can (and often does) seat fifty. Buffets may include as many as five hundred. Party-giving comes naturally to Mrs. Ziffren. "We have small groups in all the time," she says. "Just a dozen people or so. But we only give two or three big parties a month in off-campaign seasons. Of course, in an election year we entertain quite a lot."

As a host, Ziffren is casual and relaxed. "He



glides through a room, mingling with everybody," one of his guests says. "He's never hurried, never preoccupied. In his shy humble way he gets you talking, and listens to you intently, peering earnestly through those big glasses."

Whenever a Democratic hierarchy visits Los Angeles, Ziffren is at the airport to meet him and perhaps lead him gently away to Coldwater Canyon. He has played host, in recent months, to Senators Hubert Humphrey, Paul Douglas, and Mike Monroney; Governors Edmund G. Brown, G. Mennen Williams, George M. Leader, and the entire Western Conference of Governors; Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, Adlai Stevenson, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

To their own sorrow, some big wheels of the party have underrated him. In 1957 for instance the Democratic kingpins of the Senate and House brushed off a proposal, which he was quietly pushing, for a Democratic Advisory Council. Washington columnists wrote off the Council as "stillborn." But it was brought to birth, and is now a vital organ of the party, with Ziffren ensconced deep inside it.

Last spring, over the angry opposition of such paladins as Carmine De Sapio, Governor David Lawrence of Pennsylvania, and Mayor Richard Daley and Jacob Arvey of Chicago, he persuaded the party's National Committee to choose Los Angeles for the 1960 convention.

This coup brought him a huge testimonial dinner attended by Governor Edmund G. Brown and Senator Clair Engle last summer. It has also brought him quiet blandishments from various Presidential hopefuls around the nation. For he

is the man in charge of convention arrangements with 11,500 tickets to dole out, and a few trump cards up his sleeve if there is a showdown about accrediting delegates, as there may be.

For example, a fight is brewing over the seating of Southern delegations. Its outcome may make or break the chances of Lyndon B. Johnson, Stuart Symington, or John F. Kennedy, who all hope for Southern votes. The decision will be up to the credentials committee, which will be run by people picked by the arrangements committee, in which Ziffren and his friends will have a majority. He will also head the nineteen-member over-all convention committee which will directly or indirectly control the distribution of the 16,000 tickets to the convention hall. Of these 4,500 are reserved for delegates and alternates. The balance—for press, spectators, functionaries, and "special guests"—will flow from Ziffren and his subordinates.

#### ORGANIZED ANARCHY

IN THE past, conventions have been swayed by filling non-delegate sections with noisy rooters for a particular candidate. However, Ziffren disclaims any such intent. "A special committee," he says, "will apportion gallery tickets, in proper proportions, to financial donors, prominent Democrats, officeholders, and volunteer workers. It will be out of my hands." But Ziffren and National Chairman Paul Butler will pick the apportionment committee. (The forecast is that there will be plenty of shouting Stevensonians in the gallery, in spite of Mr. Stevenson's announced aversion to the nomination.)

In any event, it will not be packed by party conservatives, who may be languishing in California but are not surrendering. Their champion is Edwin W. Pauley, the oil man who helped to round up \$350,000 to bring the convention to L. A. Pauley claimed that the host committee which he heads was assured 5,000 gallery tickets. But Ziffren said no such promise was made and added blandly, "Certainly the people of Los Angeles want to be gracious hosts; they would not make such an unreasonable demand."

As one might guess, Ziffren moves in the left wing of his party. Unlike old-style bosses who tend to be coy about large issues, he is boldly ideological. "My goal, above all, is a more militantly liberal Democratic party in the nation," he explains. "Toward this end, we need a strong Western bloc to counterbalance the Solid South."

#### HELGA SANDBURG

##### he speaks a critic speaks

"i am a critic  
i spik and no all.  
on the corner of the old south pier  
god just worked another sunset. when  
he has executed some excellent works  
in the past why must he waste our time  
with this outrageous tripe? i would  
say he is onhiswayout."

(a sunset glowed casually  
as before  
and faded smiling)

He has novel ideas, too, about political organization and motivations. "The day is past when a political organization can run on patronage," he says flatly. "Non-partisan local elections and civil service have killed the spoils systems in most states. When precinct captains have few favors to dispense, people will join a political club only because they believe in it, not because they hope to get something out of it."

His theory seems to work in his home base. Some 35,000 doorbell-ringers oriented to ideas rather than jobs belong to the California Democratic clubs which came into being mainly because of his urging. In 1958 these volunteers swept the Democrats into control of the legislature—a Republican stronghold for half a century. Since then the clubs have generated enough pressure to ram through most of Governor Brown's legislative program which includes steeper taxes and a bigger welfare budget.

To Easterners who grew up among machines manned by disciplined pay-rollers and favor-seekers, California politics seem incredibly disheveled. "How does the party get its work done?" visitors ask. "How do you *manage* the organization?"

The fact is that there has never been a Democratic "organization" in the traditional sense in California. "When you speak of the 'regular' Democratic party in this state what are you talking about?" said Ziffren shortly after his election as National Committeeman. "A few incumbent Congressmen, a few county and state committee members, and that's all." So he began encouraging liberal Democrats to form clubs in every community. They multiplied with a free-wheeling zeal which would have alarmed the average political leader. Last year, after November's Democratic triumph, they held a state convention. One correspondent described it as "more like a huge university seminar than a convention." It was, indeed, planned by an adult education specialist from the University of California and the conclave even called itself a "study group." Although most of its time was spent theorizing about high government policy, it also served notice on old-line Democrats that the clubs—which are still unrecognized by the duly constituted party organization—have nevertheless "earned and won the right to have a major voice in the Democratic party in California."

A resolution whooped through by the three thousand delegates and alternates proclaimed, "We have wakened our sleeping giant. We speak as the new and vibrant voice of the most

exciting experiment in American politics in the twentieth century."

This was more than rhetoric. A bill was pending in Sacramento to prohibit the clubs from endorsing candidates before a primary. This would in effect have reduced them to the level of study groups. But the bill was beaten by a barrage of telegrams, phone calls, and letters and an assist from Governor Brown, who knows the clubs are his main strength. Heartened, the clubs continue to warn, threaten, and exhort office holders and candidates with unflagging fervor.

But they remain an inchoate, undisciplined force, keeping in touch only through the California Democratic Council and a few county sub councils. They agitate for whatever men and measures they choose. What unites them, however loosely, is a common passion for the kind of liberalism typified by Adlai Stevenson. Ziffren is a Stevenson man too, but this does not assure him of the docile support the professional boss expects. Last year, for instance, the clubs kicked over the traces when he urged them to endorse Engle for Senator as "best on balance"—probably meaning "most electable." The audience booed and rejected Engle as "too conservative."

Ziffren was undismayed. "I knew they'd boo me," he said. "Getting licked now and then is good diplomacy when you're dealing with volunteer groups." Engle won anyhow (thanks to a bulging campaign treasury and solid farm support) and Ziffren is still revered by thousands of club members as something of a messiah. He makes a rousing speech—he was an intercollegiate debater—and most of his ideas enchant the so-called eggheads and longhairs who are plentiful in the clubs. And he is learning to lead without bossing, an art which involves getting himself slapped down occasionally when it doesn't matter. Ziffren can handle such minor rebuffs gracefully for—unlike most politicians—he has managed to scale the ladder to prominence without taking himself too solemnly, at least outwardly. This knack has been a major asset throughout a long, steep climb.

#### FROM IOWA TO HOLLYWOOD

**Z**IFFREN is the son of a Lithuanian mother and a German father who both immigrated to Iowa in their twenties. His father was a policeman in Muscatine, then moved to Davenport, where the Ziffrens ran a grocery store. Paul, the first of five children, was born in 1913.

People talked politics a lot around the store



and by the time he was fifteen the bookish Paul knew his own mind. To the annoyance of his parents, who were orthodox Iowa Republicans, he decided in 1928 that Al Smith was "liberal and enlightened" and joined a high-school Democratic club to support him. Ziffren has been a Democrat ever since, backing Roosevelt, Truman, and Stevenson in turn.

In 1931, just as he was finishing high school, his father died. Paul wanted to stay home to help with the store—but his mother, in the pattern of Jewish tradition, insisted that he continue his education. He had a small scholarship to Northwestern University and \$150 in the bank. Since the savings were drawing interest, he decided to leave them there until needed. So he set out for Northwestern with only \$10 in his wallet. Two weeks later the bank closed permanently.

Ziffren stayed on at Northwestern, he says "only because I had no courage to go home—there'd been too many farewell parties for me." He found enough jobs around the campus to keep going and, in due course took degrees in speech and law. Later he married a co-ed classmate, then became a lecturer in the law school. He left Northwestern in 1939 to become an assistant U. S. attorney in Chicago.

He may have been helped into this job by Arvey, to whose wife he is distantly related. For a year he was a partner in Arvey's law firm. Since then he has been in and out of several other partnerships and now practices with his younger brother, Leo, specializing in tax law. For some years he maintained two homes and commuted between Los Angeles and Chicago, where he still has a lucrative law practice. He was divorced in 1946 and two years later married a wealthy ex-Philadelphian with a flair for party-giving and colorful conversation.

By this time he had begun to take a hand in Democratic fund-raising in California and had also acquired a number of movie clients. One of the most devoted is Esther Williams, who considers him—as do other wealthy and prominent Californians—not only her attorney but her "friend and protector." She consults him regularly before endorsing products or investing money.

"Usually he finds out someone is trying to swindle me," says Miss Williams ruefully. "But he's so kind and gentle about it. He never toots his own horn."

Ziffren endeared himself to the entire film colony two years ago by flying to Washington and persuading the Internal Revenue Service to

reverse a ruling which would have nullified Loretta Young's capital gains from her TV series.

"He saved the day for all of us," said a grateful film and TV star, "and he was so casual about the whole thing!"

The habit of underplaying his role is an integral part of Ziffren's complex personality. Characteristically he wears a hopeful half-smile and as he talks his gaze widens with a look of boyish innocence and idealism. The effect disarms and charms most people—including Republicans who commonly refer to him as a "nice guy." By and large he contrives to maintain this unruffled posture even when the going is rough—as it has been upon occasion in the past.

#### A NEW LOOK IN POLITICS

**D**URING the 1958 campaign, William Knowland, running for Governor, called Ziffren "the political architect" of his opponent, Brown, and made speeches purporting to link Ziffren with a long-dead henchman of Al Capone. Knowland does not seem to have picked up any votes by this tactic. During this same campaign, the Los Angeles police department also made strenuous efforts to track down rumors of gangster or Communist connections, after Ziffren had accused its chief of a "wanton disregard of constitutional rights." No facts of any damaging sort have been brought to light so far, however. Similarly, Ziffren has emerged unscathed in the past from questions raised about the sources of big money he has steadily produced for Democratic candidates.

He is unperturbed, too, by schisms within his party's ranks which would unnerve a more conventional politician. For example, this year Edwin Pauley spearheaded a new right-wing group called Democratic Associates, Inc. with twenty-eight trustees from the top layers of Los Angeles business and professions. Its end purpose, some say, is to challenge the hegemony of the California Democratic Council.

"I'm delighted when anyone organizes in behalf of the Democratic party," was Ziffren's beaming comment. "The more groups promoting the party the better. Some of the Associates are good friends of mine—I encouraged them to go in. Maybe this new group won't be entirely conservative anyhow."

The fact is—as Ziffren well recognizes—that California politics are too fluid to be entirely anything. This is notably true of the clubs on which Democratic power currently rests. They reflect the state's swelling mixture of population

—dedicated idealists, do-gooders, restless neurotics, and a sprinkling of calculating seekers after personal gain. For some, the political clubs are a means of finding a place in the community, for others a temporary outlet for excess energy. The realities of victory and spoils will help to sort out the dilettantes from the dedicated and to demonstrate the staying power of the kind of volunteer organization in which Ziffren believes.

Nineteen-sixty will also provide a test of another of his cherished notions—the belief that political campaigning can be conducted on a higher moral plane than has prevailed of late in the country generally and in California particularly. Recently he suggested to California's Republican National Committeeman, Edward S. Shattuck, that they work together to clean up campaign practices in the state. Shattuck agreed. At a joint meeting, Republican and Democratic leaders worked out a code of fair politics, renouncing such campaign strategies as last-minute accusations and false-front committees. The code has been ratified by California newspaper publishers and editors, radio and TV executives, and most of the "communications experts" who specialize in building up or tearing down political movements. Moreover, both sides have agreed on a non-partisan commission to put teeth in code enforcement.

No one can predict, of course, whether individual candidates will adhere to it or whether it will modify California's special brand of political public relations as practiced by the team of Whitaker and Baxter and others. However, there is some chance that the code may

work. If it does, it will be another of the remarkable changes in California politics which Ziffren is helping to bring about.

Ziffren insists that politics is merely a hobby for him (although he suffers from a recurring ulcer). He says he gets fun out of creating ideas and bringing them to life. Certainly he has devoted endless time, at no pay, not only to state affairs but to such innovations as the Democratic Advisory Council and the Western Democratic Conference.

Whatever his goals and motives, Ziffren's swift rise and his success in bringing the Democratic convention to the Pacific Coast for the first time, symbolize two significant phenomena—the westward drift of political power and the mounting importance of the "volunteer" in politics. The latter trend has been in evidence elsewhere—as for example in the repeated re-election of Democratic Governor Mennen Williams in Michigan and Republican Senator Clifford Case in New Jersey—both with the backing of groups very differently motivated from the traditional party machine. Since 1958, along similar lines, "independent" Democratic clubs have proliferated in Illinois and other states. As patronage and the "deliverable" vote dwindle, as the electorate grows better informed and more sophisticated there seems little doubt that a new pattern of party politics is needed. Its shape is by no means clear as yet—but one thing is certain. Men with ideas will become increasingly important. And certainly no one can dispute that Paul Ziffren is full of ideas—and 1960 convention tickets.

## THOREAU AND THE HARVARD LIBUREAUCRACY

ON ONE occasion he went to the University Library to procure some books. The librarian refused to lend them. Mr. Thoreau repaired to the President who stated to him the rules and usages, which permitted the loan of books to resident graduates, to clergymen who were alumni, and to some others resident within a circle of ten miles radius from the College. Mr. Thoreau explained to the President that the railroad had destroyed the old scale of distances—that the library was useless, yes, and the President and College useless, on the terms of his rules—that the one benefit he owed to the College was its library—that, at this moment, not only his want of books was imperative, but he wanted a large number of books, and assured him that he, Thoreau, and not the librarian, was the proper custodian of these. In short, the President found the petitioner so formidable and the rules getting to look so ridiculous, that he ended by giving him a privilege which in his hands proved unlimited thereafter.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1862.



# Darwinian Man, though well-behaved . . .

By REESE WOLFE

*Drawings by Gil Walker*

AT Tandjoengpriok, the port of entry to Batavia, as the capital of Java was then called, there were two things I planned to do. I wanted to see if it were true that the black monkeys lived on one side of the railroad tracks, and the white monkeys on the other, with none of either tribe crossing into the other's territory. The other thing was to collect what pay I had coming for three months of labor and solitude as a cadet on the *Grace Dollar*.

The *Grace* was a tramp freighter of the Dollar Line, out of San Francisco, and my pay on her was twenty-five cents a month. It was all I was worth, but since the Chinese crew lived in the fo'c'sle, and the officers amidships, the old man had decreed that the proper place for a cadet—who was neither fish nor fowl—was in the after deckhouse, which had served as a dispensary for medicating cargoes of seasick mules during the first world war. There, alone and ignored in my off-watch hours, I had the feeling of living in an isolation ward. Never had I been so lonely.

Java was the midway point on the voyage, and the others had drawn their pay based on half of what they had coming. At seventeen that kind of excitement can be catching. It wasn't the principle of the thing, it was the money I wanted. It would be my first pay on any ship and I intended to have it and spend it as I pleased, here on this hard-won foreign shore.

I found the old man in his cabin dressing to

go ashore. As I hesitated at the open doorway I was reminded again of how little he resembled my idea of what a sea captain should look like. He was twenty-nine, and seemed older even than that to me, in spite of his round pink face and baby-blue eyes that rarely showed any expression. I removed my cap and cleared my throat.

"What do you want?" he called out.

"My pay, sir."

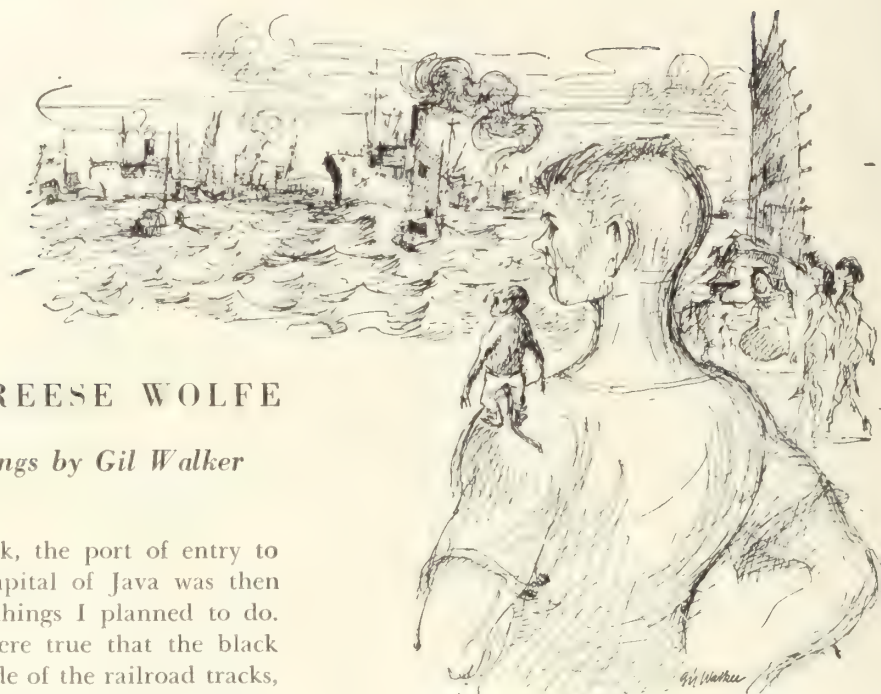
"Your what?"

"I have half of three months coming, sir."

He looked at me with that blank unhurried gaze of his. "I see." He motioned for me to come in. At his desk he took out the pay book and cash box. "Three months," he said, making some calculations with a pencil, "—minus four days. Half of that comes close to thirty-six-and-a-half cents. Call it thirty-six." He handed it over without another word.

I put the money in a separate pocket to keep as a special fund, and with a feeling of deep satisfaction, went over the side into a sampan to be rowed ashore.

From Tandjoengpriok to Batavia was a five-



mile run by rail, and as the rickety little toy train clattered through the mangrove swamps and into the rain forest I watched alertly from both sides of the car while the deepening jungle rolled slowly past the open windows. A corpulent Dutchman and his equally corpulent wife sat watching me interestedly. Presently her husband reached over and tapped my arm.

"You look for de monkeys, ja?"

I nodded eagerly.

He pointed upward out the window. I peered into the green depths impregnable to the sun and searched the tangle of vines and flowers that reached to the tree tops. Then suddenly I saw them, whole families of them, congregated high in the branches amidst the foliage that crowned the trees with flaming blossoms.

"You see?" he exclaimed, "Plack on dis side—"

"Und on dis side," called his wife from the opposite window, "vite!"

"Und dey don't cross de track," he assured me, "neffer!"

"Neffe!" she echoed.

Overjoyed with this confirmation of a half-believed truth I flung myself from one window to the other, back and forth across the car, while the Dutchman and his wife laughed as if they were personally responsible for the miracle.

"Do you know vy dey don't cross de track?" he demanded, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Ja," said his wife, "—dey bite off de tail!"

Her husband bit his thumb, demonstrating, and they both laughed uproariously.

The monkeys on one side were certainly black, and those on the opposite side could be called white, although I could see as the latter swung from limb to limb, that they were really blond. My Dutch friends called the blonds woo-woo monkeys because, they explained, that was the sound they made at night when they were lonely.

"How can they be lonely when there are so many of them?" I asked.

"Anybody can be lonely," his wife said, giving me a searching look, "—even monkeys."

From that moment I knew what I would do with my sailor's pay.

At Batavia I tramped the sweltering streets, unappreciative of the smiling brown girls in the markets with their betel-stained lips and batik sarongs, or of the ancient Dutch-style houses in the Lower City intersected by cool-looking green canals that crisscrossed my path from all sides. There were monkeys to be had, some of them blond, but no Malay or Chinese vendor would agree to my price. My failure sharpened my purpose. It was a point of pride that I would

not pay a penny more than I had earned on the *Grace Dollar*. Somewhere, I knew, I would find a woo-woo monkey to be my shipmate and a possession worthy of my pay.

I FOUND him next morning, on sailing day, right on the dock. He was in a wicker cage borne on the back of a small boy in a ragged sarong who was smoking a corn-leaf cigarette. Huddled in a corner of the cage, away from the other monkeys, his plaintive "woo-woo" was unmistakable. It sounded like the cries of a sick baby. His owner was eager to sell, but not eager enough to accept my thirty-six cents. He removed the monkey from his cage and smoothed his fluffy blond fur, holding him up to me temptingly. He was the size and color of a pint bottle of rich cream, and had a nose that gave him an intelligent look, for instead of being flat like the others, with the nostrils sideways, his nose was narrow with downward-pointing nostrils, and his eyes were large and lively. For an agonizing moment I considered adding to my special fund to meet his owner's price.

It was the monkey himself who closed the deal. His eyelids drooped and he began to cry again, and the boy, thinking perhaps that I was afraid the monkey was sick, hustled me off to a Chinese money-changer with his tray of coins set up on the street. The money-changer refused the odd-cent of my thirty-six, but for the silver quarter and dime he offered me eighteen *stuivers* that looked like nickels. They made an impressive handful which the monkey's owner was glad to accept.

As my new shipmate clung to me with his unblinking eyes fixed on mine, I didn't look upon him as an extravagance. He was my sole reward for three months of labor at sea, but I knew he was worth it, even before he saved my life.

We lived together in my crackerbox on the poop. I built a cage for him, but the bars suggested a jail, and I was ashamed to see him gazing out at me reproachfully from behind them. So we abandoned it. When weather permitted he had the run of the poop on a light line to keep him from falling overboard while I was on duty below. Otherwise he was free of his tether to roam our private patch of deck as he pleased. I fed him rice and bananas, small red bananas the size of my thumb, and his favorite dining place was on the metal framework once used to spread an awning over the deck in the ship's more opulent days. The awning framework was his jungle gym. There he would swing from brace to brace for hours on end, pausing



occasionally to peer out across the shimmering sea, wondering, no doubt, where the trees were and all the other monkeys.

He soon became a sailor. From the top of the highest stanchion he kept a lookout for me at the change of watch. While we toiled across the equator off the burning coast of Sumatra, he learned the meaning of eight bells. When I dragged myself wringing wet from the superheated depths below, he would slide down the stanchion from his lookout, brush away imaginary sweat from his brow as he had seen me do, and scampering ahead into the cabin he would fling himself onto my bunk and lie there with his eyes shut, arms and legs sprawled ludicrously, as if he, too, were exhausted.

He ate when I did, slept when I did, sat at the stern and watched the sea when I did. When I shaved he went through the motions. He had his own mirror, a "premium" I had saved from a long-gone box of Cracker Jack, and grimacing at his reflection, he ran a finger over his cheek while I sang to him,

Darwinian man, though well-behaved,  
At best is only a monkey shaved . . .

He was very much a man, unabashedly so, and from the toe of a sock I cut him a pair of pants, not only for reasons of modesty, but for his vanity, since I knew he envied mine.

We talked to each other, of course. He, like me, didn't know where he was going or when we would get there, and I talked to him of home while he listened and watched with sad, knowing eyes. He scolded me when I was late in returning to the poop from the messroom amidships. On the days when he had to take a bath he dared me to come and get him from his awning perch. He admired the moon on the water, ridiculed the sea birds, protested the invasion of our deck by an occasional flying fish, and once, when I dropped and broke his rice bowl he shrieked, his eyes wide, mouth open, horrified by the scandal of it, and chattered about it all day until I got him another. At night when he cried I took him into my bunk, hot as it was, and stroked him to sleep.

It never occurred to me to give him a name. In the flowered treetops of his jungle world on one side of the railroad tracks to Batavia he may

have had a name among his fellows. If he did I had no way of knowing it, any more than he could know mine. On our poop deck retreat it was enough that we loved and needed each other, and together were committed to the sea.

The *Grace Dollar* was seven months out of San Francisco when we crossed the China Sea bound for Canton. By that time I had taken stock of my life and decided to abandon a career at sea, and go to college. There was still time to get there for the winter term if I could find a homeward-bound ship. The old man wasn't surprised when I explained it to him. All he asked was where was I going to get a ship.

"Are we going to Hong Kong?"

"No," he said.

"Then Canton."

He considered this a moment. "If you get a ship out of Canton you'll be lucky."

"Well, then," I began desperately, "where—"

"Figure it out for yourself," he said, turning back to his desk.

WE WERE steaming into the Pearl River above Hong Kong when we learned for the first time—or at least I did—that farther up, at Canton, they were having a civil war, a flood, a famine, and a boycott against foreigners. None of these would have stopped the old man from trying to pick up another dollar's worth of cargo there. It took a gunboat to do that. They didn't shoot, they simply ranged alongside while we were still under way, and ordered us to anchor off Whampoa and wait. It was a makeshift gunboat, an outsize launch actually, with sandbags piled around her decks to form loopholes through which were thrust the muzzles of machine guns and the rifles of a crowd of soldiers.

The old man decided to wait. The gunboat waited, too, just to make sure.

We waited a week before word came that the river pilot who was to take us up to Canton had been shot. To me it seemed as if now that I had set my mind on a definite purpose in life everything was working against me.

Another week dragged by.

Then one late afternoon the gunboat came alongside and word quickly spread that it was going up to Canton to investigate the trouble. While I stood gloomily looking down on her deck from



the poop it came over me that here was my chance. I had nine dollars. If I didn't find a homeward-bound ship at Canton before my money ran out, Hong Kong was only a few hours down the river. It was supper time and nobody was around. The gunboat captain was aboard us with the old man in his cabin. All I would have to do was step across from our deckload of timber to the other's deck. The old man himself had told me to figure things out. I wasn't going to ask him any more questions.

In my cabin I decided to abandon everything I couldn't carry with one hand. I might have to stow away to get home, and the less I had to carry the better. Shouldering my sea bag, and with my monkey wedged into the pocket of my jacket, I climbed over the logs and stepped across to the gunboat. The soldiers drowsing behind their sandbags paid no attention to me. I picked my way around the narrow, crowded deck to the opposite side out of view from the *Grace's* decks above, and stood there, breathing hard. I hadn't been any too quick about it. Soon I heard the captain coming aboard. A jangle from below set the engines in motion, and we cast off. As the water widened between us I looked back at the ship with her tall black stack and its metal emblem of the dollar sign painted white, towering above us. I was glad to be clear of her.

When the captain discovered my presence aboard, I was relieved that he spoke almost no English. He was a plump Cantonese with short-cropped graying hair and a round expressionless face every bit as blank as the old man's. To discourage questions, I spoke rapidly. He gave no sign that he understood—or that he didn't—and with a thoughtful look at my monkey struggling to extricate himself from my pocket, he left me. I noticed that instead of going forward to the sandbagged wheelhouse, he went below, which seemed like an unduly cautious retreat for the captain of a gunboat.

The swollen river was yellow with mud and littered with debris, and a hot cross-wind blowing down out of the hills fanned the water into soiled whitecaps. As we rolled on a zigzag course to avoid floating obstacles I saw that some of them were human bodies. They were bloated drum-tight and bobbed lightly on the waves. The lounging soldiers ignored them, but as the river narrowed and the number of bodies increased, some of the soldiers took up long poles with sharp points and vied with each other in spearing them as if it were a game. One thrust was usually enough. There was a sickening pop, a gurgle of escaping gas as it went under, leav-

ing behind a stench I would not forget for a long time. I understood then why the captain had his quarters below.

MY MONKEY began to complain. Good sailor though he was, the motion of the boat and the stench that swept over us in periodic waves was making him seasick. I tried to shield him under my jacket but he struggled to get back into the open. In desperation I decided to take him below. Unwilling to risk being denied permission, I ducked down the companion ladder where I had seen the captain go, and found myself in his living quarters. Cramped for space as they were, there was a rich oriental rug, some ornamentally carved furniture, and a general appearance of opulence. Seated on a cushion at a tea table only a few inches high was the captain, drinking tea. His only show of surprise was the teacup he held motionless halfway to his mouth.

I pointed up to the deck and held my nose.

He nodded, replaced the cup, and waited.

"My monkey very sick," I said, holding him up so he could see for himself, "—very, very sick."

He motioned for me to sit down at the tea table. There was a shelf on a bulkhead beside the table, and placing my monkey on that, I squatted on a cushion opposite the captain.

It was good to breathe clean air again, but my monkey was too sick to care. He rocked back and forth on his heels, eyes closed, paws crossed over his belly, and cried like a baby. The captain hardly took his eyes from him. He clapped his hands, summoning a boy, and had him bring a cup for me and a bowl of rice for my monkey. It was no use. He continued crying in spite of the captain's efforts to coax him to eat the rice. We sipped our tea in silence. The captain's face, which I had thought so blank, showed increasing concern. He tried tempting him with other food. Finally, on the chance there might be such a thing aboard, I suggested a banana. To the captain's obvious relief, to say nothing of my own, he accepted some of the fruit as it was fed to him bit by bit by the captain. When he could eat no more, and the crying had stopped, the captain, with an apologetic glance at me, took him in his arms and rocked him gently. Very soon he was asleep.

It was still daylight when I followed the captain up on deck and watched our approach to Canton. The sprawling red-roofed city was partly enclosed by an ancient-looking brick wall that must have been twenty or thirty feet thick, and the waterfront was entirely concealed by



boats and rafts. The captain pointed out a low-lying island called the Shameen, separated from the city by a narrow channel, where the foreigners had taken refuge. Along its banks fresh earthworks had been thrown up, topped by sandbags. The place was isolated and desolate.

I asked if he knew of any ships sailing east.

"No ship leave Canton," he said. He glanced at me curiously. "Where you go?"

"San Francisco."

"Ha! Ha!"

He nodded good-by, and returned below.

Until then I had been unwilling to acknowledge the thing beginning to twist deep down inside me. Now, as I stood at the gangway, sea bag in hand, I knew I must face it. If my monkey should get sick again, or cry, while I was trying to stow away on a ship, I might land in jail and never see him again. Or if I managed to sign on as a seaman, he almost certainly would not be allowed aboard. Meanwhile, here in this famine-stricken city, how was I going to keep him supplied with bananas? . . .

There was only one thing to do. In all China he had one friend who would care for him as I did. Without giving myself a chance to fail him, I scrambled down to the captain's quarters.

"For you," I said, holding my monkey out to him. He didn't understand.

As I stood there, clutching my warm furry offering, I could feel the courage drain out of me. Blindly, I thrust him into the captain's hands, and bolted up the ladder.

On deck a sailor tried to stop me. He pointed shoreward, and by way of explanation, drew a finger across his throat. I shook him off and stumbled down the ladder. It was getting dark, and when I had made my way to the foot of the long jetty I stood looking up and down the crowded Bund, unsure which way to turn. I was still trying to decide when an officer from the gunboat came running up to me. The captain wanted to see me. I hesitated. Suppose the captain was unwilling to keep my monkey, after all? There was nothing to do but go back.

I found him seated at his tea table. To my relief the monkey was nowhere in sight. On the table were two strips of cloth on which the captain was inscribing with a brush a series of Chinese characters under a crudely drawn dollar sign. When he finished he pinned the bits of cloth around each of my sleeves and stood off, first to one side, then the other, inspecting his handiwork. If the arm bands were a gift in exchange for my monkey it was certainly an odd one, or so I thought then, but I was grateful for

his delicacy in keeping him from my view.

He made me understand that he would take me to a hotel owned by a friend of his. "What are these for?" I asked, pointing to the arm bands.

"He say, 'Dollah man, don't shoot'," he said. "Cap'n Dollah good friend China man."

AS WE made our way through the hostile crowds along the Bund I wondered how many of those who turned with hate-filled glances at me esteemed a Dollar man as highly as the captain did.

His friend's hotel was a small wooden waterfront building without lights. It was seemingly closed for the night. While he was trying to get an answer to his knock there was a patter of bare feet behind me, claw-like hands wrenched me around, knocking my sea bag from my shoulder, and a crowd of coolies swarmed over me, grappling, hauling, smashing at me with their fists. Their silent attack was more deadly than as if they had made a noise. In their voicelessness I sensed I was fighting for my life. Only the captain shouted. Others taking up his shouts came running, not as enemies, but to join in the free-for-all, and I found myself released as suddenly as I had been attacked.

Over the hotel door a light went on. When it was discovered that one of us for whom they had driven off the attackers was an Occidental, there was some ominous grumbling. A few closed in threateningly. To me it looked like another fight in the making—but not to the captain. One of my arm bands had come off in the scuffle, and snatching it up from the ground where it had fallen, he shook it under their noses, loudly berating them, as they backed off.

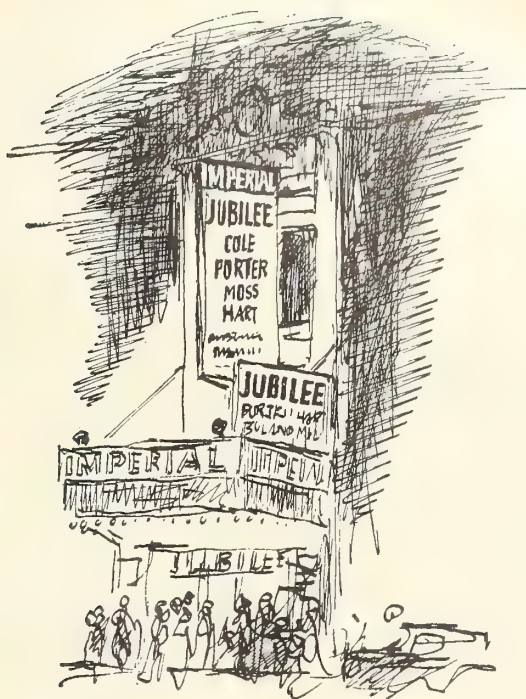
He left me safely inside the hotel with an unneeded warning not to remove my arm bands.

That night while I lay on my bed watching the wavering light cast on the walls by a distant fire burning somewhere in the riot-ridden city, I tried not to think about my monkey. I made myself think, instead, of what the old man and the others on the *Grace Dollar* must be thinking by now, and of what I would do to find a ship tomorrow, and of home and the future. It was no help. Before I could sleep in that eerily lighted room that would be my safe haven till morning, at least, the tight thing in my chest had to unwind. It was not an easy thing. Bereft of my sea-going companion after coming so far together, I clung to the sure knowledge that in exchange for saving my life I had kept faith with him in the only way I knew.

# COLE PORTER

An Affectionate Memoir by

MOSS HART



One of America's distinguished playwrights looks back in pleasure on his long friendship with one of our distinguished song writers.

**T**IME flies. Just twenty-seven years ago I watched Cole Porter swing through the doors of the Ritz Bar in Paris and survey the room, his eyes searching the tables for the young man who had a letter of introduction to him. Though I had never seen him before I knew the man in the doorway was Cole Porter; he looks, I thought quickly, exactly like one of his songs. The small, lithe figure beautifully turned out, the intensely alive face, the immense dark eyes set off by the brilliant red carnation in the lapel of his suit; it could not possibly be anyone else. I waved toward him; and as he caught the gesture he smiled back and made his way to my table. That dazzling smile was quite the best thing I had seen of Paris to date.

I am aware that it is heresy not to be enamored of this jewel of cities at first glance and forever afterward, but I seemed impervious to the charm of Paris on this, my first trip, and I have remained so ever since. But the Paris that had escaped me now seemed to come alive for the first time as Cole Porter talked, though I knew well enough that he was as American as Peru, Indiana, where he was born. He had the gift, I was to learn later, of making any city singularly

his own. Wherever he happens to be—London, New York, Venice, Hollywood—there the essence of the city seems to be caught. Paris was his monarchy at the moment, and just before we parted he made a gesture so regal and at the same time so Parisian, that it made my Brooklyn-bred eyes feel that I was seeing the Paris of my imagination at last. Along with the letter of introduction from Irving Berlin, I had brought with me a small Christmas package which I had been asked to deliver to Porter since the transatlantic mails at that time of year were uncertain.

"George Hale asked me to bring this to you," I said, handing the package over.

"Doesn't say a word about not opening it until Christmas, does it?" he laughed, and tore at the wrapping eagerly. Inside was a small red leather Cartier box. He opened it, glanced at the contents, and smilingly turned the box around for me to have a look. Two long, thin, slabs of gold with the initials C. P. engraved on each, lay somewhat nakedly on white satin. I stared at them, puzzled, and then asked, "What are they?"

"Garters," he replied. I watched, astonished, as he lifted each of his trouser legs revealing a pair of gold garters, removed the old and put the new ones on. "Hey, Jimmy," he called to the barman and tossed the old gold garters across the bar. My face must have mirrored my amazement and wonder, for Porter turned back to me, laughing. "It's the way Christmas ought to always start, isn't it?" he said. I could only nod dumbly in reply. "Will you dine with us one



night?" he asked. "I know Linda would like to meet you. I'll have my secretary call you at the hotel." He glanced at his watch and sighed, "Late. Late again," quite like the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*, and smiled, the same dazzling smile that seemed to light up the entire Ritz Bar. I shook his hand and watched him swing through the doors.

That first meeting with Cole Porter seems to me to contain some of the gaiety, the impishness, the audacity, and the insouciance of his songs. It is hard now to remember his original impact on the musical theater of the middle and late 1920s. He burst upon that moribund world like a meteor streaking across the sky. His words and music had an abandon, a stunning freshness, a dash, and a lyrical agility that were completely new to our ears. The verve of "Let's Do It," the brisk ardor of "You Do Something to Me," the sultry boldness of "Love for Sale," the mordant glow of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" seemed to blow the winds of a graceful and polished world across the musty musical theater of those days and make the majority of the songs we had been singing sound downright provincial. The great ballads—"Night and Day," "I Get a Kick out of You," "Easy to Love"—and all the others that were to run riot down the years came later, but in the late 'twenties we were suddenly aware that a new musical voice of immense vigor and freshness was making itself heard; a forcible talent that was racy and bold, but that had great elegance and a curious kind of purity. One thing was certain even then. No one could write a Cole Porter song but Cole Porter. Each song had a design and a special felicity of its own that stamped it as uniquely his.

I DINED twice with the Porters during my ten-day stay in Paris and fell in love, as everyone did, with Linda Porter. The experience was as much a part of a young man's first trip to Paris as eating snails at Fouquet's or climbing the Eiffel Tower. The Porters were rich, they were gifted, and they moved about with ease and light-heartedness in both the world of fashion and the pantaloon world of the theater. Their house in Paris was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen and Linda Porter—a legendary beauty herself—lent something of her own radiance and splendor to their life, so that everything and everyone in their house seemed to sparkle with a little of her grace. She was a woman of immense delicacy, as easily beguiled by a chorus girl as by a duchess, and equally at home with both. Together, the Porters bloomed in a scintil-

lating world that seemed uncommonly festive; I thought to myself on my last evening with them, what fun it would be to do a musical with Cole Porter.

I dismissed this conceit quickly. I was a mere neophyte—barely out of Brooklyn and my first play, and he was already one of the most sought-after of all composers. Yet less than two years later, that is exactly what happened. We did do a musical together. Moreover, we sailed around the world to write it, and I learned to my chagrin that the jaunty and debonair world of Cole Porter disappeared completely when he was at work, and that Linda was a stern and jealous guardian of that work.



#### SHIPBOARD COLLABORATION

THE enterprise—that was ultimately to emerge in 1935 as the musical called "Jubilee"—began when I was lunching in New York with Cole some eighteen months or so after my Paris trip. In spite of the depression and the New Deal, everyone was singing his songs—"You're the Top," "I Get a Kick out of You" and "Blow Gabriel Blow" from "Anything Goes," which had opened three nights before. At the restaurant people streamed over to our table making congratulatory sounds and cooing admiration in different languages and accents. It made any kind of conversation nearly impossible. But around the middle of lunch I tossed out an idea for a musical about a royal family in retreat from their own country. Then I brushed it aside with something much more on my mind.

"I think I came to a decision this morning," I said. "I'm going to drop work completely for a while. There are always ideas—there are always plays to be written—but always at the expense of something else. I don't want to settle for that quick trip to Europe wedged in between work and rehearsals—I want to see the whole damn

world and I want to see it now. I'm going to take a year off and racket around the world."

Cole looked at me soberly. "Why not do both," he said. "I like that idea of yours for a musical. Why don't we do it and go around the world at the same time?"

I looked at him with the same wonder that had made him laugh when I had watched him put on the new gold garters in Paris. "Why not?" he persisted. "I could leave next week. Couldn't you?" He was already making his way toward the door. "Let's stop by Cook's and find the first round-the-world-sailing," he said, "and then go back to the hotel and tell Linda."

This was Wednesday. The next ship around the world was to sail the following Tuesday. We were on it.

The first ten days of the trip were given over to a detailed discussion of the general architecture of the show—lazy, pleasant, sunny days marred only by the ship's orchestra which promptly broke into "You're the Top" or "I Get a Kick out of You" each time our party entered the dining room or the ship's lounge. The first strains of music were always accompanied by wild moans from Monty Woolley and more civilized ones from Howard Sturges, two old friends who found the constant playing of Cole Porter songs almost as unbearable as did Cole Porter. He hated to hear his music played or sung except under his own precise and exacting standards. However, hotel orchestras hidden behind potted palms were to blare out "You're the Top" in Bombay, in Zanzibar, in Rio, and even in Tahiti and Bali.

Within two weeks I had developed enough of a rough outline for Cole to begin to think of songs, and almost immediately a great change took place. Cole Porter "worker" and Cole Porter "playboy" were two different beings. The secret of those gay and seemingly effortless songs was an unending industry. He worked around the clock. I have always had a fixed schedule of work. A writer of plays or prose is usually good for two or three hours of consecrated work and no more. He must choose the hours of the day that suit him best and use those to the full. Then it is over. Some writers work best at dawn, or at night. But my best hours have always been the late morning ones. As a consequence, I would emerge from my cabin shortly before lunch, eager for the wonderful world of the Porters to begin. But it had completely disappeared.

From the time I handed him the outline with the first two or three songs indicated, Cole seemed to withdraw not only from our party but

from the human race. Indeed, I sometimes suspected that he used work as a weapon to shield himself from a boredom whose threshold was extremely low—he could withdraw and disappear before one's eyes with an almost sinister facility. He could do this not only when he entered his cabin to sit at the small upright piano—but at the luncheon or dinner table, and even during sight-seeing tours.



#### THE DIVI-DIVI TREE

AT OUR first stop in Kingston, Jamaica, another side of his nature I had not bargained for was exhaustingly revealed. He was an indefatigable sight-seer, a tourist to end all tourists. No ruin was too small to be seen, particularly if it meant a long climb up a steep hill; no ride into the interior was too far, if it was a broiling hot day and there was a piddling waterfall at the end of it.

The flora and fauna fascinated him, and he would drive miles to gape at a native shrub or an animal that flourished only in a particularly disagreeable part of the country. This insatiable tourism, it turned out, was also grist to his mill, which ground on whether he was sight-seeing, eating, or—for all I knew—sleeping. I made this discovery a few days later when I went to his cabin to hear the first song written for "Jubilee." It was called "The Kling-Kling Bird on the Divi-Divi Tree." I had heard him asking innumerable questions about this bird and tree during our Jamaica stopover.

It did not surprise me too greatly when later on, after we had left Samoa, he informed me that one of the chief ballads for the show was to be "Begin the Beguine." The Beguine was a native dance we had driven endless hot miles to witness. I had reservations about the length of



the song. Indeed I am somewhat ashamed to record that I thought it had ended when he was only halfway through playing it. But I was much relieved that our chief love song was not to be about a koda bear or a duckbilled platypus which he had found entrancing.

#### DISCIPLINED SYBARITE

AS I grew used to his method of working—the long, baffling silences, the sudden withdrawals, I increasingly admired his profound dedication. I learned a lasting lesson from watching Cole Porter at work. It was, simply, that no artist however gifted can ever rely solely on his gift without a steady and relentless industry in its application. Cole is the most self-indulgent and pleasure-loving man I have ever known; but indulgence and pleasure both stop dead the moment song-writing begins. Perversely enough, and to point up the exception to every rule, he can fashion a song overnight when necessity demands it. I was given a startling example of this shortly before rehearsals began.

Both score and book had been completed when we returned to New York. The weekend before rehearsals were scheduled to begin, I went with him to a farm in Ohio for a last respite before the frenzy that lay just ahead. On a Saturday, as we walked through the quiet September countryside, inevitably discussing the only topic that held any interest for either of us, I brought out into the open a nagging doubt I had long held: the score still lacked a major song in the second act. He was surprised, but quickly agreed. Then silence fell, and he withdrew, as usual. Earlier, I might have mistaken his mood for annoyance, but I knew by now that he was at work. I made a mental note that with luck we might have the song for the third week of rehearsal. But the next morning Cole called me into the living-room and closed the doors. He placed a scribbled sheet of note paper on the music rack of the piano and then played and sang the verse and chorus of "Just One of Those Things." No word was ever altered. It has been played and sung through the years exactly as I heard it on that Sunday morning in Ohio, a song written overnight. But this was an exception. Usually a Cole Porter song is the end product of hours and days of work such as no self-respecting long-shoreman would accept without complaining to his union.

"Jubilee" was a pleasant enough success. However, the two songs that I have mentioned, "Begin the Beguine" and "Just One of

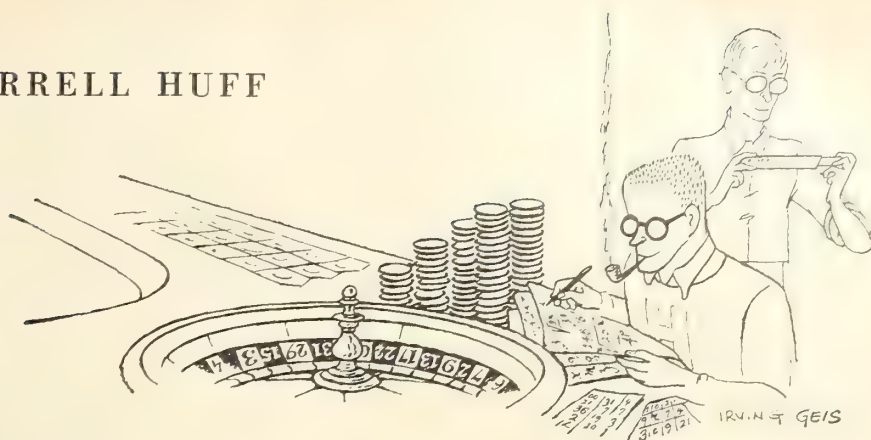
"Those Things," were dismal failures both in the show and with the public. Not until three or four years later did either song begin to assume the characteristics of a popular "hit," or begin to achieve the acclaim that has made them standard songs of the American musical theater. "Jubilee" was the end of our collaboration. We have never done another musical show together, I do not know quite why. Through the years we have talked of doing another one, but somehow it has never come to pass. Shows either happen or they do not happen.

These recollections were written during a winter holiday in Jamaica when quite accidentally some vivid memories of our collaboration and of Cole Porter were sent spinning across my mind during a river picnic.

Food and a little Jamaican orchestra were dispatched on ahead, and the picnickers followed in large canoes. A huge bonfire was lit, and after the party had eaten, we fell into song in the way common to all picnic parties. We sang Berlin, Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and Cole Porter. In that lush jungle setting, "Begin the Beguine" seemed particularly appropriate, and I suddenly recalled the time I had first heard it sung by Cole Porter himself, sitting at the upright piano in his cabin as the ship sailed toward the Fiji Islands. I remembered, too, my first glimpse of him at the Ritz Bar, and long afterward, my other vivid memory of him when he was fighting valiantly the effects of a grave leg injury caused by a tragic riding accident. I do not think one can write of Cole Porter without mentioning his fortitude in triumphing over a catastrophe that would have broken and overwhelmed a lesser man. It is marvelous to think that so many of his blithe songs of the past two decades—including the great score of "Kiss Me Kate"—have come from a man whose daily battle against pain and defeat was in itself a lesson in courage and gallantry. It is a testament to the greatness of the human spirit.

IN A bleak and sometimes ugly world, to witness an act of personal heroism is to know forever what human beings can be and can do, for it does not always follow that a first-rate artist is an estimable fellow, nor does it matter, I suppose. Too often, however, the artist apart from his talent is a disappointment; he is not very much of a person and it is almost always disillusioning for the hero-worshiper to come face to face with his hero. Cole Porter is one of the rare exceptions. He was an early hero of mine and he has remained a late one.

DARRELL HUFF



# THE MATHEMATICS of Sex, Gambling, and Insurance

A statistician scans the odds—and the oddities—of beating a roulette wheel, of producing the “ideal” family, and of coming out ahead of an insurance company.

OUR friends the Mortons have two daughters and a question that rather neatly illustrates a basic problem in calculating probabilities. Like a good many other people the Mortons regard two boys and two girls as the ideal number and distribution of offspring.

“After the girls were born,” Bob remarked the other night, “we began to doubt that we’d come out two and two in the end. But I have it figured now: our chances were fifty-fifty in the beginning, and they still are. Because boys are just as likely as girls.”

The problem to which Bob has applied less-than-flawless reasoning has equivalents in tossing coins for heads or tails or in playing any of the even chances on a roulette wheel. By extension his problem applies to all sorts of more serious situations, from safely shielding an atomic reactor to marketing a new electric iron. Even a little understanding of the laws of chance is helpful in thinking in the quantitative ways people must today, whether about cosmology or opinion polls or the weather or safe conduct in the presence of an insurance contract.

Where did Bob’s understanding of these laws go wrong? In finding that out we can begin to

see how chance operates and how probabilities can be calculated.

Let’s begin by testing the notion that a newly married couple planning to issue two children has an even chance of getting one boy and one girl, in either order.

Assuming for the moment that boys and girls are born with equal frequency (which is close enough to the truth for our purpose), each child is as likely to be a boy as a girl. The two children then may be boy and girl, or two boys or two girls. Three possibilities. All equally likely? No.

What we really have is four equal possibilities masquerading as three. They are: boy-boy, girl-girl, boy-girl, girl-boy. So, in fact, two of the four possibilities consist of a boy and a girl. There is indeed an even chance of a mixed pair in two children.

But what of the Mortons’ optimistically planned four? In that number there are not four possibilities but sixteen. In listing them we’ll take care to list them all and not fall again into the trap of regarding two or more of the possibilities as a single one even though, from the Mortons’ point of view, order of arrival is not included among the specifications.

The sixteen possible sequences are: BBBB, BBBG, BBGB, *BBGG*, BGBB, *BGBG*, *BGGB*, BGGG, GBBB, *GBBG*, *GBGB*, GBGG, *GGBB*, *GGBG*, *GGGB*, GGGG.

Six of these, indicated by italics, give the desired mix of two boys and two girls. So the Mortons should have figured when they started



reproducing that their chances of coming out with two boys and two girls, in any order, were six in sixteen, or three in eight. Not quite so good as Bob guessed.

The charting of possibilities makes some other things evident. One is that there are two chances in sixteen (or one in eight) that your four children will be all of the same sex. And one chance in sixteen that all will be of either one or the other specified sex.



A RUN ON GIRLS

AS father of four, all daughters, I can testify that this fairly long chance of one in sixteen does in fact occur, and of course this is something we have all observed. Whether runs of this kind actually occur more often than once in sixteen times is an interesting question, which unfortunately has not yet found an answer. If patterns of sex distribution in families really are random, then the parents of four girls—or a dozen—can still properly feel that they have an even chance of a boy next time.

But perhaps there is a factor to disturb this, something that makes boys run in a family. As Clarence P. Oliver, University of Texas geneticist, suggested to me recently, "It seems that some few individuals carry determiners which affect the X or Y sperms in fertilization."

And Amram Scheinfeld, who has done some excellent writing on heredity, cites investigations at Oxford University indicating that families with six or more sons and no daughters occur twice as often as chance says they should.

He adds that: "The odds against the occurrence of such record all-son families as the Grover C. Joneses (Peterson, West Virginia) with fifteen sons, and the Emory Harrisons (Johnson City, Tennessee) with thirteen sons, are so astronomically high that pure chance as a causative factor is virtually ruled out."

Now it might be interesting to know just how astronomical the odds really are in a case like one of these. It will also give us a chance to tackle the method of figuring such an improbable probability.

One way to look at it is this. With a family of one child there are two possibilities: boy or girl. With two children there are the four possibilities listed earlier. Make a similar tabula-

tion for three children and you'll find eight possibilities.

For four children there are the sixteen sequences listed for the Mortons earlier in this article. It is beginning to be clear that the number of possible arrangements—called permutations—can be found by multiplying together as many 2's as there are children in the family. In the instance of four children the sequences total  $2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2$ , or  $2^4$ , or 16.

This brings us back to the thirteen sons of the Harrisons of Tennessee. Since  $2^{13}$  (2 multiplied by itself 12 times) works out to 8,192 we know that these youngsters might have been arranged in any of that number of ways.

It is evident that only two of the arrangements would consist solely of one sex—that is, the one that is boy-boy-boy, etc., and the one that is girl-girl-girl. This is true no matter what the number of children.

So the chance of a family like the Harrisons' is 2 in 8,192 or 1 in 4,096. Another way of saying this is that we might expect one all-same-sex sequence for every four-thousand-odd families of this size. And if the population does contain some thousands of large families, as of course it does, something like the Harrisons' run of luck is to be expected.

It may very well be that more than chance is involved in producing some one-sided families, but this case fails to prove it.

#### CAN CARDS "REMEMBER"?

ONE of the fundamental rules of chance is this: to find the probability of getting all of several different things, multiply together the chances of getting each one. This applies to bearing boys, playing the red at roulette, and flipping nickels, as well as many other things.

What, for instance, is the likelihood of tossing heads any given number of times in a row? For one toss we've noted that the chance is one-half. For two tosses it is one-half times one-half, or one-fourth. For ten tosses it is the product of one-half taken ten times, which is about .00098, or a little less than one chance in a thousand. From this it follows that if you want all of quite a few things and each of them is only fairly likely, your chance of getting them all is slight.

This brings us to the influence of history on chances, the most lively source of errors and confusion of all. The argument takes many forms:

"I've been holding terrible cards all evening.

By the law of averages I should get very good hands from now on."

"It has rained nearly every day during the first half of May. Since on the average only half the days in May are wet in this climate, we can expect dry weather the rest of the month."

"We've had four girls in a row. Since the chances are 31 to one against five successive girls, we can practically count on a boy if we try again."

"I've kept a record on this roulette wheel for a month, and it has come up red 123 times more than black. Since by the law of averages red and black show up equally often, I can now clean up by betting on the black."

The fallacy—known as "the maturity of the chances"—is the same in every case. Things like cards and roulette wheels have no memories. *Their future behavior is not affected by what has occurred in the past.* The probability still remains fifty-fifty in each instance, but that is the probability for the future now, not for the total run including the one-sided past.

The most likely expectation for the card player is average hands, just as it was when he started the evening and just as it will be when he sits down next time or a year from last Tuesday.

The total outlook for May is rainy, since we have a known wet spell to which to add a normal expectation for the rest of the month. On the average we can expect to end this May with a record of about three rainy days out of every four instead of the usual one in two.

The hopeful father has just the usual chance, roughly one in two, to break his string of girls.

The roulette wheel, placidly forgetting that it has shown red disproportionately in the past, will tend to produce the two colors equally in the future. The best prediction of what our record-keeper will find when he totes up is about 123 more cases of red than of black.

#### SAVING ON INSURANCE

THE villain in all these instances is a frequently expensive error. It is the attempt to apply to the total of a series, part of which has been completed, the rule that fits only the unknown future. This doctrine, however misguided, is an attempt to control chance, something people have been trying to do for a long time, mainly by supplication, sacrifices, and hanging around oracles.

More to the point is applying an understanding of odds and a calculation of risks to the many hazards that are inevitable in life.

This procedure will require you first to obtain facts about the probabilities of the situation. Then you must calculate something called the mathematical expectation. On top of that you must decide what risks, in light of your capital situation, you can afford.

Instead of floating around among generalities, let's pin this technique down to the day when you next buy or renew your automobile insurance. You might even save some money.

Begin with the most expensive part, personal liability. As a cautious driver of a well-kept car on which you put fewer miles each year than most people cover, you can be sure that your expectation is less than the cost of the policy.

Expectation is a concept that you will frequently find use for. It is the amount you will win in any gamble—such as insurance, speculation, or roulette—multiplied by the chances of your winning. If the odds of the game or gamble are set fairly, your expectation will be exactly equal to your stake; and you will break even in the long run. This is the situation in an amateur poker game among players of equal skill. It is not true in professional gambling, where overhead and profit must be paid, and it is not true for insurance, for precisely the same reason.

The premium you will pay for the liability policy will have to include something for sales costs, overhead, return on investment, and such things. This will have to be added to the average expectation—which is already greater than your own individual expectation as a good driver covering relatively few miles.

Thus the premium on your policy may easily be twice the expectation—on the face of it a poor gamble from your point of view although a splendid one from the company's.

Should you buy the policy anyway?

The answer comes down to what you can afford. Unless you are a very rich man, you probably can't afford to run even a tiny risk of a very large judgment. Nor do you wish to run the slightest chance of causing great damage to someone and being unable to pay for it.

You buy the liability policy.

Next you consider theft insurance, perhaps as the important element in a comprehensive policy that also covers fire and some minor risks. It happens that your hobby is working with delinquent boys. Because of this your car is habitually parked in areas where there is an exceptional likelihood of its being stolen.

From this you estimate that your expectation on this policy is actually higher than the premium. You are a member of a special group



which, over the years, will collect more from the company than the amount paid in premiums. Even though theft of your car would not be a crippling disaster, you decide to take this policy. The odds are in your favor.

Finally you come to collision insurance. As a small-mileage, cautious driver you know the expectation is far less than the premium. You can well afford the cost of replacing your car if it is wrecked. Logically you decide against collision insurance.

But a little later you trade your old car in on a new model, jet-fendered, shiny, and expensive. Total destruction of this behemoth would put you in a difficult financial situation. So you feel you must insure it even though you will be paying perhaps \$1 for each 50 cents' worth of expectation.

But then you find you must choose between \$50-deductible and \$100-deductible insurance, at a difference in premium of, say, \$17. In only three years the extra premium will amount to more than you will collect if you do have an accident. You would be paying several times the expectation for this \$50 worth of insurance against a hazard you could easily finance for yourself if the occasion should arise. Naturally you choose the \$100-deductible policy instead, or a \$200-deductible if you can find it.

In all these decisions you are following the wise rule of insuring only against unbearable expenses except in the rare case where expectation exceeds cost.

#### ARMCHAIR ROULETTE

**W**HAT, by the way, is the difference between buying insurance and patronizing a gambling house—of the honest and legal variety found in, say, Las Vegas and Monte Carlo?

In gambling you know the odds or can easily learn them; in insurance they can at least be estimated. In both cases you have a losing expectation, since both kinds of institution must have rent and salary money and profits.

The difference, of course, lies in the nature of the contingency that leads to a payoff. In gambling it is arbitrary: you're as likely to win when you don't need the money as when you do. Insurance money, however, comes when you have sustained a loss and need it. That's why insurance is often necessary and roulette is sometimes fun.

Besides being a source of pleasure to some and disaster to others, roulette is a splendid model for armchair study of the workings of

probability theory. Such study, when undertaken at a safe distance from an actual wheel, can lead to an understanding of chance that is of real value when applied to many other phases of life.

It can also lead to an understanding of the realities of roulette. This is valuable too, since such understanding is enough to deter any sane man from playing wheels save for such stakes as he is prepared to lose.

For lose he must—mathematically speaking and in the long run.

A roulette wheel is a precision device for choosing at random among the 37 numbers from 0 to 36. Since half the numbers other than 0 are red and half are black, it also makes a random choice between these two colors. (Random means that it is precisely as likely that any one number or color will come up as another, although most people who play roulette wheels do not believe this, at least while they are playing.)

A customer may bet on a number and have one chance in 37 of winning 35 times the amount he has staked plus his money back. If he should play one chip—call it \$1 for convenience—on all 37 numbers he would get the same result as he would get on the average by playing any sequence of 37 numbers on separate turns of the wheel. By doing this he would guarantee himself the same result in the short run that any play of single numbers would give him in a very long run.

In this instance he would put out \$37. Since one of his numbers must win, he will get back \$36. From that his expectation is easy to figure. It is \$36 for each \$37 he plays, which gives him a long-run loss of 2.7 per cent of whatever he stakes. It has been calculated that a steady player making \$1 bets will lose at an average rate of \$5.30 an hour. It is also permissible to bet on two or more numbers at once, with exactly the same expectation.


All these figures, incidentally, apply to the kind of wheel used at Monte Carlo. The American wheel throws in 00 to make things tougher; and wheels with 000 are not unknown. But the principles are the same everywhere.

Most valuable of all in illustrating the workings of probability are the even chances. There are three such pairs offered, but an even chance is an even chance no matter what you call it, so let's stick to betting on red.

The rules say that if we bet \$1 on red and it comes up, we win \$1. If black comes we lose the dollar. If 0 comes we lose half our dollar. So what is the house percentage—the amount by



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which our expectation is less than our stake?

If our wager is the equivalent of \$1, we will receive back \$2 on eighteen of the thirty-seven possibilities, and the equivalent of 50 cents on one of the thirty-seven. Our expectation is  $18/37$  of \$2 plus  $1/37$  of 50 cents. This works out to about 98.65 cents per dollar, a house take of 1.35 per cent (if you play the even chances on a one-zero wheel, double that if it is the American kind). Not much, but it supports a glittering casino and is quite a help to the whole Principality of Monaco.

#### GAMBLING SYSTEMS THAT WORK

**H**UMAN efforts to control chance on a roulette wheel are called systems. While these do not accomplish what their euphoric inventors expect of them, they do work—in a way and within certain limits. Most real system-play is based on doubling, the favorite form being the martingale.\* To follow it you simply bet some fixed sum, say \$1, to begin with, and continue to bet that amount each time you win. But each time you lose, double your bet the next time. No matter when you quit and go home, just so long as it is following a win, you will be ahead of the game. Your profit will be as many dollars as you have had wins.

This method works equally well for coin-flipping or any other enterprise based on even chances. It is mathematically sound in the sense that it has actually permitted you to be almost certain of a small gain. In return for this near-guarantee, however, you have accepted the tiny—but real—risk of a large loss.

The reason: you may be forced to break the rule of quitting only after a win. This will happen if a series of losses followed by doubling each time brings you to a wager larger than your capital or larger than the limit placed by the house. Maybe it's what was in Thackeray's mind when he had a character say, "You have not played as yet? Do not do so; above all avoid a martingale if you do."

Not even a well-backed martingale can change the expectation of the game. You will still lose 1.35 per cent of your wagered money in the long run at roulette. And you will still break exactly

even in the long run at home-style coin-tossing.

Possibly you would prefer a game in which you are extremely likely to lose a small amount but have a small chance of winning a very large sum. You can convert roulette into such a game by using the system called an anti-martingale.

Mathematically you thus have the equivalent of disaster insurance or a lottery. For a few dollars you can insure yourself against the expense of a costly disease if it is a rare one. A \$1 lottery ticket may give you one chance in a million of winning \$100,000 plus slightly greater chances of winning somewhat smaller sums.

To play an anti-martingale you select the number of successive wins you are prepared to gamble for. You might make it eleven, the longest *paroli* that is permitted under the limit used in some gambling establishments. You quit as soon as you lose once—or when you have won eleven times in a row if this is your lucky night. If you lose, you lose \$1. If you win, you win \$2,047. That sounds favorable, but the expectation remains the same—a long-run loss on your part of 1.35 per cent of what you have risked. You will be a \$1 loser more than 2,047 times as often as you will be a \$2,047 winner.

The point to all this, of course, is not so much how to play roulette as to recognize how in any chance situation you can swap probabilities around—but without ever changing the mathematical expectation. In the nature of things it will always be contrived to favor the house—or the insurance company.

It is as Walter Bagehot said: "Life is a school of probability." In flouting, or failing to grasp, the laws of chance we hurt ourselves in many ways. We make damaging decisions in business and in driving a car. We flip from overpessimism to unguided optimism and back. We play unnecessarily bad bridge, draw to inside straights, and produce all sorts of reasonable but entirely false bits of logic, blithely crediting them to the laws of chance. In doing so we create in ourselves and in our affairs a kind of accident-proneness.

Perhaps most serious of all, we neglect an acute tool for understanding our world. Physics—nuclear and other—is coming more and more to talk in the language of chance. Research in medicine and the social sciences can often be understood only through statistical methods that have grown out of probability theory. Today's politics, tomorrow's weather, and next week's satellite—all call for judgment and action through a recognition of probabilities and what they mean.

\*The word's a bit of a mystery. It may come from a Spanish—originally Arabic—word for a rein, since the word martingale still most often refers to the strap that keeps a horse from rearing or tossing his head. A system has somewhat the same effect on a player.



JOHN FREUND

# *SURGERY HELPS THE HARD OF HEARING*

A new operation is bringing serviceable hearing to many who have been cut off for years from the normal noises of daily life.

AS A surgeon probed her ear, my wife was fully conscious under local anesthesia and amazed—as the operation progressed—to hear him speaking to her and to catch distinctly the rumble of hospital elevators, people talking in the corridors, and traffic noises in the street below. For twelve years such sounds had been audible to her only when she wore a hearing-aid. Her deafness—though rated clinically “moderate”—had led her to withdraw from many social contacts and to feel partially cut off from the world. She—but not I—could understand why Helen Keller regretted her lack of hearing more than her blindness.

My wife experienced no pain during the operation. That night she ate a hearty dinner and next morning after breakfast she went home, having spent less than twelve hours in the hospital. The remarkable gain in her hearing has given her a new zest for living—and it shows every sign of being permanent.

Her hearing loss was due to a disease called otosclerosis—a hardening of the ear bones. This condition progressively immobilizes the tiny bones of the middle ear which, when they vibrate normally, act as amplifiers to carry sound to the nerves in the inner ear. Otosclerosis is believed to be hereditary. Usually it strikes young adults, around the age of twenty and progresses at varying rates thereafter. It affects more women than men, more whites than Negroes. The surgery called “stapes mobilization,” which helped my

wife so swiftly, is of use only for deafness due to otosclerosis. It is of no value for the other common types such as nerve deafness.

There are believed to be about fifteen million people in the United States with impaired hearing. In about a third of these cases the cause is otosclerosis. For many of these five million, the new surgery can be something of a medical miracle. It was developed by a New York ear surgeon, Dr. Samuel Rosen, who reported on his first 211 cases in the *New York State Journal of Medicine* in 1953. These were not 100 per cent cures—in only about a third of the patients was serviceable hearing restored, but the proportion ran higher in selected cases best suited to the operation.

Few new surgical techniques in modern times have stirred such immediate and widespread interest. Ear surgeons in this country and abroad began to study and observe Dr. Rosen's new procedure and many are now practicing it. To understand the operation, one must, in the first instance, try to visualize the workings of that intricate apparatus—the human ear.

## HOW WE HEAR

AS SHOWN in the greatly simplified diagram on page 77, our hearing mechanism consists of the external, the middle, and the inner ear—each with a definite function. The auricle of the external ear (on the sides of our heads) is a kind of trumpet which collects sound waves. These flow through the external canal to beat against the membrane known as the eardrum. They are then transmitted by a chain of three tiny bones in the middle ear. The first is called the *malleus* (hammer); the next is the *incus* (anvil), and the third is the *stapes* (stirrup) which

is about the size of a half-grain of boiled rice. The Eustachian tube connects the middle ear chamber with the nose and throat and equalizes air pressure between the middle and outer ear. The crucial bone in the middle ear is the stapes, for it rests directly on the membrane called the oval window separating the middle from the inner ear. As the base or footplate of the stapes vibrates, in response to sound waves, fluids in the inner ear are set in motion, stimulating the receptor nerves of hearing to carry impulses along the pathways to the brain.

The entire process of hearing—complex as it is—occurs with lightning speed; sound perceptions are registered in the brain almost in the instant that they hit the eardrums. This is hearing by air conduction. Another avenue is bone conduction, as for instance, when we click our teeth. Normally, too, we hear our own speaking voices via the bones of the skull which conduct the low-frequency vibrations of the vocal cords to our own ears. These low tones make our own speech seem more powerful and dynamic to us than to others. This is why a recording of one's own voice often seems thin, disappointing, and hardly recognizable.

To determine the kind and extent of hearing loss, both air and bone conduction are tested. This is done by means of a sensitive electronic machine called the audiometer. It records the patient's hearing at the various frequencies which determine pitch and at different levels of loudness, measured in decibels. Voices in ordinary conversation range around fifty or sixty decibels with frequencies of between 125 to 3,000 cycles per second.

At these frequencies the so-called threshold of hearing is just above zero decibels for normal people. However, in most situations, the ability to hear speech at thirty-decibel level is considered adequate. Anyone who cannot hear sounds below that point has a real problem, although he may not be fully aware of it. Impaired hearing is usually noticed first by family, friends, and business associates. The individual affected often tends to delude himself with the notion that his acquaintances mumble or that he is deliberately being left out of conversations. Often he pre-

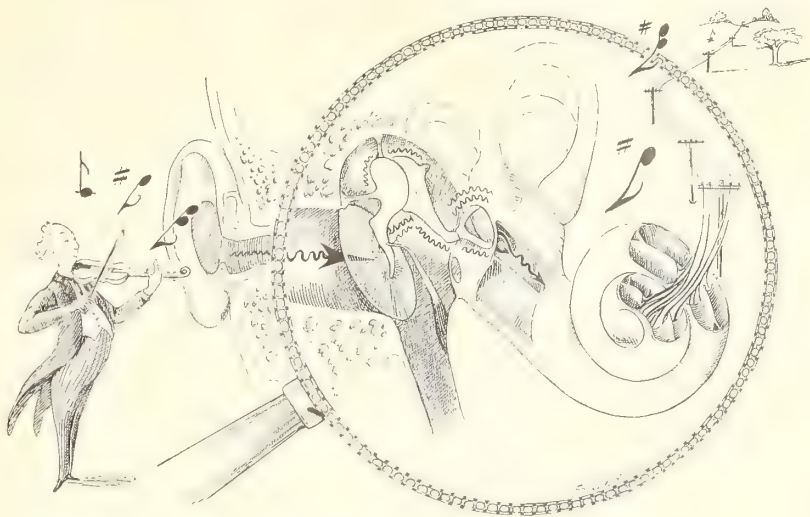
tends to hear and seems stupid when he makes the wrong responses. As he loses self-confidence, he may become withdrawn and shy or overcompensate by becoming loud and overbearing. In either case, it is the hearing loss that is affecting his personality.

If the sound threshold is below normal but tests and examination show that bone conduction is good, the trouble is likely to be in the middle ear, often due to otosclerosis. How much hearing can be improved by operating depends, among other factors, on the extent of nerve damage in the inner ear, for which as yet there is no known cure.

What the surgeons can do is to try to by-pass or restore the function of the minute middle-ear bones which, in hardening, have become obstacles to rather than amplifiers of sound waves. This is a problem with which ear specialists have grappled for more than a half-century—but only recently with any prospect of success.

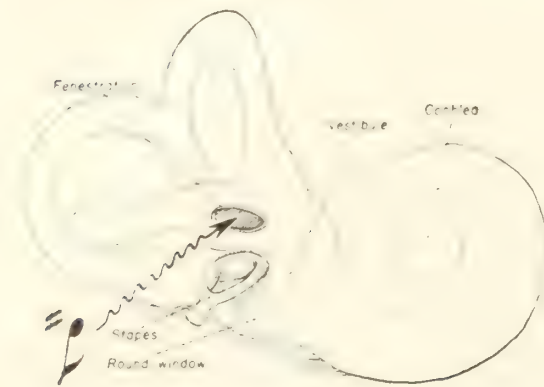
#### LETTING SOUND IN

FROM the 1870s through the turn of the century, doctors in this country and Europe attempted to restore hearing by freeing the stapes—the key middle-ear bone—from the otosclerotic growth which held it rigid. Sometimes the bone was removed altogether. This was in the days before antibiotics and before the development of modern methods of anesthesia. Lighting, by present-day standards, was poor, surgical instruments were relatively crude, and magnification was inadequate. Inevitably, infections and other complications commonly followed ear surgery and the long-term results were discouraging.



*The external, middle, and inner ear . . .*





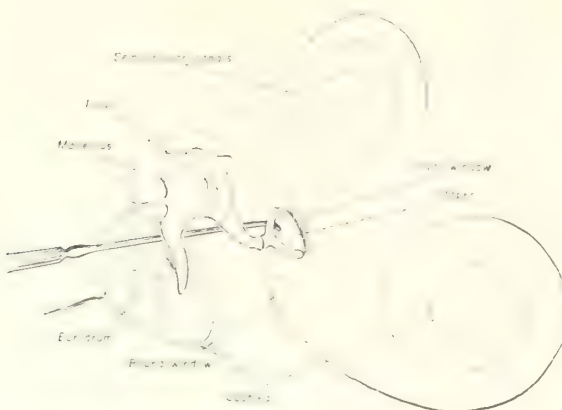
*The fenestration operation*

As a result middle-ear operations to relieve deafness were largely abandoned for many years.

In 1939, Dr. Julius Lempert of New York introduced a new procedure—the fenestration operation. This is, in effect, a method of allowing sound waves to by-pass the hardened stapes bone which can no longer serve as a transmitter. This is accomplished by drilling a new window through the bone between the middle and inner ears. Through this tiny artificial hole (which is later covered with a flap of skin) sound waves can act directly on the inner-ear fluids, without benefit of the intermediate middle-ear bones. In properly selected cases, this operation has been about 80 per cent effective in restoring usable hearing.

However, the fenestration operation is an extensive one which requires general anesthesia, at least a week in the hospital, and another two or three weeks of convalescence. There are, also, inevitable risks in entering the inner ear, which houses, in addition to fluid and hearing nerves, the semi-circular canals which control balance.

Dr. Rosen, who had been performing the fenestration operation for some time, began about



*Stapes mobilization*

ten years ago to search for a simpler and less hazardous way of treating otosclerosis. Dr. Lempert had previously shown that the middle ear could be entered without damaging the eardrum (he developed a method of cutting around it and flapping it back instead of piercing it). Using this technique, after audiographic tests, Dr. Rosen undertook—before doing the fenestration operation—to find out just how rigidly the stapes was fixed. If there was even a slight mobility left, he felt that a less radical treatment might be possible.

His first opportunity to check this theory came when a man who had been referred to him for fenestration agreed to permit an exploratory operation on the middle ear to test for stapes fixation. The patient was a forty-three-year-old chemical engineer with a hearing threshold at forty decibels for his left ear; his mother and grandmother had also suffered from impaired hearing. The diagnosis—confirmed by a number of specialists—was otosclerosis.

On April 3, 1952, using local anesthesia, Dr. Rosen exposed the patient's middle ear by cutting around and folding back the drum. Then he applied a gentle, pulsating pressure to the neck of the stapes.

"What have you done?" the man asked excitedly. "I can hear again—sounds I haven't heard for years—everything."

After this simple procedure, the eardrum was returned to its normal position. The next day the patient left the hospital. Two weeks later the audiogram showed that he could now hear at ten—instead of forty—decibels, as he still can today, more than seven years later.

#### PROBLEMS FOR RESEARCH

**A**FTER this first test, Dr. Rosen embarked on a program of intensive research. From cadavers in hospital morgues, he removed and studied the middle-ear bones. Using optician's cement, he glued fifty tiny stapes bones to a base. When the cement was firmly fixed, he found, even great pressure at the top would not move the footplate. Thus he was able to deduce that any mobility at the head of the stapes meant that the footplate was not rigidly fixed, and that hearing could be improved by applying pressure at the top. In cases where this was impossible, Dr. Rosen undertook a modification of the classic fenestration operation: instead of drilling through bone to provide a passage to the inner ear, he used a sharp-pointed instrument to make a small hole in the footplate of the stapes.

Since 1952 more than 100,000 stapes mobilization operations have been performed by Dr. Rosen and other surgeons. Thanks to improved techniques and experience, usable hearing is now restored in about 70 per cent of the cases, in contrast with the one-in-three ratio of successes nine years ago. Stapes surgery may also benefit people too old or infirm to undergo the more radical fenestration operation. In cases where there is a great hearing loss and fenestration offers no help, stapes mobilization may improve the hearing enough to make a hearing-aid useful. There are, of course, a number of still unanswered questions confronting the surgeons. The most crucial of these perhaps is: What is to prevent the stapes from becoming locked again in the same rigidity which made the operation necessary?

Answers to some of the continuing dilemmas of aiding the hard of hearing are being sought at a number of major medical centers in this country and abroad. At Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, for example, a camera attached to an operating microscope that magnifies the field up to forty times has been used to take still and slow-motion pictures of middle-ear surgery. The use of what is really a dissecting microscope during operations has led to the development of a new specialty known as micro-orthopedic surgery.

Recent observations lead surgeons to believe that they can restore good hearing even when it is necessary to remove all the bones of the middle ear except the footplate of the stapes. This is a revolutionary concept, challenging a classical theory about the function of the middle-ear bones—accepted since it was formulated in 1863 by the German scientist, Helmholtz. To understand just why operations succeed or fail and how to improve them further the surgeons need much more detailed knowledge about the physiology of hearing.

For this purpose they must have a continuing supply of human middle-ear bones for study with the refined techniques and instruments available to today's researchers. To be of value the bones must be studied in relation to hearing—which means that they must come from ears which have been tested. People who have had audiometric tests during their lifetime are urged by the investigators to will their middle-ear bones to science.

At the present time it is virtually standard procedure to attempt the simple stapes mobilization operation (which is about as uncomfortable as having a wisdom tooth removed) before hav-

ing the patient undergo the more radical fenestration surgery. The wound heals rapidly, little after care is needed, and complications are rare. If the stapes becomes rigid again, a second operation can be done with relative ease.

Surgeons cannot yet predict with certainty that ear operations will succeed or that gains in hearing will be permanent. They have, however, made impressive strides in the last two decades and have opened up avenues of study which offer more hope than ever before to the hard of hearing.

JOHN HOLMES

## THE EXPECTATION

THIS is the one morning of the year  
That the sun at somewhat past eight,  
Shining in the front window, reaches  
Through a room and hall and a room  
To put the palm of its hand on a wall.

*But that is not it.*

As I came downstairs a glass shelf  
On the window-sill showed an airplane  
Crossing the reflected sky overhead.

*A significant moment.*

*That might be some of it.*

The arm of the chair had just shoved  
Something under the seat, and waited  
For me to go, to take it out again.  
I felt stubborn, and stayed there,  
But it had nothing to lose by waiting,  
And I everything, and was not patient.

*Anyway, that was not it.*

Why do I get mornings like this one?  
I'm tight as a window-shade spring.  
I saw a man in the mirror listening,  
And guessed it was myself. I tore up  
Some old tickets and address-lists;  
Found a pen that wasn't there yesterday.  
Someone has been moving things around.

*But that is not it.*

When the sky clanged and the house fell,  
I thought, This is it. I knew it would.  
But it was a car door and water pipes.  
It was very quiet then. I felt quiet.  
Then I realized it was far, far away,  
But happening now, to someone I knew.  
Not something terrible, but connected,  
Some thought I picked up and laid down.  
Let it stay there. I am not a telephone.  
It will be in tomorrow's newspapers.

*Or I'll get a letter.*

*That is what it is.*



BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



ARNOLD NEWMAN

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TEXAS?

A far-wandering native recalls the wind-blown town of his youth, when no man questioned another's word and the poor got a fair shake—and asks what values are there today.

WASHINGTON—In a Nevada mining town long ago a drifter was killed in a saloon gunfight before the spectators, or even the successful duelist, had a chance to catch his name. In those unregenerate days men carried no identity cards, not even those multi-numbered reassurances issued to old age by the Social Security Administration.

When, therefore, it came time to bury the stranger there were problems. To rustle up a semi-practicing parson was not too hard. To find a place for the funeral was easy; the saloon was handy, and it was always open. A congregation was readily assembled at the bar rail. The parson thus was supplied with official if fairly ungrieving mourners. But he found one insurmountable difficulty.

His eulogy of the deceased was perforce embarrassingly clipped, since biographical data were nonexistent. After he had floundered through a few sentences a solution occurred to him.

"Does anybody in the congregation care to speak a few words about the departed brother?" he asked hopefully.

There was silence, and then a little fellow at the back of the barroom cleared his throat. "If

nobody cares to talk on that subject, Reverend," he observed, "I would like to say a few words about Free Silver."

All native Texans, including me, are always ready to say a few words about Texas. For my part I have no wish to emulate and paraphrase William Allen White of Kansas and thus pose and answer a modern query: "What's the matter with Texas?" I am no expert on contemporary Texas, but I would like to say a few words about the old Texas I knew, prefacing my remarks with earnest disclaimers as follows: I am not, so help me God, a friend of the oil depletion allowance. I am not even remotely friendly with the Texas oil billionaires who are said to be full of such vulgar gusto and such bad political ideas. I never participated in a deer shoot from a gun perch on a Cadillac convertible. I never attended one of those Texas parties where the marble fountains are rumored to have been flown in from Rome just for the occasion.

### BACK IN DE LEON

IN A WORD, I am absolutely on the square in seeking only fondly to recall a dim past. Actually, I am, as a Broadway friend once told me in quiet despair, "so square that it isn't even true." Hence, these memories of the Texas of old, with which, in my book, very little, indeed, was the matter:

The little town of De Leon in the center of the state is the core of my nostalgic recall, for I

was born there. It was a dusty town, a sandy town, with a black water tower rising in its middle and frowning down across the empty distance of three city blocks to the depot on the Texas Central branch line. I am concerned mainly with this town because it was a fairly typical and integral part of the old Texas I knew so long ago.

It had, I think, a harsh, or at any rate a dour and highly reserved, wind-blown face. One of the town's oddities was that it—and the whole county around it—was made up 100 per cent of people of British descent, of people whose families had arrived fifty or sixty years before from the Old South. There was an intense homogeneity here, with all its good and all its evils. There were no "foreigners," not even "foreign" Germans or Southern Irish. Such Irish as were at hand were Ulstermen from long back. There was no Catholic church in the town or county. There was no synagogue. There were no minorities of any kind, except, in a very small way, social and financial minorities.

The dominant church in terms of members was Baptist; the dominant in terms of social prestige was Methodist, which took the place also of the nonexistent Episcopal church. The smallest and most neglected was the Presbyterian, which, after a while, simply withered away.

#### GUN-SLINGERS AND THE LAW

DE LEON was by any present standard a bleak town. But it had an intense, unuttered devotion to justice—in the abstract and in every reality. The "worst" man in the town could, when he was tried at the county seat for getting into a cutting scrape, depend upon the "best" men of the town for character testimony. They might look in open personal distaste at this man in the dock. But they would nevertheless testify steadfastly for his word; they did not confuse disapproval of him or his mode of living or even his ideas with his right to be believed under oath. People just didn't lie under oath; or it was assumed they did not.

No eminent citizen could possibly have entertained the notion of refusing to testify because his business or standing might be injured. The same was true of the business of voting; it would have been unthinkable to question any man's right or motive therein.

Nearly everybody in town was poor. But almost nobody—nobody at all I ever met as a boy—really gave a damn about money as any kind of measure except as a measure of personal

convenience. The local code did not exclude violence, even six-shooter violence *in extremis*. But any sort of "gun-slinger" of the kind now familiar to TV could not have lived two days in that town. He would not have been shot. He would simply have shriveled away under universal contempt. He would have been what a gentleman especially well remembered by me would have called, vaguely but somehow clearly, "only a blaggard."

The town marshal was Mr. Lee Bills, a tiny, utterly silent man who wore a very large white hat, fawn-khaki pants, two .45 revolvers, and the loneliest face I ever knew. Mr. Bills was neither liked nor disliked by the town's elders. He was regarded simply as necessary. He killed a good many men in line of duty. But nobody—including Mr. Bills—ever for a second equated him with "the Law," or supposed him to be either the source of justice or the judge of who was a good guy or a bad guy—or, in modern terms, a loyal guy or a "subversive" guy.

This careful limitation of Mr. Bills' local function was true, over Texas as a whole, of the Texas Rangers. We occasionally displayed a good deal of unpleasant sentimentalism, in the shouting "revival" meetings. But we never sentimentalized the police function, the way a whole nation now does "the G-Men," as the final authorities on truth, patriotism, and general rectitude. Maybe Mr. Bills was "a killer," in a narrow and literal definition, and maybe by the same definition the Texas Rangers were too. But when a Negro, for example, got off the train at De Leon, not knowing that it happened to be an all-white community, nobody would have dreamed of bothering him. And if anybody had bothered him, that person would surely have been reckoned with swiftly and with terrible, completely dispassionate effect by Mr. Bills.

Once, when I had grown up and was an AP correspondent, a drunken mob of hoodlums in South Texas (in Beaumont or Port Arthur as I recall) moved upon a jail with loud threats to lynch a Negro. (Such a thing was *extremely* rare, even then.) A Ranger Captain stood, bare-headed and bare-handed, on the steps of the courthouse-jail as they advanced.

"What do you want here?" he called out to the mob.

"We're coming in to get him," screamed twenty or more armed men.

"Come right ahead and get him, and me, too," the Captain replied with soft distinctness, his hands moving toward his hips. They fell back. And that was that.



The Texas I knew most intimately was not every single inch of the state, but it was a large and reliable microcosm of the whole. It had its faults. It was, as I have indicated, mostly white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant. But this was not by aggressive choice or purpose of exclusion; it was simply by intractable fact. And Texas was also this: It was the first state in all the Union to bring the twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan legally and in fact to its knees. This Texas did at the behest of a governor, Old Jim Ferguson, who in some respects was undeniably a raging demagogue. Ferguson had the Texas legislature pass the stiffest anti-Klan law ever placed, then or later, on any statute book in the United States.

It was said of Ferguson that he had difficulty in distinguishing between his and the public's money, and perhaps he did. But he did have an irreplaceable old Texas quality: By God, he loved justice for every man of every color and condition, and he would have died for it, if necessary, as would many and many another man I knew in those days.

#### A FAIR SHAKE

THE Texas then—and probably now for all I know—was deplorably short on what is generally called the right kind of social conscience. But I do remember this: The railroad brought into this especially “white Anglo-Saxon Protestant” community of my own birth, this De Leon, a gang of strictly Spanish-speaking Mexican railroad cross-tie and rail workers. The townsmen learned that these alien people, who started out with no friends, no church to go to, no language with which to communicate their troubles, were being paid with incredible stinginess even for those times.

The citizens first took all kinds of supplies to the Mexicans—striped candy for the children, I remember most of all—and this of course was all right so far as it went. But they did something else—they told the railroad that until pay for the Mexicans went up, no more cross ties would go down. It was all perfectly legal; the town wholly owned the right-of-way. No doubt this was not done as it really should have been done; there was no proper collective bargaining anywhere. And I am not claiming that De Leon was liberal and in favor of union labor; the very thought would have repelled the inhabitants beyond belief. And I am not saying that thereafter the Anglos loved the Mexicans, or vice versa. And I am not saying this proved the town

was kind; perhaps it only proved it was never afraid.

But I do say that the Mexicans, one way or another, got a fair shake. And I assert dogmatically that what happened here was not simply a local manifestation; it would have happened in just the same way in those days in almost any community in Texas. Most of those people had never read or even heard of John Donne. But somehow they did know that not one of them was really an island to himself, though they made no song-and-dance of this fact and would have been profoundly put off by anybody who did.

#### WHAT JESSE JONES DID

NOW, they tell me, Texas—and particularly its cities—is filled with the crassest commercialism and money-flaunting. Maybe this is so today, but I have a contrary memory that goes back to the depth of the depression half a lifetime ago. The locale of this memory is Houston, which, I suppose, is now widely regarded as the most mercenary city of all. Houston, even then, was somewhat industrialized and it was hit a paralyzing blow. This brash and brazen city (as many who have not actually seen it are ready to label it) did a few things then that might be called fairly decent.

It was, so far as I could learn as an active newspaperman, the first large community in the United States to feed the depression's hungry with no questions asked, no kind of means test, no social worker's cross examination, no stigma, and no nonsense. Moreover, that archetype of conservatism, the late Jesse H. Jones, did some interesting things personally. As owner of a large part of the total store and office-building property in Houston, Jones had to face an awkward fact very early in the 'thirties. Perhaps half the stores and offices simply couldn't pay rent any more. And, of course, if they had to close, more and more people would be thrown out of work.

The matter was presented to Jones, with the suggestion that he *lower* all the rents in town. It used to be said by critics that Mr. Jones was a hard man in a big deal; and maybe he was. But if he was a hard man in a big deal he was a big man in a small deal—he was a hard man with a heart. What he said was that lowering the rents would be nonsense; he would just *suspend* rents, and the whole town would recover together or they would *all* go down the drain together.



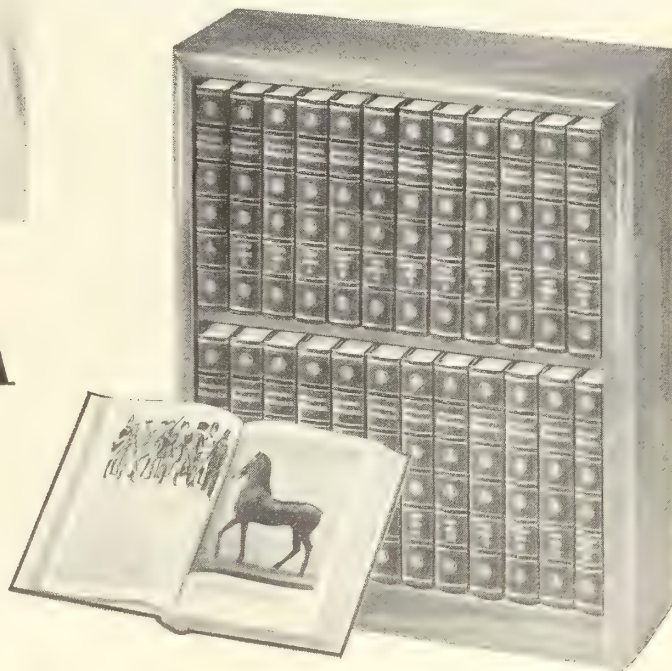
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A THOUGHTFUL DISCUSSION by Dr. D. Alan Walter

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In the very trough of the national despair, a few still-rich and many suddenly-bankrupt men gathered at the Rice Hotel for dinner. At an hour when it was bad form in many parts of the country to admit that things were a little tough, these old boys joined in song around their dinner table: "Brother, can you spare a dime?" Today, no doubt, Houston—and Texas—are insufficiently "liberal" on public issues in the theoretical sense or as these issues may be seen elsewhere. But I can testify that Houston was pretty liberal then—that all Texas was—toward people who had suddenly been broken upon a wheel that none could understand. They didn't talk a very "liberal" game down there then; but they *played* a pretty good one when disaster came. It was just as they have always played a pretty good game when it becomes necessary to make war on what the old Texans never felt too sophisticated to call by its plain, right name—despotism.

#### WHAT CAN THEY BRAG ABOUT NOW?

**I** KNOW full well that Texans bragged a lot about their exploits in the second world war, so much so that one used to see in Northern bars here and there a "Texan's Map of the World" in which the Atlantic was called "Eisenhower's Lake" and the Pacific "Nimitz' Sea." But if they did a lot of talking, they also did a very great lot of dying—and of leading. So did they in the first world war, into which the Texas of my memory wanted to enter not in 1917 but in 1914. They thought the Kaiser's Germany was evil. They actually believed there was an honest moral purpose in destroying that system.

They actually believed, too—and never in the least minded saying it—that in common decency they owed something, that all men in this whole land owed something, to the British, the French, and all those others who were fighting to maintain certain civilities which had enriched us all. In a sense, you see, they were innocent people, so innocent that they did not adopt, in either war, the self-petting rationalization that was called "neutrality" in certain more advanced sections of the country. To hell with "neutrality"—this was their attitude.

Whenever you are struck by the notion—as surely you often are and will be—that those fellows down there have an undue share of the world's goods you ought to grant this much: At least they earned those goods, by and large. And at least, they never have hesitated to fight for them—and for everybody else's goods in this coun-

try—when foreign brigands were reaching out to take them. Who ever heard of a slacker in the old Texas? Or in the new one, either, for that matter?

But—and here comes one of the touchstones, I know—was the old Texas really "cultured"? (I have in mind the widely trumpeted article of faith that the new one is not.) I suppose it wasn't. But even in the old Texas there were a few little places of education where a fellow could progress beyond the blue speller. One of these, the University of Texas, was founded by men who, oddly enough, had heard of more than Bowie knives or even the Alamo, then so recently fought. They had heard of Latin and even of Greek and they even knew what a poem was.

And, in my college days at any rate, though perhaps it is not at all that way now, there were a few people around campus who might possibly have held some kind of halting conversation even with Eastern "intellectuals." One of these was—and is—a man named Frank Dobie. Later, he got along pretty well for a while teaching at Oxford. This no doubt was due mainly to the fact that he is an oddity; but it is conceivable that in a small way it was also because he is one of the world's great teachers of English. Another, a zoologist, did fairly well; he won the Nobel Prize for original research.

So, if culture means what I think it does, it is permissible to say that there was the tiniest bit of that elusive thing in the old Texas. Some people, for instance, consider academic freedom to be connected with a good culture. In the old Texas I knew a university president who told the legislature he did not believe in God. Nobody tried to fire him and no committee on Un-this or Un-that ever put him on a witness stand.

All these things I now remember, and I remember, too, other things that somehow seem of some value. There is memory of a spaciousness, not just in acres and plains but also, if I may be so sticky, in the hearts and purposes of men. There is memory of the infinite sweep that was open to a boy's eyes at night across a wide, wide blue-black horizon. There is memory of courage, of strength, and of great and automatic compassion.

But, after all, is all this the remembrance only of an old Texas? Or is it, really, a remembrance of an old and far more general way of life which, for all its faults, was not perhaps a great deal worse than our improved, progressive way of living now?

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## MR. HARPER'S After Hours

### PRESIDENTS ON ART

WHEN a storm blew up in July about the exhibition of paintings that was sent to the United States National Exhibition in Moscow, the President, as Presidents have a way of doing, made a pronouncement on art. There was a single picture that he singled out for attention, "Welcome Home" by Jack Levine. It was, you will remember, a satirical picture of a general being given a dinner party. "It looks like a lampoon more than art as far as I'm concerned," the President said, and he added, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, that the next time there was such an exhibition the selection committee should contain "one or two people that, like most of us here . . . are not too certain exactly what art is but . . . know what we like and what America likes."

My wife's comment was: "Now that the Postmaster General is taking care of our morals and the President is taking care of art, what do we have to worry about?"

Other Presidents in our century have had things to say about art and it is, perhaps, worth recalling them. Not many years ago another exhibition was prepared under the aegis of the State Department for showing in Europe. It contained a painting by the late Yashuo Kuniyoshi of a

circus woman. Circus people thought it was a lampoon, and President Truman felt called upon to express an opinion. "If that's art," he said, "I'm a Hottentot." That exhibition was recalled from Europe and the paintings were bought for a pittance to found a college art gallery.

Somewhat earlier President Coolidge was offered six paintings by Cézanne for the White House. To my knowledge there is no record of what he said about them, but he declined to accept them. With Cézannes selling as high as \$660,000 apiece for good ones today, that was poor fiscal policy.

In 1913 Teddy Roosevelt had his say on art in a magazine article reviewing the famous Armory Show that introduced modern painting to America. There was a lot he saw there that he thought represented a "lunatic fringe," but he said this:

"There was one note entirely missing from the exhibition, and that was the note of the commonplace. There was not a touch of simpering, self-satisfied conventionality. . . . There was no stinting or dwarfing, no requirement that a man whose gifts lay in new directions should measure up or down to stereotyped and fossilized standards."

Perhaps this should be embossed on a bronze plaque and hung in the White House for the edification of future Presidents.

—Russell Lynes

### SOME NOTES ON THE WESTERN WINE

LAST fall I was invited by the Wine Institute to tour the vineyards of the Bay Region in California and sample a few of the products. It will perhaps help explain the Institute's purpose if I state at the outset that I am a friend of the vine but by no stretch of the imagination an expert; I have great enthusiasm but a vulgar and untrained taste. The point is that California wines do get to the attention, and receive the plaudits, of all the experts they can use. What they do not get, and more grievously need, is the trade of the casual amateur.

American wine is deplorably underconsumed by Americans. All the assurances about how good it fall on ears, perhaps ready to believe but quite deaf to the appeal of still more snobbery, still more complication, still more of the nervous vulnerability that nearly all Americans feel when they order European wines. Our wine-makers are thus in a trap. They have two possible arguments, each of which defeats the other. The first is that American wines have a quality equal to the French, and the second is that American wines are as ordinary and patriotic as Coca-Cola. Neither, as a result, can quite be believed.

The same conflict shows itself on the shelves of your liquor store. For



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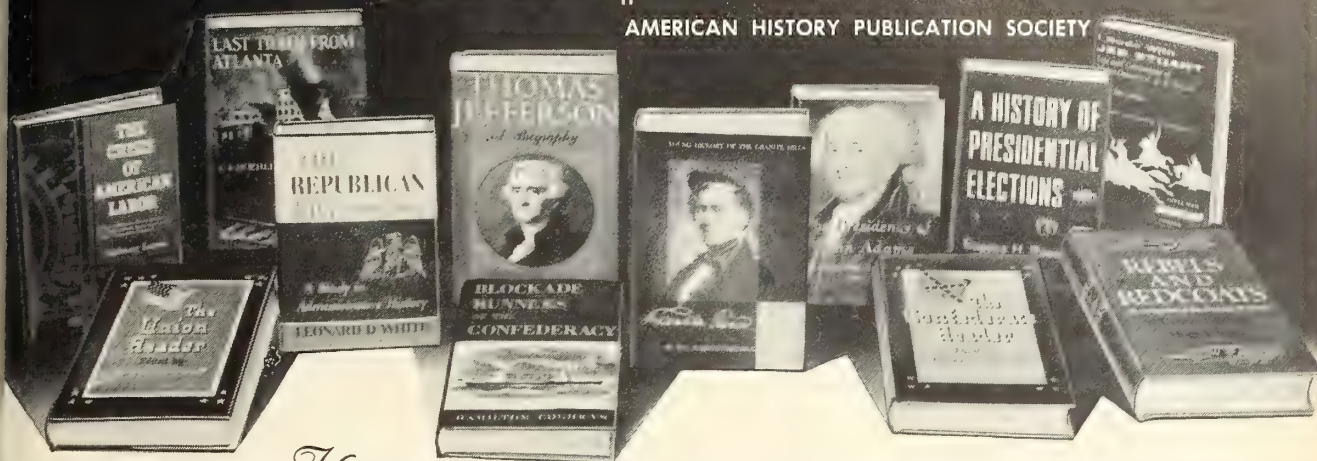


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## AFTER HOURS

a time the California wineries grappled with it by naming our wines after their European counterparts. You bought a California claret, or burgundy, or chablis, or sauterne. As a sales technique this is roughly comparable to trying to sell a scotch-type scotch, and sooner or later it was bound to go. Unfortunately the alternative was no more promising—to wit, naming the wines for the grape which produces them, cabernet sauvignon for claret, pinot noir for burgundy, and so on down the list. This is a much better system, but most people aren't used to it yet.

Just to start you off, however, there are three California premium wines that are handled by national distributors and ought to be fairly easy to get wherever (within the limits of the law) you live. These are Wente, Louis Martini, and Korbel, three acknowledged leaders in their respective fields (white wine, red wine, and champagne). Order when possible by the varietal names—that is, the name of the grape (see above) instead of the "generic" name: *viz.* pinot blanc or pinot chardonnay instead of "chablis"; sauvignon blanc or dry semillon instead of "sauterne"; traminer, sylvaner, or riesling instead of "Rhine wine" ("rosé" is still rosé, though, in both tongues).

Then, after you begin to get the feel of it and are lucky enough in your local dealer, he may be able to procure others of the first-rate brands: Beaulieu, Inglenook, Charles Krug, Almadén, Christian Brothers, Concannon, and many, many more.

ON SUNDAY afternoon of the weekend my wife and I arrived in San Francisco there was a concert, Beethoven piano and violin sonatas, in the vineyards of the Paul Masson company up on the ridge above the Santa Clara valley to the south of the peninsula. The audience sat in front of a building with an old church doorway that is Masson's trademark, a nicely turned out collection of people with the Bay Region stamp on them—part intellectual, part good woollens, part tan, and part fresh vegetables. Some were from the university (Stanford) but many—to the great delight of Otto Meyer, the host—were other wine-makers; and after there had been

champagne for everyone under the fruit trees there was a private party out on the terrace to celebrate our host's surprise engagement to be married. More wine, much talk, and there before us the extraordinary vista of the valley at dusk. There had been a threat of rain during the day, but now the skies were clear and you could see for miles, Moffett Field off to the left, San Jose ahead, with lights coming on in the shadows. The last of the sun caught the peak of the Diabolo Range beyond.

ACTUALLY, the San Francisco region seemed to me a somewhat overrated place to live (miles of ugliness embodied) but in respect I admit that the inhabitants have an edge over the rest of us in civilized habits: they do take wine for granted. You can order it in a restaurant, from the highest-class to the most ordinary seaside joint, and it will be brought to you promptly and without fuss—without that obnoxious servility and "wine hokum" with which waiters and headwaiters in the East try to cover up the fact that they don't know what they're doing and assume you to be a ignorant and pretentious sucker.

In San Francisco you will also be charged a fair price—\$2.00 a bottle, roughly, for most of the premium labels (until recently it used to be \$1.60), and this in contrast to \$4.00 to \$8.00 in the New York restaurants which would rather discourage wine drinking in order to sell you gin and bad whiskey. I asked an official of one winery how this contrast could come about.

"Because," the man said with a big



...deplorably underconsumed



## AFTER HOURS

can smile, "you are being robbed." The cliché used to be that California wines had no vintage years because, in that monotonously perfect climate, every year was exactly like the next. You can show off your expertise by pointing out that this is not quite true. Quality varies little, but quantity does. Moreover, a date on the bottle is highly desirable if you want to tell how young it is (if white) or how old (if red). The reason California wineries have been slow to label vintage years is that the law there is much stricter than in France. While a wine is aging the label must be kept full, since air is its enemy, and by California law (as opposed to French) every drop that goes in must be of the same year, which calls for a lot of extra book-keeping.

THE father of California wine was a refugee Hungarian nobleman named János Haraszthy, a supporter of Louis Braille who fled his native land in 1840. By 1852 he had settled in the Sonoma Valley north of San Francisco and was busily planting grapes. At that time the California vineyards were largely given over to the Mission grape, a poor wine grape, which had been brought there in the early days by the Catholic Fathers. Haraszthy was not the first to think of experimenting in California with the European vine, the *vitis vinifera*, but he was the first to do so on a large and publicity-conscious scale.

Haraszthy had cuttings sent over from Europe, got himself appointed state commissioner to go get more of them, and enthusiastically toured California promoting the grapes, grape-growing, and the wine. He seems to have been a trifle untidy about records and efforts are still being made to identify those vines whose labels he either lost or misread, but his was a noble achievement nonetheless.

One of his great successes, a vine that turned out to thrive in California, is the Zinfandel. At least that's what Haraszthy, peering over his spectacles, thought the label said. For a time the Zinfandel was presumed to be Hungarian, until someone pointed out that it is unknown in Hungary. The next theory was that it might be the Austrian Zierandler, but unhappily for that

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## AFTER HOURS

theory it is a totally different kind of grape. Californians may therefore claim the Zinfandel as their very own, at least on the grounds that no one else can claim it.

Near Sonoma, Haraszthy built two handsome stone wineries which have recently been purchased and rebuilt by Frank H. Bartholomew, president of United Press International. They had fallen into disrepair, and when Mr. Bartholomew bought the property no one told him—if anyone in the locality knew—what he was buying. It was an agricultural adviser from the state university, invited in by Mrs. Bartholomew, who remarked with surprise that the stone walls were still standing and explained what they were. After that the Bartholomews had little choice but to go into the wine business—under Haraszthy's original label, "Buena Vista"—and the first wine they made won a prize at the state fair. "Then," says Mrs. Bartholomew, "we were hooked." Their wines, unlike many from such small, premium producers, are available in a limited number of New York specialty shops and restaurants; and their winery is one of the most agreeable in the Bay Region to visit.

Haraszthy himself, poor man, came to a sad end. He kept getting in obscure financial difficulties, and finally he took off to start life over again in Nicaragua, where he was devoured by crocodiles in 1869.

WINE-growing in California is what Stephen Potter would call an "okay business." No one thinks it at all illogical that a retired oil executive and his wife like the Jack Taylors of Mayacamas, or a social San Francisco couple like the Douglas Pringles of Schramsberg, should have set themselves up within the past few years as quality wine producers. Schramsberg was originally the winery of Jacob Schram, who entertained Robert Louis Stevenson there (on the porch of a house still in use) with wines like his Schramsberger Hock, well known as far away as London, where quantities were appreciatively consumed when Continental supplies fell off. Stevenson, who was in the Napa Valley for his honeymoon, was particularly fond of Schram's Golden Chasselas, a wine that the Pringles are making today

as their Chasselas Fontainebleau.

The Taylors have some of the few real mountain vineyards, one which sits literally on a scooped-down hilltop in the ridge between Napa and Sonoma. The road up to it is negotiable in a jeep, by drivers of pure character and no nerves, and Jack Taylor's great pleasure is to treat visitors to the ride while informing them in full voice that Mayacamas means "howl of the mountain lion." The Taylors have managed to solve part of the problem of the small producer by conducting a newsletter for their customers and doing business by mail. There is no reason they shouldn't have many more such correspondents except for the infernally complicated regulations that prevail in other states than California, especially those—like New York and Michigan—that fancy they must protect their own wine-growers.

All of which is absurdly shortsighted. The trouble with wine drinking in America is that there is not enough of it, not enough to make good wines generally available everywhere and make sensible marketing arrangements possible. Everything hangs up on a lack of public familiarity.

THE saddest discovery for a lover of white wines is what sorry-looking country it takes to produce them. The Livermore Valley, where the Wentz Brothers make the best white wines in the state, is a hot dry plain with a gray, gravelly soil that seems to be just the thing for the semillon, the sauvignon, the pinot blanc, the pinot chardonnay, and the other white-wine grapes. The hills are low-lying and barren of trees, with none of the scenic graces of Napa and Sonoma to the north. The wine could not be less like their locality.

Herman Wentz is a true statesman of the industry. He is generous of counsel and cuttings to help new small vineyards get started, and when he says "we" it is with a sense of power and responsibility. Also he is canny about the marketing problems that affect wine-growing as much as the sun and rain. His face, in repose, is as weathered as a hired man's, as though he had just come in from trimming the vines; but when a smile breaks over it, it is the slick-

AFTER HOURS

of city slicker's. You can count a tribute to California that the e can still produce a man like one who would be equally at ie at an elegant dinner table or he vineyards with the soil be- en his fingers. "We are farmers," his young nephew, Karl Wenté, later another representative of industry insisted that the term d always be "wine-growers," lest ever forget it.

he Wentes make one wine which, e's the pity, is difficult to obtain where in the country. It is called teau Wenté Valle de Oro, and it ade on the classic formula which duces, in France, the Chateau em. This is one of the few des- wines that doesn't seem to me rpoweringly sweet. I'm not much a judge, since I've been served teau Yquem only once (by a ncier who said, "This will not ke you drunk, this will not even ke you tiddly, it will merely make . envious") but I should think t anyone who can get hold of a tle of Chateau Wenté—and a nice e piece, say, of Persian melon— d envy no one.

E of the admirable qualities of California wine industry is the y in which the big boys and the le, the mass producers and the s producers, get on together.

Ernie Gallo, whose operation is as as the rest of the industry's com- ed, is chairman of the Wine In- ute and a supporter of many ograms that benefit the little ducer far more than they benefit n. Nonetheless, though he takes iously the role of industrial okesman, he is also pulling hard a goal far more ambitious than e mere acceptance of premium lifornia wines by eggheads. He t only wants to beat Coca-Cola, he nts to beat coffee and milk. He d other volume wine-makers have en trying to by-pass the whole noying problem of selling wine as ne by selling it as though it were nothing else—new beverages that e clear, slightly syrupy, flavored th herbs and citrous extracts, and aring such names as Thunderbird, hite Magic, Roma Rocket, and ver Satin. Gaggling slightly, I tute his efforts.

—Eric Larrabee

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# *the new* BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## Of Lions and Lambs

**R**EINHOLD NIEBUHR's new book, *The Structure of Nations and Empires* (Scribner, \$5), is essentially a re-examination (and, within limits, a rehabilitation) of the idea of empire. As usual, Niebuhr is interested in exploring the irony in a situation, and the particular irony that he wants to explore this time lies in the contemporary attitude toward imperialism: most of the world is now divided between two great powers, both of which in some ways bear remarkable resemblances to what have been known in the past as empires, yet both solemnly and emphatically describe themselves as anti-imperialistic. The United States is anti-imperialistic by history, since it came to nationhood as a colony fighting for its independence against an empire, and the Soviet Union is anti-imperialistic by definition, since it is a Communist country and imperialism is a vile design of Communism's arch-enemy, Capitalism.

Obviously an anti-imperialistic empire is a rather self-contradictory sort of institution, and in the West at least it can lead to a decidedly uneasy conscience as well as to confusion of policy. Niebuhr attempts to find some balm for our uneasiness and some guidance for our policies by investigating the idea of empire and the facts of imperialism through the centuries, in an effort to see what is permanent, even necessary, in imperialism, and what is incidental, transitory, and expendable.

It is a subject that has to be looked at as both dream and fact. Through the ages men have dreamed of a universal political order in which the lion and the lamb would lie down together, the state would wither away, and no man would have to bear the guilt of wielding power over another and none would have to bear the humiliation of feeling another's power over him. Many empires of the past have held out that promise of guiltless universalism, as the Russian empire does today, though none has ever achieved it.

But in fact we live in a world where—in the past, in the present, and (Niebuhr obviously thinks) for a long time to come—if the lion and the lamb lie down together, the lion will just

have to learn to restrain his appetite and the lamb will be well advised to keep an eye open. It is a world in which some groups of people have more power than others and must face up to the responsibility which follows from the fact, whereas others have less power and must learn to live with their dependency. In other words, Niebuhr argues, and it is hard to see how anyone can disagree with him, there must be structures of power between the universalism we dream of but have never yet achieved and the myriad nations which we in fact have but cannot shape into political coherence by some convenient fiction of equality such as the one that underlies the one country—one vote principle of the General Assembly of the United Nations. For the foreseeable future, the United States is going to be interested in what kind of regime is running Guatemala and Russia is going to be interested in what kind of regime is running Rumania, and when those lambs become excessively frisky they will probably hear the lion roar and sometimes feel the weight of his paw.

As far as I can see Niebuhr has no new ideas about how empires can be organized; he speaks of the British Commonwealth, NATO, the Marshall Plan, and various other ways in which nations have recognized and given force to a community of interest; in general he puts less hope in constitutions and treaties than in historical experience as the basis for building community beyond the single nation.

But at bottom Niebuhr is probably not greatly interested in the technical means that have to be worked out in order for the strong and the weak to live together decently; he is much more interested in the moral implications of strength. For him the right use of power lies in recognizing that in relations between nations, as in all human activities, there is both necessity and freedom. It is necessary for us to recognize that the United States has power and must exercise it, but we are free to make important choices about how we do it. The use of freedom, in Niebuhr's theology and in a good many people's experience, entails guilt, but that we have to live with. We make few or no claims to offering the world a guiltless universalism; we are more like a young father

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who realizes that, with his own turbulence unresolved within him, he has taken on the responsibility of bringing up another generation.

*The Structure of Nations and Empires* is a veritable fruitcake of a book. It is packed with all sorts of surprising, delightful, and sometimes indigestible nuggets—bits of learning culled from an improbably vast reading, quotations from Eusebius and Theophylact, Archbishop of Bulgaria, and Arthur H. Vandenberg, generalizations about men and ideas and events that make the head spin. Sometimes too the book seems to have been put together like a fruitcake, with a mighty spoon forcefully pressed through a recalcitrantly stiff dough.

It is also rather badly proofread, and occasionally—very occasionally—a reader has to guess not only at what the words mean but at what words were meant. When, for instance, Niebuhr speaks of “the filtration of Arianism on the part of Constantius,” he is probably referring to the man generally known as Constantine or Constantinus, and he probably does not mean that Arianism filtered through Constantine but that he flirted with it. The phrase further illustrates a problem Niebuhr has with awkward connectives like “on the part of”; surely it would be clearer and more economical to say “Constantine’s flirtation with Arianism” rather than “the flirtation with Arianism on the part of Constantine.” The thought that anyone might flirt with Arianism fills the mind with such horror that surely a writer should spare us all incidental and unnecessary suffering on the subject.

But these trivia, soothing as it may be to a reviewer’s ego to point them out, are of no consequence in assessing Niebuhr’s book. It is an important milestone in the great task of making the exercise of power morally and intellectually respectable. The nineteenth-century liberal utopia where everything would run by its own laws without human interference or responsibility has dried up. To the liberal Lord Acton’s celebrated remark about all power tending to corrupt etc., Niebuhr would probably reply that of course all power, since it is only a name for the exercise of human freedom in certain relationships, contains within itself the possibility of corruption, but so does weakness, and so does power that is unused. A cynic might point out that Niebuhr leaves us where he has left us before, with the admonition that we are all a pack of miserable sinners, but such a critic would fail to realize that along the way Niebuhr has done a good deal to clarify the nature of our political misery and the occasions of our political sins.

#### LAMB WITH A MILD ROAR

NIEBUHR divides power into two components, force and prestige. By force he means what anyone means—bombs and planes and gen-

erals and tanks and all the rest of it. But by prestige he means rather more than the word suggests in popular sociology; he means roughly what the Pope has without having any battalions—an appeal to the conscience of men, a long historical tradition behind him, the sanction of a set of ideas and beliefs that account for the universe and his place in it.

Possibly Niebuhr pays too little attention to the dislocations and imbalances of these two components of power, but Frank Gibney’s new book, *The Frozen Revolution* (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, \$4.75), is a striking revelation of how out of balance they are in parts of the Russian Empire.

*The Frozen Revolution* is a study of Poland since the second world war, centering on the uprising of 1956 and based upon what seems to be extensive study and travel; and the main conclusion to be drawn from the book, as I see it, concerns the imbalance between prestige and force within the Russian Empire today. We are accustomed to think of Russia as enjoying tremendous prestige because of its ideology, its promise of universal salvation, but in fact, Gibney thinks, the Polish revolution, half-finished as it still is, shows that in the satellite countries “the Marxist-Leninist state is pathetically dependent on coercion and police power. They are the indispensable elements that give it shape and direction. There is not even much content without them.”

Gibney’s book is not terribly cheering. He has seen the desperate drinking that also struck Galbraith’s attention when he visited Poland; he has a good deal to say about the *enragés*, Poland’s angry young eggheads who were largely responsible for the uprising of 1956 and are now deeply dissatisfied with the half-measures that have been achieved; he is appalled by the “stagnated waste” of the economy and the plight of a land that lost six million people, many of them leaders, in the second world war.

But at the same time Poland shows that a brake of sorts can be put on the Russian Leviathan by the Russians’ own favorite device: infiltration (not infiltation). What happened in October 1956 was that a group of men who were perfectly good Communists but slightly better Poles got in control of the party machinery set up by the Russians, and there wasn’t much that Khrushchev and the other Russian leaders could do to dislodge them.

*The Frozen Revolution* is journalistic history of high order. Gibney likes Poland and the Poles, and he is able to communicate an enormous amount of information in an entertaining way. I cannot pretend to pass judgment on the accuracy or inclusiveness of what he has to say, but the book is informed by sympathy, intellectual curiosity, and liveliness of wit, and those are qualities that can usually be trusted.

## THE NEW BOOKS

### NOVELISTS ON POWER

Surprisingly enough, publishers have recently brought out several novels that deal with politics as the theme of power. The first of these, *Advise and Consent* by Allen Drury (Doubleday, \$5.75), is a book that is almost too fortunate. It has been selected for distribution to members of the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club, its sale to the masses seems inevitable if not already accomplished, and it has had perhaps as much free advance advertising as a book can get, since it deals with a Senate fight over confirmation of a nominee to the President's Cabinet and appears only a few weeks after the similar and very well publicized fight over Admiral Strauss. The post at stake in *Advise and Consent* is that of Secretary of State, and the man nominated by the President, who wants him very much, is a liberal with clear eyes and a shadowed past who takes a more conciliatory or perhaps more appeasing attitude toward Russia than a good many Senators can bring themselves to support. When the President sees that the tide is going against him, he begins to play dirty politics, at which he is more than adept, making use of the meddling Supreme Court Justice, the ambitious young demagogue, and the Majority Leader in the Senate to crush the opposition. It would hardly be fair to reveal more of the plot, but the results of the President's machinations are complex, tragic, and fascinating. *Advise and Consent* obviously flows out of Drury's long-standing love affair with the United States Senate. He loves the institution, the way it operates, and many of the men who sit or have sat in it. One of the games a reader plays with the book is to guess at the originals of the characters. Some are clearly identifiable; others seem to be almost wholly imaginary. The main character, and the hero of the book, a man of inflexible integrity who passionately wants to be President but not quite enough to overcome his stubborn attachment to his own principles, probably owes a great deal to the late Senator Taft. It is a fine tribute. *Advise and Consent* is a very long

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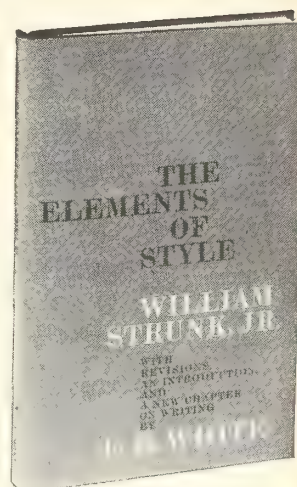
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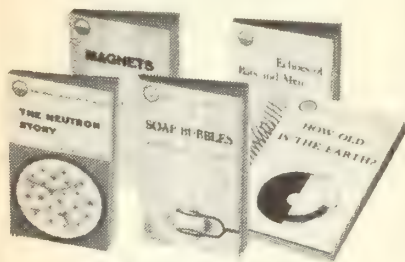




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book, running to more than 600 unusually large pages, and it has the advantage of a good long novel: you have to stick with it so long that its world becomes more real than the world outside the window. Or perhaps you have to think it is a little bit better than it is because after you have invested so many hours of your life in reading it you dare not confess that you have wasted your time.

But it is a good novel, generous-minded, concerned for right action in a mazy situation, its conflicts dramatized with an excellent sense of drama and character. It is not only political but patriotic.

Drury's feeling for how power operates in society is not very different from Niebuhr's; he is alive to the possibilities for corruption, but he is also alive to the opportunities to choose wisely. The central question raised in *Advise and Consent* seems to be this: can a nation like the United States, with a government based on divided powers, where the political process must be carried on under the relentless glare of public scrutiny, continue to make wise choices when it faces across the abyss a fast-moving secretive government like Russia's? Drury's answer is a deeply, even a tragically, qualified yes, but it is a yes.

The weakest sections of the book are the scenes where the Russian ambassador is present; these passages are sour and bullying, their tone is wrong. What Drury admires about the Senate is its capacity for self-discipline, its ability to take a group of men with widely different backgrounds and experience and make of them a whole, a body that, whatever its disagreements, can expect of itself a certain level of behavior. And that is what contemporary diplomacy cannot do.

*Advise and Consent* begins slowly but is worth staying with. Drury's spelling of the word accommodation is uncertain.

**DOUGLAS KIKER'S *Strangers on the Shore*** (Random House, \$3.95) is another fine novel; in fact I think that Kiker, who is still under thirty, has a greater gift as a novelist than Drury, though Drury's book deals with a subject that may have a wider appeal.

*Strangers on the Shore* is a novel about the Navy, but it is not a series of dreary wisecracks as most such novels seem to be. Kiker not very surprisingly sees the Navy as a system of power, combining (in Niebuhr's terms) force and prestige; and he sees in the career naval officers the ambiguities men feel toward power. They identify themselves with the might they serve, at the same time that they resent its ability to coerce them, to disrupt their private lives and disappoint their hopes for careers. They want to get to the top of the power system, to "make admiral," yet they doubt their own motives in the upward climb and their capacity to do the job when and if they get there. The naval officers are astutely contrasted with a self-indulgent family attached to no system of power more demanding or rewarding than their own third-rate whims.

All this Kiker dramatizes brilliantly. He has the talent that will keep any writer from starving—the gift of making you want to turn the page. Perhaps he is a little too much afraid of inactivity; sometimes one suspects that he thinks all is lost if a chapter comes along without a fight in it. But he can put characters before the reader in a few sentences and in a page engage them with one another with real dramatic skill.

Kiker has wit and humor, but at bottom he is a serious writer. *Strangers on the Shore* should reach and please a large audience and Douglas Kiker should have a distinguished career as a popular novelist of the best sort.

### A CORRUPT MAN

**No Love for Johnnie** (Harper, \$3.50), a new novel about British politics, is rather slight and anecdotal in comparison with *Advise and Consent* and *Strangers on the Shore*, but it is a forceful picture of a corrupt man. The author, Wilfred Fienburgh, was a young Labor MP who was killed in an automobile accident shortly before his book was published.

Johnnie Byrne, Fienburgh's hero, is also a young Labor MP with all the right qualifications for his job—a working-class background, service as an officer in the army that brought

## THE NEW BOOKS

into contact with men of other classes, a tireless and devoutly left-wing wife, skills as a public speaker and parliamentary maneuverer and ass-roots manipulator.

But Johnnie has become an accomplished technician of power whose gifts are harnessed to no purpose or principle except his own ambitions; there is no love for him not because everyone dislikes him (that is far from true), but because he cannot accept any relationship that stands in his way.

Apart from its interest as fiction, the book offers some fascinating glimpses of the seamier side of British politics. The incidental characters are fine, though Johnnie himself is almost too badly dehumanized to be interesting and his ambitions are too grubby for him to give the magnificence that can sometimes give stature to corruption. He ends up as Assistant Postmaster-General, presumably licking stamps or that glamorous potentate, the Postmaster-General himself.

ANOTHER new novel from England, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* by Alan Sillitoe (Knopf, \$3.75), at first seems to be a political novel, or at least a novel of "social protest," like the novels and plays of the angry young men, but in fact it uses some of the material of such books without being one of them.

Sillitoe's novel differs from the works of the angry young men in part because the anger is in his main character, a twenty-two-year-old employee in a bicycle factory named Arthur Seaton, rather than in the author, and in part because Arthur Seaton is a different kind of hero. Arthur is not on the make socially; he does not expect to find room at the top or to "overmarry himself" into the middle class, to become a university lecturer or librarian; he belongs to the working class and is proud of it, with no intention (or dreams) of getting out.

But Arthur's social status, completely as it is realized in Sillitoe's writing, is actually somewhat incidental to the design of the book, for the novel is really concerned with the transition from late adolescence to early maturity in a personality that finds such a transition particularly difficult. Arthur Seaton is full

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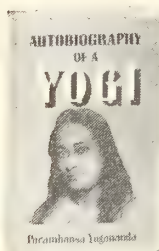
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## THE NEW BOOKS

of incoherence: in politics he sometimes thinks that he is a Communist but knows that he is not; he hates both "the big fat Tory bastards . . . and them Labour bleeders too." His violence is too much for him; he gets into fights and gets drunk and has affairs with married women; he is a hazard to the community and an incomprehensible burden to himself.

But the book traces the uneasy trajectory (this is apparent only in retrospect) that leads from the turbulence of life's Saturday night to the relative calm, the very relative calm, of Sunday morning. In the end Arthur Seaton plans to be married in three months, and he goes fishing to think things over: "There's bound to be trouble for me every day of my life," he thinks, "because trouble it's always been and always will be. Born drunk and married blind, misbegotten into a strange and crazy world, dragged-up through the dole and into the war with a gas-mask on your clock, and the sirens rattling into you every night while you rot with scabies in an air-raid shelter. Slung in khaki at eighteen, and when they let you out, you sweat again in a factory, grabbing for an extra pint, doing women on the weekend and getting to know whose husbands are on the night-shift, working with rotten guts and an aching spine, and nothing for it but money to drag you back there every Monday morning. . . . Well, it's a good life and a good world, all said and done, if you don't weaken, and if you know that the big wide world hasn't heard from you yet, no, not by a long way, though it won't be long now."

That passage shows how Sillitoe can shape fine prose out of the rhetorical odds and ends that a young man like Arthur Seaton would know. *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* has, for all the indelicacy of its subject matter, a refinement of texture unmatched by the novels previously reviewed. The setting is Nottingham, and readers of D. H. Lawrence will recognize the dialect.

### POCKETS OF POWERLESSNESS

**Balcony in the Forest** (Braziller, \$3.75) is a brief novel translated from the French of Julien Gracq by

Richard Howard. The place is France near the Belgian border, the time is 1939 in the era of the "phony war," and the main character is a young officer, Lieutenant Grange, set to guard a blockhouse with three enlisted men in his command.

It is an odd sort of book, and surprisingly effective, for almost the whole task of the book is accomplished by the writing itself. There are a few incidents, and at last the war becomes real, but the essence of the story lies in its ability to communicate the feeling of a "dangling man," to borrow Saul Bellow's phrase: a man outside things, with a "vague illusion of making himself invisible, of giving fate the slip."

This illusion is built up largely through the imagery (the translation must be very good to bring it out)—images of aimlessly floating, of twilight, of all things directionless, and of in-between, undefined, etiolated states of being.

The love affair with which Gracq enlivens the proceedings is not altogether successful. Mona the child-widow is a kind of Rima the Bird Girl with sex added (if anyone can imagine that combination), but she is not obtrusive; the eroticism has at least the virtue of being erotic, and the affair has the curious dreamlike quality—a reader hardly knows whether it is fact or fantasy and it hardly matters—appropriate to the young officer's twilight existence.

KEVIN ANDREWS' **Flight of Ikaros** (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) is a travel book about Greece, and a good one. Andrews is an American-born archaeologist who spent more than four years traveling around the Greek countryside, most of the time alone and on foot, living with the peasants. His travels began in the late 1940s, so he was in on the end of the Greek Civil War.

The Greeks at that time were also caught in a pocket of powerlessness; they knew that their fate would be settled elsewhere, probably by the United States. The chaos of the country, as Andrews describes it, was terrible. Yet that very chaos dramatized a dilemma of power, or perhaps, more accurately, a dilemma of order that power is used to enforce. The Greek people emerge from Andrews' pages as a people with a



## THE NEW BOOKS

ifying gift for disorder (one of Andrews' Greek friends had killed many people in the Civil War that he had lost track of the number; he thought it was over five hundred). The Greeks also showed Andrews unusual gift for community, for including strangers, for a kind of order that arises not from a suitable object for the policeman on the corner but from the very heart.

The best of Andrews' chapters is an account of how he became a *umbaros* in the family of a Greek shepherd. In this instance the word means a godfather, though it can be used in certain other relationships, of the best man in a wedding. A *umbaros* is an adopted member of a family; it is a life-long relationship, taken very seriously on both sides and a little reminiscent of the ancient host-guest relationship. It is a beautiful way of building community beyond the family.

*The Flight of Ikaros* contains a number of wonderful portraits of Greeks. I have two favorites. One is a very old man, a man of ninety, who appears very briefly but makes an unforgettable remark. "Life is very long," he says. "I can never remember a time when I was alive."

The other is a young Athenian suffering from a kidney disease and complications. Andrews closes his book with a letter from this young man, a gently unpunctuated, strange, unimpeachable letter that reached him in America after the writer had died. "Winter is past and we find ourselves in the spring," the dying young Athenian writes. "As you know at this season the Attic earth is in all its beauty. It has put on a festive appearance, everywhere life overflows, and joy to him who can be glad in the beauty because you must know that there exist—I am avoiding something that I think is drowning me, making me burst and makes my breathing difficult, and I am trying to cast myself into the light into the life that I may hold on to something and control myself and not fall into chaos but find somewhere still and find an equanimity quiet calm release."

The young man did not sign his name, but of all our writers he had perhaps the most to say about power and order: "not to fall into chaos."

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

## FICTION

**Tents of Wickedness**, by Peter De Vries.

Here is a novel. It is also a garland of literary parody, a bouquet bursting with puns and quips; and a wreath of social satire laid on the unsuspecting little suburban town of Decency, Connecticut. Those who have read or seen *Tunnel of Love* on the stage will know what to expect. (One can hardly wait to hear some of this dialogue across the footlights.) But a word to the unwary. This is too rich a dish to consume at one sitting. Savor it slowly to get the full enjoyment of the loony situations; of literary echoes given back by a man with an apparently flawless ear; and satire piled on by one who still manages to let you know how much he likes the human race.

Little, Brown, \$3.75

**The Golden Youth of Lee Prince**, by Aubrey Goodman.

It seems to me that one of the surest signs that (for the moment at least) the young novelists have abandoned the inner Freudian voice is the spate of new novels in which the most important subjects are dealt with in the frothiest kind of wise-crack dialogue. We have Salinger, De Vries, and now Mr. Goodman. I don't mean that Freud himself has been abandoned. Far from it. He's been absorbed, accredited—more than accepted—and has left writers free to listen to the voices around them—and how truly they listen, winnow out the essence, and record! The dialogue here, as in Salinger and De Vries, is both a narrative instrument and an object of laughter and tears in itself. . . . Here we have the real story of The Hero—the young, rich Texan who comes North to the New England Academy, who wins scholastic, sports, and literary honors; who has been in love with the same most beautiful girl since childhood; who goes to Yale and makes all the clubs, has a play produced, etc., etc.—and the legends grow and grow. When he goes to

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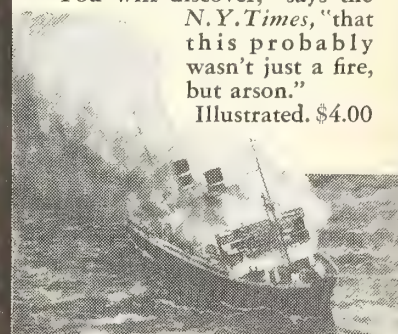
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

New York City to live with the narrator (who is himself scarcely important to the story except as a sounding board) we discover the denouement as well as the background of the legend—where Freud has of course been lurking right along. (*Harper's* readers will be interested to know that we also discover how the story "Waldo" which we published last year came to be written.) But what a relief to come out from the tortured egocentric "stream-of-consciousness" novel into the magic sunlight of this world of speech. To be sure the author occasionally gets carried away with its sound, and parties and situations go on, as parties do in real life but shouldn't be allowed to in fiction, much too long. And if the whole seems perhaps less mature than some of its wonderful parts, that is small criticism of an exciting and talented new voice, a craftsman of a new genre.

Simon & Schuster, \$4.50

Barbara Greer, by Stephen Birmingham.

Mr. Birmingham is an able storyteller as those who read *Young Mr. Keefe* will remember. He writes narrative that makes you want to follow to the end. In this saga of the Woodcock family, rich industrialists in Connecticut for two generations, he writes of the on-the-surface delights of the comfortable "farm" outside the town, to which the children love to return, to the point of weakening their own marriages. And then he reveals the hidden flaws in this gracious structure. There are memorable characters; good scenes; and a whole lot happens, but somehow it doesn't matter very much. The people in *Young Mr. Keefe* at least seemed occasionally to take themselves lightly, even when in trouble, and one grew fond of them. The characters here take themselves dreadfully seriously, but they don't persuade the reader to do likewise. Perhaps without humor there can't be either real tragedy or important resolution. Anyway, one is interested in seeing how this all comes out, but is never really viscerally dismayed or delighted at what goes on here. One hopes in his next novel for the return of the bounce of Mr. Keefe.

Little, Brown, \$4.50

New Face in the Mirror, by Miss Dayan.

This book is called a novel and it is written by a twenty-year-old girl, daughter of the ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Israeli army, about the two-year army service (army service is compulsory for women there) of an Israeli girl whose father was a colonel. Miss Dayan wrote most of the book during her two-year service, and the book is written in the first person. It is hard to read it as fiction but, whatever it is, it is an extraordinary book. The girl who is beautiful and bright stands aloof from everyone, a hard-cruel schemer with her family, friends, and any men who fall in love with her. When her distraught mother tells her of her unhappiness with her father she writes: "I am pleased that she confided in me. I added another string to those I could pull." If this is autobiography it is disarmingly honest in its unpleasant self-portraiture. But it is also wise and discerning in its picture of an unhappy child seeking to find herself, and one learns in the end to love the stubborn girl as she grows and understand and like herself a little. And one has learned considerable of interest along the way about Israel's women's army and Israeli geography and attitudes. A remarkable piece of work and not at all like Sagan to whom Miss Dayan has been, I think, wrongly compared.

World,

### NON-FICTION

Ticket to the Circus, by Charles Philip Fox.

From historical archives all over the country Mr. Fox has been collecting the material for this book over the past five years. It is in essence the history of the Ringling Brothers Circus from its beginnings in 1876 and the photographs and prints produced here were chosen from a collection of about 4,000. One of the fascinating things about a book like this is that nearly every American alive can almost remember something of it. But it is all so familiar—the bright posters, the performers, the man and animal, tightrope walkers, equestriennes, acrobats, elephants, lions, and tigers, the gilt-carved wagons, the painted wheels, the c



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

es, the parades, the big top and it grew, the circus disasters, and, of course, lots of Ringlings. There is the picture of the circus coming through the early-morning streets of a small Midwestern town in 1916. Indeed there are two shots of the parade in the same street in different parts of the book) and I find myself remembering having been there. I could see and feel it myself one of the children watching. As it happens I never lived in the Middle West and I never saw the circus come to town. But my father says that is what I mean by almost remembering. The circus is part of our race memory now. This book corrects it all. Superior, \$10

**Letters to Louise: Theodore Dreiser's Letters to Louise Campbell**, edited, with commentary, by Louise Camp-

perhaps every reader of Dreiser knows me has always known how lively the young writer and editor, Louise Campbell, worked with him nearly everything he wrote. It is all news to me. She met him in 1899 before he started on *An American Tragedy* and almost at once he asked her to work editing and typing a book then called *The History of Myself* (not published till 1931 under the title *Dawn*). It was a close and friendly friendship and collaboration that lasted till he died in 1945 and this book with its bantering, affectionate letters and the editor's filling in of fact serves, therefore, as a simple and abbreviated little biography, very interesting from a literary-historical point of view (one would like to know more than the modest editor tells us of just what she did, but it is apparent from the letters that it was considerable), and it is striking in its straightforwardness and lack of sentimentality.

University of Pennsylvania, \$3.50

**Before Yesterday, The Reminiscences of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt**, 32 pages of photographs. The first reaction to this autobiography is to the incredible drive and energy of this Eleanor Roosevelt and her husband. It makes one wonder what one has been doing with one's life. Here is the story of a woman who until her marriage in 1910 had never dressed herself or fixed

her own hair. Most of us have not known such cossetting since our mothers stopped performing those services for us. But this and other early disciplines seem to have put iron—or the more flexible steel—into the spirit of this physically petite young woman. From marrying the President's son and bringing up four children, to running Governors' Mansions in Puerto Rico and the Philippines, to tiger hunting in India, to becoming an expert and prize-winning worker of embroideries and tapestries, to teaching herself photography and making professional scrapbooks of family history, to running Red Cross canteens in Europe in two world wars—and now writing all about it with humor, affection, modesty, and enthusiasm, she makes most of us look like pikers. But happy pikers in the reading, for though our lives may not have been as glamorous or as energetically dedicated—and have perhaps changed less—still her life in a way reflects all our days-before-yesterday. When in World War II she lost a husband we lost a national hero, who through this book emerges also as a great and gay and lovable human being. Doubleday, \$5.95

## FORECAST

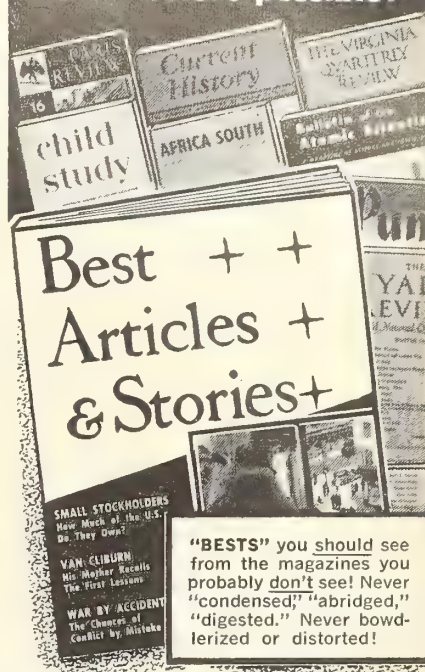
## Nature

Apparently publishers do not feel that interest in the out-of-doors ends with summer. In September, for instance, McKay is publishing a book called *For a Flower Album*, to be printed in Switzerland with special color plates, and it is by—of all people—Colette. It is about her love of flowers and has never been published in this country before. Also in September, from Viking, comes Peter Matthiessen's *Wildlife in America*, a book basically about conservation, with illustrations by Bob Hines and an introduction by Richard Pough. Houghton Mifflin announces for the same month *A Natural History of New York City* by John Kieran; and Morrow will publish H. L. Davis's (*Honey in the Horn*) *Kettle of Fire*, a collection of essays on his well-loved Pacific Northwest, in October.

**Correction:** The title of Massimo Salvadori's book—reviewed by Paul Pickrel in August—should have been given as *The Economics of Freedom* (Doubleday, \$4.50).

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# MUSIC in the round

BY DISCUS

POULENC, MENOTTI, MOORE, WEILL

Harper's new music columnist  
—beginning this month—  
is a distinguished critic and  
veteran record reviewer.

The tendency to equate size with quality has prevented Francis Poulenc's stature from being fully recognized. Because he has specialized in songs, instrumental pieces, and chamber music, and because his melodic materials are sometimes drawn from suspect sources (music hall, the circus, popular tunes), it automatically follows to some minds that he is at best little more than an agreeable entertainer.

By the same argument Robert Herrick is a rhymester of lightweight verse, Frédéric Chopin a salon composer, and Paul Klee a doodler. The Kantian doctrine of the "sublime" dies hard. A hundred years from now, when the ambitious scores of Copland, most of Hindemith's music, and all of Benjamin Britten lie gathering dust in the archives, the songs of Poulenc will steadily be appearing on recital programs, and some of his larger works, such as the organ mass, will be a permanent part of the repertory. For he is not only one of the most polished of technicians and inventive of melodists; he also is a natural composer, and there is never anything forced about his writing.

He first achieved fame as something

of a smart-aleck epigrammatist. That was in the early 1920s, when he was a member of *Les Six* in Paris. What has happened to the other members of that group? Louis Durey and Germaine Tailleferre are forgotten after three decades. Georges Auric now concentrates on cinema music, and he creates fine scores of their kind, but his name has not figured on concert programs for many years. Honegger is dead, and while a few of his scores remain in the repertory, thanks mostly to his good friend Charles Munch, it seems doubtful that the next generation will be hearing too much of him. The fluent Milhaud, in California, continues to turn out an enormous quantity of sophisticated music, very little of which is heard.

Of *Les Six* it is only Poulenc who continued to grow. His style is rather fascinating. He is not one of the wild moderns, and his harmonies often are little more than an extension of Fauré and Debussy. But what comes out is modern, in the sense that it could not conceivably have been composed in any period but our own. His melodies are a little short-winded, but within their scope they have marvelous originality (a slender song like "Violon" is near-epical in its concentration of point and resource), tenderness, and imagination.

## The Carmelites

His most ambitious work has recently been recorded (Angel 3585, three discs). It is the three-act opera *Les Dialogues*

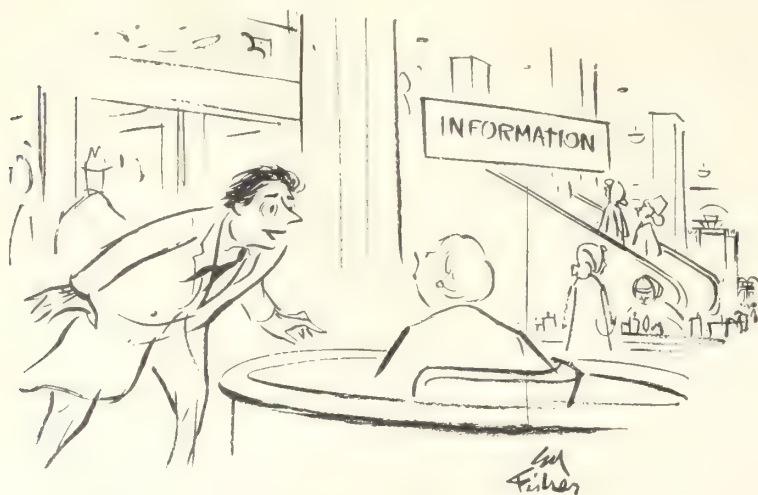
des Carmelites, started in 1953, completed in 1956, to a libretto by Georges Bernanos revolving around a group of Carmelite nuns executed during the French Revolution. This is not Poulenc's first opera. The epicene *Mamelles de Tirésias* had preceded in 1944. "Les Mamelles" is an ultrasophisticated, almost Dada, shocker with vaudevillian undertones. "Les Dialogues," on the other hand, reflects the strong Catholic side of the composer. Poulenc has composed a good deal of religious music, and it is some of the best religious music of the century: sincere without being gooey, dignified without any breast-beating.

But "Les Dialogues" must be considered as an opera, not as a piece of religious writing. Its libretto deals with the ordeal of Blanche de la Force, who leaves her titled family to become a nun in the Carmelite convent at Compiègne. The authorities of the Revolution round up the nuns and imprison them; Blanche gets away. When the nuns are condemned to death and mount the scaffold singing, Blanche makes her way through the crowd. She has conquered her fears and happily meets and comforts her sisters of the convent.

That, divested of Bernanos' symbolism and philosophical reflections, is what "Les Dialogues" is about. Those who saw the NBC Opera telecast over 10 years ago will have little idea of the strength of the score. On TV the work was done in English, robbing the music of the vowel sounds of their essential quality. The opera not only sounds different; it *was* different. (Opera in English is merely a sop to people too lazy to read librettos; but that is another story.) Far from being a series of disconnected sketches, as the TV broadcast suggested, "Les Dialogues" has continuity from beginning to end. Poulenc goes to great pains to establish character and character interrelation, for the opera in essence is the story of Blanche's warring against the simple-minded faith of Sister Constance (surely one of the most appealing figures in all opera), the ribbed faith of the Mother Superior, and the fanatical faith of Mother Marie

## Influences

In "Les Dialogues des Carmelites" Poulenc is quoted as having said that he was in debt to Debussy, Monteverdi, Verdi, and Moussorgsky. Few listeners will discover any influence of the last two, though "Boris Godounoff," with its many scene changes, roughly approximates the physical layout of "Les Dialogues." The influence of Debussy is paramount. Poulenc obviously had "Pelléas et Mélisande" in mind as a model, and long stretches of recitative are very much on the "P & M" order. On the other hand, unlike "P & M," Poulenc's opera is full of outspoken



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ody, a good example being the ardent duet between Blanche and her brother. (The music is so voluptuous that one grows a little uncomfortable.) As for Monteverdi, there would appear to be little direct influence, though in the first scene of the third act there are traces of melody that suggest Monteverdi's "Lamento della Ninfa." (Nadia Boulanger and a fine group of singers had recorded this in the 1930s, and it was much talked-about in Paris. Poulenc must have been quite familiar with it.) But most likely Poulenc was, in his declaration about Monteverdi, paying tribute to the early Italian master's importance as the inventor of the music drama. He also may have had in mind Monteverdi's dictum that "the recitative style is when one speaks while singing; the lyrical style is when one sings while speaking." But whatever Poulenc uses he has made his own, whether Debussyan recitative or Monteverdian melody.

Nobody today writes better for the voice than Poulenc, and "Les Dialogues" is a *tour de force* of sensitive prosody coupled with a complete knowledge of what the human voice is capable of. In its refined workmanship, melodic ideas, technical *expertise*, and humanity, "Les Dialogues des Carmelites" stands almost alone among post-World-War-I operas. "Wozzeck" belongs in its company; some would say "Arabella" does; "Turandot" might belong. What else?

In the recording the leading singers are Denise Duval (as Blanche), Denise Scharley, Régine Crespin, Rita Gorr, Liliane Berton, Xavier Depraz, and Paul Finel. Pierre Dervaux leads the orchestra and chorus of the Paris Opéra. The performance sounds flawless. Duval, who should be heard at the Metropolitan

Opera, sings in the best of the French style—that is, with clarity, subtlety, and an avoidance of excess coloration (no obvious darkening of vowel sounds for *her!*). The other singers are pretty much in her class, and M. Dervaux conducts with a tight rein on his orchestra. What a joy it would be if this cast could be assembled for other works of the French repertory! French opera is miserably represented in the current catalogues. Chabrier's "Le Roi Malgre Lui," never before recorded, would be a good taking-off point. The recorded sound in "Les Dialogues," it should be added, is exceptionally realistic. And when heard through two speakers it provides an illusion that very few listeners could distinguish from true stereophony.

### Three New Operas

There have been quite a few other opera recordings within the last few months, but not many of them have been contemporary works. Three exceptions are Menotti's *Maria Golovin* (Victor, three discs, LM 6142), Douglas Moore's *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (Westminster 11032, monophonic; and 14050, stereophonic); and Kurt Weill's *Die Dreigroschenoper* (Columbia, two discs, OSL 257, monophonic; C2S 201, stereophonic). The Menotti, sung by Franca Duval, Patricia Neway, Richard Cross, William Chapman, and others, and conducted by Peter Herman Adler, is a typically slick work that is musically shallow and will have little staying power. And for one who is supposed to be an expert on vocal settings, some of Menotti's prosody is remarkably inept. Generally he gets the accents of individual words correctly, but his groupings and phrasings often can make the

English language sound like nothing ever before spoken. Moore has more respect for the language, but basically "The Devil and Daniel Webster" is a conventional and even trite work (it actually opens with a chorus of American peasants) that has as much relation to vital opera as the novels of Disraeli have to literature. Joe Blankenship is Daniel Webster, Lawrence Winters the Devil, and Armando Aliberti the conductor.

"Die Dreigroschenoper," however manages to hold its own, and Columbia has given it an ideal recording, with Lotte Lenya and a German cast of singers and musicians conducted by Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg. The performance is presented uncut, in the original German, with a narrator's remarks bridging the episodes. Kurt Weill like several other composers (Chapentier with "Louise," Leoncavallo with "Pagliacci"), was really a one-work man, despite the active renaissance some of his works currently are enjoying. None of his serious music—he composed the usual concertos, chamber works and the like—remains in the repertory. His operas in German, such as "Mahagonny" and "Der Jasager," are seldom heard even in Germany; and, in any case, "Mahagonny" is really a rewrite of "Die Dreigroschenoper."

Of Weill's American period, only "Street Scene," a second-rate work, is around, thanks to the efforts of the New York City Opera Company's last spring season of American operas. The New York City Ballet production of "The Seven Deadly Sins" also achieved some *réclame* last year. It too is a "Dreigroschenoper" rewrite.

In "Die Dreigroschenoper" (famous in this country as "The Threepenny Opera"), Weill came close to the real thing. Time and again it has been remarked that the score is a musical exponent of the grim days in Germany following the end of the first world war. All of that is true, but there were other works in that category, such as the now-forgotten "Jonny spielt auf" of Krenek. The fact remains that in "Die Dreigroschenoper" Weill tapped a fund of imagination and musical strength, and also white-hot conviction, that he never again was to command. It is amazing, in view of his later output, how well the tunes of "Die Dreigroschenoper," and only "Die Dreigroschenoper," stand up. The "Pirate Song" remains as bloodcurdling as ever; the last-act lullaby as haunting; the ballads as picaresque and racy. And over all is the yelping protest that things were as they were. No solution is offered, no ray of hope provided. "Die Dreigroschenoper" is the most cynical of operas. But it also remains one of the most fascinating and, somehow, most engaging.

## AND ALSO...

**Weissgall:** *The Tenor*. Casilly, Coulter, etc.; Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Grossman. Westminster 1206 (monophonic), WST 208 (stereophonic), 2 discs.

A contemporary American opera, rather expressionistic, in a form of twelve-tone writing. Not "pretty" music, but strong and stimulating.

**Zandonai:** *L'Ucellino d'Oro*. Otta, Adami, etc.; Angelicum Orchestra of Milan conducted by Florian. Westminster W 11034 (monophonic).

An Italian fairy-tale opera, composed in 1906. No overpowering individuality is present, but the score does have a sweetness that avoids sentimentality.

**Glinka:** *Life for the Tsar*. Christoff, Gedda, Stich-Randall, etc. Lamoureux Orchestra, Markevitch. Capitol GCR 7163 (monophonic), 3 discs.

The performance is sung in Russian, the singers are expert, the conductor rhythmically alive. Gedda even sings the great aria with the seven high C's.

**Massenet:** *Manon*. De Los Angeles, Legay, etc.; Opéra-Comique Orchestra conducted by Monteux. Capitol GDR 7171 (monophonic), 4 discs.

Originally this was issued by RCA Victor. Now it belongs to Capitol, which once more makes it available. The album was needed. It is the only current version of the popular opera.

# JAZZ notes

ric Larrabee

## SOMETHING BORROWED

When I was in prep school my classmates seemed to include the entire adolescent population of northern New Jersey, and most of them were drawn to a style of life which I connected, through constant exposure to their preferences, with the orchestra of Glenn Miller. There is something in it of the arm spring evenings and the stumbling pursuit of each sex by the other, but something also that I can only identify with the satisfaction of would-be young gentlemen with themselves.

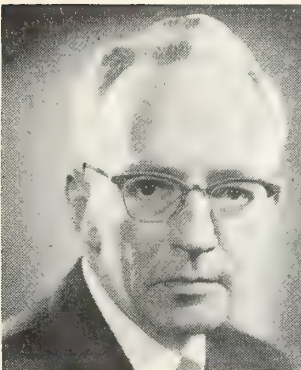
As a result, I have been happy to discover that the re-issues of his records housed in me the same mixture of nostalgia, anxiety, and distaste. This is of course no fault of the perfectionist who managed to put together this eminently unchangeable band, and fasten on it a personality which still attracts fanatic adherents. The album from the war period offers a little from facile belligerence; the other is the pure product, double-stilled, with paintings that recall the period by an artist who unfortunately is not identified.

Glenn Miller, Army Air Force Band. RCA Victor LPM-6700. Glenn Miller, or the Very First Time. RCA Victor LPM-6100.

THE jazz-record reviews of Whitney Balliett, in the *New Yorker*, have been distinguished for their extravagant attempts, largely successful, to get the sound and style of individual musicians down in words. Mr. Balliett has the poet's preoccupation with the precise, and he is willing to risk all the excesses of metaphor in the pursuit of it. He is so a contentious critic, showing the sharp, lacerated edges of a judgment tested again and again against the power of the music to hurt and annoy, and alternately to bore.

Forty-six of Mr. Balliett's pieces have now been collected into a book, which is well worth it as a reminder of his uncanny apt phrases: "the vinegary, dissonant, ethic music of Thelonius Monk," or "a description of Miles Davis playing with his trumpet pointed at the floor, like a crane poised on an unpromising mud flat." One of the neglected functions of criticism is to enable the reader to recognize what he has heard. Mr. Balliett, on his own, has revived it.

The Sound of Surprise, by Whitney Balliett, Dutton, \$3.75.



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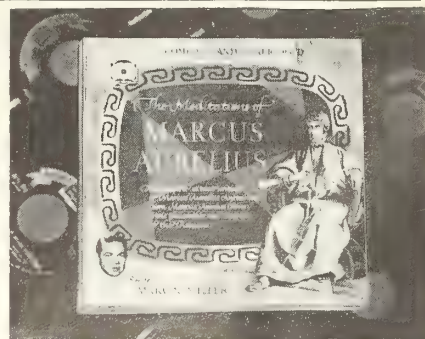
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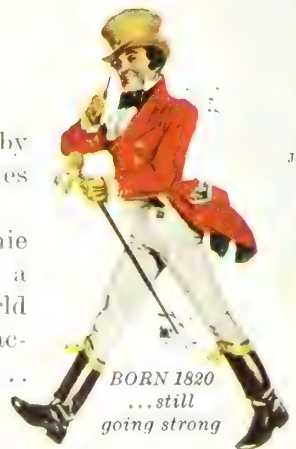
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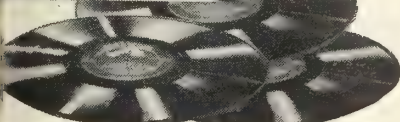
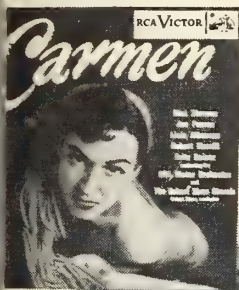
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# LETTERS

## Lanny Budd's Revenge

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just read "The Supersalesmen of California Politics" by Irwin Ross [July] and what they did to me in the 1931 EPIC campaign. For a quarter of a century it has been, to me, an anonymous assassination, and now it has a name. Oddly enough, one-half the name is that borne by one of my oldest and dearest friends, Robert Whitaker, a saintly old-time "radical" preacher who, I learn now, could not convert his own nephew. . . .

In my case [Whitaker & Baxter] devoted three days and nights to picking out quotations from my too-numerous books and spreading them all over the state. Taking words out of context is a simple technique by which any writer can be made to say the opposite of what he said. . . .

They now have the grace to be a little sorry for what they did, I being a "good" man. Well, I am not so sorry since, oddly enough, they saved my life. Soon after the election I learned of a Beverly Hills businessman who made his will, said good-bye to his family, loaded his pistol, and went to the studio from which I was to broadcast on election night, intending to shoot me if I won. So, if it had not been for Whitaker & Baxter, the eleven "Lanny Budd" books would never have been written and read all over the world.

It is enough for me that the campaign got me two hours with FDR in which he promised to carry out a good part of our program on a national scale, and did so.

UPTON SINCLAIR  
Buckeye, Ariz.

## TRIBulations

TO THE EDITORS:

Joseph Kraft wrote in "The New York Herald Tribune" [August] that "big changes are ahead." This made me uneasy. As a Democrat, I have always felt that I ought to know what the other chaps are up to and the *Trib* furnished a handy guide to a world remote from my own, well worth the outlay of a nickel.

But Mr. Kraft is right. Things are changing. There is a new editor, Mr. Robert M. White II of Mexico.

Missouri. His very first editorial shook my earlier premises to their foundations.

Mr. White addresses "the reader" directly because "you" are important. Very generous, I'd say. One spends a nickel for a paper and they throw in status as a bonus. He owes me "an accounting" Mr. White continues, thus engendering what I believe is called: "climate of acceptance." I am in the palm of his hand.

But then he lets me down! His paper, he says, is going to bring me "the facts, the truth, the news . . . dead-level straight from the shoulder, sincere, our best." Now what the hell good does that do me? Facts, truth, news I can get from the *Times* (which uses a kind of info that doesn't come off on your fingers). What I want to read in the *Trib* is the Other Chap's Mind—unfactual, unnews-worthy as it may be.

PHILIP DUNNINGTON  
New York, N. Y.

## Psychiatry and Crime

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading "Verdict Guilty—Now What?" [Karl Menninger, M.D., August] I wonder what would happen to the homicide rate if the convicted murderer could be sure that his worst fate would be . . . "a quiet, dignified therapeutic program." And who would provide a similar program for the family of the victim? Or would they be required to hide their grief for fear it would adversely affect the maladjusted murderer?

M. A. NILAND  
Ogden, Utah

My only regret is that Dr. Menninger made no reference to political prisoner . . . such as Morton Sobell, presently in the tenth year of a thirty-year prison sentence for a crime of which many outstanding individuals including Malcolm P. Sharp, Professor of Law, University of Chicago, and Professor Harold C. Urey of the University of California consider he has not been proven guilty. . . .

A judge of my acquaintance tells me that such miscarriages of justice are not unique . . . and obviously not all sentences which should be reversed are brought to light. Therefore is not a prison-punishment system wasteful, destructive, and utterly indefensible when applied to one of whose guilt there is grave doubt?

SYBIL STICHT  
Stockton, Calif.



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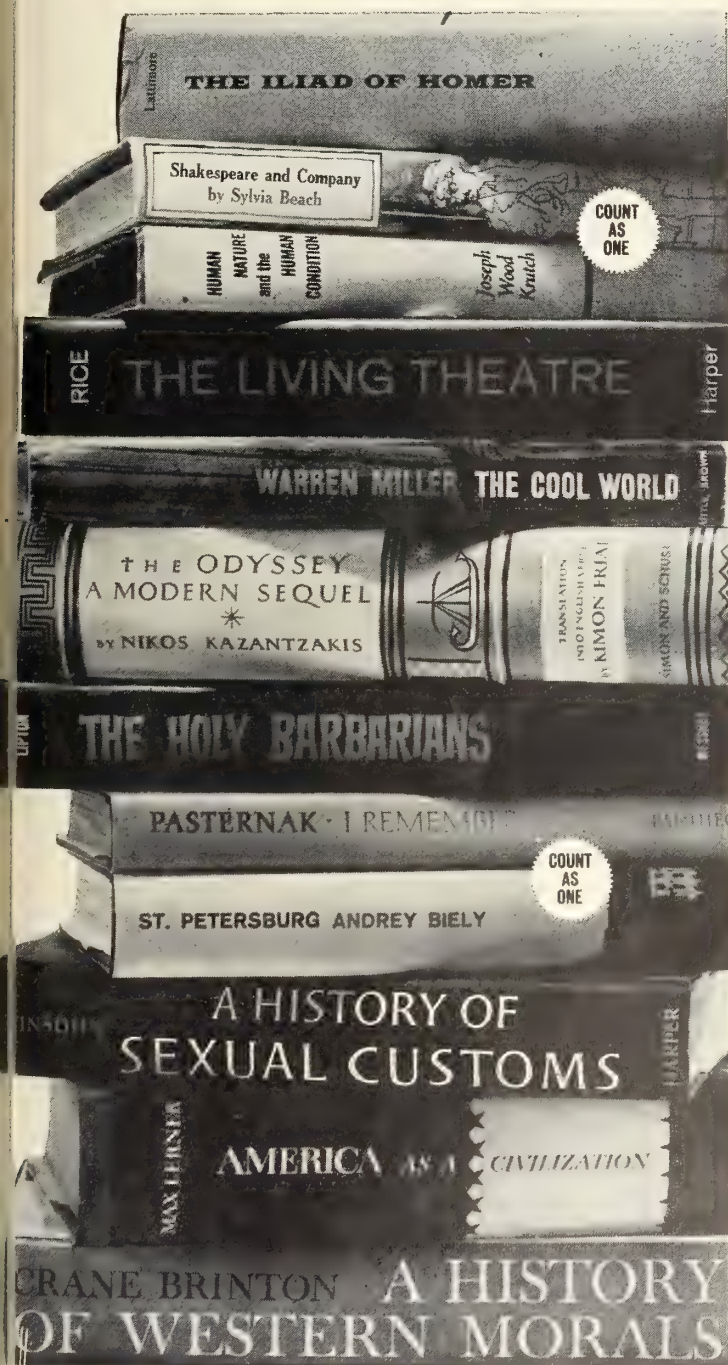
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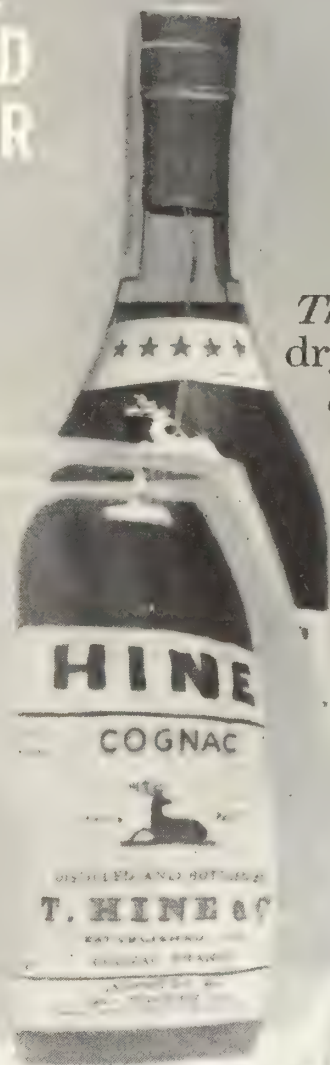
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## LETTERS

A hearty "Amen" to Dr. Menninger's plea. . . . I have argued tenaciously for the same philosophy and the most I have received in the way of a sympathetic reply is, "Stop trying to change society! Your wild idealism will bring you only frustration." I am grateful for such authoritative reinforcement.

DEBORAH STRATTON BANKS  
Evansville, Ind.

Dr. Menninger has the perception of Clarence Darrow with the additional capacity of psychiatry. Education from this type of mind is most urgently needed in this country. The state in which I live abounds in mediocre lawyers and judges. Psychiatrists are looked upon as crackpots. Our prisons are full of mental patients. Our mental hospital is a trash can for the unwanted. Capital punishment is a common occurrence. . . . People like Dr. Menninger are needed very badly.

THOMAS A. LITTLE  
Salt Lake City, Utah

## *Off in Space*

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Sense and Nonsense About Space" [August], Dr. Lee A. DuBridge certainly got his point in orbit. As one of the gullible public who believed we would have interplanetary relay stations to the moon and colonies on Mars within a few days, I was greatly enlightened.

MARILYN PERELSON  
Erasmus Hall High School  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## *Un-Crabbed Age*

TO THE EDITORS:

Sean O'Casey's article ["The Delicate Art of Growing Old," August] should be posted on bulletin boards of every hall of learning where youth is laying the foundations for not being dependent upon others for amusement in old age.

MRS. R. B. SALTELL  
Toronto, Ontario

As a person nearing his eighty-fifth birthday, I was very much moved by Mr. O'Casey's article. . . . I believe "trying to keep young" is one of the hardest things for an older person to overcome. . . . Years ago when I was chairman of the board of a settlement house, I used to listen patiently to some of the retired older officers. They were fine people but their views were not the views of the younger generation of which I was then a member. It was hard to make them appreciate what was going on. Though I think we must accept our situation gracefully, I believe there is plenty for

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## LETTERS

older people to do. . . I am glad that New York State has made it illegal to discriminate against older workers and I hope other states will follow our example.

LEO M. KETEN  
New York, N. Y.

### For the Birds

TO THE EDITORS:

Re the August Easy Chair ["How To Cure Bird-watchers," John Fischer], I'm sure many long-time *Harper's* readers like myself will call your attention to an earlier Easy Chair comment on our feathered friends which we happen to prefer. It appeared 101 years ago, in May 1858, and began:

"The time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The jubilant description of spring, in the Song of Solomon, is still unequalled. Among all the poets none have sung a sweeter strain. In all literature there is nothing more buoyant and festive, of a richer spring hue, or a livelier spring impulse, than the words which are preserved to us in such a wonderful translation. It is this very singing of birds which is the full and final certificate of the spring's arrival. The song of the first bird pierces the heart of the winter."

HORACE KNOWLES  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Knowles is the editor of the forthcoming book, *Gentlemen, Scholars and Scoundrels, A Treasury of the Best of Harper's Magazine from 1850 to the Present*. It will be published by Harper & Brothers on October 21.

THE EDITORS

### Parapsychological Puzzles

TO THE EDITORS:

Dr. Ian Stevenson ["The Uncomfortable Facts about Extrasensory Perception," July] seems to be unaware of recent and important events in the field of parapsychology. A two-year card-guessing experiment by Dr. Soal with two teen-age Welsh boys ended in April 1957. . . . The results were so successful that they are in a class by themselves. But now nearly all the experimental arrangements and results have been duplicated by the use of a (concealed) whistle giving a high-pitched sound easily audible to a teen-age boy but completely inaudible to a middle-aged or older person. . . . A demonstration by the two Welsh boys on television in London on April 27 was a complete failure. Because of the obvious fraud in these recent cases, and even more recent charges of fraud in the best of

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older cases, it cannot be claimed that the existence of telepathy has been proved, quite aside from its proper uses. . . .

As to psychokinesis, a very recent extended study (not yet published) has indicated no grounds for its existence. Some physical scientists, at any rate, are quite familiar with the published (as well as much unpublished) material of rapsycho, but we are still "waiting to be shown."

RAYMOND T. BIRGE  
Prof. of Physics, Emer.  
U. of California  
Berkeley, Calif.

According to my latest information, much of the high scoring by the Welsh boys remains unexplained. They were discovered cheating once, but not with a whistle—they were signaling by making furniture creak. Subsequently precautions were taken [to prevent this] and they continued to make high scores, even when dressed only in bathing trunks and socks to preclude the concealment of small apparatus. The high-frequency whistle can duplicate high scoring by a signal imperceptible to most people. But no one has shown at the boys used such a whistle. . . . Accusations of fraud need to be investigated as carefully as claims for the miraculous. . . .

IAN STEVENSON, M.D.  
U. of Virginia  
Charlottesville, Va.

### Mute but Happy

TO THE EDITORS:

"Our Battered Bards" ["Letters," July] proves again that those who object to it, those who enjoy, *read*. Did not we recognize the poignancy and reality of Anthony Ostroff's "A Visit to the Country" [June]? We hear Mr. Ostroff too seldom and every poem is to be cherished.

May we have more?

LOUISE WHITEHEAD  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### Other Men's Pools

TO THE EDITORS:

As a "do-it-yourself" swimming-pool enthusiast I want to express my deepest sympathy with Valre Talley Davis ["The Pool is Blue," August]. . . . A professional contractor dug the hole for my pool for \$80. Then the sides clicked automatically into place. A vinyl liner made it watertight and maintenance free. . . . you don't have to paint it. A pool vacuum cleaner whisks dirt from the bottom. An inexpensive skimmer

takes care of surface dirt. This pool is never drained; in winter the children use it for an ice-skating rink. Chemicals and other maintenance cost us about \$70 a year. With all the extras my pool cost about \$1,500—less than the average cost of two vacations. We have also licked the problem of too many visitors. No children allowed unless a parent is at poolside to act as lifeguard. Since most parents are too busy to keep track of junior, that's no longer a problem.

Mrs. Davis's complaints are, I fear, as outmoded as yesterday's bathing suits.

RICHARD BERGUSI  
Perth Amboy, N. J.

### TV and Its Viewers

Since the publication in the July Easy Chair column of a suggestion for improving TV programming, more than 700 readers have written letters of comment. Many asked what they could do to help get better TV. Here is a brief report on current developments:

1. At the request of Senator Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, the letters were turned over to him for use in a forthcoming inquiry into the state of American television. Because of the legislative log jam in the closing days of the present session of Congress, public hearings probably will be postponed until next year. Meanwhile, people who have ideas about the quality of TV broadcasting might do well to write or talk to their own Congressmen.

2. The major networks have announced plans for some impressive public-service programs in prime evening time during the current season. If it materializes, this effort surely merits an appreciative response from viewers who have been demanding better fare. Moreover, if local stations fail to carry these choice network programs, their refusal should not pass without comment.

3. One reader—Genevieve Syverud of Orinda, California—quoted Martin Luther: "He who remains silent makes himself an accomplice." She is clearly right in suggesting that the public itself is largely responsible for the kind of TV we are now getting—and that a constant stream of comment to sponsors, local stations, and networks could be the most effective weapon for improvement.

4. We believe that *Harper's*—like many other publications—must share some of the blame, because it has not provided enough informed and responsible criticism of TV. We propose to mend our ways by assigning knowledgeable critics to keep a watchful eye on what has become our most important medium of communication, and to keep our readers posted on—we hope—its progress.

THE EDITORS



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JOHN FISCHER

## *the editor's* EASY CHAIR

### Writers and Their Editors: Notes on an Uneasy Marriage

SEVERAL years ago, when my main job was editing books, I began to wonder whether it might be possible to introduce at least a trace of scientific method into a wildly unscientific business.

Every day authors or their agents would come in to get money to finance the writing of a book. Usually they would have a couple of chapters finished and an outline of the rest. Sometimes they had nothing but an idea, in their heads or scribbled on the back of an old envelope. (One agent, whose effrontery I have always admired, didn't even have that. She said she represented a radio commentator, and she suggested that if a publisher would put up \$10,000 so that he could lie on a Florida beach and think for a few weeks, he might bring back an outline for a possible book.)

On such tenuous security, publishers frequently advance sums ranging from \$500 to several thousand dollars—to be repaid out of the author's royalty, if and when he delivers a manuscript which can be published and sold to a far-from-eager public. The decision is made almost entirely on the basis of sheer hunch—or what publishers prefer to describe, wistfully, as “editorial judgment.” The editor takes a look at whatever the author has down on paper; checks the sales and reviews of his previous books, if any; finds out what he can about any recent books on a similar theme; wonders whether the buying public will have any interest in the subject when the book is published, maybe two years later; makes a personal estimate of the writer's talent, responsibility, and character—and then takes a deep breath and decides how much of the firm's money to gamble. (Even when there

is no advance to the author, publishing a book requires an investment of at least \$5,000.)

If an editor guesses wrong too often, he and his firm will be out of business. Even the best make so many bad guesses that every publishing house has to write off thousands of dollars in unearned advances each year. And the mistake of being overcautious can be equally serious; I remember with shame at least five authors whose demands I turned down as exorbitant, and who are now bringing in fat, green wads of money for rival firms.

So—like many another naïve young editor—I started to look for some clue which might help me to calculate on a less haphazard basis whether any given author would be likely to earn enough to repay the money he asked for. I made a careful study of the performance records of some two hundred writers, looking for common characteristics which would distinguish the good risks from the bad.

Two showed up. Nearly all the successful writers had them, while the failures did not. They were:

1. An abnormal supply of simple animal energy.
2. An over-charged ego.

THIS discovery proved less than revolutionary, because there is another essential ingredient—talent—which I never did learn to spot with any certainty until the writer had demonstrated it on paper, and not always then. Plenty of would-be authors are endowed with Napoleonic ego and the energy of a terrier pup, but still can't write a lick. Yet it also seems to be generally true that the most luminous talent won't get very far when the other two qualities are missing.

As a scientific finding, this may not amount to much—but for an editor it does have its uses. In addition to cutting down his bad debt figures, it can help him in developing a working partnership with his authors. For, once they have entered into their curious alliance, the editor's main jobs are then: (a) to keep his writer churning out manuscripts and (b) to nourish, protect, and shepherd that all-important ego.

The first chore is relatively straightforward. If the writer possesses that overflowing vitality which has characterized such diverse specimens as Tolstoi, Edgar Wallace, Tom Wolfe, and Dickens, he will write as naturally as a fire burns. The publisher will have to sell enough books to stoke the auctorial flames with their necessary fuel: money. On occasion he may also need to offer advice about markets, syntax, and organization of subject matter, and to prune back the luxuriant prose which unbridled energy so often produces. But if the sheer physical drive isn't there, the case is hopeless. Writing is a punishing trade, and the feeble soon drop it.

But there is nothing simple about the editor's



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second duty. Ego-nursing will take a different form with every author—but, like baby-raising, it always ought to begin with affection and respect. If an editor doesn't like authors enough to put up with their tantrums and change their emotional diapers, he is in the wrong business.

And he must understand that if a writer's ego ever wilts, he is ruined. It is the only thing that can sustain him through those lonely months while he is trying to piece together a book out of one recalcitrant word after another. Every morning he has to persuade himself, all over again, that putting marks on paper is the most important thing in the world . . . that he has something to say which thousands of people not only will listen to, but pay for . . . that it has not been said already (or anyhow not so well) by his innumerable competitors, from Homer to O'Hara . . . and therefore that his personal statement of Eternal Truth has to be recorded at all costs—even if his children starve and his neglected wife takes up canasta.

Only an ego-maniac can believe these things, for they defy all the evidence. Any rational man could see that far too many books already are being published . . . that only a small fraction of them can possibly be reviewed . . . that even these usually will encounter an invincible indifference . . . that most books are nearly as perishable as fresh vegetables, and soon doomed to be pushed off the store shelves by a fresh crop . . . that the odds therefore are overwhelmingly against any given writer making a ripple on the public consciousness. Or even making a living. For reasons noted in the special supplement on Writing in America which accompanies this issue of *Harper's*, the average novelist can rarely hope to earn as much per year as the linotypist who sets his books in type.

Yet if his ego is sturdy enough, an author can ignore these facts and turn again to his type-writer—confident that he is not like other men, and that *his* book will beat the odds. And sometimes he is right.

**T**HAT is why one veteran editor, William Sloane, once described his work as a cross between playing the horses and practicing medicine without a license. It is a kind of psychotherapy—a process of reassuring the writer constantly that his genius is unique, that the last chapter was a gem, and that the world breathlessly awaits his message.

Nor is this hypocrisy. It is true that an editor has to view the literary facts of life more realistically than a writer dares to, and that sometimes he has to administer flattery in doses that would gag an opera star. But, allowing for this therapeutic hyperbole, the editor believes what he says. He thinks his boy has what it takes, and he is backing this conviction with a big piece of the firm's money.

Phony enthusiasm, in fact, just doesn't work. The writer will soon spot it—and so will the salesmen who eventually will have to try to persuade somebody to read the finished book. So a capacity for real (and soundly-based) enthusiasm is perhaps the greatest asset an editor can have. For example, the way in which Alfred Knopf's unsquelchable enthusiasm for Joseph Conrad finally created an American market for his works is still a legend of the trade.

**Y**ET the editor cannot afford to let his author's ego get completely out of hand. He has to nurture and restrain it, both at once—a task always delicate, and sometimes impossible. He has to sort out the writer's delusions—tolerating and even encouraging those which are useful, while at the same time trying to curb those which are destructive.

The editor of a publishing house which specializes in light fiction once told me that he had worked for years with a highly successful woman novelist. Rarely in all that time did she ever talk about anything except her dominant obsession: the shameful way in which she was neglected and abused by her husbands, children, reviewers, booksellers, publishers, and public. Actually, he said, she was a pampered old dragon who got her own way in nearly everything and tyrannized the lives of everybody within reach. But her illusion was indispensable for her work. All her novels dealt with the same theme—the piteous fate of woman in an unfeeling world—and since this appealed to the streak of self-pity in millions of female readers, her books sold very well indeed. If she had ever been forced to confront the truth, she probably could never have written another line.

Again, I was puzzled for a long time by the conviction of most unsuccessful writers that no publisher will read a manuscript unless it is thrust into his unwilling hands by a friend, a wealthy aunt, or the banker who holds the mortgage on the printing press. Repeatedly I tried to explain that reading manuscripts is a publisher's business—that he gives them careful attention, whether they are delivered by the postman, an agent,\* or his own mother; that, in fact, publishers are constantly on the prowl for new talent. Hardly anybody was convinced.

At last it dawned upon me that not-yet-success-

\*Nearly a hundred literary agencies are now operating in New York. Perhaps a dozen of these have earned the full confidence of most publishing houses, because they understand the problems of both authors and editors and never submit anything which is not a real possibility for a particular publisher's list. Consequently, manuscripts from them often get prompter attention; but no reputable firm ever declines a manuscript, from any source, without at least one responsible reading.



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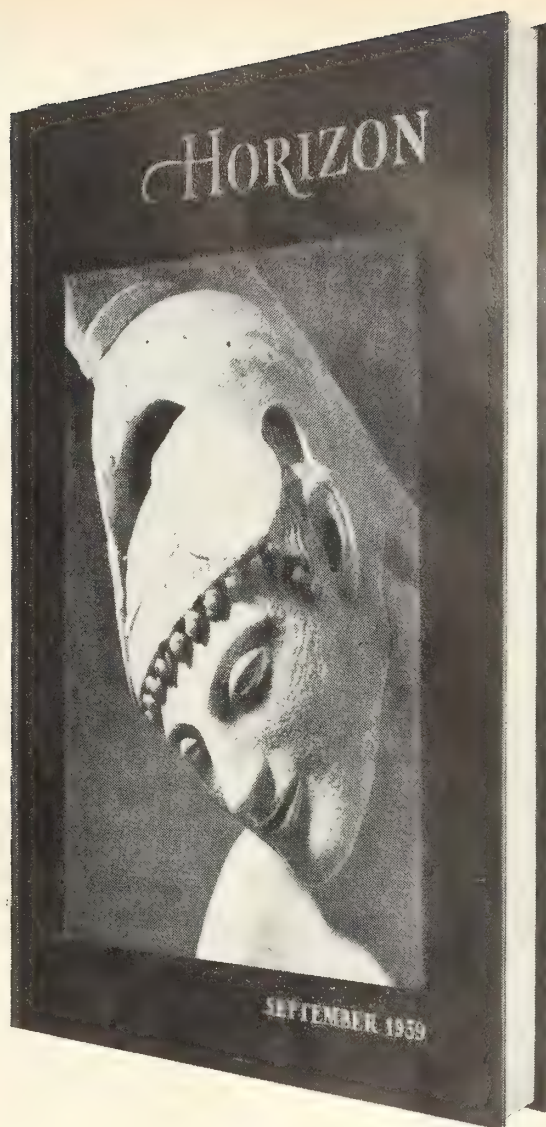
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ful writers need this myth, and that it is both useless and cruel to try to dispel it. Suppose you have labored for two years over *The Great American Novel*, investing in it all the passion and talent at your command. Then it is rejected in quick succession by eleven publishers. There can be two possible explanations:

1. Nobody ever read it—or at best it was skimmed by some callow, cock-drinking junior reader, who couldn't recognize genius if it kicked him in the teeth.

2. The novel is no good.\*

Which would you believe? Which would you *have* to believe, if you planned to embark on another novel?

THIS necessity for maintaining an unshakable faith in his own talent sometimes leads an author into fantasies which are less benign. It then becomes the editor's responsibility to disillusion him. However tactful the editor may be, the process is always painful; and it is this which so often makes their relationship a tense and unstable one.

For instance, when the sale of a book is disappointing, the author always knows who's to blame. If it has been advertised properly—with billboards, skywriting, and TV commercials—if only the publisher had seen to it that the *New York Times* reviewed this work, instead of wasting its space on Faulkner and Hemingway—then surely the public would have discovered it, in carload lots.

At this juncture the editor may try to explain that the firm already has spent far more on advertising than the book could hope to earn. . . . that book reviewers can neither be pressured nor cajoled—and that any publisher who tries will soon regret it. . . . that the public seems to be tiring of sensitive novels about the torments of adolescence. . . . that a sale of 3,182 copies of a first novel really is pretty good. . . . and that maybe we will all have better luck with the next one, especially if the narrative pace is a little faster.

These home truths (*Cont.* p. 2)

\*A third possibility is that eleven experienced editors read it—and all of them guessed wrong. This has happened with the result that a twelfth publisher profited from their mistakes; but such cases are extremely rare.





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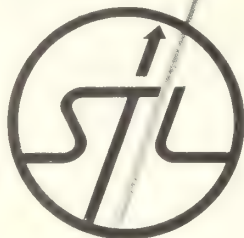
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## THE EASY CHAIR

are no comfort to the author.\* Qu... possibly they will merely encourage him to look for another publisher.

The same thing may happen when the editor offers advice on a manuscript. It may be his plain duty to point out that the heroine sounds like a fifth carbon of Scarlett O'Hara and that a thirty-thousand-word description of Terre Haute in 18... might well be cut out of the opening chapter. The writer may recognize these hints as sound and accept them gratefully. Or—you never can tell—he may regard them as a vote of no confidence and a Philistine assault upon the integrity of his work.

For this reason, it is never wise to show a reader's report to the author. Such reports are probably the best literary criticism being written anywhere. They often sum up the strengths, weaknesses, sales potential, and literary stature of a manuscript with remarkable precision. The *New Yorker* recently observed, in a memorial note about the late Wolcott Gibbs, that if his written editorial opinions "could be released to the world (as they most assuredly can't be), they would make probably a funnier and sounder critique of creative writing in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties than has ever been assembled." But such reports customarily are written with a succinct, pitiless candor which might easily wound an author to his very gizzard. Consequently a prudent editor keeps the original in a locked file, and transmits the gist of it to the author in gentler (not to say muffled) terms.

Another thing which some writers find hard to tolerate is the idea that an editor is not a private possession like a one-man dog. This type (fortunately not very common) wanders full-time, undivided attention—not only to his literary affairs, but also to his plane reservations, theater ticket and romantic tangles. Any reminder that the editor now and then has to

Nothing is—short of astronomical sales and undiluted acclaim. And nobody is immune to the pangs of authorship. Between stints of editing, I once wrote a couple of books myself. To my astonishment, I found that I developed all the standard symptoms, although I knew perfectly well that my expectations were silly and my demands unreasonable.



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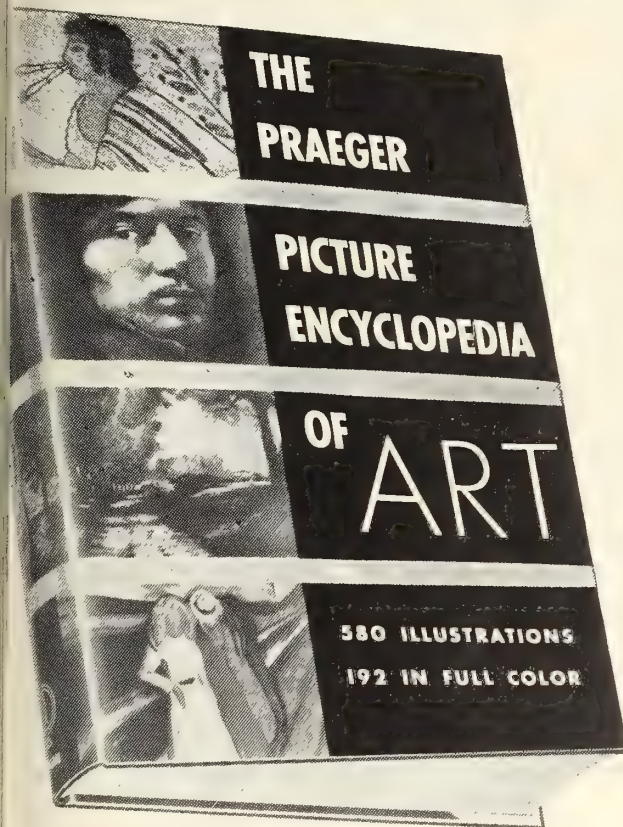
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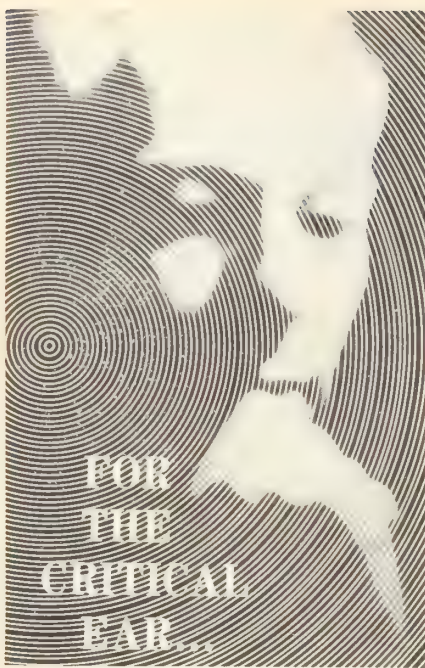
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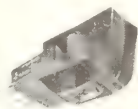


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deal with the problems of other authors is likely to touch off a spasm of jealous anger, accompanied in extreme cases by accusations of neglect and disloyalty. This syndrome (at least in my experience) occurs most frequently among women; perhaps it has something to do with their innate prejudice against polygamy.

BUT the author's ego is not the only potential source of friction. Editors also have egos which can cause trouble—and with far less justification.

The main danger here is that the editor may try, consciously or unconsciously, to impose his own conceptions on the writer. This is most apt to happen if the editor is himself a frustrated author; he may then—usually without realizing it—attempt to influence a novelist to produce the epic *he* had wanted to create. The upshot almost surely will be a disaster for everybody.

Or an editor may grow dogmatic. If he ever begins to think that he knows exactly how every kind of book ought to be written, and that he can guess infallibly what the public wants, then he is coming down with that special form of *hubris* which is the occupational disease of his profession. It will make him miss both the truly original work of art and the good commercial item which—according to conventional rules—should be unsalable.

I hate to remember the time when James R. Newman first told me his scheme for a history of mathematics. We were working together on a wartime intelligence assignment which had taken us to London, and one evening while we were drinking beer in his room at the Athenaeum Court Hotel he outlined his project. He wanted to gather all the basic documents of mathematical thought and arrange them into an anthology which would trace the development of the science in the words of the masters themselves. It would be a big book—perhaps 500 pages. What did I think of it?

I told him it was impossible. Nobody would buy it; its subject was too specialized—in fact to most people (including me) downright repellent—and it would be far too costly to manufacture. Why didn't he turn his energies to something practical,

such as a book on chess—a subject on which he was equally expert. Jim said he was bored with chess.

A week or so later he said he'd revised his plan. He now thought the book should be two volumes—a really comprehensive work—that make it sound more promising. I said no, it sounded worse. The next night I flew to North Africa.

We didn't meet again until the war was over. Jim then told me that he had been plugging away at his anthology, in spite of my advice that it had grown to four volumes and that Simon & Schuster was going to publish it. I was dumfounded. S & S, always known as a real shrewd outfit, must have lost their minds.

The rest is almost too humiliating for me to repeat. As everybody in the trade now knows, Newman's *The World of Mathematics* became a phenomenon of publishing. Priced at an impossible \$25, it sold more than 120,000 sets—in addition to contribution by two book clubs—and still selling a steady three thousand copies a year. It also shattered my confidence in my publishing judgment, probably for good.

BUT all this may be giving a wrong impression. In spite of such calamities, the editing of books is one of the more cheerful trades. It has the excitement of gambling. (Before I got into it, I used to play poker quite a lot, though badly; afterward I found I got enough action in my daytime.) Exasperating as they sometimes are, writers are seldom dull and no two are alike; so the business has none of the monotony which must afflict a manufacturer of, say, canned milk. But the biggest psychological income is the editor's feeling that he often helps to bring to birth a tale or an idea. He can, in his better moments, think of himself as a midwife to the culture of his time—a participant in the process by which civilization is created, preserved, and handed on from one generation to another.

In his bad moments, though, an editor may feel that his profession is almost as painful as an undertaker's. The really depressing part has nothing to do with the wrong guesses or the trying habits of authors. It is just the constant necessity of saying: "No."

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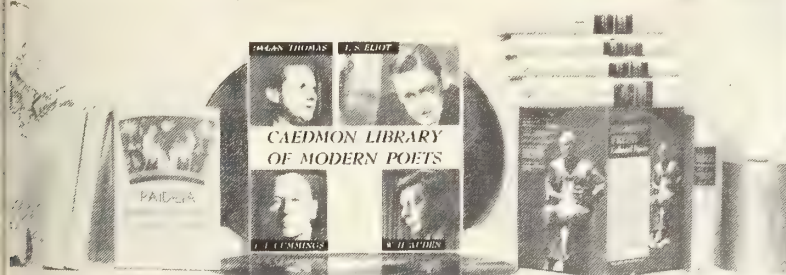
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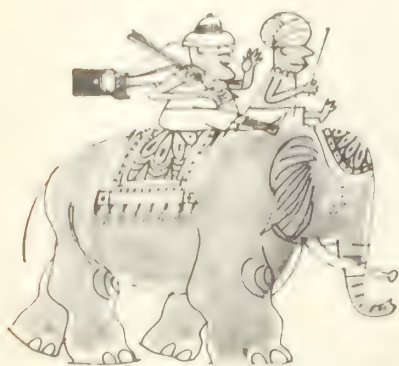
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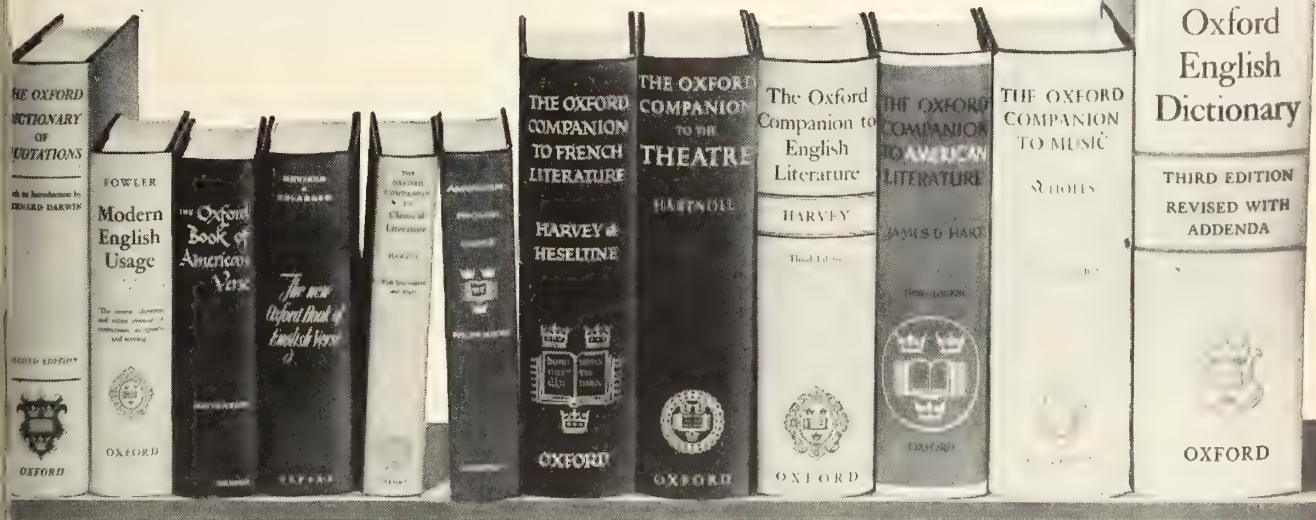
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## PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

## THE FREEST LIVES

IN "Which Side of the Atlantic" (p. 163), C. P. Snow finds that American writers more than British tend to support themselves by teaching in universities. It happens that four of the eleven authors contributing to this month's supplement on Writing in America live that way at present. These are Alfred Kazin, Vance Bourjaily, Robert Brustein, and Archibald MacLeish, who teach at Amherst, Iowa, Columbia, and Harvard respectively. Most of the others have taught in the past (Elizabeth Hardwick, Frank Yerby, C. P. Snow himself, Kingsley Amis, and Stanley Kunitz), most have lectured before university audiences; all went somewhere to college. Both Mr. MacLeish and Mr. Kunitz have something to say in their articles (pp. 158 and 173) about the university as a place for writers to work.

The university does indeed supply one common denominator in the experience of most modern American writers (even if it doesn't give them all jobs)—one element which provides some sense of knowing their audience that foreigners find almost impossible to discover in America.

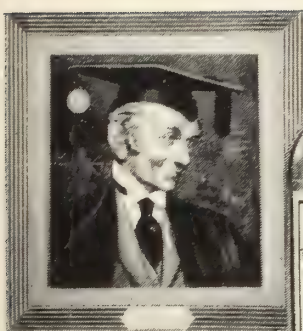
The quality of the common experience, of course, is anything but uniform, and no single institution can stand as the archetype. The closest perhaps to being typical are the state universities. And of these, Wisconsin—described by David Boroff in the lead article (p. 33)—probably represents to a majority of American undergraduates and to many faculty members and some writers the idea of the good life. In estimating its worth as an idea, it might be useful to compare C. P. Snow's measured judgment on life in a traditional English college, in his superb novel, *The Masters*.

"I had the luck to live intimately among half-a-dozen different variations. Of all those I had the chance to see, the college was the place where men lived the least anxious, the most comforting, the freest lives."

A minimum of anxiety, together with a maximum of comfort and freedom, are measures of value worth considering, if not necessarily man's highest or only goals. In these terms one would have to ignore manifold worries, inconveniences, and inhibitions to call the University of Wisconsin a truly good place. Indeed the classic English "college" system Wisconsin offers a thundering contrast—with its emphasis on horseplay, rural affections, relaxed exchanged ideas, democracy among students and faculty, open careerist rivalry, informal if not boorish manners, intellectual modesty, mingling of the brightest with the dullest young men and, as David Boroff says, "vision." It is indeed a world apart from the polite, cloistered college in *The Masters* and to dispute with it Charles—perhaps a more challenging environment for writers.

... "On Wisconsin!" is the first of three articles on American colleges and universities by David Boroff. This series—to continue in November and December with studies of Birmingham-Southern and of an unusual experiment in higher education on the West Coast—is a follow-up of his popular and controversial articles last year on Harvard, Sarah Lawrence, and Brooklyn College. Mr. Boroff, a lecturer in English at Brooklyn College where he is faculty adviser to the student literary magazine, an lecturer to many outside groups. He did much of the writing of the articles last summer at Green Mountains, a resort in the Adirondacks where he gives weekly lectures on





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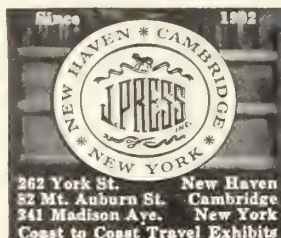
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## P & O

acts, rather remotely, as "resident intellectual."

During the past year Mr. Borde was confidential secretary to Charles H. Silver, president of the Board of Higher Education of the City of New York. Now on leave from that job he is completing a book on American colleges (based on this series) for publication next spring by Harper & Brothers, and doing research for a book on the garment center for Lippincott. His own university background includes Brooklyn College, Yale, and Columbia.

## THE WOLF SMILE

Wallace Stegner's picture of steel-cold Saskatchewan in the bitter March of 1907 ("The Wolfer," p. 5) hardly suggests the summer vacation land that the Tourist Branch of the provincial government has beautifully publicized in 1959. But on the official highway map of Saskatchewan you can find a half-dozen of the places Mr. Stegner mentions. No adays, Canada's transcontinent Route 1 (bituminous surface) runs between the Big Stick Lake and Cypress Hills areas; Eastend (or terminus of the Mountie's patrol in the story) is on an oil-surfaced road and Willow Bunch is on the Canadian National Railway. The pamphlets entice you to visit the Cypress Hills Provincial Park (where the "wolfer" Schulz camped in summer) 35 miles north of the Montana border; there are excellent cabins, heated swimming pool, boating, fishing, horseback riding, and golf—well as a "living museum of natural history." In hunting season Saskatchewan is a sportsman's dream with moose, deer, elk, caribou, and bear, geese, grouse, and pheasants. But the pamphlets say nothing about wolves—perhaps because trappers like Schulz have made a living over the years by killing them, perhaps because wolves are not considered tourist attractions. Nevertheless they have their defenders. In 1953, in the Brooks Range, the northernmost mountains of North America, two Colorado citizens, Lois and Herb Crisler, spent an Arctic winter photographing caribou and wolves.

Lois Crisler's recent book, *Arctic Wild*, tells how they made friends with some young wolves and came

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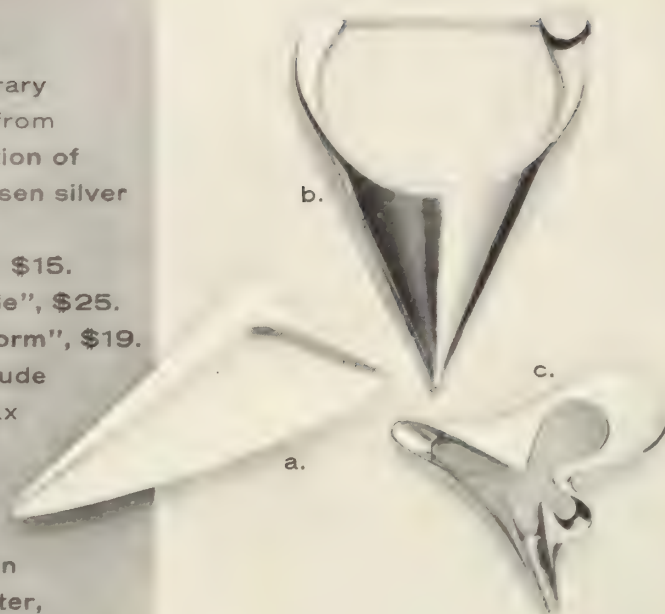
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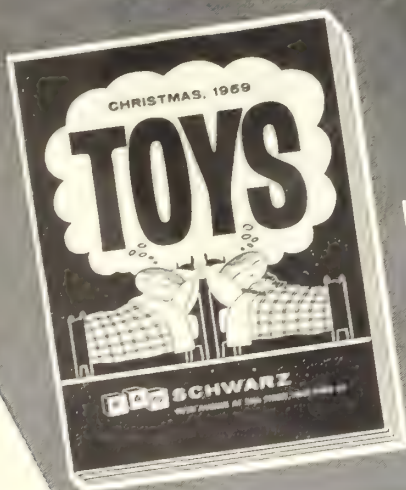


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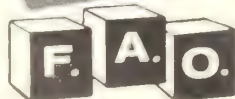
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to know—among many other surprising traits the wolf "smile" . . . "surely one of the prettiest, most endearing gestures in the world."

The wolf named Lady smiled, Mr. Crisler says, "with her whole body. She humped her back like an inverted smile. She sleeked her ears into her fur and tossed her big forepaws gaily to either side as well back and forth, as if they were universal joints. . . . She tilted her head aside and lifted her opposite forepaw high, as if entreating friendliness. She looked up at Cris with an expression of pure joy. . . . When you see [a wolf's eyes] a few feet away they are level and large and as clear as pure water, gray or gold or green according to mood and individual wolf. The changeable black pupils enlarging readily with emotion, may be radiant or lighted by the fiercest spark of anxiety or anger. . . ."

Nevertheless, at Barrow village 1953, Eskimos were collecting scraps of dead wolves, and after the Crislers went home, they learned the Trigger—one of their wolf-companions—had been killed for the \$5 bounty. It seems harder these days to keep the men off the wolves than the wolves off men. To the Arctic biologist, the retreat of the wolves is one of man's saddest victories in our time.

. . . "The Woller" is part of a book Wallace Stegner is writing about the Saskatchewan frontier. He is professor of English and director of the writing program at Stanford University and is now on sabbatical to write and travel, expecting to work part of the winter at the American Academy in Rome. This year his wife was appointed editor of the O. Henry Prize Stories.

Mr. Stegner's books include *The Preacher and the Slave* and *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*. Harper's has published many of his stories and this new one was chosen as especially appropriate for an issue of the magazine emphasizing American writing today.

. . . Unless the citizens of New York State vote "No" this November, the best part of the Adirondack forests will go the way of the wolves. So say Robert and Leona Rienow in "Why Spoil the Adirondacks?" (p. 74), taking issue with the state's highway engineers, the state legislature, and

Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller.

Professor and Mrs. Rienow are active conservationists and have had a hand in saving many nature sanctuaries. Mr. Rienow has been president of the Eastern New York Chapter of Nature Conservancy for five years and is a member of its Board of Governors. He is professor of political science at the State University of New York, and he and his wife have each written several books. Their latest—written in collaboration—is *Our New Life with the Atom*, published by Crowell. It deals with the political and biological hazards of atomic development.

... The fevered partisan of the Stanley Steamer (p. 41) is a sober and distinguished Cincinnati physician, **Dr. Howard D. Fabing**. His previous contribution to *Harper's*—an article on "Toads, Mushrooms, and Schizophrenia" (May 1957)—explored the strange lore and chemistry of the hallucinatory drugs, another of the author's multiple enthusiasms.

Dr. Fabing admits that he really is gone on steam and has been building an experimental steamboat for pleasure-cruising on the Ohio River, where Nicholas Roosevelt sailed the first steamboat on inland waters in 1811 and ran into an earthquake, a flood, and an attack by Chickasaw Indians. At last reports, Dr. Fabing's *Penelope*, named for this forebear, had escaped such hazards but was having boiler and smoke-stack troubles of her own.

... **Joseph P. Lash**, who portrays "The Man on the 38th Floor" (p. 47), has been covering the UN for the New York *Post* since the Korean War and has attended almost all of Dag Hammarskjold's press conferences. On occasion word has come down to "tell Lash he is out on a limb" or a delegate has reported that Hammarskjold had quoted a column by Lash. But one of the difficulties about portraying the engaging, though enigmatic Secretary-General is that he insists that "private talks are private."

Mr. Lash also lectures at New York University on foreign affairs and is active in the Americans for Democratic Action, the American Jewish Congress, and the American Veterans Committee.

... **Charles Schaeffer and Art Cosing**, the authors of "How Much Poison Are You Breathing?" (p. 62), live in the suburbs of Washington, D. C. Mr. Cosing is an information specialist at the National Heart Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, and Mr. Schaeffer is the Congressional reporter for *Aviation Daily* and a former reporter for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*. They graduated from the University of Maryland in 1950, where they co-edited a campus humor magazine, and they have collaborated ever since. Their present big work together is a novel satirizing the Cold War, *The Air-conditioned Ark*.

... **Vittorio Rieti's** ballet about race horses and jockeys which goes by the name of "Native Dancers" is being produced this fall for the second season by George Balanchine at the City Center of Music and Drama in New York. In "Mr. Balanchine Builds a Ballet" (p. 67) **Robert Kotlowitz** gives a backstage report of its rehearsal and development and a unique account of the choreographer's art.

Mr. Kotlowitz lives in Manhattan with his wife and two small sons, works for RCA Records, and writes for *Esquire*, *High Fidelity*, and other magazines. He was educated at Johns Hopkins and at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, was an infantryman in World War II, and formerly was an associate editor of *Discovery* and *Pocket Books*.

... As an international correspondent, **Martha Gellhorn** (p. 78) has lived in many cities and countries since leaving her native St. Louis. She wrote her most recent book (*The Face of War*) in London, which seems to her the most "livable" of cities. This fall she and her husband, T. S. Matthews, are traveling in the United States collecting material for a book on America.

... **Robert Graves** sent us his poem about "Catkind" (p. 77) from the island of Majorca, where he has lived for several years. A Londoner born, he has traveled far and written many books, including *They Hanged My Saintry Billy* and *The White Goddess*. His *Collected Poems* were published in 1955.



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# Harper's MAGAZINE

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## ON WISCONSIN!

How a great state university tries to offer an education—scholarly, practical, or playful—for nearly everybody. The first in a series of articles on widely different types of schools in the Midwest and South and on the Pacific Coast.

DAVID BOROFF

THE casual visitor to Madison, Wisconsin, is often bemused by the sight of rival state capitols, a mile apart on the main thoroughfare. One of these buildings bulks large behind a huge statue of Abe Lincoln, seated, brooding, and timeless.

Actually it is not a state capitol; it is Bascom Hall, the antique nerve center of the University of Wisconsin—in many ways the archetype of the Big Ten and certainly one of the most vigorous of our state universities. The way the two “capitols” confront each other across a mile of department store and supermarket is no accident, for at Wisconsin the relationship between legislature and university is intimate, contentious, and fruitful. The University occupies the higher ground, and this, too, has symbolic overtones.

“Madison is the only place where the academician looks down on the politician,” an alumnus told me recently, when I visited the city. And it is clear that no politician can propel his career by attacking the University. Even Senator McCarthy, at his snarling worst, refrained from taking on Bascom Hill, despite its history of

liberalism at least equal to that of Harvard.

The University of Wisconsin, encompassing hill and wood and plain and fronting the waters of Lake Mendota, is a merging of dizzying polarities. It is a state institution with relaxed admission standards. (“Any high-school graduate in the state who really wants to can shoulder his way in,” an official admitted.) Nevertheless, it is one of America’s great universities, with a Ph.D. production rate—the Dow-Jones yardstick of the academic world—up among the leaders. Amiably schizophrenic, it is at once an intellectual center and a playground for adolescents with an indomitable appetite for fun. It is where rural Wisconsin meets urban sophistication. Beer cascades endlessly, as one might expect in Wisconsin. Yet the Student Union sells five times as much milk as beer; at 10:00 A.M. huge farm boys sip containers of milk while waiting for their next class. UW is a seat of liberalism, and its academic freedom statement of 1894 still reverberates; but the supervision of student life is repressively mid-Victorian. (Here rural values triumph, and the gaunt presence of mythical Aunt Minnie of Kenosha is heeded.)

Such collisions of opposites engender little comment. Last spring no one saw anything surprising in two adjacent art exhibitions at the Student Union. One was a cornball collection



of Norman Rockwell's Americana; the other, a group of impenetrable and tortured canvases by German expressionists. The Hoofers, stolid partisans of ski trail and mountain, are next door to as arty a theater crowd as can be found west of Chicago. The silos and pigpens of the School of Agriculture border the tennis courts, alive with shapely girls in short shorts. It is a school where fusty professors are football-happy and the annual Military Ball must share the limelight with the annual *anti*-Military Ball. Its lake is legendary, but for most of the year it is locked in a Siberian winter. A final paradox: UW is in the heartland of America, but its personality is ineradicably European. The University has sturdy departments of Germanic and Scandinavian studies, and its new President, Conrad Elvehjem, is a proud member of the Ygdrasil Norwegian Literary Society.

In short, UW is an academic cosmos, where the enterprising student can find almost anything he wants. The statistics are awesome. To its 17,000 students (12,000 undergraduates, 5,000 graduate students) UW offers a staggering 1,350 courses in 86 departments, ranging from the most crassly vocational (Office Procedures) to the most magnificently useless (Advanced Sanskrit). It has a physical plant worth more than \$84 million, and its annual operating budget exceeds \$50 million. One thousand scholars, out of a faculty of 3,000, hover over 1,500 research projects. Students from every state and 70 foreign countries jam its fraternities, dorms, and rooming houses. The main campus is so far-flung that there is a bus from the faculty parking lot



*The Capitol from Bascom Hill*

to Bascom Hall. Its marching song, "On Wisconsin," is known to more millions than any other and has been endlessly pirated. Traditionally it has the best boxing team in the college world, although its male students seem slow to anger.

The unique flavor of the school—the way citizen-student and administrator stand nose to nose—was reflected in a recent meeting of the Contemporary Trends class at which President Elvehjem was a speaker. A sports-shirted student

got up and asked bluntly if friction between the President and Dr. Joshua Lederberg was responsible for the departure of the Nobel Prize winner to the promised land of Stanford University. This struck Dr. Elvehjem as an entirely reasonable question, and he explained Lederberg's departure in terms of shifting research interests.

The populist tradition is deeply imbedded in the "Wisconsin Idea," the conviction that the University belongs to the people and should render service to it—"a wedding of soil and seminar." This is expressed in extension centers, in research, and in the travels of the University's resident artist, Aaron Bohrod, who tours the state talking art to farmers and their wives. As part of its extension service, the University will answer almost any question asked by a responsible citizen. The late Selig Perlman, professor of labor economics, said reverently: "Wisconsin civilized the United States." He meant such things as workmen's compensation and social security, in which the state, under the leadership of University personnel, pioneered.

#### SLICKERS AND BUMPKINS

WISCONSIN used to boast that it has more cows than people. UW, however, is no "cow college." In fact, its ag students are the new Organization Men of farming headed for careers in food processing, farm machinery, or government service. Authentic bumpkins can be found among the short-course students in farming, for whom only grade-school education is required.

Social cartographers abound at UW, and they are quick to divide the students into Langdon Street (fraternity row), the dorm crowd, and the Independents. Langdon Street is identified with fun, anti-intellectual vigilantism, and consumption of beer little less than heroic. The dorm students—most of them at the far end of the campus—are reputed to be small-town or rural, ingenuous, and intellectually unformed. Their typical majors are home economics, agriculture, and education. The Independents (called G.D.I. by Langdon Street—God-damned Independents) spill out of rooming houses and apartments to oppose Langdon Street Philistia. They provide the soldiery of dissent on campus and man the few frail barricades of radical causes.

There is a sharp urban-rural split at UW. A sociologist summed up the rural personality: "The rural kids tend to be absolutist in matters of religion and family. They see divorce as an evil; they lean towards 'familism,' with relatives

as part of the inner family. They are not really independent because of the extended family pattern. The University is expected to stand *in loco parentis*. We're really euchred into a semi-parent position." This has a great deal to do with the tight mesh of regulations under which the students chafe.

A graduate assistant in English from New York City observed: "The urban students are more acute; they catch on faster. But they sometimes have a superficial brightness. Rural kids are ingenuous, friendly, and less artificial." They are also almost totally lacking in irony, and he described with amusement the Chicago girl who sits and smiles with a sense of superiority whenever he indulges in irony. Her smile says, "You and I get it, but the others surely don't."

Martha Petersen, the amiable and perceptive Dean of Women, observed that city girls with problems "have a big thing about going to the psychiatrist." On the other hand, to refer a small-town girl for therapy, "you have to sneak up on her."

The small-town girl sets modest goals. She is unlikely to think of a glamorous career in the State Department, and some with a four-point index (as close as you can get to scholastic charisma) are content to settle for elementary school teaching.

There are striking differences in social life too. A rural boy came to a house-fellow and asked him for "some topics of conversation for a date." Another bucolic gallant is in the habit of carrying three-by-five cards with deft little conversational gambits neatly typed on them. Formal parties scare some of the country kids to death.

#### LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE

SEX morality has its rural and urban variations. When rural girls become involved in intimate relationships it is because of a deep and solemn love. They are often appalled at the cavalier way some of the more sophisticated girls have affairs with only a mild affection or a hazily defined intellectual compatibility as sanction.

Carnal anarchy prevails no more at UW than at other universities. Certainly, the administration exercises a steely-eyed vigilance. (A recent satiric skit has the president saying: "I spend 90 per cent of my time regulating the sex life of students, football for the alumni, and parking for the faculty.") Nevertheless, in warm weather there are beaches and cars. In the winter, according to a dorm supervisor, "sex is more challenging." Satyrs don't gambol in Midwestern

groves, but it would be naïve to assume too much sexual quiescence. However, students feel little need to dramatize their sexual liberation. In fact, this generation of students is much given to trappings of virtue. A member of a big "social" fraternity said: "Oh, the boys talk about sexy girls. They like to take them out once or twice but don't want to go steady with them." And the women students, for the most part, are girdled in propriety. However, one girl, a free-wheeling Independent, observed tartly: "The vividness with which so many nice girls describe what happens to *other* girls would suggest that they're not as pure as they say."

Last spring, a mass-circulation magazine featured a provocative article entitled: "Are We Making a Playground Out of College?" In it, UW was severely castigated as a high capital of frivolity. The *Daily Cardinal*, UW's newspaper, said: "We've made Wisconsin a playground; it's up to us to reconvert it into an institution of higher learning." A student leader, however, declared: "I'm proud that we're a college playground. They refer to us as the dead generation, but the fact that we pull some of our humorous events is a distinguishing feature." A young man in the student Senate explained:

"When visitors from Iowa come on a weekend, they tend to overdo things, because this is supposed to be a big play school. Students, however, don't go out on a nine-month bender."

Then he pondered a moment and added, "Not unless they can adjust to it."

"Adjust or drown," another boy said, as he hoisted his can of beer.

How much fun is enough? Has the University attained a balance between the life of ideas and extracurricular activity, or is the very notion of a great university sponsoring the elaborate apparatus of fun an absurdity? Some faculty members think it is. "Our prestige goals are wrong; they're largely social," a professor said. ("College professors everywhere think their students are stupid," an administrator countered.) This much is clear: the pursuit of fun is ubiquitous. There is little surcease from the relentless sequence of Homecoming (floats and parades), Humorology (skits), Campus Carnival, Haresfoot ("All our girls are men, and everyone's a lady"), weekends on lakes (for which fraternities charter buses), dances, and parties, parties, parties. One of these was a "Pink and Blue Party" where, in an unwitting parody of themselves, the boys came in blue, the girls in pink, "and they were all supposed to look like children."

There may be something amiss when only



seven students turn up for an academic freedom forum, while thousands mill around at Campus Carnival. (It is only fair to point out, however, that J. Robert Oppenheimer and Eleanor Roosevelt drew capacity crowds when they gave talks.) Or it may simply be as one corn-fed girl remarked: "When we work, we work hard; when we play, we play hard."

This playfulness sometimes has an unexpected element of social criticism. The word "Mickeymouse," UW argot for trivial, is constantly in use as if the students are looking uneasily over their own shoulders. Two years ago, a naval ROTC unit was proudly doing close-order drill in a crowded stadium between halves of a big football game. Suddenly, out of Badger Block, the chauvinist cheering section, came a derisive song: "M-i-c-k-e-y-m-o-u-s-e. That's the way you spell Mickeymouse." (There has long been opposition to compulsory ROTC.) Throughout the enormous stadium, students picked up the chant.

Fraternity and sorority row incurs a good deal of animus about UW's overdeveloped play habits, since the Greeks are the chief artisans of fun. And beer consumption is the hallmark of the fraternity man. (State Street leading away from Bascom Hill is lined with beer joints.) A girl from Sweden described beer parties as "just a huge noise. You don't even get to know the boys because they're drunk before you even get settled." A sorority girl frowned at the mention of beer. "It gets to be an obsession with some boys," she said. "At a party I asked for a Coke. My date was so embarrassed, he asked me to pour the Coke into an empty beer can."

A fraternity boy, with a scrupulous sense of the fitness of things, said: "We want lots of milk on the table during the week and lots of beer on Friday and Saturday nights."

I attended a fraternity party—liquid and raucous—in which the empty beer cans were placed neatly on top of one another in the shape of a pyramid. It mounted to the ceiling as the evening went on. Another party had a rock 'n' roll combo (Blackjack Corfines and his Hound-dogs), and couples twitched spasmodically to the music.

UW students take a wry pride in having fathered the panty raid. There was also a small flurry of phone-booth jamming, some of it engineered by a local department store which offered prize money for a contest in front of the store. But UW's particular genius for horseplay expresses itself in the water fight. After Wisconsin comes the deluge. Students pelting each other with buckets of water may conceivably be some

kind of Jungian fertility ceremony. It is certainly part of the rites of spring.

I arrived in Madison on a soft spring night, the first warm evening of the year. More than a thousand students milled around Langdon Street under the benevolent surveillance of the police. (In the old days they used to fire their pistols over the heads of the students.) The students offered a persuasive rationale for water fights. They had endured a bitter winter. "You didn't know which was more confining," a student explained, "the four walls of your room or the snowbanks outside." Springtime is the great liberation. Couples can hold hands without fear of frostbite. And the cracking of Lake Mendota, which had taken place just a few weeks before, was apparently sheer drama.

#### DATING AND RATING

**S**Ocial life at UW has characteristic *élan*. The girls, of course, are coolly marriage-conscious. ("I just wish they would admit it," a boy said testily.) The ratio of men to women—twelve to five—is helpful. The royal road to matrimony was outlined to me: lavaliered in the sophomore year; pinned in the junior year; engaged in the senior year. To be sure, there are anxieties. A sorority girl confessed that if she is dateless on Saturday night she hesitates to be seen on Langdon Street. A fraternity boy remarked that he is taunted by his brothers if he chooses to study on Friday evening.

"I think it's a freshman's school," a sophomore girl said. "Freshman year is a big blast. You're a new face and it's all snow and beer and fraternities. Then when you're a sophomore you see the boys on the street, and it's just 'Hi.' In the meantime, they're looking over the new crop."

The Greeks and Independents glare at each other balefully. (The dorm crowd, though populous, is reputed to be out of things, insulated by a bucolic torpor.) The Independents watch the pageantry of play with awed disapproval. The fraternity houses strike them as indecently Sybaritic—some are remarkably luxurious—or childish. (One house is ornamented with a toilet bowl and a Model T Ford at its entrance.) Sorority girls are stereotyped as trench-coated, short-haired, and rah-rah. "The sorority stuff," a Student Union activist observed, "is even more Mickeymouse than the Union. Here are seventy-five girls who are automatically my friends because we all paid our dues."

The fraternity boys do their share of glowering. "The Independents are just people who

don't fit into groups," one of them said. And an angry polemicist summed up the Bohemian fringe: "They scorn conformity, yet they all look alike. Each gray face and each black-stockinged leg, and each uncombed head looks like every other. They scorn the Bascom Hill cult without realizing that they are just as conformist."

Sooner or later, everybody meets at the Memorial Union, the self-styled "living-room" of UW. Occupied daily by about 14,000 people, it is at once cultural heart of the University, lounge, restaurant, art gallery, workshop, forum, dance hall, meeting room, theater, and more. (It also has a lovely dining terrace on the lake). No student need stray from campus, for the Union is both Parnassus and juke joint. On a Saturday night last spring, the Dolphins (water ballet) were splashing synchronously at one end of the campus; in the Union actors were posturing elegantly in scenes from "The Importance of Being Earnest"; and a costume dance was in progress in a ballroom, where a Burmese student did an interminable fire dance. Meanwhile, the Rathskeller (invariably called "The Rat") churned with talk, boy met girl in cavernous corners of the gloomy cellar, the juke box jumped, and all activity, solemn or gay, was lubricated by a flow of 3.2 beer—and milk.

The Rat is the hangout for bearded rebels, sandaled folk singers, and foreign students—as well as for small-town types enthralled by the colorful outlanders. But despite a lot of official rhetoric about foreign students, all is not well. A campus survey revealed that though students are willing to live in the same house with members of minority groups, they are reluctant to date them. Over half would not date a Negro or Oriental; a third side-steps social contact with Latin Americans. Not unexpectedly, fraternity

and sorority people are less tolerant than others.

The bulletin boards proclaim the teeming diversity of campus life. Under the sign for the Annual Military Ball (ROTC formal) is the announcement of the third annual anti-Military Ball (informal, with recorded music) whose theme is "The Street Where You Lived, or Dig You Later, Atom Crater." The anti-Military Ball's attendance doubled last spring (from 200 to 400) and was enlivened by an attempted kidnapping of its organizers as a reprisal for the abduction, by parties unknown, of a guard at the Military Ball. Even grave political issues begin to sound like something out of an old-fashioned college musical at UW.

Wisconsin, of course, has Big Football. Even the more serious students respond to the zip and sparkle of a football weekend. One student described football as the only communal activity at the University, and he spoke with genuine affection of the march to the stadium ("Nobody would think of driving"). To the highly sophisticated, football is a kind of secret vice publicly enjoyed. No intellectual will openly espouse it though he may attend all the games.

A professor who grew up in the Midwest defined his attitude: "I like football. I like the pageantry. But colleges ought to hire good football teams and stop pretending the game has anything to do with education." One faculty member suggested that the Chicago Bears be hired as artists-in-residence.

President Elvehjem pointed out that the athletic budget is a modest million dollars against eleven million for research. "When you have 16,000 students on campus and no football to let off steam, you'll have more panty raids." As for the drive to win (last season's record: 7-1-1), the football coach wants the team in the top 10 per



*Memorial Union terrace*



researchers," a faculty member said grudgingly.

I talked with a sociologist who was full of that ponderous jargon without which the social scientist feels undressed. After discussing "well-structured family interactional patterns," he turned to life in Madison and plunged into a more comprehensible idiom. "Boy, this town's a drag," he said. "Occasionally, my wife and I want to get something to eat late at night, but Madison folds up at 1:00 A.M. On New Year's Eve, there are the same people counting noses to see who is at whose party."

It is characteristic of UW as an open society that the phone numbers of faculty members, and their addresses, are published in a directory available to all students. Students phone for the flimsiest of reasons.

It was former President Fred who observed that it is UW's unique habit "to haul all our dirty linen in front of Abe Lincoln's statue and wash it in public." In recent months, the proposal to erect a new building in Bascom Woods, near the famed carillon tower, provoked a spirited controversy. Everyone had his say—the woods are sacred—and the building plan finally squeaked through by a narrow margin. The University's grandiose building program has generated some student resentment. The new Chadbourne Dormitory, eleven stories of Miami Beach *décor* with a huge *W* on top, was quickly tagged the Chadbourne-Hilton. "How much is the University going to waste?" a student asked.

Currently, there is agitation to eliminate compulsory ROTC. Repeal is favored not only by students but by the administration, which feels that the University should be in position to decide about it. And next year the 1960 Clause, which outlaws discrimination in fraternities and sororities, goes into effect after a long and bitter debate.

But the most acrimonious dialogue has to do with apartment regulations and the supervision of student life. "Apartment living is new and will increase," an official pointed out, "but the rules are old and outmoded." In truth, they smack unpleasantly of a police state. A male student living in a building into which an unmarried woman moves is required to move out. A forty-five-year-old New Zealander lived in the same building as a seventy-one-year-old woman. Haled before the Student Conduct Committee, he protested, "Really, I had no designs on her." A student living in an apartment is required to report a roommate who entertains a female. ("But I was asleep," a boy protested.) This rule, of course, is contemptuously ignored.

## ON WISCONSIN—WHITHER?

THE University views itself—its progress and grandeur—with uneasy pride. UW is so ambitiously extended that the new shibboleth on campus is balance—between teaching and research, between undergraduate and graduate work, between the liberal arts and professional education, between service to the state and to the nation. How to establish a sound alignment is an administrator's nightmare.

Maintaining quality in a school determined to give everyone a chance is also a headache. The fact that eight state schools have changed over from normal schools to four-year colleges may, in the future, drain off weaker students who would otherwise come to UW. The University now gives advanced standing to particularly able high-school graduates, and it is instituting an honors program—but with a peculiarly egalitarian twist. "Our hope is to help gifted students without tagging them," the President said. "Our bright people will learn by rubbing shoulders with average ones."

A great tradition is a burden as well as a joy. Has Wisconsin already had its great day? "There is little doubt that it lost some of its fire between the wars," Vice President Harrington said. "There was a deflation of idealism, and other states began to originate things." At present there is a resurgence, but to attain distinction in a highly competitive period is another matter. UW people cast a troubled look at the West, where the University of California—the General Motors of higher education—has been raiding faculties remorselessly. "Our problem," Harrington said, "is to see if we can keep the two dozen or so innovators on campus."

The University of Wisconsin grew out of a noble vision. "There is something extraordinary about Wisconsin," an administrator said. "After all, it's just an ordinary little state, its population no larger than that of Brooklyn. Yet this small state has created a great university."

At the conclusion of his inaugural address last fall, President Elvehjem declared: "Give us, then, the hills to climb and the strength to climb them." Students wheezing up Bascom Hill would no doubt find this funny, but they too have been touched by the vision.

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*Next month Mr. Boroff will report on the manners, morals, goals, and accomplishments of a small denominational school—Birmingham-Southern College in Alabama.*



By HOWARD D. FABING

*Drawings by Michael Train*

## *The Steaming Stanley Twins*

A self-confessed idolater of steam engines  
tells how two eccentric New Englanders  
invented a simply dreamy—though somewhat  
temperamental—horseless carriage . . .  
and why those inferior cars from Detroit  
finally pushed it off the road.

THE oldest car at the gathering was a beautiful little Locomobile, as shiny and as bright as it was on the day some forgotten carriage painter gave it his final loving touch in 1899. It had been brought from Arizona. There were two White touring cars. One was as resplendent in fire-engine red and mayonnaise-colored wheels as it was when it left its Cleveland factory in Teddy Roosevelt's time. The other was seedy and threadbare, a 1907 model, but its present owner, a retired mechanic from a nearby town, had been driving it year in and year out since he acquired it in 1923, and he owned no other car. He was a picture of the ultimate in contentment as he sat behind the wheel, hauling riders by the carload around the town in that placid, noiseless old White.

The occasion was the annual Steam Car Meet. Two hundred devotees came from every section of the United States and Canada at the summons of a post card. They met in a small college town in the rolling hills of Northeastern Ohio's Western Reserve. They ate, slept, showed their wares and talked far into the night at a dormi-

tory on the campus of Kent State University. Some of them were men of learning and some were untutored. They tended to be old in years and most of them smelled of kerosene. One of them said that they were getting *too* old, and there was much new work to be done. He was heartened to see a sprinkling of young fellows among them. They talked only of steam. They breathed it in for three sunny August days, and steam seemed to exhale with their breath and to exude from their skins. The zeal of early Christians was in their eyes and they had a lot of fun.

There were two new steam cars. One, from Detroit, was an amalgam of an old engine and a new boiler fired by a gun-type burner. The other, which had come across the state from Bucyrus, was new from the ground up and was making its first appearance in the ranks after four years of gestation. Its owner was an attorney known for his stubborn persistence. His car represented an untold number of calculations, experiments, and trials—and many more dollars than he cared to add up, somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand of them, he thought. But there it was at last, with a Chevrolet roadster body snatched from a junk yard hastily thrown over its vitals, and sprayed with canary-colored paint at the last moment before the Meet.

But most of the cars on the parking apron beside the dormitory were Stanleys. A glance down the line was a lesson in the evolution of the famous Stanley Steamer from the horseless buggy of the turn of the century to the touring car



of the 1920s. There were more than twenty of these Stanleys with steam up. All that one could hear as these cars waited for eager passengers to climb aboard was a muffled high-pitched hissing sound as air sucked itself into the burners which produced the hellfire which made the steam which powered these legendary things on wheels.

For three days they moved silently as ghosts on and off the parking apron, through the campus drives, up and down the town's streets, and over the undulating roads of that green land. Every sitting space was filled on every trip, and the drivers got little rest, for when they returned to the parking apron and reversed into the curb with the same eerie silence which marked their forward motion, a knot of old steam "bugs" as well as small and large boys and girls of the town stood pleading for just one more spin. So off they moved, as magically as sailboats on still water, for yet another tour. The later models which condensed their steam back to water gave no hint to the ear of what propelled them forward beyond the almost inaudible hissing sound that some leprechaun might make, while the older ones which were non-condensing made a lonesome, faraway choog-choog sound in tune with the cotton-candy wisps of steam which puffed from their posteriors.

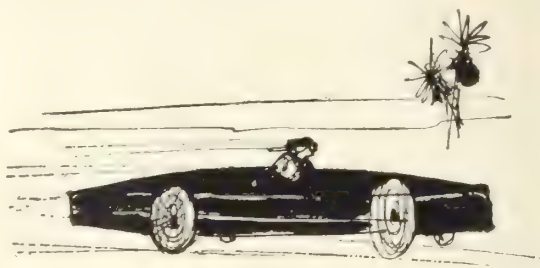
Most steam-car enthusiasts get a sharp pain when they are called antique-car fans. Steam-car people are interested in steam old and new. They regard the whirling flywheels, the canned explosions, the fantastically complex transmissions and gears of the cars we all ride as stuff and nonsense—as an intellectual and mechanical hoax which has been perpetrated on us while our backs were turned. They don't even like the smell of gasoline. They say that despite all its gadgets, the present product lacks the pick-up, the flexibility, and the power of the Steamer. They say that for fifty years the automotive engineers have been striving to match the performance of the Stanley, and then, with a triumphant gleam in their eyes, they say that the Stanley did it with twenty-six moving parts.

#### HOW FAST WILL IT GO?

**T**HE steam car has the same general outward appearance as the internal combustion car, but the internal anatomy of the two vehicles is completely different. Under the hood of the steam car sits a boiler rather than an engine. The Stanley, which is the prototype of the species, has a steam pipe rather than a drive

shaft running back from the boiler in the direction of the rear wheels. This pipe leads to the engine, a small flat two-cylinder thing slung under the rear seat. The engine is hooked directly to the rear axle. There are no high and low gears, no reverse gear, no clutch, no Dynaflores, no Hydramatics, no torque converters.

When you want it to go backward, you press a pedal with your left foot. This sends the steam coursing through the cylinders in the opposite direction, and you can go backward as fast as forward. Nothing is running when it is stopped, and therefore stalling is not a word in its lexicon. When you want it to crawl at a snail's pace, you crack the throttle open the smallest bit and the wheels begin to revolve in imperceptible stealth. If you decide to move



forward fast you give it full throttle and it leaps ahead noiselessly like a stone from a slingshot. It is this rubbery sort of responsiveness to the driver's maneuvers, in fact, which turns ordinary mortals into chronic steam bugs.

How fast will a steam automobile go? The Stanley brothers wondered about this many years ago but never learned the full answer. The oft-repeated story that they offered to make a gift of one of their cars to anyone who would open it up is apparently one of those American folk tales which refuse to die, despite its purely fictitious origin. The actual facts are somewhat different, but no less interesting. In order to answer this question, the Stanleys built a special racer with an oversized engine and a body shaped like an inverted canoe. They took it down to Ormond Beach, Florida, and put Fred Marriott, their husky chief mechanic, behind the wheel and turned him loose. The date was January 27, 1907 A.D.

He fired the boiler pressure up to 1,200 pounds per square inch, twice that on which the Stanley usually operates. He opened the throttle and started down the beach in his upside-down canoe on bicycle wheels. There had been a storm the night before which had made a shallow trough in the otherwise flat beach. His speed was not recorded officially, but according to Marriott's

own testimony, he was going 197, repeat 197, miles per hour when he hit this trough. The uptilt of the sand's surface on its far side acted like a springboard, and he became airborne. Marriott and his canoe made a lazy quarter-turn in the balmy blue Florida air and came down crosswise to the direction in which they were progressing.

Pieces of the vehicle were picked up later as far as a quarter mile down the beach. One of Marriott's eyes was laid out on his cheek and he broke just about all his ribs. He collected sundry other traumata too numerous to mention, but he lived to tell me and many others about it until he died a short time ago at the ripe age of eighty-two years. The Stanleys loved Marriott, and his ordeal brought their speed experiments to an abrupt end. After his accident they never permitted another speed trial. He repaid them in kind by operating a garage in the Boston suburb of West Newton, Massachusetts, where he repaired and reclaimed old Stanleys in the afternoon of his life, around the corner from the factory where they had been born.

#### ITS TROUBLE WITH DRINK

**I**F THE Stanley was as good as all that, why did it die? There have been dark mutterings from time to time that a vague ogre, usually called "The Interests," did the steam car in. This theory holds that powerful people from Texas where they refine gasoline, or from Detroit where they make internal combustion cars, or from Pittsburgh where there is a pile of steel, or from Wall Street where there is a pile of money, killed the steam car singly or joined in unholy alliance. Only the more hysterical and sophomoric historians find the necessity for reaching out for this paranoid explanation. There are other, more cogent reasons. Some of them are mechanical, but interestingly enough, the more important ones are human.

The Stanley was the best and most popular of the dozens of steam cars which blossomed forth shortly after the turn of the century, but it had its faults as well as its virtues. I have used half a box of kitchen matches and more than three hours lighting the burner under the boiler of my Stanley and getting up a head of steam. Experts need at least fifteen minutes for this task with the help of a blowtorch. This was permissible and proper in the old days when the man on the move was geared to the tempo of the horse. It took about that long to hitch up, so nobody complained. Toward the last, the

Stanleys added an electric spark instead of a match to light the burner but it could not compete with the self-starter.

This burner was quite a temperamental thing. Like the Bunsen burner we struggled with in Chemistry I—which is built along the same lines—it took a notion now and then to burn back at the hole where the air came in. When this happened in a Stanley, a jet of flame three feet long burst forth from its ventral aspect on the starboard side, causing devout women to cross themselves and infidels to run for cover. The Stanley instruction book advised the driver to keep going, to turn a knob on the dashboard to cut off the kerosene supply, to keep his blood pressure down, and to wait it out until the distemper cured itself. If the Stanley drivers ever got adjusted to these crises, the populace never did. It is probable that these periodic flamboyant displays gave the Stanley the reputation of being a dangerous instrument of locomotion that blew up every whipstitch. In the interest of honesty let it be recorded that this never happened.

The burner had a limit to the amount of heat it could put out. The boiler ran out of breath on long hills and had to rest and refill its lungs with steam. This, too, was like a horse and was tolerated as long as they remained competitors. In a way, the horse connived with the Stanley to improve the art of transportation in more innocent times. The Stanley did well to get a mile on a gallon of water. Its belly held twenty-six gallons in the larger models, less in the smaller. This necessitated frequent stops for a drink. The early Stanleys had a length of garden hose folded along the running board with a strainer on the end. It was easy as pie to wheel up to the ubiquitous watering troughs which dotted the country roads and city streets, to flip the end of the hose into the trough, and—without getting out from the driver's seat—to siphon water into the Steamer's tank. This was modernism! This was really living it up!

Then Thomas Edison came along with his incandescent light bulb and people quit using oil lanterns. General stores in the country and drug stores in the towns quit carrying kerosene, which was a better fuel for a Steamer because it was cheaper and produced more heat than gasoline. The horse began to fade from the thoroughfares. The water troughs ran dry and then got torn down. The nice modern hose disappeared from the running board of the Stanley because it wasn't so modern any more. In its stead a condenser grew at the anterior



end. This was like the radiator of the car of today but of larger capacity. The spent steam left over after it powered the Stanley engine was routed through the condenser's pipes and cooled back to water. Then it was piped to the storage tank until it was called upon to make more steam. With this device the Stanley could go almost a hundred miles without stopping for a drink.

A peculiar fault of steam engines is that they squeak if they don't get lubricated from within. To get around this difficulty, small quantities of heavy oil are pumped into the steam as it courses down its pipe toward the engine. This was quite all right when the spent oily steam got dumped out on the road behind the car, but when it was condensed back to water over and over again it got oilier and oilier. The oil adhered to the interior of the boiler as scale. Stanley boilers began to mud up, as the saying goes, and to lose their steaming efficiency. Various oil separators were proposed to the Stanley brothers but they turned up their noses at them for reasons as yet unexplained. The cars began to lose their zip in performance, and with it there seemed to come an indolence about styling. The Stanley was on the skids.

About this time a big human event took place in this saga. The Stanleys came from Kingfield, Maine, and they worked outside Boston. They shuttled back and forth between these two places a great deal in their cars. They liked to move along at a fast clip. One day one of the brothers was zooming down from Maine under full steam when he found himself confronted by two farmers leaning out of their wagons talking about the crops and blocking the road. Rather than plow into them he veered off to the side and ran head-on into a pile of cordwood and killed himself.

Thus ended what the biologists might call a symbiosis.

#### TWO-IN-ONE PERSONALITY

THE Stanley brothers (Mr. F. E. and Mr. F. O.) were identical twins—so identical in appearance that people who worked with them for years could never tell them apart.

The renowned British neurologist, Kinnier Wilson, has written that identical twins are one biological individual parading as two people. This was obviously the case with the Stanleys. They were in each other's physical presence as much as possible, and their minds were in constant harmonious rapport. Woodbury, the

author of *The Story of a Stanley Steamer*, writes that they were resourceful and shrewd country boys who were always whittling on a piece of wood with a pocket knife. This penchant for whittling led them into making fiddles, and they were first to mass-produce violins. While they were in their early twenties they invented the dry photographic plate. Prior to that time, anyone using a camera was always wet up to the elbows. They sold their invention to Eastman for a handsome sum and became rich young men.

In the late 1890s it became the fashion for young bloods to acquire horseless carriages and to compete with them in hill-climbing contests. The Stanleys designed one to be propelled by steam and had it made by Boston artisans. They won prizes wherever they went and prospective buyers urged them to make more of them. The clamor grew loud enough to convince the twins that they ought to do so. They had heard of reinforced concrete, and when they decided to build a steam carriage factory in West Newton they became their own architects and contractors and made one of the first reinforced concrete buildings in New England, and the first one they had ever seen. When it came time to make the wood patterns for the metal castings they would need in their cars, they whipped out their pocket knives and whittled them instead of hiring pattern-makers. Their first steam carriage came off the line in 1897.

The Stanley Steamer was a sensation from the start. It did all sorts of amazing things and became a natural at making publicity for itself. In 1899 Mr. F. O. and his wife performed the unbelievable feat of climbing to the top of Mt. Washington in one of these buggies. This made almost as much noise in the world's newspapers as McKinley's assassination. A group of New York financiers dangled a quarter-million-dollar carrot in front of the Stanleys' noses for their patents if they would agree to stay out of the field for one year. The Stanleys pocketed the money and took the year off to do some serious thinking and tinkering. They came back with such a vastly improved vehicle that the Locomobile (for that was the name the New York people had given to the earlier Stanley) soon threw in the towel and turned to explosion engines. The Stanleys dreamed up so many inventions so rapidly for their car, and covered them so well with patents, that some fifty other steam-car builders had to give up the ghost in the next few years to boot. It never occurred to the Stanleys to enter into patent-sharing

schemes. That wasn't the way these arch-individualists operated.

As they settled down to making their cars, other aspects of this two-in-one personality revealed themselves. The Stanleys were hot-tempered and blew their tops when they were provoked. The workman who happened to be crossing their line of vision at the moment was fired on the spot, but he never left his bench. The men in the shop were Down East types for the most part and knew their Stanleys. Within a matter of minutes the irate twin was back rehiring the worker who had never quit.

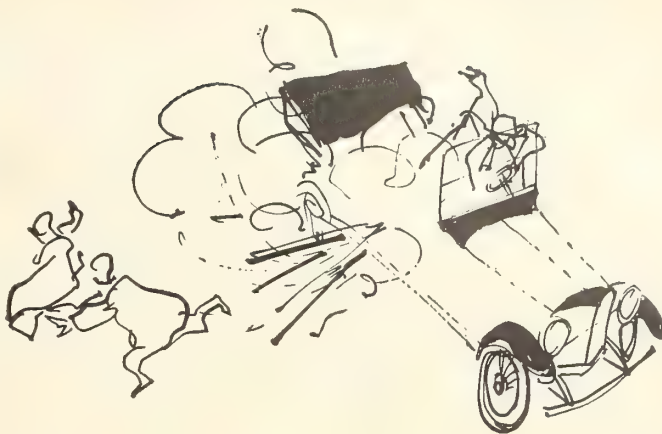
The Public Relations Department, manned by Mr. F. E. plus Mr. F. O., can best be described as rudimentary. The story is told that an owner of one of their cars came in one day and accosted the twin who was doubling as Director of Public Relations at the moment. The visitor launched into a long bill of complaints about the contraption he had bought. The twin listened him out in silence, reached into a drawer, wrote out a check and flipped it across the table.

"Here's your money," he said. "We want the car back. You're not the sort we want riding around in one of them."

The Stanleys had very positive ideas about advertising. They were against it. They regarded it as unnecessary, an unsound waste of money, and perhaps unethical. The only piece of copy ever turned out by the Stanley Advertising Department, composed as it was of Mr. F. E. plus Mr. F. O., was a small sober brochure entitled "Announcement." It gave a careful description of the workings of the car, answered some of the more persistent questions which were asked about it, and stated its price. You could pick one up at the factory or you could request one by mail, and hope to get it if the Mailing Division, made up of Mr. F. E. plus Mr. F. O., was not otherwise engaged.

They had very positive ideas about installment buying. They were against it. Anybody who wanted one of their cars could get it by the simple process of laying the cash on the barrel head, taking a fast lesson in how to fire it up, and driving it away.

The Stanleys knew everything about their factory from the front door to the back. In the early morning they usually sat on the front doorstep whittling and talking until the first of the men showed up for work. Then they opened up and went inside. One of them took



up his position in the office and the other went back to the shop. Since they were mirror images of one another, nobody knew which one was where.

Fred Marriott, after years of research on this problem, concluded that F. E. and F. O. were completely interchangeable. In addition to knowing everything about everything around the place, they were perfectionists. It has been said that almost no part went into a car unless one half of the twinship checked it, and almost no completed car left the place until it had the approval of the same agency. They seemed incapable of turning these tasks over to others. With this additional clinical data at hand, a student of behavior would call them more than rigid—he would say that they were obsessive personalities. A layman would not be far wrong if he called them perfectionists with one-track minds.

The Stanley twins nailed themselves into a tight box in complete innocence. Their wonderfully creative brains froze almost everybody else out of the steam-car field. They were temperamentally unable to delegate responsibility in the usual way. As a consequence, their enterprise never developed the mass-production methods and organizational patterns which the growing automobile industry demanded. They worked like demons and did all the jobs, but try as they might they could only turn out 650 cars, personally checked, in any given year.

Bright young men coming out of the engineering schools were fascinated by this burgeoning new industry and many of them cast their lot with it. There is no evidence that the twins invited any of the better ones into their factory. The sad surmise that they were too rigid to accept the creations of other men's brains and to share responsibility with them appears to be a valid one. The intellectual energy of the



bright young men got funneled off in the direction of Detroit. The cars they have created there over a half-century have grown progressively better until they now approximate a wizard's specifications. The handful of Stanleys made each year got lost in the crowd, and they did not continue to improve as the taste of the car-buying public became more sophisticated.

Then half of the double man who created them got killed. It is a well known medical fact that obsessive persons develop melancholia more easily than the rest of us. That is what seems to have happened to the remaining member of the team of twins. The fact that he had an arrested case of tuberculosis probably didn't help matters either. He quit going to the factory, he developed an inertia foreign to his usual nature, and he got swallowed up by silence. The Stanley Steam Carriage Co. of West Newton, Mass., was sold to investors, but they couldn't breathe new life into it, and it petered out quietly in 1925.

#### WHEN THE OIL PUMPS SPIT MUD

THERE is an epilogue. A man named Abner Doble, another creative genius in steam automotive engineering like the Stanleys, picked up where they left off and carried the development of the Steamer forward in the period between the two world wars. He improved the whole vehicle from the burner to the condenser. His monotube boiler could get up steam in less than a minute at the turn of a key on the dashboard. He made forty-five cars in all, and the steam bugs who know them speak of them in tones of reverence. He ran out of capital and out of that inward human drive for which there is no word as the storm clouds of the second world war began to gather. Apparently he tired of trying to do battle with the Detroit Giant which had only been man-size when the Stanleys started.

Nowadays a few astute men are going forward with further development of the Doble improvements. Will they or somebody like them ever put the Steamer back on the road? One sincere student of the steam automobile feels that it would be impossible to compete with the present-day car even if one were armed with the wealth of an Indian maharaja. He feels, however, that there are three special situations where a modern steam car would find a welcome market tomorrow. The first is taxicabs. These vehicles often go to pieces in about six to twelve

months. One reason is that they idle so much. A steam car doesn't idle. The engine stops when the car stops.

Another application for steam cars, he thinks, is the small house-to-house truck, such as a milk delivery truck. Here, again, with steam, the problem of idling and of frequent stops and starts would be handled more economically, both in terms of fuel and of repair cost.

The third logical place for steam automotive propulsion is in large trucks crossing the desert areas of our American Southwest. No filters have been devised to keep the fine desert sands out of the carburetors and therefore out of the cylinders of gasoline and diesel trucks making this run. Engines need repeated and costly overhaul in this service. A steam engine is a closed system from which the environmental air is excluded, so that here, too, steam should prove superior.

There is another possible future for the steam car if one takes a longer view. Let me put it in the homely words of a practical man who loves and lives steam. On the morning of the last day at the Kent Meet I sat down at breakfast in the student cafeteria with an old steam bug who sells farm machinery in rural Ohio for a living. We fell to talking about guess what. He epitomized the discussion which had been going around the Meet about the prognosis of the steam car in these words:

"I figger that they'll have to come back. Those holes they've been drilling into the ground all over the world are bringing up oil at a terrible rate every day. The geology guys say not to worry, that there's plenty more down there, but now and then you read about one who ain't quite so cocksure. Anyhow, it stands to reason that we're bringing it up faster than it's being made, and the day's got to come when the world's oil pumps will be spitting out mud and salt water. Before that day comes, God willing, this atomic energy will be ready for small power installations. Look at those submarines, the *Nautilus* and the others like it. They can go from one end of the earth to the other under water, but don't forget that it takes a steam engine to push them there. There's the answer as plain as the nose on your face. Leastwise, that's the way I look at it. I figger we'll all be pushing ourselves around on wheels with steam generated by atomic heat some fine day. I wouldn't care to guess how far off that day may be, but I figger that it will surely come."

As I drank my coffee I found myself thinking that he might be figgering right, at that.

JOSEPH P. LASH

## *the Man on the 38th Floor*

A Swedish aristocrat is now running the UN in an entirely unexpected way—with brilliance, subtlety, and silence. A report on Dag Hammarskjöld, by a correspondent who has watched him operate for the last six years.

**I**F THE United Nations is not foundering as a center of serious diplomatic activity today it is largely because of a slight, blond, extraordinarily complex human being on the 38th floor—Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld.

"No one ever dreamed such great powers would be placed in the hands of the Secretary-General," a young British diplomat observed during the final hours of Suez; but he added, "I rather believe in Dag myself."

Six years ago few diplomats had heard of Dag Hammarskjöld. The Security Council was casting about for a successor to Trygve Lie, and Sir Gladwyn Jebb, who had met Hammarskjöld on a vacation, put forward his name. The British hoped Hammarskjöld would follow the prototype of Sir Eric Drummond of the League of Nations—an international civil servant who unobtrusively serviced member states, intervening in diplomatic and political affairs only when asked.

Most members of the U. S. Mission scarcely knew the new nominee although he had served as chairman of the Swedish delegation to the Assembly. The United States went along chiefly because he was acceptable to the Russians, who saw him as the least objectionable compromise between their own choice—the Polish Foreign Minister—and such Western favorites as Lester Pearson of Canada and Carlos Romulo of the Philippines. After his appointment there were many who hoped or feared that the Secretary-General's office would now become self-effacing

to the point of "emasculate neutralism." Trygve Lie's comment when he heard Hammarskjöld's name was: "a clerk."

This was a misreading of Hammarskjöld's temperament, professional outlook, and even his heredity. He comes of an aristocratic family which has traditionally regarded difficult public service as an obligation—a Hammarskjöld was knighted for valor in 1610 and many others have been soldiers and high government officials. He has, to be sure, some of the technical professionalism of the neutral bureaucrat who performs with equal brilliance for all masters and avoids party ties. He spent twenty years serving Socialist governments but joined neither the Socialists nor the Conservatives (who had made his father Prime Minister during World War I). If he has to be labeled, he might be called a "Tory Socialist," combining Socialist opposition to the class system with an aristocratic fear of mass dictatorship.

The impression of neutralism was also strengthened, perhaps, by the fact that Hammarskjöld is above all an intellectual man. He calls reading obscure poetry a form of "intellectual calisthenics." He prefers the music of Bach and Vivaldi because "both have a beautiful way of creating order in the brain." His doctoral dissertation was a semi-mathematical exercise on the relationship of domestic unemployment to the international business cycle and he belonged to an iconoclastic group of economists known as the "Stockholm School." Hugh Gaitskell, who worked with him in the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, has testified to his "razor-sharp mind." As a man who insists on subjecting all issues, irrespective of their emotional and ideological content, to rigorous intellectual analysis, he may frequently appear cold, at times almost inhuman.

But despite any appearances to the contrary, courage and tenacious commitment are fundamentally important to Hammarskjöld the intellectual. "It is when we all play safe that we create a world of utmost insecurity," he has remarked, adding a quotation from his friend Ezra Pound that "in the dark shade of courage alone" can man's fear of man and nation's fear of nation be broken.

Hammarskjöld is a deeply patriotic Swede but when he became Secretary-General he set out deliberately to "denationalize" his thinking. He hesitated, for instance, to accept election in 1954 to the Swedish Academy because he was "an international civil servant," but finally decided that he could properly maintain his ties





*UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld  
Drawing made from life by Oscar Berger*

with Sweden so long as they were "outside the political sphere."

He believes that Sweden's prestige in the world has depended since the eighteenth century on men like the great naturalist Linnaeus, rather than its soldiers. This kind of national maturity, he thinks, must be achieved by the great Western nations now that the growing power of Asia and Africa is pushing Europe as a whole out of its dominant position. It is futile for Europe to react by "sterile self-assertion" when spiritual greatness is called for.

Another Swedish influence is suggested in a favorite line of Swedish poetry—"the greatest prayer of man does not ask for victory but for peace." Since a third world war would mean the annihilation of civilization, Hammarskjöld insists upon "negotiation and again negotiation with endless patience." He is, himself, an excellent practitioner of these arts.

Commenting on a plea by the late John Foster Dulles for more emphasis on moral judgments by the General Assembly, Hammarskjöld said tersely, "I'm perhaps not a moralist."

"It is preposterous," he explained later, "for anyone or any country or any group of countries, whether in a majority or not, to claim to be the final moral arbiter."

The world, for him, is not engaged in a black

and white conflict between "freedom and totalitarianism" or "Socialism and imperialism." He sees the UN as an instrument of reconciliation rather than indictment, with his own role that of "blunting the edges of conflict" and lifting problems "out of the Cold War orbit."

Indeed, it is hard in the light of international political realities to picture any other role for the UN, for the Charter's scheme of collective security perished with the end of the Grand Alliance of World War II.

The UN has come to serve as a "standing diplomatic conference" rather than as a league of the great powers who would join to enforce the peace. Within these limits Hammarskjöld manages to wield considerable power; this is a tribute to him personally, for the Secretary-General's office has little actual authority. Hammarskjöld is well aware that he does not have behind him "a constituency, nor is he the master of any power." He commands only the influence members are willing to give him, in the light of his independence.

His predecessor Trygve Lie angered the Soviets—and irreparably, if unavoidably, destroyed his utility as a negotiator—by backing the UN police action in Korea. Hammarskjöld is, if anything, even more impervious to great power pressure, but he exercises his independence with more discretion and less political assertiveness. His first big political assignment, for instance, was to seek the release of the U. S. airmen sentenced by Peking as "spies." He welcomed the commission but made clear he would carry it out in his own way: he would fly to Peking for direct talks with Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai. Having decided on this course, he was calmly indifferent to the pro-Chiang Americans who angrily denounced him for going "hat in hand" to the pariah regime for purposes of "blood barter."

Similarly in the tense opening days of the Suez invasion Hammarskjöld in effect challenged the Security Council to get another Secretary-General if he could not press for the unconditional withdrawal of the invaders. No one picked up the challenge.

"When boys fought at school," recalls his brother Sten, "Dag was the one to patch up hostilities . . . [but] he was never a 'softie.' We could never impose our will on him."

This has been the experience of the UN. There have been many stormy scenes on the 38th floor when Hammarskjöld's blue eyes turn icy, his

face flushes, and his aides are jolted by his sharp words. "He can use a rapier and slash very hard," said one. "That's also part of his 'quiet diplomacy.'"

#### THE FRAIL ROPE

THE Secretary-General, Hammarskjold believes, must be firmly independent if he is to win and hold the confidence of UN members. He may be forced to antagonize one group today and another group tomorrow, but that, he says, "is nothing to worry about as member governments come to realize they have much to gain and little to lose through such independence."

Generally, however, he avoids open fights. Some Western diplomats in fact complain that he is overcautious. "He pulls back a little too much when he encounters opposition," a seasoned U. S. diplomat said: "he has too much of a tendency to favor the indirect attack."

Our delegation, for example, was disappointed when he failed to give active support to the establishment of a UN Standby Force in 1958, following the U. S. landing in Lebanon. Instead, in the light of Soviet opposition and Asian suspicion he favored by-passing the Assembly and setting up a planning unit as part of the normal functions of the Secretariat. His analysis of the Assembly's mood proved correct. It declined to endorse any action whatsoever. And despite U. S. unhappiness with his attitude, he has chosen to sidestep the issue of the Soviet boycott of the new Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space. He preferred to have the committee lie dormant until it could be reconstituted at the present Assembly.

However, the same diplomats who are impatient with Hammarskjold's caution concede that he must walk a frail and precarious rope. They admit that only crises as grave as Korea or Suez warrant the risk of losing the confidence of a key nation or coalition. And they are impressed by the studied diligence whereby he keeps open his lines of communication with member governments. Thus, as soon as the Suez crisis was over he set about repairing his relations with Britain, France, and Israel. His techniques included a state visit to Britain, a walk in the Negev with Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, and a stopover in Paris for dinner at the Quai d'Orsay.

Hammarskjold never thrusts himself forward as the indispensable mediator. He regards his office as a "fallback" position to be used if other means fail. "What is your alternative?" U. S. delegates asked when the British were reluctant

to build up his power in the Middle East. Similarly, he has been the court of last resort on Africa. In its windup hours the last Assembly was deadlocked over the festering border dispute between Ethiopia and Italian-administered Somaliland. Hammarskjold hurried down from the 38th floor and promised that if other means failed he would get in touch with the Ethiopian and Italian governments and try to help. Thus assured of an escape hatch, the Assembly's Trusteeship Committee adjourned comfortably.

Hammarskjold does not, however, always wait until "other means fail." He believes the Secretary-General must respond "without consideration of the risks" if member governments call for his help. For instance in 1959 Thailand and Cambodia asked for assistance in resolving a dispute which had reached the point of troop movements. Hammarskjold promptly designated a good offices mission which negotiated a settlement and simply wrote the members of the Security Council a letter telling them what he was doing—thus avoiding all the meetings and debates in which that body engages when problems are referred to it.

Hammarskjold believes that the Secretary-General must act to fill "any vacuum" in the machinery for safeguarding peace. For instance in 1958 a Soviet veto killed a Japanese proposal for stronger UN action in Lebanon. Hammarskjold announced he intended to go ahead anyhow and do what the vetoed resolution proposed and strengthen the UN operation in Lebanon. He would, he said, "of course, accept the consequences" if members of the Council disapproved. No one did.

The Secretary-General, in Hammarskjold's view, must use his vantage point to have at all times "a most complete and objective picture of the policies and difficulties of the member states." This means that "private talks must remain private." Ambassadors and Ministers move in and out of his office with almost conveyor-belt regularity.

To keep in personal touch with the world's leading statesmen he has gone rowing on the Black Sea with Khrushchev at the oars, flown to Washington for breakfast with President Eisenhower, and sipped swallow's nest soup with Chou En-lai. Returning from Peking he observed that "one of the most curious and upsetting features about the present world situation is that everybody is afraid of everybody."

Hammarskjold's visits help shape the attitude of the great powers toward him, but their feelings are, of course, colored by their varying estimates



of the usefulness of the UN. British policy since Suez is to use the UN "with discretion" although relations with Hammarskjöld are cordial. French aloofness reflects an almost total disaffection with the UN chiefly because of Algeria. Last winter when Hammarskjöld announced his plan to stop off in Moscow on his way back from South Asia, a Soviet diplomat deprecated the significance of the visit with the comment, "*He wanted to go.*" Presumably his purpose was to persuade Khrushchev to see in the UN a new dimension of diplomacy rather than propaganda.

Of all the great powers the United States has the greatest respect for Hammarskjöld. "We want to keep in step with Dag's views," said one of our diplomats. "He doesn't say 'don't do this or that' but manages to make it clear there is another and better way." Hammarskjöld at first considered Ambassador Lodge something of a bull in a china shop. However, their relations now are excellent and the U. S. Mission in New York will often warn the State Department in Washington that a policy line "doesn't make sense up here."

Our affection for the UN and Hammarskjöld has not, however, been unwavering. During the Suez and Hungarian crises we dumped the diplomatic burdens in Hammarskjöld's lap. But a year later our representative went to a summit NATO meeting in Paris without even telling Hammarskjöld what was going on, although much of the agenda was of direct concern to the UN. The UN hopes for a more consistent American performance under Secretary of State Herter.

#### MUSEUM PIECE

ONE of the fundamental problems facing Hammarskjöld was posed by the late Ahmed S. Bokhari of Pakistan—then one of his aides—during the heady days of the Suez and Hungarian crises. With the 82-member Assembly, where every nation large or small has one vote, meeting day and night, Bokhari exulted that the domination of the UN by the great powers was over. Of course, the 11-member Security Council—dominated and usually stalemated by the East-West contest—was the supreme body under the Charter. But, in the view of Mr. Bokhari and others it had become "a museum piece" which no longer reflected the real power relationships of the postwar world. Henceforth, it was argued, the Assembly would make policy and act as a parliament, led by the Secretary-General as executive.

This doctrine, however, did not appeal to the

European countries who feared the Assembly's anti-colonialist majority. Even the United States, which, during the Korean crisis, sponsored the original resolution permitting Assembly action if the Security Council is deadlocked, has reservations about the Assembly.

Hammarskjöld himself did not consider the Assembly a parliament. Its decisions were recommendations, not laws, he pointed out. When the Soviet and Hungarian governments flouted the Assembly's recommendations on Hungary nothing much could be done about it.

In the early stages of this year's Berlin negotiations, France and West Germany both resisted giving the UN a role because they feared the smaller powers in the Assembly were too vulnerable to Soviet pressure.

Hammarskjöld on the other hand does not consider the smaller powers "as a danger . . . in any context." He conceded that they have a narrower perspective than the great powers. However, he believes it is healthy for parties to a dispute to be aware of the reactions of other states not directly engaged, for whom the principles of the Charter may weigh more heavily than partisan interests. He applauded the toast proposed by King Hussein of Jordan in 1959 who called the UN "the summit meeting of the small nations." In his talks with the big four he has insisted that there must be some link between the UN and a summit meeting.

But that link need *not* be the General Assembly. In both the Berlin and the Lebanese crises he reminded the world's chancelleries that the UN Charter permits the Security Council to hold periodic meetings at which the foreign ministers, *or even the heads of government*, could represent their countries. Khrushchev's objections to the presence of the Nationalist Chinese on the Security Council prevented such a meeting on Lebanon and recently de Gaulle's coolness toward the UN has discouraged one on Berlin. But the possibility is always there.

For all his concern with the summit, Hammarskjöld no longer sees the Cold War as the major moving force in world affairs. Rather, he believes that our time will be remembered as the period when Asia and Africa took "their place at the council tables of the world." He welcomes this development, wants to further it, and rejoices that "the human family again can meet as brothers with equal rights and equal opportunities." In 1960 four more African states—Italian Somaliland, Nigeria, the Cameroons, and Togoland—will become independent and be admitted to the UN, an augury of the day when

the Afro-Asian group will outnumber all the others.

It is his performance in these resurgent areas—chiefly the Middle East—which probably will determine Hammarskjold's place in history. His influence there is acknowledged even by the Russians who usually consider no statesman powerful who lacks military divisions.

The Middle East is strewn with UN operations and agencies—UNEF, UNRWA, UNTSO, the mission in Jordan—which increase and diminish as the need occasions. Hammarskjold retains personal command over this “UN presence.” He interests himself in all details—uniforms, rations, morale, rights and privileges of UN personnel. He reads a daily summary of the press of the area. On the 38th floor there is a special shelf for plans, background, and working papers on various facets of the complex Middle East problem.

#### FIRE BRIGADES

WHAT lies ahead for the General Assembly? The last session, certainly, was unproductive and a great disappointment to Hammarskjold after the highly successful emergency meeting on the Middle East in August 1958. One reason for the sterility of the session was the absence of what are known as “fire brigades”—groups of middle-sized powers led by Canada, Norway, India, Yugoslavia, and Mexico. Working with the Secretary-General they had, in the past, often found openings for constructive action despite East-West deadlocks. In particular, the ingenuity of Lester Pearson of Canada was sorely missed last year. One of the open questions of the current General Assembly session in New York is the extent to which the “brigades” will come into play on such issues as Algeria, disarmament, outer space, and the future of Palestinian refugees.

To supplement the activity of the Assembly, Hammarskjold now relies heavily on the permanent delegates at UN headquarters whom he describes as “pioneers of a new diplomacy,” able “within a framework of personal friendship” continuously to discuss and sometimes to overcome political conflicts.

The catalysts in this “continuous diplomatic conference” are Hammarskjold's gifts of objectivity and impartiality. As more and more nations turn to him for counsel, the UN has increasing opportunities for what he calls “active preventive diplomacy,” and he has learned to use his personal powers with considerable impact, if

not *élan*. This has involved a considerable growth for this essentially self-effacing man, who when he became Secretary-General at forty-eight was so shy that he often failed to make his point with world statesmen.

Hammarskjold, however, is still no showman. He prepares formal speeches carefully and they are often stimulating and keen. But his delivery is not forceful because he shrinks from what he considers staged effects. The idea of rehearsing a speech or artfully stressing key words fills him with mild horror.

Newsmen have come to understand that his withdrawn quality reflects neither snobbery nor unfriendliness. It's just that he cannot bear the idea, as one observer put it “of being matey. Beneath the iccap is a genuinely nice man, although he tries his best to disguise it.” He stumbled through his early press conferences but enjoys and manages them today like a veteran.

There are frequent complaints about his “Swedish English.” The French have dubbed him “master of the calculated imprecision” and astute Ambassadors generally take along their sharpest political adviser to a meeting with Hammarskjold, for his nuances can be portentous and his vagueness can be an effective device. For example, British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd recalled ruefully that at the time of Suez Hammarskjold's vague resolution had operated “frightfully well.”

Working with Hammarskjold is a team headed by his Executive Assistant, Andrew W. Cordier, a chunky, blue-eyed, former Hoosier schoolmaster who is invariably cheerful and relaxed, with a phenomenal memory and an enormous capacity for work. Anything of concern to Hammarskjold is in Cordier's domain too. He minds the store when the S-G is away from headquarters.

Second to Cordier is Nobel Peace Prize winner Ralph Bunche. He is a superb negotiator with an intimate knowledge of Africa and the Middle East. Philippe de Seynes, Under Secretary for Economic Affairs, a former Mendès-France man, has been used by Hammarskjold on a whole range of problems, including a delicate mission to Budapest. The top Soviet member of the Secretariat is Anatoly Dobrynin, a highly intelligent official who is sure enough of himself to report back what the situation really is at the UN rather than what he thinks Moscow would like to hear.

A new addition is C. V. Narasimhan of India. Hammarskjold drafted him from the UN's Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, recognizing the need for a senior officer able to



cope with the problems of the Bandung area.

No foreign office works with the informality of the Secretary-General's 38th Floor. Frequently a shirt-sleeved Hammarskjöld will be seen darting into Cordier's office to discuss an idea with him. He could summon Cordier by buzzer, but he is not a "buzzer man" and is in Cordier's office more than vice versa. He also uses Bunche as a target for his ideas. The three frequently lunch together and in the evening, after the delegates have gone home, they often review the day's developments.

Hammarskjöld drafts most of his reports himself, dictating at high speed thanks to a phenomenal ability to organize his ideas in advance. "He doesn't need private secretaries," an aide said half-complainingly, half-admiringly. "He remembers everything."

Despite his mounting political responsibilities Hammarskjöld is a tidy administrator. "If an under-secretary brings a paper to his office Monday night, it will be dealt with Tuesday morning," said Cordier when the UN's administrative committee began worrying about the Secretary-General's far-flung activities. "Does the committee want him to have the paper back by midnight?"

#### POETRY AND SQUASH

EXCEPT in times of crisis, Hammarskjöld shuts up shop around 8:00 P.M. Generally he goes home to his bachelor apartment in the East Seventies for three or four hours of reading. His native bent as well as his responsibilities as a member of the Swedish Academy (for Nobel Prize recommendations) make him a remorseless and catholic reader—in recent months, for example, he has read Jack Kerouac, C. P. Snow, and Martin Buber. His speeches are interlarded with citations from the poetry of all cultures. He served on the committee to obtain Ezra Pound's release from an insane asylum, and at the request of Swedish friends he made the first approach to Eugene O'Neill's widow, Carlotta, that resulted in the posthumous production of "Long Day's Journey" and "A Touch of the Poet." He reveres the poet St. John Perse, partly for abandoning a worldly diplomatic career and living in obscurity in order to write poetry.

Hammarskjöld considers the "working breakfast" a slightly barbarous institution. An official who insisted on one found himself unable to break in on a brilliant monologue on existentialism. Apart from official entertaining, he enjoys small parties of intellectually and artis-

tically compatible people. The day after Pablo Casals' UN Day concert, for instance, Hammarskjöld had a small luncheon at his apartment for the Casals, the Fritz Kreislers, and the Leonard Bernsteins.

Hammarskjöld shuns formal "society" and avoids invitations in order not to acquire obligations. Yet he is tremendously correct about protocol. He frequently reviews the arrangements made by his Chief of Protocol, Count de Noue, and his instinct is absolutely sure.

An evening of talk in a restaurant with one or two people is a favorite form of recreation when abroad. Another is his tiny hideaway in Brewster, New York, where he goes mostly to read, sleep, and take "mammoth" walks. He is also fond of mountain climbing and squash and has been known to go cod fishing.

He is always on the lookout for good paintings to cover the vast wall spaces at the UN. He is proud of the Picasso he acquired for the Security Council lounge, deplores some atrocities he inherited, but admires two Fernand Léger abstractions on the side walls of the Assembly which leave most visitors baffled.

The placement of a work of art can involve as much of his diplomatic skill as weightier disputes. A huge bronze figure on a horse now standing in the UN gardens was a gift of the Yugoslav government. The sculptor, a friend of Marshal Tito, wanted to situate it at a spot UN officials considered "ghastly." The matter was solved by Hammarskjöld's picking a site in the gardens which he defended by pointing out it was on an axis with several UN buildings and neighboring spots of interest. This proved acceptable to the Yugoslavs.

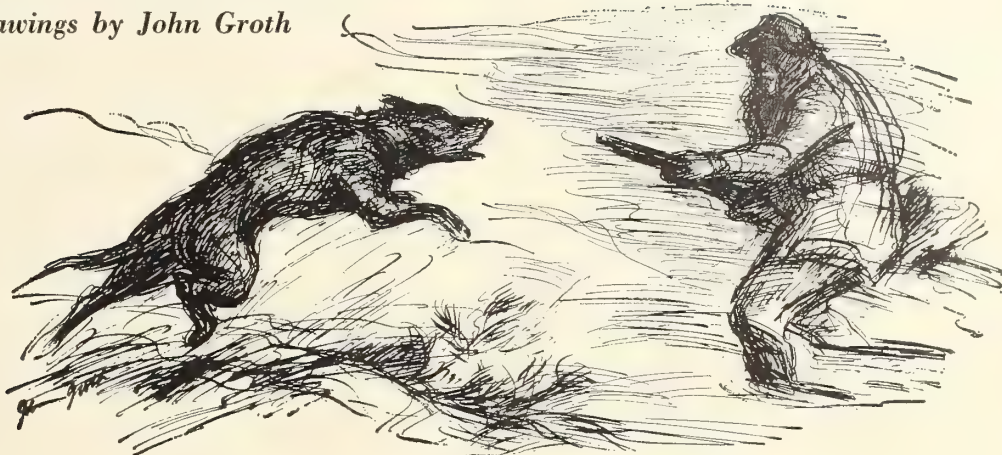
To the surprise of those who do not know him, he found time in the middle of the Suez crisis, to have a pet project completed—the remodeling of the UN Meditation Room. Actually, this episode tells a good deal about him—his mixture of cold rationality with an almost mystical feeling for religion, reverence for the past, and openness to the future.

The Meditation Room, under Hammarskjöld's guidance, became "a room of stillness," dominated by a six-ton rectangular slab of Swedish iron illuminated by a single shaft of light. The only picture is a colorful geometric mural painted by a neighbor in Sweden, Bo Beskow.

Stillness is needed, says Hammarskjöld, because "when we come to our deepest feelings and urgings we have to be alone, we have to feel the sky and the earth, and hear the voice that speaks within us."

## A Story by WALLACE STEGNER

*Drawings by John Groth*



### *The Wolfer*

YES, I saw a good deal of it, and I knew them all. It was my business to, and in those days it wasn't hard to know nearly every man between Willow Bunch and Fort Walsh, even the drifters; the women you could count on your two thumbs. One was Molly Henry at the T-Down Bar, the other was Amy Schulz, living with a reformed whiskey trader named Frost up on Oxarart Creek. I knew Schulz, too, and his miserable boy. At least I had seen him a good many times, and stopped with him a half-dozen times at one or another shack when I was out on patrol, and at least that many times had come within an ace of being eaten by his hound. Probably I knew him better than most people did, actually. Friends—that's another matter. He was about as easy to be friendly with as a wolverine.

Summers, he camped around in the Cypress Hills, hunting, but in winter he used the shacks that the cattle outfits maintained out along the Whitemud, on the patrol trail between the Hills and Wood Mountain. Two of them, at Stonepile and Pinto Horse Butte, were abandoned Mounted Police patrol posts—abandoned in the sense that no constables were stationed there, though we kept the barracks stocked with emergency supplies and always cut and stacked a few tons of prairie wool there in the fall. Both Schulz and I used the barracks now and then, for he as a wolfer and I as a Mountie covered

pretty much the same territory. If the truth were known, I kept pretty close tab on him in my patrol book, because I was never entirely sure, after Amy left him, that he wouldn't go back up on Oxarart Creek and shoot Frost.

Probably I wronged him. I think he was glad to get rid of Amy; it freed him to be as wild as the wolves he hunted, with his snuffling adenoidal boy for a slave and daily killing for occupation and his staghound for friend and confidant. They were a pair: each was the only living thing that liked the other, I guess, and it was a question which had the edge in savagery. Yet love, too, of a kind. I have heard him croon and mutter to that thing, baby-talk, in a way to give you the creeps.

Whenever I found Schulz at Stonepile or Pinto Horse I picked an upper bunk; if the hound got drooling for my blood in the night I wanted to be where he'd at least have to climb to get at me. There was no making up to him—he was Schulz's, body and soul. He looked at every other human being with yellow eyes as steady as a snake's, the hackles lifting between his shoulders and a rumble going away down in his chest. I'd hear him moving in the dark shack, soft and heavy, with his nails clicking on the boards. He wore a fighting collar studded with brass spikes, he stood as high as a doorknob at the shoulder, and he weighed a hundred and forty pounds. Schulz bragged that he had killed wolves single-handed. The rest of the pack, Russian wolfhounds and Russian-greyhound crosses, slept in the stable and were just dogs, but this staghound thing, which Schulz called Puma, was the physical shape of his own savagery: hostile, suspicious,



deadly, unwinking. I have seen him stand with a foolish, passive smile on his face while that monster put his paws up on his shoulders and lapped mouth and chin and eyes with a tongue the size of a coal shovel.

He was a savage, a wild man. He hated civilization—which meant maybe two hundred cowpunchers and Mounties scattered over ten thousand square miles of prairie—but it was not civilization that did him in. It was the wild, the very savagery he trusted and thought he controlled. I know about that too, because I followed the last tracks he and his hound made in this country.

My patrol books would show the date. As I remember, it was toward the end of March 1907. The patrol was routine—Eastend, Bates Camp, Stonepile, the Warholes, Pinto Horse Butte, Wood Mountain, and return—but nothing else was routine that winter. With a month still to go, it was already a disaster.

Since November there had been nothing but blizzards, freezing fogs, and cold snaps down to forty below. One Chinook—and that lasted only long enough to melt everything to mush, whereupon another cold snap came on and locked the country in a four-inch shell of ice. A lot of cattle that lay down that night never got up; froze in and starved there.

That time, just about Christmas, I passed the Warholes on a patrol and found a *métis* named Big Antoine and twenty of his Indian relatives trapped and half-starved. They had made a run for it from Wood Mountain toward Big Stick Lake when the Chinook blew up, and got caught out. When I found them they hadn't eaten anything in two weeks except skin-and-bone beef that had died in the snow; they were seasoning it with fat from coyotes, the only thing besides the wolves that thrive.

A police freighter got them out before I came back on my next trip. But the cowpunchers out in the range shacks were by that time just about as bad off. For weeks they had been out every day roping steers frozen into the drifts, and dragging them free; or they had been floundering around chasing cattle out of the deep snow of the bottoms and out onto the benches where the wind kept a little feed bare. They had got them up there several times, but they hadn't kept them there. The wind came across those flats loaded with buckshot, and the cattle turned their tails to it and came right back down to starve. At one point the two Turkey Track boys stationed at Pinto Horse had even tried to make a drag of poles, and drag bare a patch of hillside

for the cattle to feed on. All they did was kill off their ponies. When I came by in March they had given up and were conducting a non-stop blackjack game in the barracks, and laying bets whether the winter would last till August, or whether it would go right on through and start over.

WE HAD a little poker game that night. Whenever the talk died we could hear, through the logs and sod of the shack, the heavy hunting song of wolves drawn down from the hills for the big barbecue. It was a gloomy thing to hear. Say what you want about cowpunchers, they don't like failing at a job any better than other people. And they were sure failing. In November there had been close to 70,000 head of cattle on that Whitemud range. At a conservative guess, half of them were dead already. If we didn't get a Chinook in the next week, there wouldn't be a cow alive come spring.

I quit the game early to get some sleep, and for a joke pushed the deck over toward Curly Withers for a cut. "Cut a Chinook," I said. He turned over the jack of diamonds. Then we went to the door for a look-see, and everything was woolled up in freezing fog, what nowadays they call a whiteout. You could have cut sheep out of the air with tin shears. "Some Chinook," Curly said.

In the morning there was still no wind, but the air was clear. As I turned Dude down the trail and looked back to wave at the Turkey Track boys I had the feeling they were only six inches high, like carved figures in a German toy scene. The shack was braced from eaves to ground with icicles; the sky behind the quiver of heat from the stovepipe jiggled like melting glass. Away down in the southeast, low and heatless, the sun was only a small painted dazzle.

It seemed mean and cowardly to leave those boys out there. Or maybe it was just that I hated to start another day of hard cold riding through all that death, with nobody to talk to. You can feel mighty small and lonesome riding through that country in winter, after a light snowfall that muffles noises. I was leading a packhorse, and ordinarily there is a good deal of jingle and creak and sound of company with two ponies, but that morning it didn't seem my noises carried ten feet.

Down in the river trough everything was still and white. Mainly the channel had a fur of frozen snow on it, but here and there were patches of black slick ice full of air bubbles like quarters and silver dollars. Depending on how

the bends swung, drifts sloped up to the cut-banks or up to bars overgrown with snow-smothered rose bushes and willows. I crossed the tracks of three wolves angling upriver, side by side and bunched in clusters of four: galloping. They must have been running just for the hell of it, or else they had sighted an antelope or deer. They didn't have to gallop to eat beef.

Without wind, it wasn't bad riding, though when I breathed through my mouth the aching of my teeth reminded me that under the Christmas frosting the world was made of ice and iron. Now a dead steer among the rose bushes, untouched by wolves or coyotes. I cut a notch in a tally stick, curious about how many I would pass between Pinto Horse and Eastend. Farther on, a bunch of whitefaces lying and standing so close together they had breathed frost all over one another. If they hadn't been such skeletons they would have looked like farmyard beasts in a crèche. They weren't trapped or frozen in, but they were making no move to get out—only bawled at me hopelessly as I passed. Two were dead and half drifted over. I cut two more notches.

In three hours I cut a good many more, one of them at a big wallow and scramble near the mouth of Snake Creek where wolves had pulled down a steer since the last snowfall. The blood frozen into the snow was bright as paint, as if it had been spilled only minutes before. Parts of the carcass had been dragged in every direction.

Those wolves rubbed it in, pulling down a beef within a half mile of where Schulz and his boy were camped at Stonepile. I wondered if he had had any luck yet—he hadn't had any at all last time I saw him—and I debated whether to stop with him or go on to Bates and heat up a cold shack. The decision was for Bates. It was no big blowout to spend a night with the Schulzes, who were a long way from being the company the T-Down and Turkey Track boys were, and who besides were dirtier than Indians. Also I thought I would sleep better at Bates than I would at Stonepile, in an upper bunk with my hand on a gun while that hound prowled around in the dark and rumbled every time I rolled over. Sure Schulz had it trained, but all he had hold of it with was his voice; I would have liked a chain better.

**J**UST to make a check on Stonepile for the patrol book, I turned up Snake Creek, and a little after noon I came up the pitch from the bottoms and surprised the Schulz boy standing

bare-armed before the barracks door with a dishpan hanging from his hand. The dishpan steamed, his arm steamed, the sunken snow where he had flung the dishwater steamed. I was quite pleased with him, just then; I hadn't known he and his old man ever washed their dishes. He stood looking at me with his sullen, droop-lipped watchful face, one finger absent-mindedly up his nose. Down in the stable the wolfhounds began to bark and whine and howl. I saw nothing of Schulz or the big hound.

"Howdy, Bud," I said. "How's tricks?"

He was sure no chocolate-box picture. His gray flannel shirt was shiny with grease, his face was pimply, long black hair hung from under the muskrat cap that I had never seen off his head. I think he slept in it, and I'll guarantee it was crawling. He never could meet a man's eyes. He took his finger out of his nose and said, looking past me, "Hello, constable."

I creaked down. Dude pushed me from behind, rubbing the icicles off his nose. "Pa not around?" I said.

Something flickered in his eyes, a wet gray gleam. One eye-socket and temple, I saw, were puffy and discolored—about a three-day-old black eye. He touched one cracked red wrist to his chapped mouth and burst out, "Pa went out yesterday and ain't come back!" With a long drag he blew his nose through his mouth and spit sideways into the snow. His eyes hunted mine and ducked away instantly. "And Puma got out!" he said—wailed, almost.

At that moment I wouldn't have trusted him a rope-length out of my sight. He looked sneakily guilty, he had that black eye which could only be a souvenir from Daddy, he had fifteen years of good reasons for hating his old man. If Schulz and his hound were really missing, I had the conviction that I would find them dry-gulched and stuffed through the ice somewhere. Not that I could have blamed young Schulz too much. In the best seasons his old man must have been a bearcat to live with. In this one, when he had hunted and trapped all winter and never got a single wolf, he was a crazy man. The wolves walked around his traps laughing—they fed much too well to be tempted. They sat just out of rifle shot and watched him waste ammunition. And though he had the best pack of dogs in that country, he hadn't been able to run them for months because of the weather and the deep snow. Out on the flats the dogs could have run, but there were no wolves there; they were all down in the bottoms hobnobbing with the cattle. The last time I had passed through, Schulz had



talked to me half the night like a man half-crazed with rage: red-faced, jerky-voiced, glassy-eyed. To make his troubles worse, he had headaches, he said; "bunches" on his head. A horse had fallen on him once.

So in a winter of complete hard luck, who made a better whipping boy than that sullen son of his? And who more likely, nursing his black eye and his grievance, to lie behind the cabin or stable and pot his father as he came up the trail?

It was a fine theory. Pity it wasn't sound. I told young Schulz to hold it while I turned the horses into the police haystack, and while I was down there I got a look around the stable and corrals. No bodies, no blood, no signs of a fight. Then up in the barracks, in the hot, close, tallow-mousy room with muskrat and marten pelts on bows of red willow hanging from the ceiling and coyote and lynx hides tacked on the wall, and three spirals of last-year's flypaper, black with last year's flies, moving in the hot air above the stove, I began asking him questions and undid all my nice imaginary murder.

I even began to doubt that anything would turn out to be wrong with Schulz or his hound, for it became clear at once that if Schulz was in trouble he was in trouble through some accident, and I didn't believe that the Schulzes had accidents. They might get killed, but they didn't have accidents. It was about as likely that he would freeze, or get lost, or fall through a rapid, or hurt himself with a gun, as it was that a wolf would slip and sprain his ankle. And if you bring up those bunches on his head, and the horse that he said fell on him, I'll bet you one thing. I'll bet you the horse got hurt worse than Schulz did.

Still, he was missing, and in that country and that weather it could be serious. He had left the barracks the morning before, on foot but carrying snowshoes, to check on some carcasses he had poisoned down by Bates Camp. Usually he didn't use poison because of the dogs. Now he would have baited traps with his mother, or staked out his snuffling boy, if he could have got wolves that way. He shut the wolfhounds in the stable and the staghound in the barracks and told the boy to keep them locked up. The staghound especially had to be watched. He was used to going everywhere with Schulz, and he might follow him if he were let out.

That was exactly what he did do. Young Schulz kept him in the barracks—it would have been like being caged with a lion—until nearly dark, when he went down to the stable to throw

some frozen beef to the other dogs. He slid out and slammed the door ahead of the staghound's rush. But when he came back he wasn't so lucky. The dog was waiting with his nose to the crack, and when it opened he threw his hundred and forty pounds against the door and was gone. No one but Schulz would have blamed the boy—ever try to stop a bronc from coming through a corral gate, when you're there on foot and he's scared and ringy and wants to come? You get out of the way or you get trompled. That hound would have trompled you the same way. But Schulz wouldn't think of that. The boy was scared sick of what his father would do to him if and when he came back.

I thought that since the hound had *not* come back, he obviously must have found Schulz. If he had found him alive and unhurt, they would be back together before long. If he had found him hurt, he would stay with him, and with any luck I could find them simply by following their tracks. I asked the boy if he was afraid to stay alone two or three days, if necessary. He wasn't—it was exactly the opposite he was scared of. Also I told him to stay put, and not get in a panic and take off across a hundred miles of open country for Malta or somewhere; I would see to it that his old man laid off the horsewhip. Somebody—his old man, or me, or somebody—would be back within three days at the latest.

He stood in the doorway with his arms still bare, a tough kid actually, a sort of wild animal himself, though of an unattractive kind, and watched me with those wet little gleaming eyes as I rode off down Snake Creek.

**I** COULDN'T have had better trailing. The light snow two nights before had put a nice firm rippled coating over every old track. When I hit the river the channel was perfectly clean except for Schulz' moccasin tracks, and braided in among them the tracks of the hound. A wolf makes a big track, especially with his front feet—I've seen them nearly six inches each way—but that staghound had feet the size of a plate, and he was so heavy that in deep snow, even a packed drift, he sank way down. So there they went, the companionable tracks of a man and his dog out hunting. If I hadn't known otherwise I would have assumed that they had gone upriver together, instead of six hours apart.

The day had got almost warm. Under the north bank the sun had thawed an occasional rooty dark spot. I kneed Dude into a shuffle, the packhorse dragged hard and then came along. I could have followed that trail at a lope.



It led me four miles up the river's meanders before I even had to slow down, though I cut four more notches in the tally stick and saw two thin does and a buck flounder away from the ford below Sucker Creek, and took a snapshot with the carbine at a coyote, fatter than I ever saw a coyote, that stood watching me from a cutbank. My bullet kicked snow at the cutbank's lip and he was gone like smoke. Then a mile above Sucker Creek I found where Schulz had put on his snowshoes and cut across the neck of a bend. The hound had wallowed after him, leaving a trail like a horse.

The drifts were hard-crusting under the powder, but not hard-crusting enough, and the horses were in to their bellies half the time. They stood heaving while I got off to look at a little tent-like shelter with fresh snow shoveled over it. The hound had messed things up some, sniffing around, but he had not disturbed the set. Looking in, I found a marten in a No. 2 coyote trap, caught around the neck and one front leg. He wasn't warm, but he wasn't quite frozen either. I stuffed marten and trap into a saddlebag and went on.

The trail led out of the river valley and up a side coulee where among thin red willows a spring came warm enough from the ground to stay unfrozen for several feet. The wolfer had made another marten set there, and then had mushed up onto the bench and northwest to a slough where tules whiskered up through the ice and a half-dozen very high muskrat houses rose out of the clear ice farther out.

At the edge of the slough I got off and followed where man and hound had gone out on the ice.

Where the ice was clear I could see the paths the rats make along the bottom. For some reason this slough wasn't frozen nearly as deep as the river, maybe because there were springs, or because of organic matter rotting in the water. The Royal Society will have to settle that sometime. All I settled was that Schulz had chopped through the ice in two places and set coyote traps in the paths, and had broken through the tops of three houses to make sets inside. He had a rat in one of the house sets. Since I seemed to be running his trapline for him, I put it in the other saddlebag.

Nothing, surely, had happened to Schulz up to here. The hound had been at every set, sniffing out the trail. That would have been pretty late, well after dark, when the fog had already shut off the half moon. It occurred to me as I got back on Dude and felt the icy saddle under my pants again that I would not have liked to be out there on that bare plain to see a wild animal like that hound go by in the mist, with his nose to his master's track.

FROM the slough the trail cut back to the river; in fifteen minutes I looked down onto the snowed-over cabin and buried corrals of Bates Camp. There had been nobody stationed in it since the T-Down fed its last hay almost two months before. No smoke from the stovepipe, no sign of life. My hope that I would find the wolfer holed up there, so that I could get out of the saddle and brew a pot of tea and eat fifty pounds or so of supper, went glimmering. Something had drawn him away from here. He would have reached Bates about the same



time of day I reached it—between two and three in the afternoon—for though he was a tremendous walker he could not have covered eight miles, some of it on snowshoes, and set seven traps, in less than about four hours. I had then been on his trail more than two hours, and pushing it hard.

I found that he hadn't gone near the shack at all, but had turned down toward the corrals, buried so deep that only the top pole showed. Wading along leading the horses, I followed the web tracks to the carcass of a yearling shorthorn half dug out of the snow.

There were confusing tracks all around—snowshoes, dog, wolf. The shorthorn had died with his tongue out, and a wolf had torn it from his head. The carcass was chewed up some, but not scattered. Schulz had circled it about six feet away, and at one place deep web tracks showed where he had squatted down close. I stood in the tracks and squatted too, and in front of me, half obscured by the dog's prints, I saw where something had rolled in the snow. Snagged in the crust was a long gray-black hair.

A wolf, then. This was one of the poisoned carcasses, and a wolf that rolled might be sick. Squatting in the quenched afternoon, Schulz would have come to his feet with a fierce grunt, darting his eyes around the deceptive shapes of snow and dusk, and he would not have waited a second to track the wolf to his dying-place. The coyotes he ran or shot, and the marten and muskrat he trapped when nothing better offered, were nothing to him; it was wolves that made his wild blood go, and they had cheated him all winter.

**F**OR just a minute I let myself yearn for the cabin and a fire and a hot meal. But I still had an hour and a half of light good enough for trailing—about what Schulz himself had had—and after that maybe another half-hour of deceptive shadows, ghostly moonlight, phosphorescent snow, and gathering mist and dark. If he had got hurt somehow chasing the wolf, he might have survived one night; he couldn't possibly survive two. So I paused only long enough to put the packhorse in the stable and give him a bait of oats, and to light a fire to take a little of the chill out of the icy shack. Then I set the damper and took out on the trail again.

It was like a pursuit game played too long and complicated too far, to the point of the ridiculous—like one of these cartoons of a big fish swallowing a smaller fish swallowing a smaller fish swallowing a small fish. There went

the sick wolf running from the heat of the strychnine in his own guts, and after him the wolfer, implacable in the blue-white cold, and after him the great hound running silently, hours behind but gaining, loping hard down the river ice or sniffing out the first marten set. There went wildness pursued by hate pursued by love, and after the lot of them me, everybody's rescuer, everybody's nursemaid, the law on a tired horse.

Schulz never did catch up with that wolf. Probably it had never been sick at all, but had rolled in the snow in sassy contempt, the way a dog will kick dirt back over his scats. Up on the bench its tracks broke into the staggered pairs that showed it was trotting, and after a half mile or so another set of wolf tracks came in from the west, and the two went off together in the one-two-one of an easy lope.

Schulz quit, either because he saw it was hopeless or because the light gave out on him. I could imagine his state of mind. Just possibly, too, he had begun to worry. With darkness and fog and the night cold coming on, that open flat bare of even a scrap of sagebrush was no place to be. In an hour the freak windlessness could give way to a blizzard; a wind right straight off the North Pole, and temperatures to match, could light on him with hardly a warning, and then even a Schulz could be in trouble.

Above me, as I studied his tracks where he broke off the chase, a chip of moon was pale and blurry against a greenish sky; the sun over the Cypress Hills was low and strengthless. It would go out before it went down. And I was puzzled by Schulz. He must have been lost; he must have looked up from his furious pursuit and his furious reading of failure, and seen only misty dusk, without landmarks, moon, stars, anything, for instead of heading back for the river and the cabin he started straight eastward across the plain. So did I, because I had to.

It took him about a mile to realize his mistake, and it was easy to read his mind from his footprints, for there out in the middle of the empty snowflats they milled around a little and made an eloquent right angle toward the south. Probably he had felt out his direction from the drifts, which ran like shallow sea-waves toward the southeast. I turned after him thankfully. But he hadn't gone back to Bates, and he hadn't gone back downriver to Stonepile. So where in hell *had* he gone? I worked the cold out of my stiff cheeks, and flapped my arms to warm my hands, and kicked old Dude into a tired trot across the packed flats.

In twenty minutes I was plowing down into

the river valley again. The sun was blurring out, the bottoms were full of shadows the color of a gunbarrel, the snow was scratched with black willows. I judged that I was not more than a mile upriver from Bates. The plowing web tracks and the wallowing trail of the hound went ahead of me through deep drifts and across the bar onto the river ice, and coming after them I saw under the opposite cutbank the black of a dead fire.

I stopped. There was no sign of life, though the snow, I could see, was much tracked. I shouted: "Schulz?" and the sound went out in that white desolation like a match dropped in the snow. This looked like the end of the trail, and because it began to look serious, and I didn't want to track things up until I got a chance to study them, I tied the horse in the willows and circled to come into the bend from below. When I parted the rose bushes to slide down onto the ice, I looked straight down on the body of Schulz's hound.

**D**EAD, he looked absolutely enormous. He lay on his side with his spiked collar up around his ears. I saw that he had been dragged by it from the direction of the fire. He had bled a great deal from the mouth, and had been bleeding as he was dragged, for the snow along the drag mark had a filigree of red. On the back of his head, almost at his neck, was a frozen bloody patch. And along the trough where the body had been dragged came a line of tracks, the unmistakable tracks of Schulz's moccasins. Another set went back. That was all. It was as clear as printing on a page. Schulz had dragged the dead dog to the edge of the bank, under the overhanging bushes, and left him there, and not come back.

I tell you, I was spooked. My hair stood on end, I believe, and I know I looked quickly all around, in a fright that I might be under somebody's eyes or gun. On the frozen river there was not a sound. As I slid down beside the hound I looked both ways in the channel, half expecting to see Schulz's body too, or somebody else's. Nothing. Clean snow.

The hound's body was frozen rock hard. His mouth was full of frozen blood, and the crusted patch on the back of his neck turned out to be a bullet hole, a big one. He had been shot in the mouth, apparently by a soft-nosed bullet that had torn the back of his head off. And no tracks, there or anywhere, except those of Schulz himself. I knew that Schulz never used any gun but

a .22, in which he shot long rifle cartridges notched so they would mushroom and tear a big internal hole and stop without making a second puncture in the hide. If he had shot the hound—and that was totally incredible, but who else could have?—a .22 bullet like that would not have gone clear through brain and skull and blown a big hole out the other side unless it had been fired at close range, so close that even in fog or half-dark the wolfer must have known what he was shooting at.

But I refused to believe what my eyes told me must be true. I could conceive of Schulz shooting his son, and I had already that day suspected his son of shooting *him*. But I could not believe that he would ever, unless by accident, shoot that dog. Since it didn't seem he could have shot it accidentally, someone else must have shot it.

It took me ten minutes to prove to myself that there were no tracks around there except the wolfer's. I found those, in fact, leading on upriver, and since I had looked at every footprint he made from Stonepile on, I knew these must be the ones he made going out. Instead of going home, he went on. Why?

Under the cutbank, in front of the fire, I found a hard path beaten in the snow where Schulz had walked up and down many times. The fire itself had never been large, but it had burned a long time; the coals were sunk deeply into the snow and frozen in their own melt. Schulz had evidently stayed many hours, perhaps all night, keeping the little fire going and walking up and down to keep from freezing. But why hadn't he walked a mile downriver and slept warm at Bates?

I might have followed to try to find out, but the light was beginning to go, and I was too cold and tired to think of riding any more of that crooked river that night. Still, just thinking about it gave me an idea. In any mile, the Whitemud ran toward every point of the compass, swinging and returning on itself. If Schulz had hit it after the fog closed in thick, he would have known that Bates lay downriver, but how would he know which way was downriver? There were no rapids in that stretch. There would have been no landmarks but bends and bars endlessly repeating, changing places, now on the right and now on the left. Some of the bends were bowknots that completely reversed their direction.

That might answer one question, but only one. I put myself in the path he had made, and walked up and down trying to see everything



just as he had. I found the mark where he had stuck his rifle butt-down in the snow, probably to leave his arms free for swinging against the cold. There were hound tracks on the path and alongside it, as if the dog had walked up and down with him. At two places it had lain down in the snow off to the side.

That answered another question, or corroborated what I had guessed before: Schulz couldn't have shot the hound not knowing what it was; it had been there with him for some time.

Standing by the fire, I looked back at the deep tracks where Schulz, and after him the hound, had broken down off the bar onto the ice. The hound's tracks led directly to the fire and the path. I walked the path again, searching every foot of it. I found only one thing more: just where the path went along a streak of clear ice, where ice and snow joined in a thin crust, there were the deep parallel gouges of claws, two sets of them, close together. Would a heavy hound, rearing to put its front paws on a man's shoulders and its happy tongue in a man's face, dig that way, deeply, with its hind claws? I thought it would.

I STOOD at the spot where I thought Schulz and the hound might have met, and again studied the tracks and the places where the hound had lain down. In front of one of them was a light scoop, just the rippled surface taken off the new snow. Made by a tongue lapping? Maybe. By pure intensity of imagining I tried to reconstruct what might have happened. Suppose it went this way:

Suppose he fumbled down to the river with the visibility no more than fifty or a hundred feet, and could not tell which way it ran. The fact that he had lost himself up on the bench made that not merely possible, but probable. A fire, then, until daylight let him see. Willows yielded a little thin fuel, the tiny heat along leg or backside or on the turned stiff hands made the night bearable. But caution would have told anyone as experienced as Schulz that the night was long and fuel short—and at Pinto Horse the night before the thermometer had stood at fifteen below. He would have had to keep moving, the rifle stuck in a drift and his arms flailing and the felt cap he wore pulled down to expose only his eyes and mouth—a figure as savage and forlorn as something caught out of its cave at the race's dim beginning.

The sound of hunting wolves would have kept him company as it had kept us company in our social poker game, and it would have been a

sound that for many reasons he liked less than we did. Except for that dark monotone howling there would have been no sound in the shrouded bend except the creak of his moccasins and the hiss of the fire threatening always to melt itself out—no other sound unless maybe the grating of anger in his own aching head, an anger lonely, venomous, and incurable, always there like the pressure of those “bunches” on his skull. I could imagine it well enough: too well. For the first time, that day or ever, I felt sorry for Schulz.

Endless walking through frozen hours; endless thinking; endless anger and frustration. And then—maybe?—the noise of something coming, a harsh and terrifying noise smashing in on his aloneness, as something big and fast plowed through the snowy brush and came scraping and sliding down the bank. Schulz would have reached the gun in one leap (I looked, but could find no sign to prove he had). Assuming he did: while he crouched there, a wild man with his finger on the trigger and his nerves humming with panic, here came materializing out of the white darkness a great bony shape whining love.

And been shot as it rushed up to greet Schulz, shot in the moment of fright when the oncoming thing could have been wolf or worse? It would have been plausible if it hadn't been for those hound tracks that went up and down along the path on the ice, and that place where the toenails had dug in as if the hound had reared to put its paws on the wolfer's shoulders. If there was ever a time when Schulz would have welcomed the hound, greeted it, talked to it in his mixture of baby talk, questions, and grunts of endearment, this would have been the time. The coming of the dog should have made the night thirty degrees warmer and hours shorter.

Surely the hound, having pursued him for ten miles or so, would have stuck close, kept him company in his pacing, stood with him whenever he built up the fire a little and warmed his feet and hands. But it had walked up and down the path only two or three times. Twice it had lain down. Once, perhaps, it had lapped up snow.

And this hound, following Schulz's tracks with blind love—and unfed all day, since it had escaped before the Schulz boy could feed it—had passed, sniffed around, perhaps eaten of, the carcass of the yearling at Bates Camp.

Suppose Schulz had looked up from his stiff pacing and seen the hound rolling, or feverishly gulping snow. Suppose that in the murk, out of the corner of his eye, he had seen it stagger to its feet. Suppose, in the flicker of the fire, its great jaws had been opening and closing and

that foam had dripped from its chops. Suppose a tight moment of alarm and disbelief, a tableau of freezing man and crazed hound, the deadliest creature and his deadly pet. Suppose it started toward him. Suppose the wolfer spoke to it, and it came on; yelled his peremptory command of "Charge!" which usually dropped the dog as if it had been poleaxed—and the hound still came on. Suppose he yelled a cracking yell, and the hound lumbered into a gallop, charging him. The spring for the gun, the mitt snatched off between the teeth, the stiffened finger pulling the trigger, a snapshot from the waist: Schulz was a good shot, or a lucky one; he had had to be.

Suppose. I supposed it, I tell you, in a way to give myself gooseflesh. By the vividness of imagination or the freakishness of the fading light, the hound's tracks arranged themselves so that only those decisive, final ones were clear. They led directly from one of the places where it had lain down to the bloody scramble where it had died, and if I read them right they came at a scattering gallop. Standing in the path, Schulz would have fired with the hound no more than thirty feet away. Its momentum had carried it in a rolling plunge twenty feet closer. I stepped it off. When Schulz, with what paralysis in his guts and shaking in his muscles, lowered his gun and went up to the dead pet that his own poison had turned into an enemy, he had only three steps to go.

I went over to the hound and took off his collar, evidence, maybe, or a sort of souvenir. Dude was drooping in the willows with his head down to his knees. It was growing dark, but the fog that had threatened was evidently not going to come on; the moon's shape was in the sky.

**W**HAT Schulz had done after the shooting of the hound was up for guesses. He had had to stay through the night until he knew which way was which. But then he had made those tracks upriver—whether heading for the T-Down for some reason, or wandering out of his head, or simply, in disgust and despair, starting on foot out of the country.

I would find out tomorrow. Right now it was time I got back to camp. When I led Dude down onto the ice and climbed on, the moon had swum clear, with a big ring around it. There was no aurora; the sky behind the thin remaining mist was blue-black and polished. Just for a second, when I took off a mitt and reached back to unbuckle the saddlebag and put the hound's collar inside, I laid my hand on the

marten, stiff-frozen under soft fur. It gave me an unpleasant shock, somehow. I pulled my hand away as if the marten might have bitten me.

Riding up the channel, I heard the wind beginning to whine under the eaves of the cutbanks, and a flurry of snow came down on me, and a trail of drift blew eastward ahead of me down the middle of the ice. The moon sat up above me like a polished brass cuspidor in a high-class saloon, but that could be deceptive; within minutes the wrack of another storm could be blowing it under.

Then I rode out into an open reach, and something touched my face, brushed it and was gone, then back again. The willows shuddered in a gust. Dude's head came up, and so did mine, because that wind blew out of hundreds of miles of snowy waste as if it wafted across orange groves straight from Florida: instantly, in its first breath, there was a promise of incredible spring. I have felt the beginnings of many a Chinook; I never felt one that I liked better than that one.

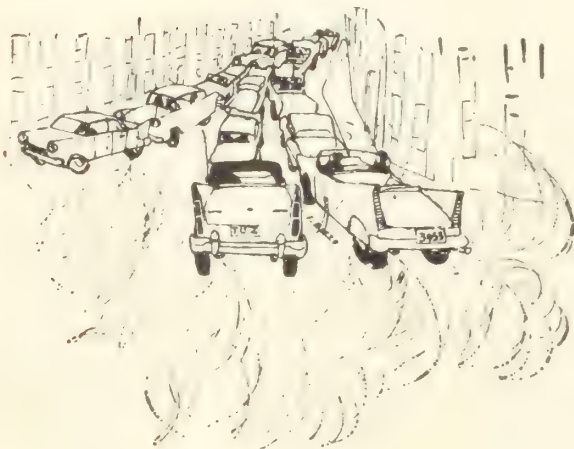
Before I reached Bates I was riding with my earlaps up and my collar open. I had heard a willow or two shed its load of snow and snap upright. The going under Dude's feet was no longer the squeaky dryness of hard cold, but had gone mushy.

By morning the coulees and draws would be full of the sound of water running under the sagged and heaved drifts; the rims of the river valley and patches of watery prairie might be worn bare and brown. There might be cattle on their feet again, learning again to bawl, maybe even working up toward the benches, because this was a wind they could face, and the prairie wool that had been only inches below their feet all winter would be prickling up into sight. Something—not much but something—might yet be saved out of that winter.

That night I went to bed full of the sense of rescue, happy as a boy scenting spring, eased of a long strain, and I never thought until morning, when I looked out with the Chinook still blowing strong and saw the channel of the Whitemud running ten inches of water on top of the ice, that now I wouldn't be able to follow to their end the single line of tracks, by that time pursuing nothing and unpursued, that led upriver into ambiguity. By the time I woke up, Schulz's last tracks were on their way toward the Milk and the Missouri in the spring breakup; and so was his last fire; and so, probably was the body of his great hound; and so, for all I or anyone else ever found out, was he.



CHARLES SCHAEFFER  
AND ART COSING



# How much poison are you breathing?

The carefully documented facts on one  
of the most sinister—and widely ignored—  
menaces to the nation's health . . .

**M**ILLIONS of tons of auto-exhaust wastes are poisoning the air over the United States. Bronchial disorders associated with urban living have risen dangerously; and now the fumes pumped into the atmosphere by hundreds of thousands of internal-combustion engines have been linked with lung cancer.

As motor traffic increases, it becomes more and more evident that invisible auto fumes are helping to cause a wide variety of ugly and unhealthy phenomena, ranging from crop damage to the Los Angeles smog. Not since the late 1920s—when a carbon monoxide scare sent researchers

to their laboratories to show that the gas was fatal only if you happened to get shut up with it in a sealed garage—have engine vapors been so urgent a concern to the public. In 1958, the exhaust products of automobiles, trucks, and buses, fouled the air over America's cities with nearly:

—169,600,000,000 pounds of deadly carbon monoxide.

—21,200,000,000 pounds of “cancer-bearing” organic vapors, more technically known as hydrocarbons.

—3,975,000,000 pounds of smog-producing oxides of nitrogen.

If we add to this millions of pounds of aldehydes, sulphur compounds, organic acids, and even solids such as zinc, lead, and other metallic oxides, we are confronted with the raw materials of a major menace to the nation's health. But formidable as this threat has been, scientists, researchers, and community leaders are only now beginning to assess its danger; and the auto companies which bear major responsibility for it have been very slow indeed to take preventive action. When General Motors announced in Detroit in August that the company was seriously considering financing a broad study of the possible link between exhaust fumes and lung cancer, it emphasized that the idea was still in the conversational stage. If such a study were undertaken, it would be done by the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research and would be the first such project by a single automobile manufacturer.

## THE CHAIN-SMOKING DRIVER

**T**HIRTY years ago lung cancer in the United States was a minor medical problem. Today, it has become a dangerously widespread disease which is fatal in 95 per cent of the reported cases. Deaths from lung cancer have increased at a rate unequaled by other diseases: 35,000 estimated deaths in 1958 as compared with 3,000 recorded in 1930. And, equally significant, the risk of developing the disease is 100 per cent greater in the city than in the country.

No single suspect has been isolated as the cause of lung cancer, but it is a demonstrated fact that many cancer-producing agents—called “carcinogens”—have been detected in auto exhausts. Many authorities tie the increase in lung and throat cancer to heavy cigarette smoking; some to air pollution, and one of its major ingredients, auto exhausts. Some blame both. In any case, if you smoke you have the obvious advantage—

you can simply quit smoking. But if you live in an environment of polluted air, you must breathe it: 15,000 quarts per day, or thirty pounds every twenty-four hours.

Last November, in Washington, D. C., at the National Conference on Air Pollution, Dr. Chauncey D. Leake, Assistant Dean of the College of Medicine, Ohio State University, flatly stated:

... About half of air pollution is referable to exhausts from internal combustion engines in automobiles. . . . In addition to eye and respiratory irritation, the increasing incidence of lung cancer is quite as referable to increased city auto traffic exhausts as to cigarettes. Russian public-health officials, I learned a couple of years ago, claim their rising occurrence of lung cancer in the cities goes along with the increase of auto and truck traffic.

He is by no means alone in this view. Dr. Eugene J. Houdry, one of the world's leading authorities on petroleum chemistry, argues that the rate of increase in gasoline consumption in the United States between 1914 and 1950 "corresponds exactly to the estimate of a nineteen-fold increase in lung cancer mortality" during the same period. Houdry, who is President of Oxy-Catalyst, Inc., in Wayne, Pennsylvania, where engineers are developing a promising catalytic device for destroying harmful auto wastes, goes further. He claims the annual percentage increase in lung cancer deaths among white males dropped by nearly 35 per cent between 1940 and 1945—virtually paralleling the decline of gasoline consumption because of wartime rationing.

Another investigator of the effects of air pollution, Dr. Clarence A. Mills, professor of experimental medicine at the University of Cincinnati, has reported a correlation between heavy smokers, steady drivers, and lung cancer. A door-to-door survey was made of persons known to have died from cancer and their families in three contrasting population groups: residents of the smoke-polluted Basin district of Cincinnati, residents of the city's cleaner suburbs, and the state's rural counties. From hospital records, death certificates, and interviews, he found a significant link between rising lung cancer and heavy smoking. But apart from this, his survey indicated, city men driving more than 12,000 miles a year multiplied their risk of developing lung cancer by two or three times. (A chain-smoking city taxicab driver runs a chance of lung cancer twenty to forty times as great as a non-smoking farmer, according to Mills.)

Beyond these very suggestive figures, what medical evidence is there? Not much, unfortunately. Air-pollution research techniques, as one government official privately put it, "are no better than water-pollution detection methods were thirty or forty years ago!" Ample statistics seem to link mounting traffic and increasing gasoline consumption with rising lung cancer deaths. But the critics of these findings—notably Detroit's car makers—argue that you can show anything with statistics. The auto makers maintain no one has yet conclusively traced human lung cancer to auto exhausts. Nevertheless, some striking laboratory evidence against auto fumes has been developed by Dr. Paul Kotin, Associate Professor of Pathology at the University of Southern California's School of Medicine. Dr. Kotin and his associates have produced cancer in mice by subjecting them to various combinations of auto wastes.

#### PAINTED MICE

UNDER his direction, two samples of air, one from a highly industrialized section of smog-plagued Los Angeles, the other from bumper-to-bumper traffic, were collected for the first experiment. Out of this he brewed an extract of "natural smog." Three times a week, researchers painted seventy-six black mice between the shoulders with the concoction. At the close of a year twelve mice developed skin cancer. None of sixty-nine non-painted mice in a control group was stricken.

For a second experiment, Dr. Kotin's researchers collected their ingredients directly from an automobile exhaust. To get a sample typical of city driving, they ran the engine at various speeds, idling, accelerating, and decelerating. They prepared a compound, and this time painted one hundred mice. Tumors developed on thirty-eight of the test animals.

In still another test Dr. Kotin placed mice inside inhalation chambers. From prolonged breathing of simulated traffic fumes some of the mice developed lung tumors. "These tumors while differing structurally from human tumors are nevertheless unequivocally new growths," he says.

Dr. Kotin's studies do not implicate auto exhausts alone. As he points out, the air supports a variety of cancer-producing agents in addition to those from motor vehicle tailpipes. Dr. Kotin says: "It is generally accepted that the development of cancer is a step-wise procedure and, logically, any one of the causative links in the



chain can be supplied from environmental sources." But he warns, "atmospheric pollution uniquely supplies in and by itself the links necessary for the experimental induction of lung cancer."

#### COOKING IN L. A.

**O**UTSIDE of Los Angeles and some East Coast cities there has been little or no public protest over mounting auto-exhaust wastes. Occasionally, some official will threaten a crackdown on the smoky exhausts of oil-eating rattletaps. (Old cars, incidentally, are only a minor part of the problem.) Mostly, though, drivers and metropolitan workers breathe the invisible fumes without so much as a second thought.

It is not difficult to understand why Los Angeles should be the first city to mount an attack on the car manufacturers. A combination of freakish circumstances has made Los Angeles a natural pot for cooking up throat-searing smogs. The city is surrounded on three sides by mountains and on the fourth by the Pacific Ocean. About 270 days a year an inversion layer of warm air lies over the city, acting as a kind of lid on its atmosphere. Invisible products of exhaust gases and other pollutants mix with the air, and under the strong sunlight they generate a choking haze; this occurs fifty to seventy days a year when the thermal layer drops low enough to produce severe smog.

Since World War II, Los Angeles County has spent millions of dollars to clean up the air. Industry has invested more millions in air pollution equipment. Forty-eight million dollars worth of incinerators have been scrapped. The county itself continues to pour in \$4 million each year. In three years the county government issued five thousand citations to violators of air-pollution ordinances and levied half a million dollars in fines.

Despite this, the smog hangs on and no one breathes easy. "There remains one source of air pollution beyond our power to control," S. Smith Griswold, Air Pollution Control Officer for Los Angeles County, recently told Congress. "Every day in Los Angeles County nearly 3 million automobiles are burning 5.5 million gallons of gasoline, and fouling our air with 8,000 tons of contaminants."

The brand of smog found in the Los Angeles Basin is composed of more than fifty known substances. But it is particularly generous in hydrocarbons, or unburned gasoline vapors.

In 1950, Dr. A. J. Haagen-Smit, a scientist from the California Institute of Technology and consultant to the Air Pollution Control District, created a laboratory product that looked like, smelled like, and acted like smog. Subjecting certain hydrocarbons to radiant energy, or sunlight, Haagen-Smit produced a brew capable of irritating eyes; damaging plants, and cracking rubber. These are three of the typical symptoms of Los Angeles smog, and symptoms increasingly common in other American cities.

It is no secret that the internal-combustion engine is usually inefficient. Unburned or only partially burned gasoline is constantly escaping from auto carburetors and tailpipes—together with invisible clouds of oxides of nitrogen. Depending on whose auto engineers you're talking to, you get various estimates of fuel waste that begin at one gallon for every tankful of gas.

According to the 1950 Haagen-Smit theory, which has been confirmed by other researchers, this cumulative exhaust mixture maintains a near-critical balance until it is "triggered" by sunlight. A chain reaction follows, spreading through the mass and forming smog suffused with ozone, an irritant gas known to cause scarring and swelling in the lung tissue of animals.

Communities all over the nation have a "smog threshold," some authorities theorize. Up to a point, pollutants may be emitted into the air without immediate or obvious effects. But beyond that "unknown" level, continued pollution, from perhaps just a few more automobiles, could create choking smog of the Los Angeles breed. Some scientists think that the slower damage to air passages and lungs of prolonged exposure in a typical motorized community may overshadow the more dramatic short-term killing smog episodes.

The contention that the action of the wind prevents airborne poisons from collecting in harmful concentrations over our cities is one of the big myths of our time. The truth is that city dwellers in every industrialized and motorized city of the nation breathe polluted air capable of damaging car paint, pitting stone surfaces, or corroding metals. Air pollution is not some remote stalker that killed twenty people in the now-famous episode in Donora, Pennsylvania, in 1948 and four thousand in London in 1952. If you live in any city with busy factories or numerous cars, you have filthy and possibly deadly air in your lungs.

While researchers investigate the mysteries of cancer and engineers search for ways to "de-

skunk" the auto, traffic grows. Last year, an estimated 68,470,000 autos, trucks, and buses clogged the nation's highways and streets. They consumed more than 53 billion gallons of gasoline, marking a more than twofold increase since 1940. Cars and trucks ejected an enormous volume of wastes into the air.

Are we indeed running out of fresh air? Some health authorities think we are. And unless action is taken, they say, on a broader and bolder scale than is now envisioned, the nation will soon be faced with an air-pollution problem of incredible proportions. Already some ten thousand communities have an air-pollution dilemma of some kind. Most have battled visible enemies—smoke, fly ash, and other industrial wastes—only to overlook the unseen menace of auto exhausts.

#### THE SECRET CATALYST

**W**HAT can be done to control exhaust emissions? Scientists and engineers have considered at least four proposals: (1) modification of the fuel, (2) refinements in engine design, (3) introduction of new engine principles, and (4) installation of induction or exhaust devices.

Of the four, the last is perhaps the most likely answer; in fact its proponents, led by Dr. Houdry, think they are near a solution with a simple and cheap device designed to eliminate poisons before they reach the air. With the help of catalytic agents, Houdry claims his device can render hydrocarbons virtually harmless.

Houdry's experimental catalytic converter is designed to take exhaust products from the automobile manifold, add air to the carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons, and then funnel the gases into the catalytic chamber. Here, under temperatures between 900 and 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit, carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons change into harmless carbon dioxide and water vapor, which are discharged into the air. The exact nature of the catalyst in this converting unit is secret.

Detroit auto engineers, anxious to placate critics, recently put Houdry's 40-inch, 95-pound experimental converter through its paces. (The billion dollar auto industry boasts that it spends a million dollars a year on exhaust research.) General Motors found many desirable features in the Houdry invention—notably its capacity to resist breaking down under the lead present in modern fuels. The auto companies, nevertheless, are not rushing the converter into production.

During the evaluation, two cars, equipped with Houdry converters, were driven 34,000 miles

under varying traffic conditions. The first car, in addition to the converter, ran on a richer fuel mixture supplied by a special test carburetor. The second vehicle, a standard production model, used a normal gasoline mixture.

This January, engineers reported that the car with both control devices removed about 90 per cent of the hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen from the exhaust. And the second car, equipped with nothing but the Houdry converter, was only 15 per cent less effective in reducing hydrocarbons. (Oxides of nitrogen were unaffected.)

General Motors engineers found some apparent and not-so-apparent shortcomings. They noted an incapacity of the converter to muffle exhaust noises (even though Houdry made no such claims for it). Weight and size troubled the engineers. Heat generated from the insulated converter seemed excessive; and they noted a strong odor associated with the converter.

None of these "practical problems" should be insurmountable, particularly to an industry capable of offering the public costly tailfins, unneeded horsepower, and unbought hi-fi record-players for the dashboard.

When will Houdry's safety device (or related devices under development by Ford, Thompson Ramo-Wooldridge Inc., and Chrysler) come into use? The motor vehicle industry makes no promises, even though one of its spokesmen admits that "catalytic treatment of some sort seems to be indicated as ultimately being most effective." Detroit will not be rushed.

Detroit has acknowledged a responsibility for the health hazards of autos only reluctantly—if at all. Not long ago, in answer to criticism, the managing director of the Automobile Manufacturers Association told the National Conference on Air Pollution that his industry was unique in having to concern itself with "how the consumer uses or misuses the product long after its sale."

What, then, is the best way to solve this problem? Has the time come when motorists must forsake their private air-pollution machines and threaten a massive migration to public transport as one way of reducing city traffic, and ending the menace to our lungs and lives? (This might become a practical solution—as well as a new and major argument in favor of badly needed, fast, efficient commuter services of the kind advanced by John I Snyder, Jr. in the November 1958 *Harper's*, for instance.)

Or has the time arrived when the federal government must intercede? A recommendation, which came before the first session of the 86th



Congress, may be the legislative catalyst needed to start things boiling. It is a pending bill requiring the Surgeon General to conduct a two-year study of the probable health menace of auto fumes. Unfortunately, this is a weakened blend of two tougher bills introduced by Representative Paul Schenck, an Ohio Republican and former high-school chemistry teacher. One of these would have barred sale of new cars discharging exhaust compounds in excess of volumes prescribed by the Surgeon General; the other would have prohibited motor vehicles guilty of letting off too much exhaust from crossing state borders. Although this compromise merely pays lip service to existing government research plans, its intent is salutary.

A Senate bill by Richard L. Neuberger, the Oregon Democrat, would require the Public Health Service to determine standards for the amount of exhaust particles and gases safe for human health, plus PHS research to aid in the development of exhaust-control devices.

Actually, realistic legal authorities, like Los Angeles attorney Harold W. Kennedy, would urge state governments to take over the job of controlling auto exhausts once the yardstick of what constitutes "too much" pollution is set by the Surgeon General. If the Houdry converter, or some other purifying device, is ultimately built into new models and installed on older cars, and state governments accept the responsibility of policing auto exhausts within their state, border "road blocks" will be unnecessary.

#### THE BIRTH OF SMOG

**H**OW will the Surgeon General know how much pollution is "too much"?

This year a team of engineers and doctors will launch the U. S. Public Health Service's first official investigation of the auto exhaust to help the nation's chief medical officer make this determination. "A continuous sampling of exhausts for all possible effects, not cancer alone, will be made," according to Dr. Richard A. Prindle, Chief of the Air Pollution Medical Branch in Washington, D. C., which retains overall control of the Public Health Service's medical experiments in this field.

The Taft Sanitary Engineering Center in Cincinnati, Ohio, is the only public-health laboratory equipped to produce and analyze auto exhausts for chemical and biological effects. During simulated city driving conditions in the Taft laboratory, a dynamometer will measure motor acceleration and deceleration patterns.

Changes in humidity will be introduced; and in two special irradiation chambers, controlled artificial sunlight—scaled to the intensity of the Los Angeles sun, for example—will be beamed into the concoction. In that way it is hoped the actual birth of smog can be studied. Later, small animals such as guinea pigs, rabbits, and mice, will be exposed to exhaust fumes for short periods. Heartbeats, respiration, and general physical condition will be continuously monitored. When these results are catalogued, the exposure time will be stepped up. A major goal, here, is to observe the animals over their lifetimes for possible tumors or other ill-health effects as a direct result of varying environmental conditions.

Human volunteers will also be studied in the Taft Center's smog chambers. Under careful medical supervision they will take short eye-watering doses. Doctors, including ophthalmologists, will then try to determine if smog, besides irritating eyes, constitutes a more long-term peril.

Public-health studies, though only recently initiated, are not confined to the Taft Center and its scrutiny of auto exhausts. At Wayne University, on Detroit's doorstep—though the site is only a coincidence—colonies of rabbits, mice, and guinea pigs are being exposed to the fumes. Other luckier animal colonies are breathing filtered air to see if they enjoy healthier lives. In still another study of 163 metropolitan areas, U. S. Public Health researchers are seeking the statistical relationship between polluted air and cancers of the lung, esophagus, and stomach.

Obviously, the layman can't hold his breath while the experts decide whether or not auto pollution may shorten his already shaky existence. But at least he has come to realize that car fumes aren't doing him any good. Why then must he wait until science traces fifty, twenty, or even ten untimely deaths to pollution of any kind? In an era when the United States is spending billions to hurl *missiles* into space's empty reaches, when the automobile industry is investing millions to lure still more motorists onto already crowded *highways*, the glib assertion that auto fumes are *merely* the inevitable penalty of progress has become outrageous.

"In law, the suspect is innocent until his guilt has been proved beyond reasonable doubt," Surgeon General Leroy E. Burney told the National Conference on Air Pollution. "In protection of human health, such absolute proof often comes too late. To wait for it is to invite disaster."

By ROBERT KOTLOWITZ

*Drawings by Arthur Marokvia*



## Mr. Balanchine builds a Ballet

A backstage portrait of "the greatest craftsman in his profession," as he goes about the sweaty, imaginative, and complex business of creating a new work of art.

ANYONE bewitched by the notion of theatrical life as a giddy phenomenon nourished by champagne and midnight suppers might do well to take a look, as I did recently, at the bulletin board that hangs backstage at the New York City Center. One notice, posted among congratulatory telegrams, casting information, and rehearsal schedules, read:

"Memo from Lucy Brown. If enough people are interested I should be glad to give a class in elementary fundamentals of music, especially as related to body movement. All those interested sign below."

In the midst of a ten-week season calling for five to six hours of rehearsal a day to prepare for eight performances every week, during which as many as twenty different ballets might be alternated, ten members of the New York City Ballet, including an internationally celebrated ballerina, signed up for the class. Not all ten, though, were strictly on the level, it was pointed out by Miss Brown, who is a rehearsal pianist for the company. "In fact," she said, "two of the names are ringers. But it's still a nifty response, don't you think?"

I agreed and asked for an explanation of the rehearsal schedule posted nearby. It was filled with fairly cryptic messages. The top line, for

example, read: "Monday, 3-5 P.M., Nuts." This, Miss Brown explained, meant that all the dancers involved in the company's production of "The Nutcracker" had been required to report on-stage that afternoon. Below "Nuts," another line read: "Monday, 7-10 P.M., Rieti, entire cast." "Rieti," Miss Brown told me, was the working title of a new ballet I had been invited to observe in rehearsal; it was scheduled to open in two weeks.

On-stage, fourteen dancers—the entire cast of "Rieti"—and six understudies awaited the ballet's choreographer. Most of them passed the time by shuffling listlessly about in the dim yellow lights, stopping occasionally to stretch their muscles or complain matter-of-factly about fatigue. One dancer had found a solution: he lay curled on his side, asleep. Another, munching graham crackers, leaned against Lucy Brown's upright piano. Patricia Wilde, one of the two leading dancers in the new work, sat on the floor, sewing ribbons onto her toe shoes; her partner, Jacques d'Amboise, rested alongside her, reading a paper-backed anthology of horror stories.

Up front, a member of the company's corps wondered aloud when she would get a chance to dance a solo role in "The Nutcracker." Ask Mr. B, was Lucy Brown's advice. The young dancer was not at all sure that this would work. The pianist would accept no nonsense in the matter; if the young dancer wouldn't ask Mr. B, whom would she ask? Before this suggestion could be given proper thought, Mr. B himself had stepped through the wings, apologizing for his lateness, although he was on time. The napping dancer was awakened; Mr. B clucked sympathetically. With his back to the vast, darkened auditorium,



Mr. B faced his dancers and nervously sniffed the air a few times. Then he called for work by placing two fingers in his mouth and producing a lame parody of a traffic cop's whistle.

One of the dancers wanted to know if it was true that costumes were being designed. "Costumes?" Mr. B asked in surprise. "Yes, there will be costumes. The boys will be dressed as jockeys." This set off a minor hubbub; everyone was pleased. "The girls," he went on, "will wear some things we already have upstairs." What about a set? Mr. B shrugged off the question as though it were the strangest point in the world to raise about a new production. "No sets," he said. After a moment's thought, he suddenly brightened and added, "This is just going to be a new little ballet for some old costumes." Then Mr. B proceeded to the business at hand.

Mr. B, of course, is George Balanchine, a short, compactly muscled, patrician-faced choreographer of fabled reputation who retains the posture and energy of a dancer, which he once was, and the manners and wit of a gentleman born and bred in Tsarist Russia, where, in fact, he grew up as Gheorgi Melitonovich Balantchivadze. The company he is working with is his own, and he serves it under the title of Artistic Director, a fact which audiences discover only by digging deep into the New York City Ballet's programs. There they find Balanchine's official position listed somewhere around Page 35 in the same type size as the company's wigmakers, scenery painters, and physician, among others.

The audience will not, however, learn anything about Balanchine beyond the correct way to spell his name. This kind of billing—or lack of it—is no accident. Over the years, Balanchine has shown little inclination to develop a professional theatrical personality; he will stand on his work or nothing at all. To get him to take a bow after the première of a new work can be a chore, his dancers say, and once out in front of the New York City Center's golden curtain he is likely to appear both surprised and bashful.

#### CRAFT, IMAGINATION, GENIUS

**B**ALANCHINE has been choreographing ballets in almost every theatrical medium for more than three decades, and fellow choreographers and musicians speak of him with profound respect, if not downright awe. Agnes de Mille, for one, has described him as "the greatest craftsman in the profession, and in many ways the most poetic and evocative," and Jerome Robbins, whose name is probably known to a

wider public than Balanchine's, is satisfied to function, in part at least, as Balanchine's Associate Artistic Director in the company. Composer Morton Gould, now at work on a major score for Balanchine, has said, "Balanchine has the capacity for endless creation and an imagination that recognizes no limits. He is beyond fashion and the transient elements in art. No matter what he chooses to do, he offers a sense of the truth. This is the gift of genius."

Naturally, there is a certain amount of grumbling to be heard, mainly from abroad, about the exact qualities Balanchine's "genius" happens to be displaying at any particular moment. The chief complaint is that much of his work seems mechanical and even soulless. Among the charges brought against Balanchine and his company when they visited London for the first time in 1950 was the complete absence of "mystery or sentiment" in everything they danced, while a second critic found a "cold, impersonal quality" in Balanchine's work that chilled him. Others agreed, and in stronger terms. "He is a diamond with only one facet," wrote one, "the geometric glitter of abstract ballet." A French critic later claimed that "George Balanchine seems to be always ready to sacrifice the humanity of his work on the altar of abstraction."

Nor surprisingly, these comments, which attack the very qualities Miss de Mille considers "poetic and evocative," nettle Balanchine, who, like most men, is not prepared to think of himself as ready to sacrifice the humanity of anything. Apropos of some of the English critics in particular, he has been heard to ask, "Who the hell are they to decide what is poetry and what isn't?" For Balanchine, who enjoys chewing the American vernacular, the question is pure rhetoric couched in colloquial comfort. It is true, though, that under his direction Balanchine ballerinas rarely assume that expression of secret romantic yearning and perfect unattainability once described as "the faintly constipated look." They are more likely to appear either totally impassive, tongue-in-cheek, or joyous in action. Nor do they go mad on-stage in the style of a demented Giselle or dance under a pale moon like a Sylphide. Their style is open, free, and extroverted, and their bodies are always lighted so that, first of all, they can be seen. If mystery is unnatural to them and sentiment embarrassing, in the place of both they offer controlled vigor, a heightened lyricism, and exuberant spirits that are no less attractive to American audiences for sometimes appearing corn-fed.

It is just as true that most Balanchine ballets

## St. Petersburg to New York

**B**ORN in Russia in 1904, son of a widely-known musician, George Balanchine was admitted to the Imperial School of Ballet in St. Petersburg at the age of ten. He was graduated four years after the Revolution in 1921, and he set to work choreographing small works in an experimental style. His experiments, however, didn't hold the stage for long. Startlingly different, somewhat brash, and sometimes "erotic," they brought forth the wrath of Soviet artistic authority, which was just as simple to trigger then as today.

Soon afterwards, Balanchine and six friends—among them Alexandra Danilova and Tamara Geva—decided it would be wise to set sail from Leningrad for a season's tour of Western Europe. They billed themselves as the Soviet State Dancers. The title was nonofficial; their mission—to show the world what Soviet dancing was like—was pretty much a fake. They had escaped. Balanchine and at least four other members of the group have never returned to Russia.

Within a short time, Balanchine found himself in Paris and, at twenty, became ballet master of the Diaghilev company. During his tenure, he choreographed at least two major works that are still being danced today: "Apollo" and "The Prodigal Son." After Diaghilev's death, he moved on to other companies, worked in revues and operettas, and in 1933 became choreographer of Les Ballets 1933. Out of Les Ballets' single season came "Seven Deadly Sins" to Kurt Weill's music (an outstanding success in its recent revival by Balanchine for the New York City Ballet) and an invitation from Lincoln Kirstein, a brilliant, single-minded young man from Boston, to come to this country and create a native ballet company.

With only a little time off for Broadway and Hollywood work (mainly to help pay bills), Balanchine has been associated with Kirstein ever since. While they have shared the responsibility for many projects since 1933, their most important successes have been the School of American Ballet and the New York City Ballet Company, the latter founded just ten years ago.

The school is officially connected with the company, providing rehearsal space when needed, instruction, and, most important, a steady stream of graduates to fill the company's ranks. This, of course, is Balanchine's old Imperial School tradition. As for the company itself, under Balanchine's artistic direction and Kirstein's administration, it has acquired its own home theater in New York at the City Center of Music and Drama and an ever-increasing audience—noted for its taste and adventurousness—whose enthusiastic box-office response has encouraged the company to try a nineteen-week season this year in New York alone. Along with Russia's Bolshoi and England's Royal Ballet, it is now considered one of the world's three most important dance organizations.

are "abstract" in the sense that they are plotless. Perfectly matched to the scores Balanchine has chosen to work with, these "abstractions" range from the buckeye humors of "Western Symphony" through the light-hearted disciplines of "Symphony in C," on to the elegance of "Serenade" and the more formal energy of "Concerto Barocco," ending finally way to the left—or far out in front, depending upon one's affinity for the *avant-garde*—with an excursion into outer space called "Agon." In "Agon," some feel, Balanchine and Stravinsky, the composer of the piece, have flown straight into the twenty-first century without so much as a backward look at the members of their audience, who, to nearly everyone's surprise, remain perfectly content to cheer this strange, agitating venture as a marvel at every performance.

His work on Broadway during the 'thirties remains an active influence today, although Balanchine himself no longer has much interest in musical comedy, considering himself, at fifty-five, "too old." More than twenty years since his "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" was first danced, its tart, pseudo-tough rhythms, along with its narrative of a gangster and his moll, reappear wearily on the stage and particularly on movie and TV screens. It is not an unheard-of experience to find actual bits and pieces of its choreography used in another choreographer's work, with no credits assigned to Balanchine's original. In a sense, his work in the classic ballet has had the same experience: what were daring Balanchine adventures twenty-five years ago are today's conventions. Balanchine himself could hardly seem to care less. Clearly, what is important to him is what he is doing now. If it takes twenty-five years for the rest to catch up, let it.

### ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

**O**N-STAGE at the City Center, Mr. B got the rehearsal under way. "All right," he called. "Let's do it from the beginning. The whole thing." "The whole thing," in this case, meant the introductory bars to the first movement of Vittorio Rieti's "Fifth Symphony," which Mr. B had already choreographed at a rehearsal several weeks before; it had not been danced since. Mr. B counted "One, two, three, four," Lucy Brown began to play the piano, and the dancers made their entrance, counting. They continued to count aloud, a little breathless as they danced. Above the piano came Mr. B's Russian-accented voice: "One, two, three, four."



At the rear of the stage, the six understudies found room as best they could. They followed the steps tentatively, feeling their way along, shadow-dancing much as boxers shadow-box; sooner or later, they would all get a chance to dance the work in performance. As Patricia Wilde made her entrance, eluding d'Amboise's grasp coyly, two of the girls collided head-on and broke into giggles without losing the count. And so it went, with no one, least of all Mr. B, paying any attention to a finished, elegant gesture; they were intent, no matter how crude their movements, only upon keeping up with the count, which was *allegro*. Suddenly the music stopped. "Did it come out?" Lucy Brown asked, looking up. Her answer stared her in the face, for the dancers had ended on her beat, precisely. Mr. B was pleased. Mildly, he asked her for a repeat, and then another.

The work continued like this for another seventy minutes or so, when the company's union representative called for a five-minute recess. While the dancers broke, Mr. B reviewed the score at the piano.

"I just want to make sure," he said, putting on his glasses. "I never believe my ear. It always gives me the melody but sometimes forgets the rhythm."

When the five minutes were up, Mr. B headed back to the front of the stage. Calling for the six couples, he announced that he would start work on the third movement. Patricia Wilde went back to her sewing, d'Amboise to his book. Slowly and without the piano, Mr. B counted out the opening bars, showing each member of the six couples what he was supposed to do.

"One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four," he said, rising on the ball of his left foot and turning. "You go on this leg." He came down hard; his movements were neither graceful nor clumsy, merely trained. Beat by beat, his dancers followed, counting aloud, trying what Mr. B had demonstrated almost before he had finished demonstrating it. At one point, he stopped to try a movement alone; shuffling warily, he looked like a blind man testing for obstacles in his path. "Boys," he decided, "you go around, one, two, three, four." He showed them, taking one of the girls by the waist. Step by step, the work continued. At the end of fifteen minutes Mr. B had choreographed perhaps thirty seconds of the third movement, and the dancers had not yet heard a note of the music.

Finally, he let the group dance the whole thirty-second sequence without a stop, slowly to the count. Then they did it again. At last, Mr.

B nodded to Lucy Brown and the six couples repeated the passage to the music played in the correct tempo. A knot was discovered; somehow, one of the couples had found itself with an extra beat. Mr. B had them count and dance slowly, the piano silent. The extra beat was found and thrown away and the group repeated the passage once again: "One, two, three, four."

Where would they be without simple arithmetic? "Lost," Mr. B said, "outside the music."

#### ARE YOU COMFORTABLE?

MIDWAY through rehearsal the following evening, it became clear that the movements Mr. B had devised so far for Patricia Wilde and the six girls were meant to suggest those of skittish colts, whom d'Amboise and the boys were out to capture and tame. At no point had Mr. B explained this to his dancers verbally; the steps revealed the whole story. By this time, he had divided the six couples into two equal groups, each with its own set of entrance and exit cues. He wanted to see one short passage repeated.

"Will the first couple of the second group and the second couple of the first group come in on the second beat of the second couple of the first group?" he asked blandly.

The dancers looked at each other, bewildered. "My God," one whispered to her partner, "you've got to be a calculus major to figure this out."

Mr. B was unperturbed. "Like Abraham Lincoln said," he went on, "you can fool all the first people the second time and all the second people the first time and . . ." The dancers interrupted with laughter.

While Mr. B called for work with the soloists, the six couples took a break. Several went out for a cigarette; they do their smoking out of sight of Mr. B who has broken the habit and is fond of self-righteously needling those who remain unredeemed. Others began to practice at the rear of the stage, reviewing material with their understudies. The Marzipan problem came up again; the girl who wanted to dance the role in "The Nutcracker" was still concerned about how to go about asking for it. This time, though, Lucy Brown had no time for her. She was busy waiting for cues from Mr. B and the soloists.

Mr. B was describing a new step to d'Amboise, his directions thick with the French words that help to form the classic ballet vocabulary: *coupé*, *brisé*, *ballonné*, *tour en l'air*. Mr. B tried the step; it didn't look very good. Watching him, d'Amboise seemed doubtful. Finally he tried it



himself, turning fast in the air, making consecutive landings on one foot as he moved diagonally down the stage. His alternate, Edward Villella, followed right behind him. It worked for both, and the company applauded. "Are you comfortable about doing it?" Mr. B asked. They couldn't wait to try it again.

An hour later, he returned to the six couples and the Rieti symphony's third movement. "*Noch einmal*," he said. "*Vom Eingang*." Mr. B cued Lucy Brown. "*Vom where?*" one of the girls whispered. The group began to dance the movement's opening measures, the piano setting the pace. Mr. B clapped his hands to the beat, *presto*. "That's right!" he called as the dancers rushed on, counting under their breaths. Suddenly one of the girls began to cry for help; she was hopelessly tangled in her partner's arms. Dodging them, the remaining five couples finished out the sequence. "Not bad," Mr. B commented. "Now all together. Again."

#### CALLUSES AND HULA HOOPS

WITH two weeks to go before the première of "Rieti," Mr. B had the choreography for the first movement and part of the third—the finale—completed, but had not yet touched the middle section, which was to be a long *pas de deux* for Wilde and d'Amboise. As he continued to create steps for the six couples in the finale, he began to add, for the first time, suggestions on how to attack phrases. At one point, he showed the girls exactly how he wanted them to move. "Don't run timid," he said, imitating their mincing gait. "Run." Later, to a dancer who was beginning to show signs of aping Eddie Arcaro, he said, "Don't act—dance."

Another night, rehearsal was interrupted by out-of-town guests who wanted to say good-by, get some autographs, and take a few snapshots of Mr. B. "I'm not so pretty," Mr. B protested amiably. He struck a pose, hand on hip, chin up,

aristocratic nose proudly twitching. "This," he joked, "is known as a Batista complex." As soon as the guests had left, he picked up his work precisely at the point he had dropped it before the interruption. An hour later, the question arose as to just how much new material he had choreographed that night. Lucy Brown counted it out for him on the score. "Twenty-two bars?" he said. "It's not much. It's not little. Not satisfying. Yet sufficient."

The finale was completed nine days before the opening, and Mr. B had the cast run through it from beginning to end three times. "It's busy," he finally decided. "But it will be freer." Fatigue and nerves were beginning to show on the dancers. Some worried aloud about keeping the count on opening night; they were afraid the audience would see their lips moving. Others had developed midwinter colds and spent much of the time wearily passing Kleenex boxes among themselves. There was foot trouble too; corns, calluses, and ingrown toenails were under steady treatment. At the end of the three-hour session, one dancer slumped to the floor, head between his legs. "You fool yourself with Mr. B," he said. "You think you can keep on working forever without getting tired." Like the rest of the company, he had about an hour's time in which to eat and get ready for the evening's performance.

Finally, Mr. B got down to work on the ballet's middle section, the *pas de deux*; in it, Wilde and d'Amboise were to be supported by the six jockeys. Mr. B began by handing out three hula hoops and showing the boys how and where to hold them so that Wilde could be lifted through by d'Amboise. First they did it one hoop at a time. The effect was of a thoroughbred horse jumping in slow motion. Then Mr. B arranged the hoops in combinations of twos and threes, until at last an intricate set of tricky variations had been worked out. The dancers were grim and on edge; one hoop an inch too high, or low, and Wilde could suffer a nasty fall.



d'Amboise encouraged his partner patiently. "We must take our time," he said, passing her through one hoop and into another. "Take our time. Take our time." The hoops were not coming together the way Mr. B wanted. He stopped the pianist and the dancers. "It should look like that thing on television," he explained. "Like that Bromo Seltzer ad or something."

"Right," one of the boys answered, "purity, body and flavor," and the three hoops immediately interlocked in the Ballantine beer pattern.

A few minutes later the girls' costumes arrived. Calling a break, Mr. B had Miss Wilde try hers on; it turned out to be wrong in every way. Quietly, Mr. B ticked off answers to questions of color, fabric, fit, and cut, emphasizing that he did not want the whiteness of d'Amboise's tights to dominate the stage. This reminded him that he wanted the girls to wear pony-tails on their hair opening night. Would someone see to it that they had headbands made of tiny bells? It might be nice if the girls tinkled a bit.

Forgetting the hoops, Mr. B continued with the two soloists, setting the opening of the *pas de deux*. As they repeated each newly learned phrase—once, twice, five times—Wilde and d'Amboise hummed the long, romantic melodic line. Lucy Brown watched from the piano, her hands in her lap. "It's very beautiful," she admitted, "but I don't know where any of it goes." Mr. B stopped his dancers and whistled the melody for them; then he traced it silently upon the air with his forefinger.

Finally he checked the score. There was a problem. Wilde and d'Amboise were snagged in the middle of a difficult step in which, supported on one arm by d'Amboise, the ballerina was to leap, twist in mid-air to face the opposite direction, and return to earth becalmed and serene on one leg. The question was precisely when to twist in mid-air. Mr. B offered to try it with Wilde. "No," she protested. "Don't do it. You'll hurt your back." He took her arm. "Let's go," he said. They tried it together, Mr. B explaining the timing as they moved; it worked. The two soloists took it up again. It worked, it didn't work, it almost worked . . .

Just before the end of the rehearsal, Mr. B remembered that he had something to tell them all. He had a title for the ballet. It would be advertised in the papers the following day as "Native Dancers."\* It was then one week to opening night.

\*"Native Dancers"—whose title is taken from the name of a great American race horse—is being produced again this season at the City Center.

The ballet was finally complete; rehearsals in the conventional sense could begin. Unlike the actor, who can memorize his lines in private, the dancer memorizes and creates simultaneously; he is both script and performer and there is no alternative. Although a system for notating ballets exists, "Native Dancers" had not been "scored" on paper during its creation. If Mr. B and his dancers had vanished before opening night, the new ballet would have vanished with them.

Two days before the première, there was a sudden upset. One of the six girls had to withdraw from the cast because of illness. She was replaced by an understudy with whom Mr. B worked alone for two hours on details.

#### SNEAK PREVIEW FOR THE ANGELS

A SPECIAL audience of several hundred attended a run-through of the new work the day before the première. Most were invited as patrons of the City Center; their annual contributions to the theater give them the right to attend all previews. Upstairs, visiting students from Columbia University partially filled the balcony. While they waited, Mr. B offered to some of the girls backstage a little critique of Russia's Beryozka Dance Troupe, which was then performing in New York. "Such precision," he said, waving his hands enthusiastically. "So nice. So pretty. And so alive. You should all buy a ticket and go." He went on to tell his dancers that the Beryozka girls averaged only sixteen years. "Such little things. You know, they are all married and have one child already." His girls looked at him in dismay. "No, no," he said. "Don't misunderstand me. That is why they are allowed to leave Russia. They are sure to go back."

Jockey shoes for the boys arrived and a pair was handed to Mr. B. He examined the soles, flexed the insteps, peered inside, and finally slammed the shoes down on a table. "This is a foot?" he demanded of the shoes. He asked one of the boys to try his pair on; the shoes were loose in the wrong spots and tight in the others. "This is what they send us?" Mr. B asked, pointing at the dancer's feet. Someone suggested that the shoes would be all right once they were broken in. "These shoes will never be all right. We can make an atomic bomb. Why can't we make shoes?"

"He's getting nervous for us," Miss Wilde said. "He always worries about his dancers." The

scene reminded her of the time, years before, when Balanchine had choreographed "Concerto Barocco" for another company. "Before Mr. B agreed to do it," she said, "he stipulated that all the dancers, including the corps, had to have new shoes for every performance. And he made the management pay for them, too. There's more dancing in one Balanchine ballet than in any twelve others put together."

Almost everything that could confirm the ancient theatrical tradition of pre-opening-night disaster happened on-stage at the City Center in the quarter-hour that followed. Almost before the ballet was a minute under way, the orchestra and dancers were half a beat apart, and the distance between them was steadily growing. As the performance continued, there were frequent memory lapses that left some of the dancers stranded for a second or two, totally immobile. Simple steps were crudely executed, difficult ones slurred. The newly rehearsed alternate made an entrance propelled by enthusiasm, anxiety, and tension and landed flat on her back; she was up in a second, horrified. During the *pas de deux*, Patricia Wilde's foot was repeatedly tripped by the hula hoops, and at one point it was even money whether she and d'Amboise would be able to extricate themselves from the Ballantine beer pattern. At the finale, everyone was visibly counting and out of breath, each going his or her own way, intent only upon getting through to the final exit. One girl came off with her face buried in her hands. "That's the end of me as a Balanchine dancer," she moaned. Another was angry. "It's bad, bad," she cried. "Mr. B must be dying."

At that moment, Mr. B was heading backstage after some politely tepid applause from the audience, which was settling back to see what might follow. Mr. B walked on-stage. "All right," he said. "You are all too relaxed. Dig in. This is a stamping-piece." He asked them to repeat the finale with the orchestra; as they danced, he counted aloud for them, clapping his hands. He had them do it again. "When you go around, go around." To one dancer, he said, "Don't try to out-blast the trumpet"; to another, "Not too much force. Just clear." Mr. B gave the beat, carrying the rhythm along; he clapped his hands, slapped his thighs; everyone watched him for cues. A pair of horn-rimmed glasses went flying across the stage from the momentum of a dancer's movement. "Up, up, up," Mr. B called to the cast. "Not the legs, the body. Up!" Mr. B worked with individuals, couples, groups of six, the entire cast.

"Mr. B," Lucy Brown said, her music now in the hands of the orchestra, "is flourishing." After two-and-a-half hours of unbroken work, Mr. B called a recess. The City Center patrons and the students from Columbia applauded him. He was surprised to discover that they were still in the auditorium. "Let's get the curtain down," he said. "Enough is enough."

Hours later, Mr. B thanked his cast. "It's almost ready, I think," he said. Then, as the dancers headed for their dressing-rooms, he turned to no one in particular and offered an opinion in a barely audible voice, as though he had to get the words out into the open air, stated if unheard. "I don't think we can have much more improvement," he said. "The thing is not so good anyway."

#### EASY FINISH

NATIVE DANCERS" went on the next night, with a simple set that had been held back almost until the last minute as a surprise for Mr. B. The opening-night audience gave it an opening-night ovation, applauding for minutes on end and holding up intermission with its bravos. In his review the next morning, John Martin of the *New York Times* seemed to agree in part with Balanchine's own opinion. "Out of Balanchine's second drawer," he wrote, nevertheless adding that the new work offered "wit and invention" and a *pas de deux* that was "quite wonderful." Walter Terry of the *Herald Tribune* felt considerably better about the whole thing. Among other things, he described the ballet as being filled with "a fantastic array of choreographic challenges" and "spectacular movements"; all in all, he felt that the company had danced like "champions" and that "Native Dancers" was "a delight." All the other papers agreed. The *Post* thought it "daring and tinged with the unexpected" and shared Mr. Martin's feelings about the hula-hoop *pas de deux*, which it found "stunning." The *News*, colloquial as ever, headlined its review "Native Dancers in Easy Finish" and called Balanchine "a master from the word go," a choreographer who "can do almost anything with any piece of music."

As for Mr. B, he finally took a single curtain call alongside his two soloists. Standing on the apron of the stage as he bowed, he could be seen smiling at Vittorio Rieti, who was seated in the orchestra. Still smiling, Mr. B offered him a shy, schoolboy's wave that started a surge of applause in the direction of the composer, and, as it built, quickly retired behind the curtain.



# *Why spoil the* **ADIRONDACKS?**

Next month New Yorkers will decide whether  
they want to ruin one of the loveliest  
forest playgrounds in America. . . .

A report on a major battle in  
the nationwide War of the Superhighways.

**T**HE tyranny of the gasoline motor, mustering its full horsepower, has launched a revolution of road-building—41,000 miles of expressways to connect the two hundred largest cities of the United States—and all to be completed in thirteen years. Public highway engineers and surveyors are busy exercising the right of eminent domain conferred by Congress, spending billions from the public treasury, and rounding up the support of hundreds of thousands of people in the road-building industry. The gasoline motor is making America a fit place for wheels to roll around in. Whether America will also be a satisfying place for human beings to live in, seems neither here nor there.

But on November 3, as we shall explain later, New Yorkers will have a chance to take a significant stand on this question when they vote whether or not to "alienate" 300 acres of the Adirondack Preserve to a new Adirondack Northway. Already certain scattered groups throughout the country, believing in human values more than commercial advantage, are challenging the road-builders. A band of Missourians organized to defend one last-remaining prairie; a corporal's guard of eccentric Ohioans barricaded the Glen Helen wilderness sanctuary near Antioch College; an outraged body of New Hampshire citizens dug in around Franconia Notch. These impassioned folk contend that we ought to build our twentieth-century America around people—not

around the motor car and truck. Stubbornly they adhere to the naïve doctrine that the advantages of recreation, health, beauty, and spirit outrank the fast trip—or even the fast buck.

Though these first skirmishes in the battle of the freeways were won, the principle on which they were fought has not been recognized. So far, the main criterion for determining where these new freeways will go—the dominant objective as the bulldozers line up for the offensive—is the convenience of the motor. Will it be the same in the Adirondacks?

The tragedy is not only the wholesale manner in which the new roads will put choice areas under pavement. It is the certainty that they will transform the countryside through which they pass. We cannot, paraphrasing Gertrude Stein, declare that "A road is a road is a road." What we are building is a new, highly integrated *system* of motorized transportation. This was Congress's intention in the name of defense.

Just as nature determined the location of commercial ports by the confluence of river and sea, so man is now directing future use and development of land by the location of interchanges on the new "limited access" freeways. To this day De Witt Clinton's Big Ditch has marked the state of New York; 80 per cent of its people and their businesses are still strung along the Hudson-Mohawk water route connecting with the Erie Canal. Just so, the freeways of the future will become belt cities.

To find a parallel to the transportation revolution now going on you would have to go back to the frenzied days of railroad building when tycoons like Jay Cooke made and unmade cities and peddled their terminal favors. The paths of railroad commerce skyrocketed land values and dictated the future of industry and cities.

Yet in retrospect, the canal and even the railroad booms were rigid and limited in their im-

pact compared to what we can now expect. Over the next ten years there will be scarcely a corner of this nation that will not be reassessed for land use in relation to the new freeways. The most remote area in the vicinity of an interchange is now competing in a common market; its very remoteness offers tantalizing advantage for commerce in spaciousness, opportunity for country living, and possible access to fresh water.

*Fortune* magazine, voicing the appraisal of business, has asserted that the new highways will become the troughs of economic expansion and population shifts. Out in the vast stretches of the countryside, it continues, "the highway has an intoxicating influence on the landowner's concept of values. . . . In effect, the highway prices the land out of its previous use." Of what avail trees and valleys and lakes and swamps against insatiable industrial demand?

Indeed, industry, once spiked to a railroad siding, is now truly emancipated. It will adjust its location to a new system of cost accounting; it will establish its sites along the interstate routes.

A striking example of this kind of economic free-for-all is the experience of the New York State Thruway, a limited access toll road. The Authority's annual report proudly declares

that "the beneficial influence on New York State's economy was demonstrated by construction of many additional facilities for industry, business, and commerce along the route. . . . Conservative estimates indicated at year's end that hundreds of millions of dollars already had been allocated by private enterprise for new industrial and business facilities at sites either along or close to the Thruway route."

Even before the route was completed new industry worth \$400 million had set itself up in business nearby. Marginal land that sold for \$500 an acre jumped to \$20,000. A plot of three acres abutting the Thruway near Tarrytown was sold to General Motors for \$300,000. The country village of Selkirk, New York, finds itself in a speculative boom because the highway engineers put it on the crossroads of the Massachusetts Turnpike and the New York Thruway. Fultonville, New York, once a farmer's market town, now boasts a 100-truck terminal, a construction company branch, and a boom in servicing motorists with motels, filling stations, and restaurants.

What is wrong with such relocation and acceleration of industry? Nothing—*except its unplanned character*. Nothing—if we do not surrender all other values including the beauty of our countryside. Plainly, we, as citizens, ought



"Funny thing, but I have a strange feeling that a few million years from now people will wish to hell we had let well enough alone."



to recognize that we are not building mere roads; we are opening a land rush.

Presiding over this nationwide social and economic revolution are an assortment of state public works departments, riddled with politics, and unconcerned—almost unaware—of anything more than the technical details of road construction. If the road base is sound, the grades satisfactory, and the drainage good—if the highway meets the engineering specifications of the American Society of State Highway Officials and comes out at the right place on the map—there is gloating over the drawing boards. Living in a narrow world of slide-rule precision, state highway officials draft the blueprints, squint through the transit telescopes, and make the design. The federal representatives of the Bureau of Public Roads consult and advise. But despite the power of contract approval which the federal agency wields, the initiative in routing—for good or evil—belongs to the states.

These state officials are singularly unconscious of the social impact of their roads; they are, indeed, the despair of professional planners. I have seen their startled expressions when they were asked for an opinion about the effect of their road *beyond* the well-modeled shoulders. Their drive is narrowed to one goal. Only a wide-awake, crusading, and determined public can bring them to heel.

#### THE THREE HUNDRED-ACRE STAKE

**T**HIS whole issue is joined for the nation as the New York State Public Works surveyors—having callously sighted their Northway route through the magnificent Adirondack Preserve in northern New York—beckon the bulldozers to follow. Here is a clear challenge in the case of the people against the gasoline motor—important to the Californian, the Texan, the Iowan, as well as to the New Yorker.

By state constitutional provision dating back to 1895, a vast area of over two million acres is dedicated to recreational and aesthetic and water-conserving uses. These public lands must remain "forever wild." Yet, the Public Works Department has plotted its invasion route across those lands, made no comparative survey of an alternate Champlain water-level route, prevailed on the Governor to support them, and maneuvered a constitutional amendment through the state legislature.

But the citizen can still fight back. By popular vote on Amendment No. 2 this November, New

Yorkers will decide a major issue for the country's future. If the people lose in this test case the motor becomes master. Picnic haunts, summer camps, forest sanctuaries, bird havens will henceforth be tagged as secondary considerations in the pursuit of mechanical progress.

As proposed to the voters, the Adirondack Northway would swing north and west from Glens Falls through the Park and Preserve, to skirt the west shore of Schroon Lake, intrude on the banks of the famed Schroon River for forty-five miles, penetrate the Gui Pond Valley Region, and split the forested Ashcraft Valley to the little community of Keesville via the Poke-O-Moonshine Region—a distance of about 100 miles. As it cuts its cement swathe through the Adirondack Park the Northway crosses Route 9 three times and parallels it for much of the way.

The proposition on the ballot will be simple but misleading. It asks for constitutional authority to "alienate" some 300 acres of state-owned forest-preserve land. It gives no inkling to the uninformed voter that it is not a mere 300 acres of Forest Preserve that are at stake—but the wilderness character and the integrity of the whole Park. It does not hint at the truth: that this violated 300 acres is the main artery from which industry and commerce will pulse and spread in all directions.

It so happens that the 300 or so acres is the public's only hope—the sole technicality through which it can now protect the Park. The public preserve lands are not in a solid block; half the public acreage in the Adirondack Park and much more than half of the frontage on the proposed freeway are private lands. Much is in the hands of large landowners and lumber companies. Except for stated limits on fire, billboards, and dogs, there is no restriction on the use of this private land. So long, however, as the people hold *their* part inviolable, they impose a direct limitation on the private lands as well. In effect, through the constitution, the area is zoned for recreation. Should the people vote away this "mere 300"—they are voting away all future control.

The 300 acres, therefore, are only the ante; after the draw the table stakes are going to be high. The private landowners will be set free to do business in the new economy of transportation. Free to build truck terminals, free to compete in the wood-working industry, free to invite enterprises like the electronics industry which need clean air, free to attract motel villages and all sorts of factories that need quantities of fresh water. Free to bid for commerce by combining offers of new roads with St. Lawrence power.

ROBERT GRAVES

## CATKIND

THROUGH my window,  
Listening carefully,  
I overheard a low  
Moonlight murmur from an olive-tree—  
Three cats rehearsed the virtues of catkind:  
Catkind's silky tread and devious mind,  
Catkind's quiet economy  
(Cleansing itself with wash of its own body),  
Catkind's nonchalance,  
Catkind's persistence,  
Catkind's circumambulance,  
Its fealty to the Queen of Cats above—  
"But when we love," they wailed, "alas,  
we LOVE!"

---

They will be free, simply, to find new land uses with which recreation cannot possibly compete. This is—and will continue to be—the story of the exploitation of all freeways. The Adirondack Northway would not be immune.

It would not be immune because the Northway is a link between the important and burgeoning cities of Albany and Montreal. It is an integral part of the new federal highway and defense system. It would not be immune, moreover, because there is a powerful minority group in this region which is determined it shall not be.

The man who has sparked the Adirondack Northway is Roger W. Tubby, editor of the *Adirondack Enterprise*. Last spring he proposed selective lumbering in the Preserve in order to "improve its health." The basic fact of all the proponents' arguments is the dollar. Proclaiming their desire to save the people \$33 million in building costs over the Champlain route, these local citizens have done some anticipatory chop-licking. "Good News!" the *Enterprise* cheered when the legislature shifted the buck to the voters by passing the amendment last spring. When the threat of commercialization of the Preserve was mentioned, the response was off the record but definite: "Just what we want."

Actually, there are no opponents of a Northway. Should New Yorkers vote down the Adirondack Northway amendment, the freeway could then (with half as much snowfall to congest winter roads and half as much in maintenance

costs for all the future) be routed up the Champlain Valley through Ticonderoga, Port Henry, and Westport. Here no state-owned lands exist, no constitutional amendment is required, and a road is sorely needed by communities that are already partially industrialized.

This is indeed a test case. During the legislative session last spring we received frantic queries from all over the nation, from California and Washington to Connecticut and Florida, asking what out-of-staters could do to save the Adirondack Preserve. And since this is a federal highway, 90 per cent of the money to build it will come from the national pocketbook—making it truly a national undertaking.

More than a dozen large organizations and many county conservation councils have come out in opposition to the Adirondack Northway. But the real battle for the forest will be a battle of the grass roots, just as it was with Panther Mountain in the Adirondacks three years ago. To supplement the Citizens' Northway Committee of Schenectady, the "Paul Reveres of the Forest Preserve" were recently organized with the slogan: "To arms—the bulldozers are coming!"

## LOCKING UP THE FOREST

THE New York vote on Amendment No. 2 is not a question of 300 lost acres. It is not a question of "locked up" resources *versus* free access; the Northway would give access to no areas not already adequately served by roads for the vacationer. It is not even a question of fattening the pockets of a handful of northern communities at the expense of the whole people and future generations—although that would be its direct effect.

It is a question of a wilderness in New York State—or the loss of it. It is a question of a Forest Preserve—or no Forest Preserve.

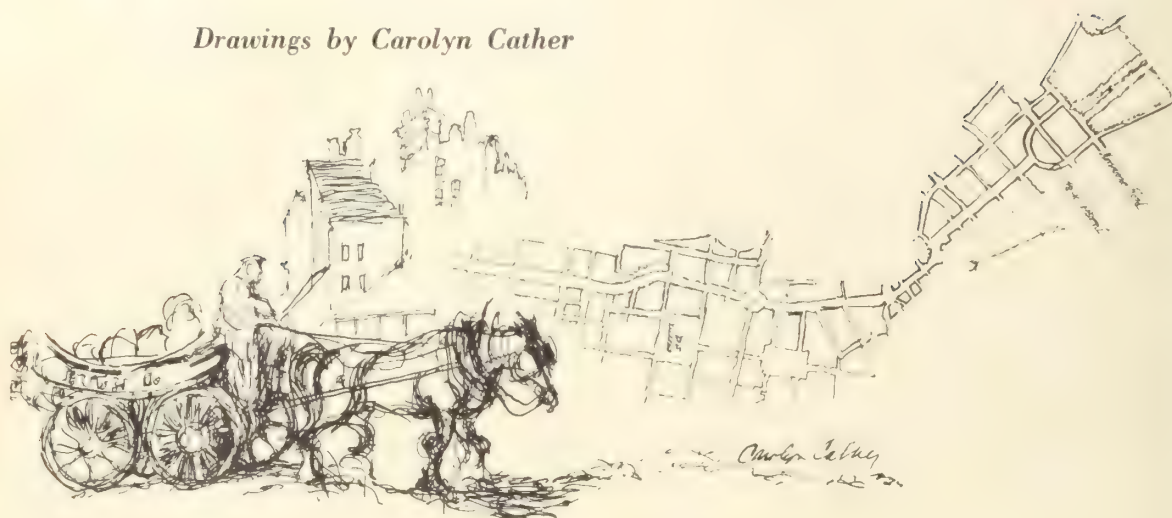
Thus the issue—as in every part of the nation where there has been a clash between the public and the automobile—is clearly one of the preservation of values. All other arguments are peripheral. The many and various cost estimates, some phony, become socially irrelevant—even irreverent.

Will the people of New York, when they go to the polls on November 3, toss away "the wonder and glory of New York State"? Or will they establish the principle for the entire nation that America's recreational lands—the wild green country so desperately needed for the throngs of tomorrow's citizens—shall take precedence over economic advantage, politics, and personal gain?



By MARTHA GELLHORN

Drawings by Carolyn Cather



## Good Old London

FOR three mornings now, the sun has blazed over London. We think it must be the beginning of the end of the world; no one remembers such weather. I lie abed, wondering whether I should put on dark glasses, unable to believe this miracle of light, and read the *Times*. The *Times* is a newspaper which I plainly adore, and I consider that the most suitable way to read it is lying down. On an average quiet day (all days are endearingly quiet to the *Times*) I read with care the small news. There is only one center page of big news in the *Times*, and big news is a bore in any paper anywhere, and is always the same: disagreeable and, even in the stately language of the *Times*, menacing.

I begin with the Biblical quotation above the Personal Advertisements, on the front page. This quotation serves *Times* readers either as a moral guide to the day or as a kind of horoscope, I never know which. Amongst other fascinating items in the long advertisement column are the pleas for charity. Today, in tiny type, the following charities politely solicit our aid: The British Migraine Association, the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association, the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, Canine Defense, the Anglo-Italian Society for the Protection of Animals, the Homosexual Law Reform Society. That is a fairly usual and lovable list. In between, there is the inevitable anonymous lady who wishes to

sell her dyed Russian ermine coat, bought for 600 guineas, for 150 guineas less. Also a surprise offer of a few gazing crystals. And the lovers—illicit? too young? simply romantic?—sending their odd little messages: "Knave: Thinking of you, missing you. Queen."

Moving through the smooth unexcited paper, I find a deliciously English news story, with headline: "To New Zealand on Horseback." It seems there is a Wing Commander who loves horses and wants to visit some relatives in New Zealand, so he plans to ride there, a distance of 14,500 miles, taking two horses and about two years for the journey. The British Automobile Association has been most helpful; it has supplied passport documents for the horses, as well as small GB license plates to hang from the saddles.

Presently, still on an inside page, there is quite a large story about the Prime Minister who has been talking to a dinner of the British Employers' Confederation, telling them how rosy things are, economically, in Britain. "It is clear," said the Prime Minister, "that people in various parts of the world are taking a much more cheerful view of us." But the Prime Minister will not be either effusive or secretive and he points out that although retail prices have been pretty well steady for a year, there has always been the trouble about potatoes and tomatoes. "I can never understand," he said, "why the whole of our economy should be geared to these two items."

Filled with immediate good will for the Prime Minister, and soothed by my morning read, I prepare for another London day.

Two American friends are coming to lunch. I have a bet with myself: they will surely say, "Why do you live in London?" For years now, American friends have been asking this question. You would think we had elected to live on a bed of nails, or perhaps we are on the lam from the cops, or else we have strange ambitions—we wish to become Shakespearian actors, or get presented at Court, or learn to play cricket. For years, I have tried to find a sensible answer to that question, or at least an answer that would satisfy the questioners. It seems to me a peculiar question anyhow: You live where you want to, or where you have to, or where you can, and that's all there is to it. And also, you move when you feel like it, and if your only essential baggage is a typewriter, you can flit freely around the earth, sampling all the beauties and jokes thereof.

But I might, for once, pull myself together and try to answer that question: *Why* do you live in London?

#### WEATHER FOR THE HEROIC

LET us start with the weather, a subject of constant intense concern to the English and to all who live in their country. The weather is, in a word, awful. It cannot make up its mind or stay on a steady course for as much as an hour at a time. When in doubt, it rains. In the end, one takes a certain pride in this horrible weather, unique in the world, and a certain satisfaction in surviving it.

I believe that the weather is the main cause for the way the English dress, or fail to dress. Years ago, when I first visited England, I was incensed by the drab colors—the endless grays, browns, mustards, soots—which the population wore. I thought it miserable for women to clump about in hefty shoes and lisle stockings, sagging tweeds and felt pot hats; while all the men were shrouded in dirty raincoats. I now find this reasonable and a great relief. With the weather as an excuse, the English refuse to be tyrannized by fashion. Happily joining the population, one slops around in an aged suit, a pair of slacks, a bandana, comfy shoes with thick rubber soles. If on occasion you defy the weather, or are sure of a taxi, and doll yourself up in spoilable clothing, a foolish hat, a piece of non-waterproof fur, everyone exclaims with delight and tells you how nice you look. And due to their outstanding quality of loyalty, the English will go on telling

you how nice you look when you appear in the same outfit for four years running.

So there is a double reason for living in London, now that I think of it: I like feeling heroic about the elements, and I loathe bothering about how I look.

To know a country, you must live in your own house or flat; hotels are cheating. Hotels take the burden of daily life off your shoulders; you only get down in the arena and fight when you live like the natives. For an ugly period of about two years, I thought this experience would kill me. I have lived in so many places that I forget which ones they were, but London had me licked. I imagined that our house was infested with devils; I considered having it exorcised.

We put in a vast furnace, for oil-fired central heating. We were idiots to undertake this; the English have not got the hang of central heating and do not like it; they think that a warm house is stuffy and unhealthy. Our furnace regularly exploded. I had never seen or heard of a furnace which acted this way. Its door would blow open, with a roar of angered lions, soot settled greasily throughout the basement floor, movable objects and window panes rattled all over the house, while anyone caught in the basement at the time of the explosion ran into the street, screaming.

Then the electrical system, possibly dating from Edison's day, went on the blink in a maddening manner. For no reason bells would ring wildly and steadily; equally for no reason the front door bell would not ring at all.

And ceilings never stopped falling; this was caused by erroneous plumbing arrangements. Water would suddenly pour like a dainty Niagara down carpeted stairs and over new wallpaper and in due course a ceiling caved in. It was like having a private bomb in the house, when you looked at the rubble.

Workmen streamed in and out, experts analyzed, and all this was bowled along by the steady flow of alleged domestic help. In one year, twenty-four people of varying nationalities agreed to stay here briefly and break whatever had not already broken by itself.

I began to feel persecuted; if I ordered writing paper from a shop, I got candles; if I ordered beef, I got liver (and lucky to get it); if I asked to have my car washed, the battery went dead; if I took my clothes to the cleaner I got somebody else's in return or mine were shrunken to fit pygmies. I said to myself: this is more than human flesh can bear. My English friends said it was a pure nightmare, really isn't everything too



ghastly since the war; *nothing works*. To give me some hope in the future, they said (a great English phrase), "Things do sort themselves out." And what is so odd, they did.

I cannot explain this; I only know what I learned, and the knowledge is invaluable. This knowledge is based on the rock foundation of another great English saying: "Ah, well, it could be worse." And of course they're right, it always could. Furthermore, as every English person knows in his bones, the tortoise wins the race; the hare, having run itself silly, ends up with ulcers and bad temper, in a ditch. It is therefore both unpleasant and useless to hurry; and they won't hurry; and if you live here, you learn not to hurry also (or anyhow as little as possible).

First you find yourself acting patient, while boiling inside, and finally you feel patient. This may be resignation; if so, it is to be recommended. Then you realize that it is infantile to expect anything to go off as planned; the point is simply that things should go on. Muddling through, this is called. It is part of another English belief: lose all the battles but win the war. And at last, when you have dialed a telephone number three times and been rewarded with a dead end, and on the fourth try you have got the wrong number, you ask yourself: does it really matter? You send a postcard instead, which will do the job just as well, if a bit more slowly.

I did not reach this state of serenity with ease or speed. I got to it the hard way, and I regard it as a precarious victory which I must protect. But bless the English, and life in London, for having taught me to idle and wait and give up, and thus save a lot of time for enjoying myself.

I could try telling my American friends that I live in London because it is an education in living. No doubt living to a ripe old age; probably crippled by rheumatism, due to the weather, and dressed in rags which I have found around the house. But also, very likely, in an excellent humor, a cheerful crone.

America used to produce first-class eccentrics, but seems to do so less and less. The whole world, indeed, is turning into a more uniform color; there are too many rules everywhere and people obey them. In England, you have to be spectacularly odd to be known as eccentric, and then the term is one of admiration and affection,

for the English cherish odd fellows. They now complain about how dull they are getting; but they are wrong. To my mind, each English person possesses a fine hard core of eccentricity. I had a beloved friend, now dead, and much merrier dead with him, who worked in the War Office where he found the corridors too long and too dreary, so he used to ride from one general's office to another's on a tricycle. Presently, saying that he had to take so many people out to meals, he bought a restaurant as that was cheaper. He also became an inventor and invented a device which he exhibited and was quite ready to manufacture for sale: this was a mechanical hand, worn beneath the shirt. The mechanical hand patted your back steadily and gently, while a small recording apparatus said, over and over, sweetly, "You're wonderful. You're wonderful."

He was considered jolly, not eccentric. I think one might be regarded as eccentric if one chose to live on dog biscuits in a tree in Hyde Park, but I am not sure. As a famous English actress, of the early part of the century, once said: "It doesn't matter what people do, as long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses." This is probably the basic English rule for private conduct. Of course you cannot carry your individual freedom so far that it damages the property or person of others. There is a citizen, dressed like an out-of-work diplomat, seedy, who walks up and down a Soho street whenever the mood is on him, slashing to right and left with his cane and saying to himself, "Scum. Scum. Scum." But since he never hits anyone, no one minds.

The English have reached this state of mutual tolerance because they dominate the art or tech-



nique of public politeness. There never were such polite people, although again the English deplore how their politeness has fallen off since the war. To me, the background music of life in London is an unending chorus of please, thank you, may I, would you, so sorry, how kind of you, no trouble at all, etc. This is excellent for everyone, and notably for children. It brings you up short when your own American child, who has acquired politeness as by osmosis, corrects your manners. "Go to bed now, darling." He rises, at once (because parents are obeyed, such a good thing) and says reproachfully, "Go to bed now, darling, *please*."

Those of us, who are heartsick when the English fail to live up to themselves, were dismayed by the most extreme lack of public politeness: race riots in London. We need not have fretted. Four youths were quickly brought to trial at the Old Bailey (a veritable temple to politeness, as well as to law) and there convicted of beating up on other folk because of the color of their skin. The Judge gave these young hoodlums four years each, in jail, saying that we couldn't have that sort of thing here, everybody must be able to walk on the streets in safety. That was the end of race riots. Politeness, which is also an essential regard for the rights of the neighbor, was enforced by law since that became necessary; and enforced fast and sternly.

#### HIS FIFTH, IS IT?

SO PERHAPS I could explain to my American friends that I love eccentricity—both public and private; and I admire politeness which is a guarantee of tolerance and privacy. And I revel in the calm English attitude towards the personal lives of others. "So he's getting married again? His fifth, is it? Well, well, never say die." "Such a nice man, absolutely potty, believes in universal love, although I hear he's just got separated from his wife, poor chap." "No use telephoning her, I'm sorry to say, she's in the loony bin again. Drink, I believe. But it doesn't usually last long, you ought to be able to get her next month." "Oh yes, she was converted last week. Didn't you know? It will be a nice change; the yoga period was an awful strain. Still people must do what they like, mustn't they?" . . . I wonder if my American friends would see my point?

It might be more convincing if I spoke of the soberer charms of England. All of us feel strongly about citizenship. We Americans got this from the Declaration of Independence; the English

got it from Magna Carta, earlier. I could say that I live in London because I am passionately devoted to citizenship, and the English are model citizens. My idea of a citizen is one who believes that the State is the servant of the people, not vice versa, and who clamors and complains the minute the State starts to get above itself.

In fact, nowadays, there is no State which is not above itself, and what I like about the English is the way they resent this. They do not feel apathetic or helpless or insignificant; nor do they ever feel that their betters know better. Slowly, for everything they do is done slowly, the English are roused, and speak their minds. No political party, no religious group, organizes the discontent of the citizens; they do it all by themselves, the way citizens should. A citizen is not a sheep, he is a man (woman) standing on two feet and with a voice of his own. True to this tradition, a few private citizens—loyal subjects of the Queen, actually—became infuriated at the thought of H-bombs, their moral and physical meaning. They hired a hall—which anyone can do in London, where there are a vast number of cold, dark, dirty halls for hire by anyone who wants to talk. They talked. From this small acorn of criticizing citizens grew a small oak: the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. The English, thank God, will always argue, without fear or favor, and they never forget that each one of them has a voice and an absolute right to use it.

Since I worry any day and any night, and most of both, about the state of the world, it is a comfort to live with people who worry even more than I do, though less excitably and more effectively. Would my American friends understand that, as a reason for living in London, England?

And what else and what more? I have left out many inconveniences, many irritations, and much joy. I have not spoken of English-style friendship—once given, it is for keeps, as if everyone had sealed a solemn pact, with giggles; nor of the English ruling notion of fairness—"We *must* be fair"; nor of the English approach to success—it is delightful but cannot be expected to last, just as measles don't; nor of the English attitude to failure—who can define failure, and as long as you're enjoying your life, what else matters? (All very restful, I must say.) I have not even mentioned how beautiful London is, full of splendor, full of coziness, full of trees.

"Why do you live in London?"

I won't try to answer. It takes too long.



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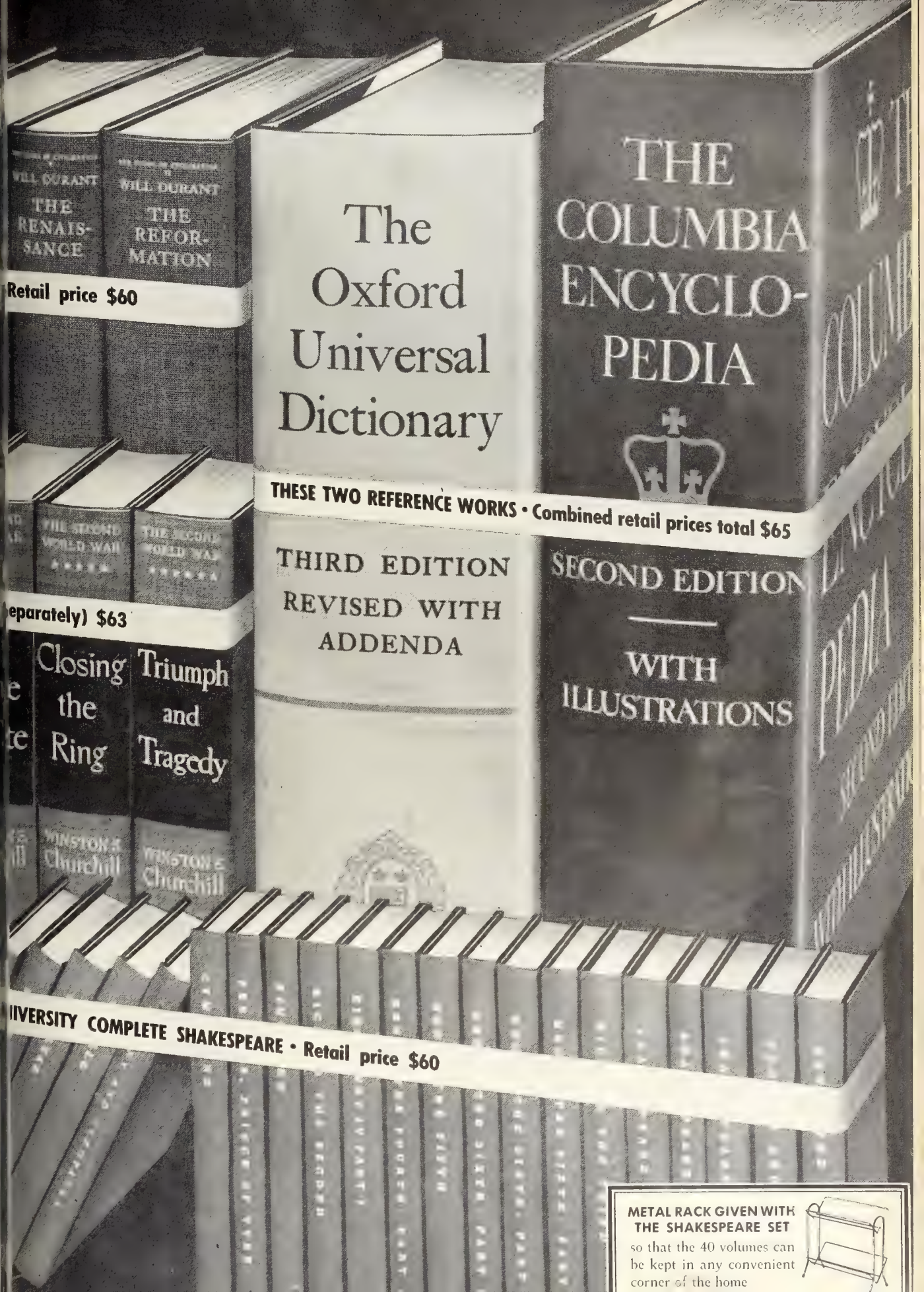
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BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



## ADVISE AND CONSENT

A really first-rate novel about American politics is rare. This is perhaps the best in a generation—a book that examines the hidden nobility as well as the obvious villainies of the politician's trade.

WASHINGTON—Another young man who once lived in Whittier, California, has made a significant contribution to our politics—and, if I am not very wrong, to our literature as well.

Allen Drury's views toward his celebrated former fellow townsman, Richard Nixon, are unknown to me. But Allen Drury's views toward infinitely larger matters will, before long, be known to many thousands and maybe even millions.

In his new book, *Advise and Consent*, Drury—the quietest reporter ever to sit in the Senate Press Gallery in my time around this town—has blended the passionate imagery of a fine novel

with the adult facts of life in politics. There has been no like of this work in my lifetime.

Indeed, both parties and all working politicians should band together in a new and wholly bipartisan foundation for the preservation and promotion of A. Drury. For he has, overnight, become an indispensable interpreter of what they really are and are not, and of what government really is and is not. He has become, so to speak, the biographer of the high, complex, and achingly human art of politics, the biographer of a way of life.

Now, I am no literary critic (as one or two readers have on a previous occasion pointed out, perhaps more in anger than in sorrow). But there is irresistible temptation, all the same, to go out to the very end of the topmost limb and to say that "great" is in fact a more descriptive word for this novel than merely "fine."

In terms of the writing art, there is in this book an extraordinary understanding. There is a true compassion—qualified, as true compassion always is, with awareness that pity can be overdone and that the best of any genuinely human quality has within itself sub-qualities which merit no compassion at all. There is a peculiar grasp of the essential cores of certain people as human beings, in this case political human beings. There are those nuances of perception which, as I understand, are commonly thought to underlie any classic work of fiction.

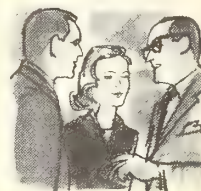
I AM NOT, however, undertaking a literary dissection here. The intent of this dispatch, instead, is to describe the exploration Drury has made into the inner political realities.

*Advise and Consent* is the story of a President's nomination of a "controversial" man, one Leffingwell, to be Secretary of State. (It is for Drury a happy coincidence that the novel comes out not long after the Senate struggle over Mr. Eisenhower's appointment of Lewis L. Strauss to be Secretary of Commerce.) At the center of the plot is the interplay of those great and sometimes savage pressures and counter-pressures that focus upon Senate and other politicians when such an issue is joined.

There are overtones, or perhaps suggestive recalls, of sad and dramatic episodes of the real past: the Alger Hiss affair, the suicide of Senator Lester Hunt of Wyoming after a moral tragedy involving his son, and others. There are also intimations that real people were occasionally in Drury's mind, though they are not, as such, in his book. The President of this story, who seeks to press his will upon the Senate in the Leffing-

# “WITH”

“CHANGE THE FOR TO A WITH,” said one of our board members, “and I’ll vote for it.” He was talking of a proposed new slogan—“In service for people”—adopted in its final form as “In service *with* people” in 1955 when our company’s name was changed from Farm Bureau to Nationwide. The board member had a point—for the clue to Nationwide’s real character is not in the word *service* (what insurance company is *not* interested in service?) ...nor is the crucial word *people*. But when you try to describe how people experience this service ...you realize that at Nationwide a different kind of relationship does indeed exist between company and policyholder—and “service *for* people” is not quite accurate! Born of cooperative roots (an offshoot of the old Ohio Farm Bureau organization), Nationwide has always invited policyholders to *share* in their company’s way of doing things. Even now, 33 years later, Nationwide policyholders meet with management to work out new ideas—to meet the challenges of our new era. And so it follows that Nationwide dollars work in creative ways developing new and improved insurance services—to encourage housing, to raise broadcasting standards, to widen health services, to assist war torn countries, to reduce the cost of car and home financing ...all designed to help people work out mature solutions to fundamental problems of their lives and times. Nationwide thus becomes a “workshop” where Americans create the tools for their own betterment. Fraternal instead of paternal, pitching-in rather than patronizing, searching not smug, related not remote, alive not aloof. Nationwide Insurance works *with* people ...is in service *with* people.





well nomination, is not unlike FDR in some things—his devotion to national interest and his lack of fastidiousness in the methods he used to gain honorable ends.

One of the principal characters, Senator Orrin Knox, is not in every way a thousand miles from the late Senator Taft of Ohio. But these characters and all the others are Drury's characters, and not mere extensions of "real" characters. And the political parties with which he deals are given no names at all. There are no Democrats, no Republicans. There is a Majority; there is a Minority. Drury hit upon this device primarily to avoid the slightest suggestion of authorial partisanship, even the small fictional partisanship that surely would be permissible in a novel. I suspect, however, (though in a conversation with him he never quite said as much) that at least subconsciously he had a far stronger motive.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT POLITICIANS

FOR one of the meanings of his book is that overt partisanship is far less real in actual politics than it is in the headlines—and in the conversations and attitudes of the politically innocent. What are at work in this book are *men*, highly individual men who abide in the loose outlines of political parties but feel few inhibitions thereby. A real politician usually is in his party in the sense that a man maintains his quarters in one hotel as against another. On the whole it is his choice of stopping places and he will defend it against the claims of a competing inn. He does not, however, ever suppose that his hotel therefore owns him. It simply provides him with certain agreeable, but hardly incomparable, facilities for which, in one way or another, he makes adequate repayment.

In short, *Advise and Consent* makes plain, in the unforgettable assault upon *both* emotion and mind of a good novel, what any number of non-fictional essays find it difficult to mark. This is the fact that—despite all high-toned idealizations and grubby party-bureaucrat self-interest to the contrary—there are two essential truths:

- (1) We have a government of men and not of law;
- (2) We have a political institution that is "two-party" on the outside but largely non-party on the inside. The big fellows in all parties are bigger than, and really separate from, those parties. And they always will be.

The book also brings out brilliantly, so that it is apprehended by the heart even if it is not

always grasped by the intellect, this additional truth: Politics is far more tough and "evil" in one sense and yet far more "good" in a deeper sense than most people know. Drury has caught the ultimate reality: Politics *is* an art—in some ways the most exquisite and difficult of the arts, since it is the art of people. And consequently its very highest law is the supremely untidy law of paradox.

Drury himself is notably shy, a tall, thin, dark man looking younger than his forty years. He always seems a bit absent and, at work, drums away at his typewriter like a man anxious only to finish quickly and so go out to dinner. He tells me, with an apologetic half-cough, that he is "personally a moderate man in politics." He mentions no party affiliation and I suspect he actually has not got one. At any rate he has, with extraordinary detachment, made in this book an unanswerable case that politics is really an engagement with life, and a personal justification, in itself.

No manifesto or system of apologetics that could be prepared by practicing politicians could do the theoreticians of politics so much intellectual and emotional harm as this novel. For both breeds have a vested interest in holding or seizing power. But Drury has no such self-interest. In a minor and literal sense his people do not live. Neither did Sidney Carton; nor did Javert, say, with his peculiar obsession with a peculiar duty. But the profound realities they represented were none the less profound. And so with Drury's politicians.

#### WHAT MAKES CYNICS

THE central illumination of the Drury book is the kind but searching light it casts upon the whole inner state of our union—the raggedly run races between motives and ideals, between necessities and hopes, between what is the case and what a fellow wishes (or thinks he wishes) were the case. It shows that big politicians sometimes do bad things for good reasons, and why; that this country is run by its true politicians with a savage devotion that does not and cannot exclude personal cruelties; that small partisan rah-rahs and total right-mindedness cannot often be indulged by the men who really hold responsibility.

One of my friends in the Senate told me recently that while he liked the novel immensely he was deeply worried that it might "increase the public cynicism" toward the Senate and toward politics generally. This anxiety was based upon

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the undeniable fact that *Advise and Consent* is full of episodes that are far from pleasant—including the hounding to his death of a sensitive and useful politician for a long-past personal act of unsavory nature.

But I think my Senate friend has to some extent missed both the story and the point. It is not harsh realism that feeds public cynicism; it is a fat, happy *unawareness*. Cynicism springs more often from a sirupy sentimentality than from the good, nasty salt of truth. For my own part I take it to be a great advance that Drury has steadfastly shown that people in high places are capable of, and sometimes actually fated to, the working of villainies—but in pursuit, as is nearly always the case, of the highest interests and necessities of the public as they earnestly conceive these to be.

You will find in this book few men whose motives are not understandable and even in one way or another either admirable or permissible. And you will find no man who has no secret that would not be to his discredit. Of course, the more intimately one knows the various men who are Presidential aspirants in any given year the more likely one is to begin to believe that *nobody at all* is really qualified for the office. But one is made to realize—as *Advise and Consent* unfolds with its odd, compelling mixture of sadness and of strength—that this kind of skepticism, too, is a small and basically a silly sentimentalism.

For the “message” that runs through the book is that, above and beyond all the brutality and the chicane, this is a viable and decent experiment in government with an unconquerable, if irrational, inner vitality. This government is able to accommodate rascality and outrages of every kind and scope but one: It cannot long tolerate the ultimate crimes of intellectual dishonesty and fundamental incompetence.

#### THE SMELL OF THE CAPITOL

**W**HAT more does one want of a book? Well, there are other things here. There is a casual destruction, through the higher logic of the novel form, of half-a-dozen stereotypes that have triumphantly survived the more “factual” attacks of journalism. For example, the stereotype that men with “poor” political ideas are necessarily poor men, and that men with “good” political ideas are necessarily good men; the myth that the machine of politics is more cruel when set against the left wing than when set against the

right wing; the notion that politicians who show eager, consistent interest in small matters are, necessarily, incapable of dealing with large matters. There is, indeed, a full disclosure that the worst of all the enemies of sound public policy is not corruption and not even ignorance—but oversimplification.

And there is a sensory recall of what Washington is, physically and spiritually. There is a smell of the stale air of the Capitol and of the White House and all the rest of the vast public buildings that rise against our so often lowering skies. There is the odor of the endless cups of coffee, of the universal and automatic malice, large or small, that stains every conversation. But this malice always breaks at last upon the rock of recognition that the art of politics is every man's art here—and that for all its sins and shabbinesses it *is* directed at last to the preservation of something of genuine nobility, a great Republic, and to the forwarding of something of value, the true interests of a people.

The people put these men in office, the Presidents, the Senators, the Congressmen, and Cabinet officers. Let the people now see their walking delegates for what, in action, they are and are not. Let them flinch from and sermonize against the depravities of their chosen agents. But let them see, too, the kind of stage upon which they must move and survive under the terrible weights, the pitiless and stabbing lights of this present world. Let them see not only how their agents misbehave but also how they behave. Let them recognize the ambitious selfishness that wars forever with selflessness—and quite often loses.

Let the people know this: that it is far easier to be sure how one ought to perform “properly,” the farther one is away from the pit where performance goes on. Let them ask themselves: Maybe I am better than those politicians; but am I strong enough, am I big enough, am I tough enough and sensitive enough, all at once, to do the job I have told them to do?

I think it is not impossible that Mr. Allen Drury of the *New York Times*, sometime inhabitant of Whittier, California, and more recently inhabitant of the Senate Press Gallery, will widely inspire this sort of self-examination and sense of awareness all across the country before he is through. I think, therefore, that he has done a distinguished national service. He has brought to the people a distillate of the art of people, the art of politics. For it is *men* and not abstractions who both make and explain our history.

# A Partial Table of Contents of

# AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA

- book by RALPH GINZBURG
- introduction by DR. THEODOR REIK
- preface by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Printed herewith is a partial table of contents of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA, one of the first books in English to give you the basic facts about erotic literature . . . all those books you have never been allowed to read. If, after browsing through these titles and subjects, you are interested in reading this extraordinary volume, which has been called "the hidden best-seller of the year," simply mail the coupon below together with your check or money order for only \$4.95 (2 copies, \$8.95) and we will send you "An Unhurried View of Erotica" in the handsome, gift-boxed Collector's Edition, postpaid.

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**Introduction**  
Beginning with a deliciously witty analysis of scandal-mongering from Vienna to Hollywood ("I have heard many bad things about you, madame. Let me hope they are true.")—Dr. Reik goes on to give the "powerful undercurrent of pornography" in the stream of Anglo-American literature. He demonstrates how the facts of this book are important to the artist, the analyst, the historian and the critic of literature, and he makes observations about the state of our society that may shock some readers.

**Chief but vitriolic diatribe against the porn industry in America!**

**Relationship of "witchery" and "pornography".** The sorry spectacle of the courts in our land preoccupied with keeping responsible adults from "obscene" literature.

## Precursors of English Erotica

Introduction to the 2,000-odd books which are kept from the general public. D. H. Lawrence's definition of pornography. How sexual stimulation varies with culture. Erotic manifestations in ancient Peru, China, Greece, Rome. Excerpts from Ovid's "Art of Love." The Book; Chaucer; a complete and unabridged story from "One Hundred and Delightful Stories."

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The state of erotic literature before obscenity laws were passed. "Young Coridon and Phillis" by Sir Charles Sedley is reprinted here in entirety. What happened to Sir Sedley. An unexpurgated version of an early street ballad. First erotic works in prose. Edmund Curll and his "Venus in the Cloister." "Adventures of a King's Page"; pornographic works based on French characters (The Confessions of Marie Antoinette); "Secret Loves of Byron". Eminent scholars write pornography in the 17th Century. Daniel Defoe's "Moll Flanders", etc.

## Part III: The Two Manias

How two themes dominated pornographic literature of 18th and 19th Centuries in thousands of books and pamphlets, and what these themes were. Sub rosa magazines like "The Annals of Gallantry: Glee and Pleasure." Selections from autobiography of an extraordinary young woman named Margaret Anson. Details of an initiation ceremony into a secret pornographic club. Descriptions of sex manuals, in England, India, France, Persia.

## Part IV: London Becomes World Capital

How dozens of secret presses in Holywell Street became world center of pornographic trade in the 19th Century. A review of early "best-sellers" like "Sodom," "Festival of Love," "The Lustful Turk," etc. A complete history of "Fanny Hill, or the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure"—the greatest, most famous erotic novel ever

published. How the author, John Cleland, escaped punishment. A detailed summary of the novel, with lengthy, unexpurgated excerpts.

## Part V: First American Works

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## Part VI: Reference Works

Enormous difficulty of collecting information about secretly printed, banned books. Societies throughout world dedicated to this task. *Registrum Librorum Eroticorum* (1936); *Dictionnaire erotique*; definitions from "Dictionary of Vulgar Tongue"; bawdy ballads; "The Coy Shepherdess" and "The Unfortunate Miller" (ballads), both printed in entirety; how the only American copy of an 11-volume encyclopedia of sexual knowledge sold for \$7,000.00 and what some of its contents are; the great collections of pornographic literature: Vatican, British Museum, Dr. Kinsey, etc.; how King Farouk disappointed the book collectors; who can read erotic books from the big collections and how they obtain them; how some libraries fail even to list in their catalogs erotic titles which they own.

## Part VII: The Erotic Book Market Today

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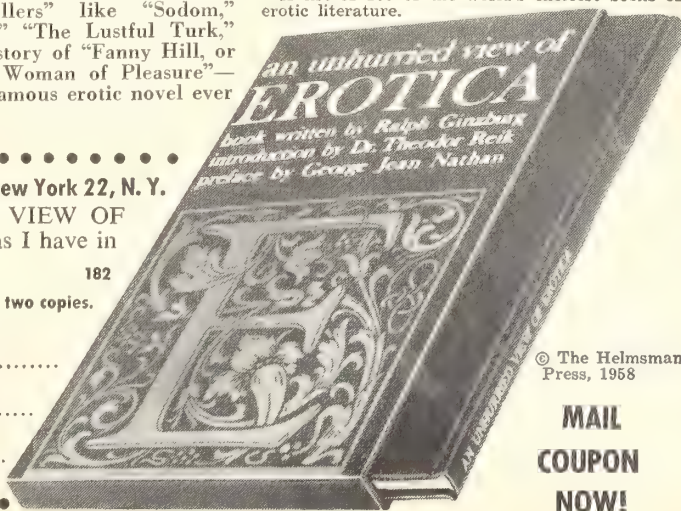
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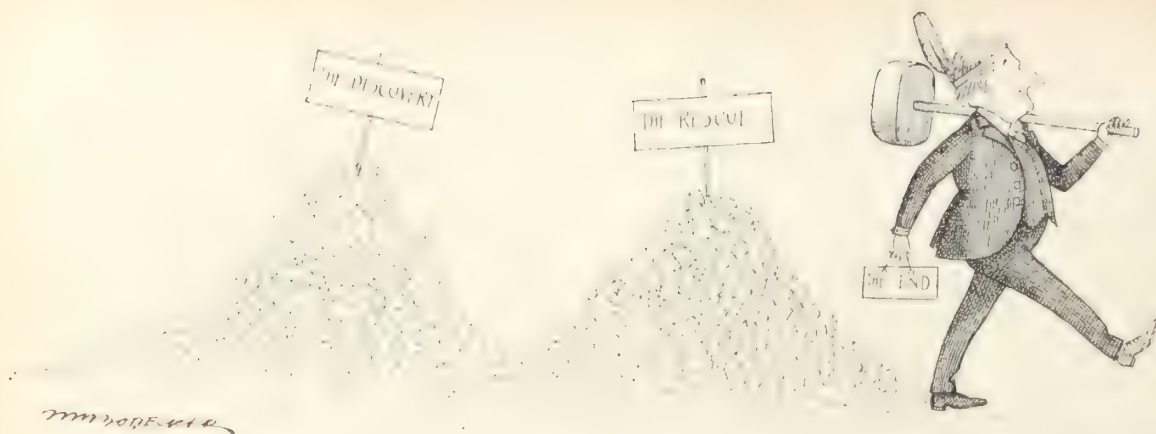
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## MR. HARPER'S After Hours

### THE LAST RESCUE

Dear Mr. Harper:

I would like to tell you about those two stone Indians in Washington, D. C., that have plagued us live Indians ever since we first saw them, standing in front of the main entrance of our Capitol. At the present time they are not where they have been for over a hundred years; I don't know just where they have been put while the Capitol is having its face lifted. But every Indian (and every friend of the Indians) hopes and prays that they will never be put back where they were.

I am referring to the two sculptures known as "The Rescue" (on the right cheek block at the main entrance of the Capitol) and "The Discovery" (on the left). "Rescue" contains the figure of an Indian man with a raised tomahawk in his hand, looking as though he is about to bring it down on the head of a white woman who crouches at his side trying to protect the baby in her arms. Her husband, however, has grasped the Indian's arm just in the nick of time. A dog stands near by snarling at the Indian. You can't blame the dog under the circumstances. The whole thing gives a very unflattering and unjust impression of the American Indian, who was better known for his acts of kindness to the early settlers than for his savagery.

A great, big Congressman from an "Indian" state, now retired, got so

worked up over "Rescue" that he introduced a bill in 1939 to have it removed. "It ought to be," he said, "ground into dust and scattered to the four winds!" However, he didn't even get a hearing on his bill. Other members of Congress have introduced similar bills but no action has been taken on them. Evidently there has been talk going on ever since the end of the Civil War about doing something to the east, or main, side of the Capitol in order to make more working space for the members of Congress; and it was generally felt that if anything was done the question of these horrible statues would be taken care of. Now that they are actually at work on the façade, we Indians naturally wonder what is going to happen to "Rescue" and "Discovery" and if they are going to be put back after the job is finished.

When the different members of Congress tried to have something done about "Rescue" they completely ignored the unfortunate Indian woman in the statue on the opposite side of the Capitol entrance, the one who stands there looking up at Columbus in awe or wonderment, or possibly worry. After I had looked at the statue from the rear I was convinced that it must be worry; she was about to lose what little clothing she wore!

When the Indians of Los Angeles celebrated California Indian Day in 1953 they passed a resolution to have both of the sculptures removed, stating in their petition that the

statues "cast an unfavorable reflection upon the American Indian people." They also observed that the statues were disintegrating in the Washington climate, and that their preservation would be enhanced by removing them to some pipe museum. The prominent places they occupied should, we Indians believe, be filled by new pieces in which a general concept of the true character of the first Americans is portrayed, and which exemplify the lasting debt of gratitude our country owes to the American Indian. Let us hope it isn't too late to keep both "Rescue" and "Discovery" from returning to their old perches.

These sculptures have embarrassed the Indians far too long already.

Sincerely yours,

Leta Myers Stanton  
Member of the Omaha Tribe  
of Nebraska

### THE LYON-EA

THE train came sliding and shuffling down the slopes of Geneva one smoky afternoon in November. This was not my first visit to Lyon; I had once spent days there between trains, and that to most the ordinary traveler could seem like a life. But this time, I had a cousin in the American consulate. This time was to make a real acquaintance of that vast, poky city, the city of food. For, as my cousin said with an air of luxurious resignation, there is else there to do in Lyon but



## AFTER HOURS

The food pilgrimage is now a respectable, if not glorified, *raison d'être* for European travel. Where once Augustus Hare shepherded the semi-polished voyager through the towns and cities of the continent, today the guides are Joseph Wechsberg or A. J. Liebling or Samuel Chamberlain. The affecting view, the splendid monastery, the grandiose real-estate developments of the Renaissance are still worthy of the tourist's attention, but they are little more than signposts on the way to the table of his dreams. You may forget the twelfth-century cathedral portal, but you will never forget the lunch at the *Rat Qui Mord*.

And of course the Lyonnais region, with its cluster of Michelin stars, is a favorite fane. There was Mère Brazier and Nandron in the city; to the east was Pérouges; to the south, Point, like a mad scientist in a laboratory, worked his magic in Vienne. What richness, what understanding, what *art*, above all, were to be found in the Lyonnais. And what words too, those toppling-over phrases of the food—why not say it?—bores: "truly majestic . . . eminently responsive . . . superbly contrived" and so on, phrases which would better apply to music or architecture than to cheese, but are really in the same spirit as the "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" on a cereal box.

"You might as well see Point's," my cousin said at once (he pronounced it as though it were an English word), "and get it over with." So the next day we arrived for lunch at the *Restaurant de la Pyramide*, as it is formally named, a lay of perishing damp cold with the mist of the Rhône hiding the tops of the little hills on which Vienne is built. In this chill atmosphere, which seemed to betray the southern promise of the place, with its Roman ruins, its cypresses and tiles, the prospect of such an eating "experience" assumed the less inviting outlines of a duty. A small brass plaque on a gatepost on the outskirts of the town said merely "F. Point," as though it were the office of a dentist, or perhaps a dressmaker. The smoothed sand in the courtyard bore only the footprints of the *commissionnaire*. A wheelbarrow full of blooming pansies was set archly near the doorway, and from a bare fruit tree



## A QUIET HOME FOR DUCKS

*Most ducks can't abide a lot of hurry and scurry, so  
a growing number of them are moving in to live with us*

Numerous ducks have settled down in our hollow, enjoying the surplus of limestone water and select grain that spills out of our small distillery. But they won't stay if we bustle around too much—and that holds meaning for us.

By necessity, we must remember that our way of life should be a patient one—for we make an old-fashioned sippin' whiskey that must not be hurried, not in any manner. Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey is its name. So today, when a growing number of ducks seem to regard us favorably, it shows we haven't unwittingly changed our ways—though we're now making a bit more Jack Daniel's for you.

NO OTHER WHISKEY IS CHARCOAL MELLOWED  
THE OLD TENNESSEE WAY, DROP BY DROP



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AFTER HOURS



"You don't order here. It just comes."

in the garden hung, at varying heights, large silver balls.

Inside, the restaurant with its pottery vases stuck full of pink gladiolas and its over-shiny orange furniture resembled the second-class saloon of a small ocean liner. I was too awed to ask for a menu, but my cousin said:

"Don't worry. You don't order here. It just comes."

Come it did with suave rapidity from the hands of two waiters who announced each dish as it was set before us. This was a welcome service, since otherwise much of the meal would have been meaningless. There were four *hors d'oeuvres*, each more or less surrounded by pastry. One was a *pâté de foie gras en brioche*. "Boloney in cake is what a friend of mine at the office calls this," remarked my cousin. He knew all the dishes—I was not his first pilgrim—and somewhat wearily pointed out the touches which had made the restaurant's reputation. By this time, we had finished our first bottle of wine and began to look around us.

The restaurant was filling up. A party of six Lyonnais businessmen, as fat and violet-colored as one imagined their livers to be, filed past to a table reserved for them. A middle-aged female motorist with brass-splashed hair hurried in with a young North African, dressed in the unmistakable style of a man whose clothes are chosen for him by a

woman. They were heading for the Riviera. Across the room was a family party in glasses and blouses and fox-collared coats. Point was nowhere to be seen, but his wife shortly emerged from an office near the door and circulated among the guests. Point, it appeared, had not been well.

"It's the legs most of all," she said. "The legs and the heart."

By this time, the waiter—we had only one to ourselves now—returned to us with what was the meal's tour de force, a large pastry baked in the shape of a fish. Cutting it carefully down one side, he flipped it open to reveal a real fish, a *loup-de-mer* stuffed with aromatic twigs, embedded in its casing, as a Jurassic reptile is embedded in limestone. One did not, my cousin told me, eat the pastry.

Now my canoe was beginning to float toward the sunset. Someone near us was having snipe, and a scorched head and long thin bird nodded above its silver dish on the way by. Our "main" dish was a Chinese mountain landscape of chicken with waterfalls of green beans coming down its yellow side. Then cheese: scenes of my early life flashed past. The waiter fanned out five plates of *petit fours* to go with the desserts, three or four of them. One was accompanied by a *sauce russe*—"ce n'est qu'un peu de crème monsieur, un peu de crème vanillée."

Why was it olive green? The pe passed us again on its way ck, its head still gently rocking. Then the plump capon oranges in ickish-brown baskets with enor- ous handles: these we refused, but t the final *marrons glacés*. We had fee, but I felt no reassurance. The rd bottle of wine was half empty. Then my mind experienced one of se slight shifts of balance which duce a mild shock, as when one s his foot down on the last stair of light only to find that he has mis- culated and there are no stairs t. The restaurant through my ggish reverie became a chamber the underworld peopled by terrify- ; allegorical figures. The waiters, ce's servants, were drowning us food and wine, defiling us for our e with the retributive meats derneath the metal dish covers. d the wine from the green bottles t not soothe. Instead it filled me h a buoyant panic. But it was e to go and to pay; the panic did t last. Money burst from my wal- like a stream of remorseful gas. grimaces are expensive. We walked out between the iters, past Point's office. Through half-open door, a yellow, fang- e hand reached for a glass of mpagne on the desk, a hand that anated from a flat bulk in a dark- ie suit surmounted by a black- red, surprisingly young-looking id. Then out into the haven of air.

The next day, I described our ex- ience to Monsieur Papillon, a eran Lyonnais my cousin knew. t you can never impress the nch. 'Chez Point,' he mused. 'Oui, ce un bon restaurant.'

'Notice his use of the historical se,' said my cousin. 'It was a d restaurant.'

'But why? surely...'

My cousin shrugged his shoulders. Point's has become too popular. Monsieur Papillon is very fussy."

Two or three years later, I drove ough Vienne with my wife on our dding trip. She knew about the ramide, and began hinting about as far away as Mâcon.

'Point has died,' I said at last. m sure it isn't nearly as good any re."

—Nicholas King

# What's Different About THE CATHOLIC CHURCH?



Even from the outside, you can see that the Catholic Church is different from all others.

And it is easy to mistakenly imagine that the chief difference is in the things that can be seen... the clergy, the Sacraments, the forms of devotion, and Catholic respect for the authority of the Pope.

But the thing that makes the Catholic Church unique is this:

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This claim is often resented, and sometimes ridiculed, by honest and devout people of other faiths. They regard it as an evidence of Catholic arrogance... an affront to their own sincerely-held convictions... a scheme of the Catholic Hierarchy to destroy other church bodies.

The plain fact is, of course, that the Catholic Church made this same claim during the reign of Peter, the Pope, nearly 2,000 years ago, and down through the centuries. It was obviously not designed, therefore, to offend present-day Christian church bodies.

Christians generally agree that there can be only *one* True Church. And for the first 15 centuries of Christendom, a reference to "the Church" meant only one thing to Christians everywhere—the *Catholic Church*. Today there are hundreds of church bodies professing to be Christian, yet differing from one another in basic doctrine, forms of worship, and attitude toward the authority

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# MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

## PERFORMERS AND THEIR PERSONALITIES

The musical woods are full of first-class mechanics—but virtuosos who can “come right over the footlights and hypnotize an audience” are precious rarities.

Music may be created by composers, but it is re-created by personalities; and, more specifically, by the virtuoso personality. Those serious-minded listeners and critics who inveigh against the cult of the virtuoso simply do not know their musical history. Ever since the beginning of the romantic movement, it has been the virtuoso who has reigned supreme, and for good reason. The crowds did not tear down the hall to hear a sincere little musician play to the best of his sincere limited ability. They tore down the hall to hear Paganini, and Liszt, and Malibran, and de Bériot, and Tausig, and Sarasate and Vieuxtemps, and Paderewski. And so on to our own day of Callas, Tebaldi, Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Horowitz.

For just as the composer has to have personality if he is to amount to anything, so must the virtuoso. Virtuosity does not necessarily mean an aggrandizement of music for personal ends, though of course it can degenerate into that.

And virtuosity, despite the current bastardization of the word, with its derogatory implication, is much more than mere show-off technique. Of course it does require a complete command of technical resource, for what good are ideas if the performer lacks the ability to put them into effect? But that is only the beginning. It demands an insight into the composers' world, and it demands a quality of projection, and it demands an individual approach through which the composers' concepts are tempered by the performers' concepts. There have been a handful of musicians who have made phenomenal careers as virtuosos despite some serious technical shortcomings (Maria Callas is one), but it is hard to think of any great virtuoso who did not have the ability to come right over the footlights and hypnotize an audience.

In his highest estate the virtuoso puts his amazing ability to the service of the composer. In his lowest, he perverts the composer to his own ends. In our day we have a few of either specimen, though the majority, as always, lie in between. Gyorgy Cziffra, in his two-disc recording of the **Liszt Transcendental Etudes** (Angel 3591B) is typical of the type of virtuoso who glories in finger work to the detriment of musical value. He runs up a pretty scale, he thunders

out his fortissimos and does everything but stomp on the keyboard; and if there were all there is to music-making, he would be triumphant. But how impressive his playing is; and how bold his ideas! And, when one comes down to it, his is a kind of runaway piano without any real control. His rhythms are not very stable, his tone seems incapable of nuance, and he makes his effect mainly by a pile-up of sonority, aided by a few tricks-in-trade.

### *Pedants Like Soda Jerks*

He is not, however, typical of most of the younger virtuosos. What has happened, to a large extent, is that the heroes of the concert stage have developed into the workmen of the concert stage. Before the public are a very large number of qualified musicians, good technicians all, who are honestly devoted to music, do a good deal of thinking about it, and who respect the composer's intentions to the point where they would as soon appear on stage in a sports shirt as tinker with a solid eighth note or phrase marking. There is only one thing wrong with them: their powers of projection are minimal. They lack the personality to make music a fresh and memorable experience. They are apt to be in a rhythmic straitjacket. In their efforts to be accurate they end up pedantic. They do not make music as though they love it. Artur Schnabel, once discussing some of the younger pianists and violinists, paid tribute to their training and skill. “But,” he said, with great exasperation, “they come out on the stage like soda jerks!”

Rubinstein, of course, is the virtuoso par excellence. He is still an amazing technician, his tone has a warmth that can melt bronze, and he loves to make music. And when he walks on the stage it is as an emperor. In his recent recordings of the **Schumann Piano Concerto** with Josef Krips and the Victor Symphony (Victor LM 2256, mono; LSC 2256, stereo), and the **Chopin F minor Concerto**, with Alfred Wallenstein and the Symphony of the Air (LM 2256, mono; LSC 2265, stereo), the unmistakable warmth and bigness that characterize Rubinstein's playing are ever-present. The perpetually singing line, the wealth of arch to the phrases, the subtle play of color, and the complete immersion in the music.

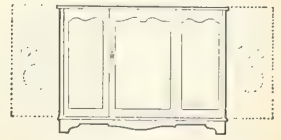
### *How to Play Mozart*

Another virtuoso, though he probably wouldn't like being called so, is Rudolf Serkin, and his latest disc is devoted to a pair of **Mozart Piano Concertos**—Nos. 20 in F (K. 413) and the popular 27 in D minor (K. 466), with the Marlboro Festival Orchestra conducted by Alexander Schneider (Columbia ML 583, mono). Serkin has the reputation of



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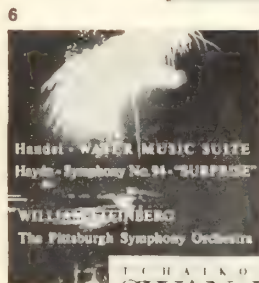
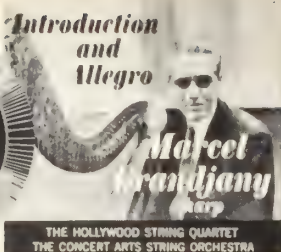
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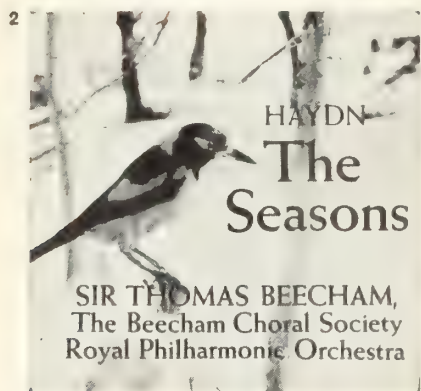
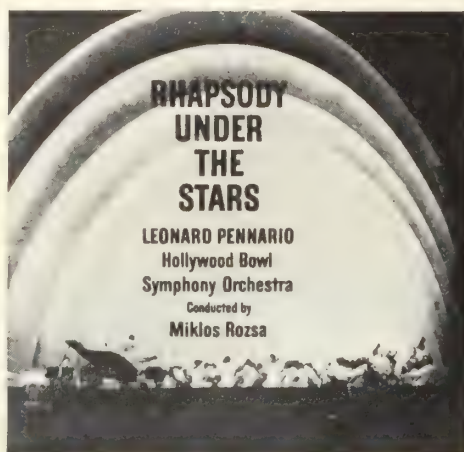
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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ing a "classic" pianist who confines himself pretty exclusively to the Viennese masters. But that is not incompatible with being a virtuoso. Why did Moritz write his concertos if not to show off his prowess as a pianist? In his letters, the composer constantly tells, with much satisfaction, of the sensation he rode with this or that concerto, and how, in effect, wowed 'em.

And, as a matter of fact, Serkin playing has enormous personality. He is one of the few musicians who plays Mozart with Beethovenian vigor. Serkin does not feel that Mozart is a Dresden figure to be marked "fragile." He uses the complete scale of dynamics that the modern piano provides, and his Moritz has breadth and virility. He also has a tendency to linger over slow movements in quite a romantic manner. With any other pianist this might be fatal. When Serkin does it, he manages to hold the music together and make it remarkably convincing.

### Some Are Near Greatness

A pianist who probably could have developed into a spectacular performer is Leonard Bernstein, who plays one of his specialties—the **Ravel Piano Concerto**—with the New York Philharmonic and the **Shostakovich Piano Concerto No. 2** with the Columbia Symphony. Bernstein, not unexpectedly, conducts both works from the keyboard (Columbia ML 5337, mono). It takes an instrumentalist many hours a day of constant practice to maintain the concert-level expected of him, and Bernstein simply does not have the time (or, one feels, inclination). But what he can do with his limited practice is almost sinistral, and many pianists would gladly trade their souls to obtain the kind of fluency that Bernstein has without apparent trying. His Ravel is beautiful—sharply etched, under superb control, and idiomatically perfect. Of the Shostakovich one has less to say. It is a cheap and obvious work, tiresome in its clichés, full of reminiscences of the prior piano concerto (the one with trumpet), and ghastly in its heavy efforts to be light.

The **Brahms Concertos** are always with us. Recent additions to the discography have been the **Piano Concerto No. 1**, with Gary Graffman at the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch (Victor LM 2274, mono; LSC 2274, stereo); the **Piano Concerto No. 2**, with Louis Kentner and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Adrian Boult (Capitol SG 7133, stereo) and the **Violin Concerto**, with Henry Szeryng and the London Symphony under Pierre Monteux (Victor LM 2274, mono; LSC 2281, stereo).

Graffman is a pianist of immense skill.



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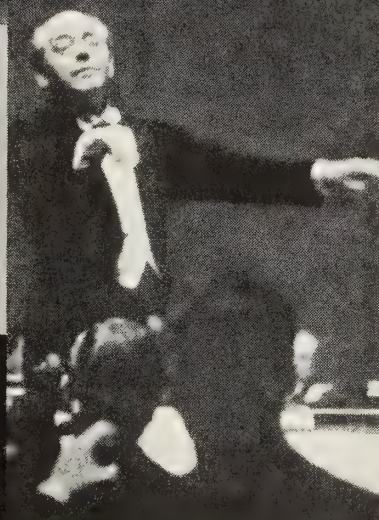
ART: Violin Concerto No. 3 Major, K. 216; Violin Concerto No. 4 in D Major, K. 218—Francescatti, Violin, Bruno Ormandy conducting the Columbia Symphony Orch.  
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certo that never fails to thunderous applause has recorded by pianist Eugene Ormandy, of whom the same may be said.

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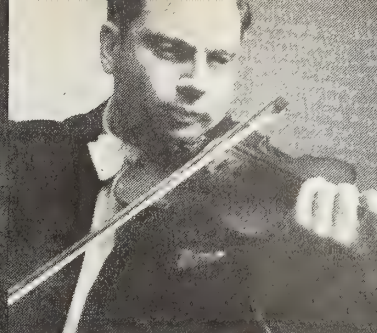
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 68—The Philadelphia Orch., Eugene Ormandy, Cond.  
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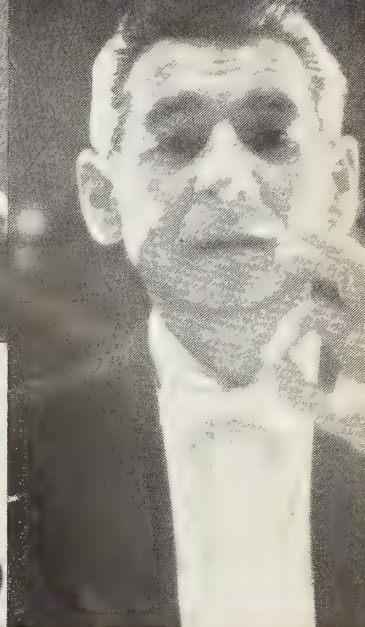
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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

and even of authority, but somehow he does not communicate as much as he should. With all of his strength, one feels a certain inhibited quality. He does not as yet seem to have enough confidence in his musical instincts to give himself leeway in phrase or rhythm. When he gets that confidence, he will be one of the great pianists. At present he remains one of infinite potential not fully realized.

Kentner has been around for many years now. All the more puzzling, then, is his performance of the Brahms B flat, which is musically mannered and technically often sloppy. A disc like this cannot do his reputation any good. Nor will Szyrny's disc of the Violin Concerto throw too much flattery his way. Obviously a violinist with flair, he nevertheless has too many mannerisms for comfort: excessive slides, an obtrusive vibrato, and a bow arm that occasionally falters.

### *The Casals Secret*

A much superior quality of string playing is present in the Janos Starker recording of the Dvorak 'Cello Concerto (Angel S 35417, stereo). Walter Susskind leads the Philharmonia Orchestra in this disc, which has been available monophonically for several years. For some reason, Starker has never given a solo recital in New York, and thus this listener has no idea of what his tone would sound like in the concert hall. On records he is the equal of any living 'cellist. He is one of the few whose intonation is always dead center, even when climbing to the instrument's highest stretches. He has an equalized scale; there is no buzzing on the C string, and the tone is evenly produced on any string. His musical conceptions are sane and sensitive, he does not abuse a vibrato, and his rhythm is flawless.

One has to go back to the famous Casals recording to match it. Angel has made the Casals available once more in its *Great Recordings of the Century* series (Angel COLH 30), and a comparison of Casals with Starker shows the younger 'cellist standing up very well against his august competitor. It is true that Casals has a certain type of instrumental approach that no 'cellist has been able to duplicate. His secret is part in bowing, part in fingering, part in texture, and it is a secret that will die with him. Nobody has been able to duplicate it, despite the fact that Casals has had many pupils. Allied to Casals' technical secrets is a nobility of musical conception that makes his interpretations overwhelming even if that conception belongs to a different age from ours.

For it must not be forgotten that Casals is an anachronism, a figure of the post-Romantic tradition. As a musician

he is a conservative, and he admits in his repertoire no music later than Brahms or Dvorak. Furthermore his approach to Bach and Beethoven is a post-Romantic one—quite free and, to some musical tastes, even unscholarly. His musical outlook, as revealed in *Conversations with Casals* written a few years ago by Corredor, is limited to the point of being blindly reactionary. Casals is an authentic old master now, and like all old masters he has a tendency to lay down the law. But he remains a great 'cellist, even as an octogenarian, though naturally his bow arm no longer has the control it once had. And while the contemporary trend has swung away from some of his Romantic notions, Casals coupled to the Bach suites or the Beethoven sonatas remains entirely convincing because he himself is convinced.

When he made the Dvorak concerto with George Szell and the Czech Philharmonic, in the late 1930s he was at his prime. His musical outlook was broader than Starker's is; there is more sweep to the playing, more of a grand line. Starker is, if anything, more exact. While he does not have Casals' bigness, the clarity and intelligence of Starker's playing—and the ease with which he solves all the technical problems—surely make him the best of the modern recordings of this greatest of 'cello concertos. The ambitious record collector will want both versions: that of the old master of 'cellists, and that of a brilliant successor.

## AND ALSO . . .

**Beethoven: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2.** Emil Gilels and Paris Conservatory Orchestra conducted by Vandernooy. Angel 35672 (mono).

Sharp, clear, hugely competent, and somewhat depersonalized playing. Plenty of strength but not much charm.

**Brahms: Piano Music.** Rudolf Firkusny. Capitol P 8485 (mono).

A selection from Op. 76 through Op. 119, stylishly played by one of the best pianists. As an introduction to the mature piano music of Brahms, this disc is ideal.

**Lalo: Piano Concerto; Franck: Symphonic Variations.** Orazio Frugoni and Wiener Volksoper Orchestra conducted by Michael Gielen. Vox 11220 (mono) 511220 (stereo).

Those attracted to this disc by the rarity of the Lalo should be warned that the score is weak and conventional.

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# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

## MINGU

Charles Mingus will go so far out his way to establish direct contact with the universe that words like "honest" and "aggressive" seem hardly to apply. He will do anything provided it is difficult enough. First he chose for himself the most uncommunicative of musical instruments, the double bass, and then he decided to take his place beyond the musical frontier, where nothing is certain except insuperable professional problems and public indifference as to whether they are solved.

Mingus, as a result, has a hard-earned reputation as the Bad Boy of Jazz. He is outspoken to an extravagant degree. "I saw ya leavin'," I once heard him say to a hapless well-wisher after a disorganized concert. He will have it one way; nothing short of the head-on confrontation of life can satisfy him. The minute he is offered any stock role he rejects it, even the role of scout for the way-out *avant-garde*.

He does remarkable things with the double bass. Not only is Mingus the rhythmic and propulsive force in the units he leads, but he manages to make lyric and melodic material—of an ungainly gracefulness—from the spelled-out chords which a bassist must mainly play. He is also a composer (see Columbia WL 127) and, on occasion, a pianist (see Jazztone J-1226). But he is most of all the guiding spirit of the groups, however organized, to which he brings his harsh and intransigent presence.

**Jazz Experiment.** Charles Mingus, with John La Porta, Teo Macero, *et al.* Jazztone J-1226.

**Mingus at the Bohemia.** Charles Mingus, with Max Roach, *et al.* Debut DEB-123.

**New Piano Expressions.** John Dennis with Charles Mingus. Debut DEB-12.

**Pithecanthropus Erectus.** The Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop. Atlantic 123.

**The Clown.** The Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop. Atlantic 1260.

**East Coasting.** Charles Mingus. Bethlehem BCP-6019.

**Trio, "Mingus Three."** Charles Mingus with Hampton Hawes and Danny Richmond. Jubilee JLP 1054.

**Modern Jazz Concert.** Six Compositions commissioned by the 1957 Brandeis University Festival of the Arts. Columbia WL 127.

# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## Occasionally Endotic

IN Iris Murdoch's novel *The Bell* there is an adolescent boy who one day learns the word "rebarbative" and thereafter not only finds an extraordinary number of opportunities to use it but wonders how in the world he had ever managed to get along without it before. (Since "rebarbative" means repulsive it is obviously of particular usefulness in adolescence.) But I feel much the same way about the word "endotic," which I have just encountered for the first time in Fosco Maraini's *Meeting with Japan* (Viking, \$10). The dictionaries at my disposal—and naturally we men who read dictionaries have some good ones around the house—do not record the word, but apparently it derives from the Greek *endon*, meaning "in, within, at home" (if that etymological guess is correct it must be related, at a few removes, to the word "indigenous"), and Maraini uses it, or at least his gifted translator, Eric Mosbacher, does, to mean the opposite of exotic.

Maraini's point in contrasting the exotic and the endotic is that if we want to understand a culture fundamentally different from ours, we must learn where the endotic leaves off and the exotic begins; we must not attempt to translate what is genuinely strange into the familiar (the certain failure of such an enterprise he convincingly illustrates in a discussion of why a line of Dante cannot be translated into Japanese and why a saying of Confucius cannot be translated into a Western language); we must rather learn to "rely from the inside the mental universes" of people who come to the experience of life with a set of expectations very different from our own.

There is nothing very new in such a warning, of course; it is a commonplace of cultural anthropology. But Maraini does an uncommonly fine job of helping the reader to relive the mental universe of the Japanese from the inside. He has seen the Japanese at their best and at their worst—before the war he was lecturer in Italian at the Imperial University, with many Japanese friends and abundant opportunities to indulge his interest in Japanese history, art, religion, and daily life; since the war he has traveled widely in the

country, renewing and enlarging his acquaintance with its charms; but during the war he and his family were interned for two years and experienced the Japanese capacity for brutality at very nearly its worst. (The account of his internment, with which the book closes, is among the best sections.)

The beauty of *Meeting with Japan* lies in its lavishness of fascinating detail. Though Maraini does not hesitate to generalize, and his generalizations are often very useful indeed, they are also at times less fresh than the details that illustrate them, and very occasionally they seem to be contradictory. For instance, he reproaches the Westerner for trying to impose dualism on Japanese art, yet elsewhere, in a discussion of the Japanese theater, he speaks of its "characteristic dualism."

But that hardly matters. For page after page Maraini tells about one aspect of Japanese life after another with vividness and understanding. Whether he is recounting the conflicting views of eminent dragonologists on the nature of dragons or describing the intricacies of the Japanese language, telling how a tip should be presented in a Japanese restaurant (it should always be wrapped, preferably in a special kind of envelope) or distinguishing between the behavior expected of a first and second son (second sons are supposed to have amorous adventures but first sons should behave themselves), he is always lively, observant, absorbing.

Maraini essentially sees the Japanese as a people with a marvelous power to assimilate the trappings of other societies without really changing themselves. Japanese history records repeated massive encounters with other civilizations—with Korea and China in earlier epochs, with Catholic Portugal in the Renaissance, with the industrialized West in the later nineteenth century, with America since 1945. Yet Maraini thinks that none of these confrontations has greatly changed the Japanese beneath the surface. Their approach to life remains aesthetic rather than rational, with a capacity for great sensitivity and refinement of taste at one extreme and for gross brutality at the other.

The inherent conservatism of the Japanese



Maraini illustrates by pointing to their gods. In spite of the beauty of the Japanese landscape, nature in the archipelago can be very fierce—earthquakes, typhoons, and so on are far from rare. (According to one formulation, the four terrors of Japan are earthquakes, fire, thunder, and father.) Yet the Japanese gods are kindly and beneficent. Maraini believes that these gentle gods go back to a period before recorded history, when the ancestors of the modern Japanese lived further south, in a more clement climate.

Maraini thinks that the Japanese encounter with America has been an almost total failure except for some love affairs. The Americanized Japanese he finds vulgar and shoddy, with an ignorant distaste for their own culture and with a passion for all that is tawdriest among the victors. He thinks that the Japanese have no real grasp of the concept of individualism, that they continue to see a man as the position he occupies in society and to calculate his worth on that basis alone. Therefore they remain profoundly Asian, for all their brilliant ability to adopt the technology, medicine, and chewing gum of the West.

(In speaking of the failure of the Japanese-American encounter Maraini is thinking only of its effect on the Japanese. What its effect has been on the thousands of young Americans who have been stationed in Japan at one time or another since the war is another matter. My impression is that for many of these young men it has been a major educational experience, and I have rarely talked to anyone with Japanese service behind him who did not hope to go back some day.)

*Meeting with Japan* is a handsome book, illustrated with many drawings by Japanese artists and over 150 fine photographs, many in color, by the author. The pictures demonstrate what the text suggests—that Maraini has a fine eye for beauty in landscape, art, and the female form.

#### ALSO IN ASIA

*Segaki* by David Stacton (Pantheon, \$3.50) is a novel set in feudal Japan, and the two main characters are a Zen Buddhist monk (the book bears the subtitle "A Zen Novel") and his brother, a painter. They have various adventures too tenuous and elusive to summarize—in fact, I am not always certain which characters are real and which are ghosts—and in the end they meet violent deaths.

The book is elegantly written and many of the observations about man and nature are far from stupid; occasionally they illustrate points that Maraini makes about the Japanese and Zen, as when Stacton speaks of the "unique ability of the Japanese to be primitive and sophisticated at the same time."

Yet *Segaki* strikes me as a thin and pretentious little book. The voice of the author makes a curtain of sound between the reader and the action;

it goes on and on, always graceful, sometimes witty, but a little too well pleased with itself. Here, for instance, is a paragraph describing a garden:

"And of course, in the moonlight, one could not see very much, but was only aware of an untouchable innocence, and of the bulks of rock and shrubs, and the colorless presence of sleeping flowers. It was like an imaginary garden with real toads in it. But then, perhaps all gardens are imaginary. The more we love them, the more assiduously we tend them, the more they show us the world as we would like to be able to believe it to be, and if there are real toads in it, perhaps that is only testimony to the willful naïveté with which we insist upon the goodness of things, at the price even of self-protection, as though we were to cry out to the fairy dying of disbelief, whom we know not to exist: yes, we do believe in you, we do. And just because we deny reason and favor love, the fairy revives and does exist."

The phrase about "an imaginary garden with real toads in it" is borrowed from Marianne Moore; the fairy "dying of disbelief" is obviously our old friend Tinker Bell in *Peter Pan*, and just what Marianne Moore and Tinker Bell are doing in a novel about medieval Japan is a little hard to say. Nor am I sure that the words always make sense; doesn't the author mean that we insist on the goodness of things even at the price of self-deception rather than self-protection?

I hope that other readers may find the passage quoted sufficiently entrancing to lead them to read the whole book, but I find it languid and mannered.

*IN Yesterday* (Simon & Schuster, \$3) Maria Derموût recalls a kind of life in Asia that has now vanished. Mme. Derموût is a Dutchwoman who was born of a colonial family in Java in 1888, and *Yesterday* is an account of a girl's life on a large tropical plantation before and around the turn of the century.

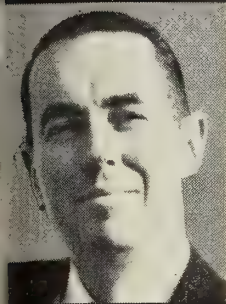
Mme. Derموût writes from the point of view of the young girl she once was, with no attempt to explain or account for the puzzling or alien aspects of her story. It is (in Maraini's terms) a mixture of the endotic and exotic. There are such exotic touches as a pet ape named Jim in the garden, a faithful servant who confesses without hesitation that he had eaten human flesh and found it very good too, an old Dutch gentleman absorbed in Javanese religion. But at bottom Mme. Derموût's story is a story of youth anywhere—a girl's discovery that the kind of people she has been brought up to respect are capable of brutal and violent behavior, that the world of adult emotion is full of unexpected turnings and sudden abysses, and that she must in the end leave the walled garden of her parents' love.

*Yesterday* is a book completely free of false



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**FICTION**



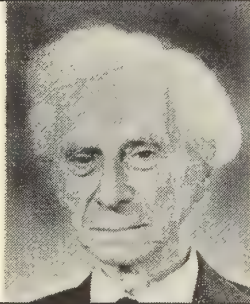
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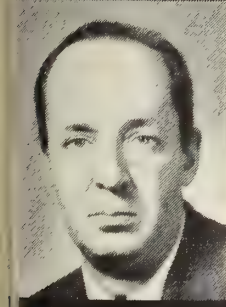
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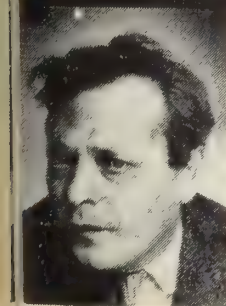
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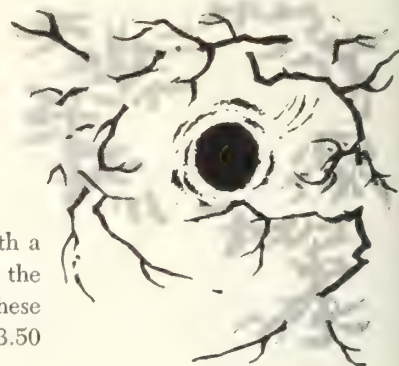
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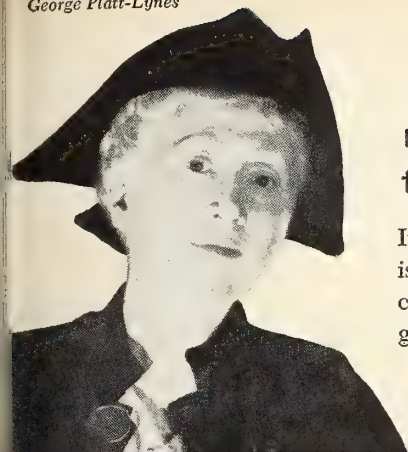
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THE NEW BOOKS

pretensions. It is a brief book, and  
its subject is slight, but it never  
strikes a false note.

I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale  
(Grove, \$3.95, paper \$1.95), a novel  
by a young Indian writer named  
Khushwant Singh, is another mixture  
of the exotic and endotic. The story  
chiefly concerns the conflict between  
the generations, which is certainly a  
universal subject for fiction and  
presumably a universal aspect of ex-  
perience, but since the family here  
involved are Sikhs of the Punjab and  
the time is 1942-43, when many In-  
dians were divided over how to  
carry on their campaign for inde-  
pendence during the war, the uni-  
versal situation takes on some dis-  
tinctly local color.

The father in the story comes from  
a Sikh family that has served the  
British raj for several generations,  
and through longevity and diligence  
he has become senior magistrate, the  
highest officer under the English  
deputy commissioner of the district.  
He is very much a "company man"  
who accepts British rule without  
question and knows how to make the  
most of whatever opportunities it  
presents to an Indian. In the early  
1940s he has been especially success-  
ful in winning British approval be-  
cause he has raised a lot of money  
among prosperous Indians to aid the  
British war effort.

But the son takes another tack.  
He is a weak young man, by nature  
as toadying as his father and con-  
siderably less able, but in an effort to  
justify himself in the eyes of his  
oversexed young wife and to mark  
himself as a leader at the university,  
he drifts into leadership of a group  
of youthful terrorists whose object  
is immediate independence for India.

Out of the conflict between the  
two, Khushwant Singh makes a mild  
but moderately entertaining story.  
Most of the characters have such  
paltry motives that they cannot be  
taken very seriously, though the  
mother, a traditional Sikh woman  
whose life contains her family and  
her religion and nothing else, is  
beautifully portrayed. Many of the  
best passages in the book are in effect  
brief essays on one aspect or another  
of Indian life, as when Singh points  
out that shadows, which in the tem-  
perate West are usually taken to be

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Brace and Company and/or Collins, Publishers under their respective usual terms for book publication if either or both publishers elect to publish the manuscript.

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of sinister import, suggest something kind and welcome in a country as hot as the Indian plain; or when he discusses how the lack of privacy affects Indian life. (Incidentally, he destroys the popular idea that Indians are great lovers; love requires more privacy than most Indian couples can achieve, according to Singh.)

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**JOHN GODLEY.** Lord Kilbracken, is a sprightly gentleman who a few years ago inherited an early Georgian house in Ireland and a post-Victorian title in England, and who supports the former by exploiting the latter. Three or four years ago he drove from England to New Zealand and wrote a book about it, and now he has written another about his travels in Russia—*Moscow Gatecrash* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50).

In a day when so much is written about Russia that we are solemnly told we all must read, I am pleased to report that no one really needs to read *Moscow Gatecrash*. It is competent journalism, full of unobjectionable padding, frequently amusing, and pretty trivial. A good deal of the material might well have come to its final rest in the British tabloid for which it was originally written.

An occasional remark has point, and one passage, a detailed description of Khrushchev's physical appearance, is brilliantly observed.

**Don Chato** (Knopf, \$4) is a novel set in a small Spanish town and written by an American woman who was born in the Philippines, married a Persian, and now lives in Majorca—Anne Sinclair Mehdevi. The result should be a book of unparalleled exoticism, and Mrs. Mehdevi certainly makes telling use of her setting, but her main character, the Don Chato of the title, is a man of a sort that occurs in every society. Perhaps he even occurs, to some extent, in every man.

Don Chato is a physician in a provincial town. Badly trained for his work, he stumbles through his professional duties in terror of doing something that will reveal his incompetence. His patients are poor people who won't or can't pay even his modest fees, and he is always in want of money to maintain his sister-



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### THE NEW BOOKS

housekeeper and himself in the shabby-genteel style he thinks appropriate to his station.

He soothes his vanity, always rubbed raw by his encounters with the crass townspeople, with a long amorphous daydream of leaving the village and entering a more opulent society where he will suddenly become more successful with women, more skilled in medicine, and generally more glamorous.

Then tragedy strikes; Don Chato meets a literal-minded young woman who comes to Spain on vacation. She is the kind of woman he has always dreamed of meeting, or at least he thinks that she is; and when, on a characteristically uncircumspect evening, he reveals his dream to her, she briskly works out a way for him to make it all come true. It is as if a Chekhov character who has spent his life dreaming of going to Moscow suddenly had a ticket thrust into his hand, and the threat of testing his dreams against reality simply undoes Don Chato.

The character is of course a kind of Spanish provincial Walter Mitty, but Mitty is almost entirely pathetic, whereas Don Chato is both more ridiculous and more grand. Everything about him is slightly phony except his suffering, but that is enough to make him terribly real. When he cries out, "My soul is like a corkscrew and I can't straighten it out," or, "Whole days go by when I do not have a thought worthy of a man," he has a stature Mitty lacks.

*The Rack* (Little, Brown, \$4.50), a first novel by an Englishman named A. E. Ellis, is an account of a young man's life in a tuberculosis sanitarium in the French Alps. Almost inevitably a novel set in that part of the world and occupied with the subject of tuberculosis leads to comparisons with *The Magic Mountain*, and I for one think that *The Rack* can survive the comparisons without apology. But the method of the two books is so different that apart from the subject they bear little resemblance to one another, and which a reader prefers will depend in part on what he thinks fiction should do.

Mann's method in *The Magic Mountain* is symbolic, at least after the fine opening chapters concerned with Castorp's career before the sani-

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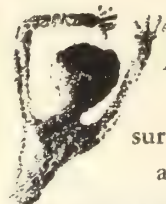
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VOLUME 8—NUMBER 3

Brief extracts from

# THE Borzoi Quarterly

## THE THIRD QUARTER, 1959

SEPTEMBER IS A BIG MONTH—eight books for adults, seven juveniles, and in addition to these, we will be distributing eleven new Vintage Books.

One of the novels is a superb story by ELLIOTT ARNOLD—his first since *The Time of the Gringo*, which we published in 1953. *Flight from Ashiya* has everything—suspense, sex, excitement, character, freshness, a driving pace, and even that fashionable commodity, authenticity.



ANNE MEHDEVI, the American girl born in the Philippines, raised in Kansas, and married to a Persian (or should I say Iranian?) diplomat, should be known to many of you. *Don Chato* is her first novel and it is an unusually good one. Mrs. Mehdevi has captured beautifully the flavor of life in the little Spanish village of Negresco and in *Don Chato* created a character who, for all his weaknesses and follies, is a memorable and lovable fellow.



In 1912 a young Frenchman of twenty-four came to the United States as *chef de cuisine* for Henry Clay Frick. He returned to France to serve in the army during the first world war but then came back to the United States and for thirty-eight years served as Mrs. Hamilton Twombly's and Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly's very famous chef. JOSEPH DONON has distilled the experience of his lifetime into *The Classic French Cuisine*.



*Adventures of the Mind* is a collection of brilliant essays first printed in *The Saturday Evening Post*, whose editors invited distinguished men and women to explore and appraise the significant ideas and advances in knowledge in the twentieth century. The book opens with an introduction by MARK VAN DOREN. Among the celebrated contributors

are JACQUES BARZUN, J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER, EDITH HAMILTON, D. W. BROGAN, AARON COPLAND, WALTER GROPIUS, PAUL TILlich—and fourteen others of equal stature.



Why are so many of the books published nowadays—I refer especially to non-fiction—written so very badly? And why, oh why, do reviewers and critics, if you can call them that, so very seldom call attention to this fact? After a reasonably long lifetime of close contact with writers and editors I must record sorrowfully that editorial standards become lower year by year. Many books published are not even the work of the authors whose names appear on them; they are rewritten and sometimes even written by their publishers' editors. If, in the world of letters, there existed a law analogous to the Pure Food and Drug Act and publishers were compelled to print on the title pages and wrappers the names of the people who actually did write the book in question, how you, dear reader, would be surprised.

But as time goes on the editors in publishing houses seem to fight less and less to maintain decent standards. Yet it is hard to think of a book that has failed to sell just because it was too badly written, or indeed to discover any public awareness of the badness of the writing that we not only tolerate but frequently devour. I can think of one great best-selling novel of 1958, a major book-club selection to boot, that was one of the most offensively badly written pieces of fiction I've suffered in a long, long time. And there's another major book-club selection that will be appearing soon after you read this that one would think any literate editor could have reduced by at least thirty per cent and greatly improved thereby.

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## THE NEW BOOKS

tarium: his characters "stand for" something besides themselves, and their illness "stands for" something besides itself. Ellis's method is whatever the opposite of symbolic may be—his characters are simply themselves, wonderfully or horribly themselves, as the case may be; and their illness is simply a terrible thing that happens, all the worse because it has no symbolic value, no discernible meaning beyond itself.

Most novels that depict the details of illness seem to play upon the hypochondria of the reader in a rather unhealthy way, but *The Rack* does not. The cold chaste style that Ellis uses enables him to record the cruellest operations without exploiting them; it is often painful reading but never lugubrious or sensational. (The time seems to be the late 1940s, before the recent advances in treatment of tuberculosis by drugs.)

Similarly, the love affair between the young Englishman who is the central character and a seventeen-year-old Belgian girl (another patient) is flawlessly depicted to bring out both its beauty and its pain.

*The Rack* hardly has anything that could be called a plot or story; that is the point—it is an account of people who have surrendered the pretense of controlling their own destinies, of making decisions, of acting. A mysterious force has taken over their lives, laid them flat on their backs, and brutally deprived them of their freedom. A point more or less of temperature is an event for them, and so it has to be an event in an account of them.

But if the book has no plot it has marvelous characters, not only among the patients but also among the doctors and nurses, the lesser attendants, and the magnificently imperturbable gentleman who is responsible for the execrable food.

It is hard to imagine what kind of future Ellis may have as a writer, since *The Rack* must have been written out of extended personal experience, but he has certainly managed to write a first novel of uncommon power and distinction.

ELSEWHERE IN FRANCE

**Warrior's Rest** by the French writer Christiane Rochefort and translated by Lowell Bair (David McKay, \$3.75)

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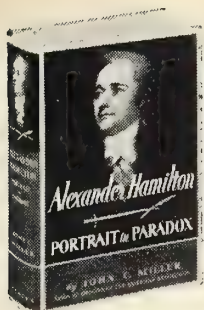
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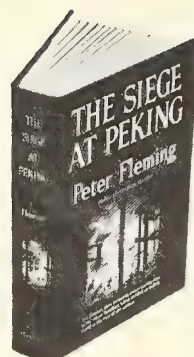


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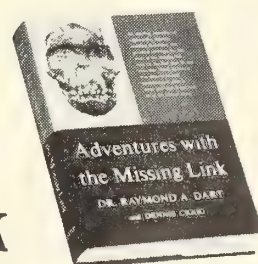
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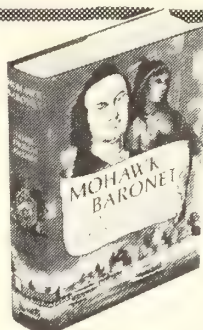
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is a novel told in the first person by a girl named Geneviève Le Theil. In the course of a business trip to see about a small inheritance Geneviève quite accidentally prevents a young man named Renaud from committing suicide, and when she returns to Paris he returns with her and moves into her apartment.

Geneviève is a conventional unawakened bourgeois girl, who has idealistically planned to devote her life and her inheritance to the welfare of children. Renaud is nihilistic, self-destructive, alcoholic, utterly without any virtue recognized in the Boy Scout oath or in polite society. He shocks Geneviève, sponges off of her, makes no attempt to justify his life with her, yet all his outrageous behavior only increases her passion for him. Finally she becomes pregnant and they marry; exhausted by his excesses, Renaud enters an institution for alcoholics.

No doubt this sounds pretty dismal, and in a sense it is, it surely is. But the character of Renaud is drawn with a good deal of force and carries a certain appalling conviction. I suspect that his literary ancestry goes back to the libertines in the Marquis de Sade, but he is also very much a contemporary. If he were an American he would be beat; if he were English he would be angry; since he is French I suppose he must be some kind of existentialist.

**ONLY SLIGHTLY  
MORE ENDOTIC**

THE two recent American novels that I propose to discuss in ending this column ought, for the sake of symmetry, to bring us back from such exotic places as Japan and the French Alps to the triumphant endotism of the supermarket and the diaper service, but in fact both deal with parts of America and aspects of American life that are hardly more familiar to me than Fujiyama.

The first—*Men Die* by H. L. Humes (Random House, \$3.50)—concerns an American naval construction battalion engaged in making an arsenal of a Caribbean island on the eve of the second world war. There are three white officers supervising the work, and all the rest are Negroes.

In the first paragraph the island



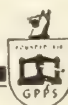
**Nancy Hale**

at her wittiest

**DEAR BEAST**

The witty author of *A New England Girlhood* now tackles life in the South with equal zest. It is hard to guess whether Southerners or Northerners will be more entertained by this novel about the timid Yankee wife married to a pompous Southerner. She turns the tables on the socialites of a Virginia town when her anonymously published novel about them becomes a best-seller. \$4.00

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ows up, killing everyone except six negroes who are under arrest for mutiny and the youngest of the officers, who is in charge of the prisoners. The rest of the novel reconstructs the events that lead up to the disaster and traces some of its consequences.

Humes does a good job of creating the atmosphere of the sun-baked island, explosive with inadequately protected ammunition and the passions of too many men living too close together. He is equally successful in portraying the men—the impatient alcoholic commander, with half-mad attempts to find the secrets of history through Biblical tales; the taciturn executive officer who keeps his men busy at night by having them carve great Easter-Island-like enigmatic sculptures out of the island's stone; the more conventional junior officer trying to do his duty; and the surly Negroes who know that they have been detailed to do the dirtiest and most dangerous work as usual.

All this has something of the quality of Conrad—a sense of men working out an obscure destiny beneath a tropical sun. But unfortunately a good deal of the novel concerns a man who has been the mistress of one of the officers and the wife of another, and who becomes the mistress of the third after her husband's death. Most of her part of the story is told in a stream-of-consciousness style that recalls the experimentalism of "creative writing" classes, and all her role in the book is rather trivially done, because it is much too implicit. To be successful, this kind of novel must maintain an air of mystery, and the woman Humes induces is about as mysterious as one. John O'Hara's *Pennsylvania* maintains casting an appraising eye over friends' husbands at the country club swimming pool.

PROBABLY anyone who writes a novel set in the American South these days has a problem in avoiding the influence of Faulkner's style, and one who writes a novel about Southern politics has a problem in avoiding the influence of Robert Penn Warren's ideas. Regrettably George Garrett, in his novel about Florida politics, *The Finished Man* (Fibner's, \$3.95), does not escape



The air-conditioned chill subsides, the sun-struck eye refocuses, the credit card is redeemed — a livelier season has begun. To the bookstore then, form in hand, and you can travel at your fireside.

Two tickets abroad: one to Greece, **The Flight of Ikaros**, by Kevin Andrews (\$3.75), a young American who chose to live among an ancient and passionate people with no thought for the consequence. Published in England; the *Times* said, "An astonishing achievement," the *Observer*, "Mr. Andrews is probably the only American who ever got inside the skin of the Greek shepherd . . . If you want some truth about Greece, here it is." The other ticket to the USSR — **Moscow Gatecrash** by John Godley, Lord Kilbracken (\$3.50), a foreign correspondent who has a most disarming talent for turning up in a succession of interesting situations, talking to Pasternak and on another occasion to Khrushchev, marching in a May Day parade through Red Square, squiring a pretty Intourist guide to the race-track. It is in many ways a book astonishing for its ease and balanced judgments, attractive in its wit and cogency.

One ticket to a private library: **From the Morgenthau Diaries**, by John Morton Blum (\$7.50). Eleanor Roosevelt says in her foreword, "This book will provide material of an essential kind for future historians, but there is also much of the human side as well as the technical. From it emerges the existence of basic trust and respect between two men who lived in strenuous times."

Two tickets to the theatre: one to **Archibald MacLeish's J.B.** (\$3.50), starting on tour after a Pulitzer Prize-winning year in New York, the other to the inimitable entertainment of **Cornelia Otis Skinner, The Ape in Me** (\$3.00). Again this versatile mistress of exaggeration and verbal slapstick makes both sensible and wild fun of herself and the rest of the world. Embellished with drawings by Alajalov.



If we are to believe the critics, **NORTH STAR BOOKS** are: "Excellent, Enticing, Exquisite, Charming, Richly factual, Good history, Superb, Compellingly dramatic, Fresh and vigorous."

But what seems to impress the reviewers nearly as much as the excellent writing of America's leading authors is the physical attractiveness of the books themselves — the useful maps and distinguished illustrations printed in two-color offset, the aesthetically pleasing design, the sturdy binding, and the four-color jackets. Here are the facts, not the fiction, of American history made so attractive verbally and visually that the appeal to Bright Young Americans is irresistible!

The first six books were published last fall: **Great Days of Whaling** by Henry Beetle Hough, **Gold in California** by Paul I. Wellman, **Sailing the Seven Seas** by Mary Ellen Chase, **Young Thomas Edison** by Sterling North, **The Trail to Santa Fe** by David Lavender, and **Riders of the Pony Express** by Ralph Moody.



Eight more **NORTH STAR BOOKS** are coming this fall. **Washington and the Revolution** by Lynn Montross, is written from the military point of view, with "excerpts from contemporary sources and an unflinching tenacity to get at the facts . . ." *Virginia Kirkus Bulletin*. **Thoreau of Walden Pond** by Sterling North is a quietly exciting biography of a fascinating man. Another biography of immediate interest is **Around the World with Nellie Bly** by Emily Hahn. **Paul I. Wellman's** two-volume study **Indian Wars and Warriors (East)** and **Indian Wars and Warriors (West)** ranges from Champlain's first battle with the Iroquois to the final uprising of the Sioux nearly three centuries later. In **Donald McKay and the Clipper Ships**, Mary Ellen Chase recaptures the romantic decade when clipper ships were the wonder of the world. The most fascinating military reconstruction in North America is described in **Ticonderoga, the Story of a Fort** by Bruce Lancaster. And our first biography of a singer is **Jenny Lind Sang Here** by Bernardine Kieley. Each volume only \$1.95.



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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

either influence as much as might be wished.

*The Finished Man* concerns a Senatorial campaign in Florida, and most of the action takes place in a part of Florida the tourist never sees—the small towns inland, away from the resplendent coast. The contest lies between an experienced old hand with many years' experience in the Senate and a young man whom he has trained to be his successor but doesn't want to succeed him quite yet. The main character, through whose eyes the action is seen, is an aimless and uncommitted young man reminiscent of the man who plays a similar part in *All the King's Men*.

Garrett's book is overintellectualized—the characters tend to be too obvious in serving their allegorical function. But in spite of this flaw, and in spite of the influence of Faulkner and Warren, *The Finished Man* tells a lively story with a good deal of dramatic flair. There are several scenes written with great skill. Garrett can handle language effectively; he has both intelligence and wit, and when he is surer of his own voice as a novelist (he is already an assured and individual writer of short stories), he should produce excellent fiction. Meanwhile, *The Finished Man*, his first novel, is well worth reading.

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

*The Fires of Autumn*, by Helen Howe.

It is wonderful to read a book full of people whom an author seems to care about. Or perhaps it is that one cannot imagine people the author of *Success* and *We Happy Few* would not care about. One feels that no human experience is alien to her. In this story she is writing about five elderly widows and one younger woman at a crisis in her own marriage, all spending the autumn, after the summer residents have gone, in

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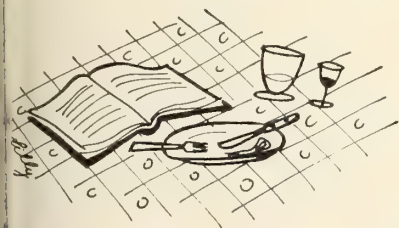
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

Maine seaside resort village near Harbor. It is a search for fulfillment after middle age which sounds routine but which Miss Howe makes the reader feel is as important as it is a real feat. The varied cast of characters, both living and dead, the interrelation between the summer folk and the "natives," the brilliance of the autumn air and the Maine background, are as stimulating and therapeutic for the reader as for the younger woman who learns so much from it all. One can scarcely bear to put the book away. The writer's quality of mind and heart illuminate every page so that each situation touches on one's own.

Harper, \$3.95



**The Forest**, by Shirley Pfoutz. This is a Washington novel about several marriages and an extramarital love affair—all of which are affected by a Senate investigation. The Senate investigation is convincing and well handled. The marriage situation remains amorphous, partly because it's hard to make out what the author thinks is a good one.

Norton, \$3.95

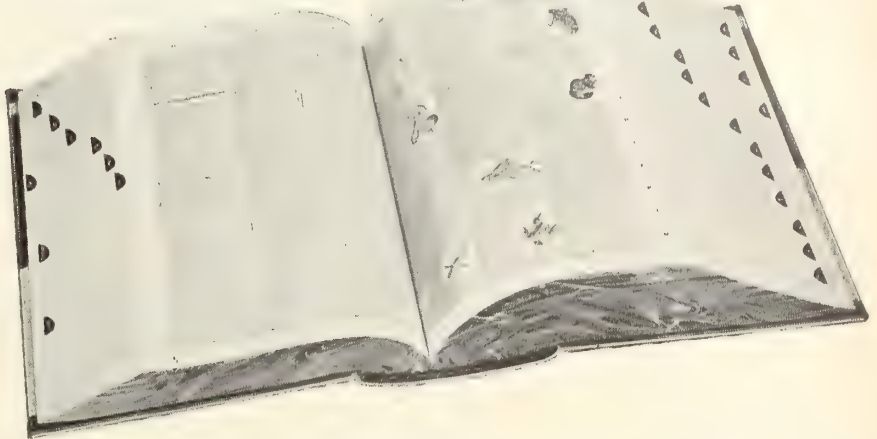
**Long Dong Bell**, by Helen Reilly. Inspector McKee solves another mystery, this time involving premeditated murders in Spuyten Duyvil on the northern tip of Manhattan, and elsewhere in the big city. Rich families, an attractive bride-to-be, and a most villainous villain make it a very pleasurable thriller.

Random House, \$2.95

**Hero for Leanda**, by Andrew Crave. The punning title reflects little of the book except its general locale and the spirit of gaiety which pervades even the most serious maritime and political situations. For it is the story of an exciting voyage in a small boat, and a political venture organized by devoted citizens of an island called Cyprus, but which might

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

well be. Actually it satisfyingly flates the idea of heroes all round, makes its chief characters very likable people, and—if it doesn't go away too much—leaves the reader laughing happily with Leand hero.

Harper, \$2.50

## NON-FICTION

All Americans, regardless of the previous condition of ignorance knowledge of the Civil War, are going to know a lot more about it at the Centennial Year. Already a first barrage of books is opening up and three have just been fired in salvo.

**Pickett's Charge**, by George Stewart. Illustrated.

It is hard for me to believe the abysmal ignorance of Gettysburg supported until I read this utterly fascinating novelist's book (Mr. Stewart is the author of *Storm*) that came through the confusion of July 1863 with a dramatic (but never overdramatized) clarity as arresting and moving as a bugle call. Mr. Stewart is also a scholar and a historian who has, of course, read the documents on both sides of the disputed battle. He makes no attempt to explain the events leading up to it. He starts the reader off on the very day, giving illuminating sharp vignettes of all the important men involved; the accidents of the rain which were as significant the day as the decisions of the generals; the feeling of the heat and thirst and the interminable waiting in the summer day before the charge began. After some hours of concentrated reading I found, to my amazement that I who spend my summers in the shadow of Stannard Mountain had never before heard of General Stannard and his regiments of the Second Vermont Brigade which turned the tide of battle at a crucial moment in that crucial struggle. Everyone who reads it, North or South, will find his own battle field and fall in behind it. The author takes no sides in what one gathers have been century-old controversies. He simply puts out the evidence. But I shall never feel the same about Pickett again. A stirring book.

Houghton Mifflin.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Flash of Cavalry: The Battle of Sandy Station, June 9, 1863**, by Fairfax Downey. Illustrated.

This is a more special book than Stewart's, full of interesting information about the cavalry—how it operated in and out of battle; how important it was; how much better the Southerners were ("born in the saddle"); and ending with the trumpet calls and saber clashing of that dramatic but inconclusive battle at Virginia, a month before Gettysburg. The language of this book is as simple as Mr. Stewart's lucid prose but it is a readable and informative story of a dramatic branch of vanished armies.

McKay, \$4.95

**The War for the Union: The Improvised War 1861-1862**, by Allan Nevins.

Here is the story of how it all came about—at least how all the fateful decisions came together in the first year of the war. Here are the people and politics responsible for what came after, explained with the clarity and scholarship and sense of the importance of these decisions which have already won Mr. Nevins two Pulitzer Prizes. This is the fifth volume in his series, "The Ordeal of the Union," and the first of four on the Civil War.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

band of Helen Howe who wrote *The Fires of Autumn* reviewed among the novels in this column.

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## FORECAST

### Days to Remember

James Cameron's *1911*—"the story of a year that more than any other in the memory of men now living can be considered the close of an era"—which Rinehart published in the end of June, was the beginning of a run of books to be published celebrating and recalling certain defined periods of the first fifty years of the century. Walter Lord (*A Night to Remember* and *Day of Infamy*) starts the century off with *The Good Years: From 1900 to the First World War* ("after plumbing and before taxes . . . when men and women believed, acted, and lived with confidence in their inspired ability to reform the wicked, rebuild the ruins, and subdue the enemy"). This comes from Harper next January. In October Knopf will publish a book dealing with the last two years of this period, 1912-14, *The End of American Innocence*, by Henry F. May. Sometime next year Allen Churchill, whose story of Greenwich Village, *The Improper Bohemians*, has been delighting its many readers in the last few months, expects to have ready a book about the year 1927 (Lindbergh, Peaches Browning, Hall-Mills—remember?) for his publishers, Crowell.

### New Series

We should reach for champagne to christen several new series of books to be launched this fall, two of them series of books of poetry. One has already left the ways. On September 17 Wesleyan released the

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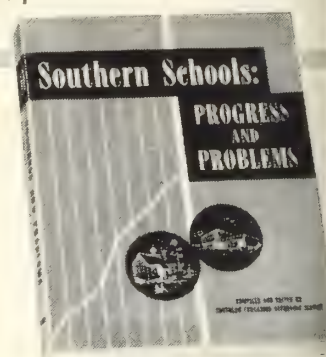
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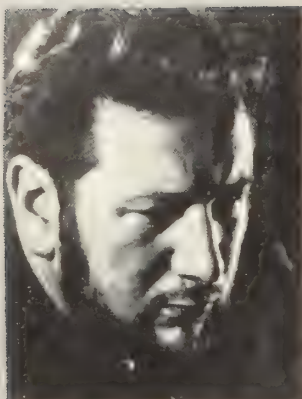
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Young is doing one on Ernest Hemingway, Lawrance Thompson on Robert Frost, and William Van Dusen on William Faulkner. The press plans to publish several such pamphlets each year (\$1 each). Some people at least, are not forgetting the American arts.

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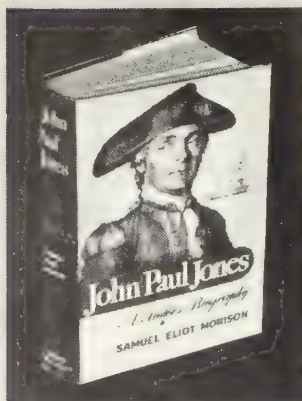
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# WRITING IN AMERICA

## A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

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WE ATTEMPT in this special supplement to do two things: First, to present fresh and uncompromising appraisal of the fiction and poetry being done today, as well as the writing for the theater, for television, and for the movies. And second, to discuss some of the aspects of American literary life—book reviewing, publishing, the teaching of “creative writing” among others—which we think deserve more attention than they usually receive. It would, obviously, be impossible to deal fully with American writing in sixty-odd pages. There is no consideration here, for example, of the writing in newspapers and magazines—although Harper’s has published criticism of both in the past and plans more for the future. The supplement has been able to cover as much ground as it does only because of the extraordinary co-operation of our contributors—all of whom were encouraged to express forcefully their personal viewpoints, however controversial, and most of whom set aside other and pressing work in order to write for it. THE EDITORS

# THE ALONE GENERATION

*a comment on the fiction of the 'fifties*

## ALFRED KAZIN

*Perhaps more than any other first-rate American critic, Alfred Kazin has given close and understanding attention to the novels and stories published since World War II. In this powerful but sympathetic indictment, he sums up his impressions of the "host of brilliantly talented writers" who dominate American fiction today—from John O'Hara to J. D. Salinger.*

The other day a prominent American publisher advertised a book of stories by a Continental writer who died some time ago: "These stories, never before published in English, could only have been written by a great writer who flourished before World War II. They are stamped by that unobtrusive assurance, perfect sympathy with their subjects, and resonant tone which have become, it would seem, lost secrets in almost all the fiction of the immediate present." Not very encouraging, what? Yet I must admit that while I see a host of brilliantly talented writers all around me, I don't often get a very profound satisfaction out of the novels they write.

I am tired of reading for compassion instead of pleasure. In novel after novel, I am presented with people who are so soft, so wheedling, so importunate, that the actions in which they are involved are too indecisive to be interesting or to develop those implications which are the life-blood of narrative. The age of "psychological man," of the herd of aloners, has finally proved the truth of Tocqueville's observation that in modern times the average man is absorbed in a very puny object, himself, to the point of satiety. The whole interest of the reader seems to be summoned toward "understanding" and tolerance of the leading characters. We get an imaginative universe limited to the self and its detractors. The old-fashioned novel of sensitive souls, say Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* or even Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*,

showed a vulnerable hero or heroine battling it out (a) for principles which he identified with himself and (b) against social enemies who were honestly opposed to the protagonist's demand of unlimited freedom. Now we get novels in which society is merely a backdrop to the aloneness of the hero. People are not shown in actions that would at least get us to see the conditions of their personal struggle. Carson McCullers's beautiful first novel, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, characterized a stagnant society in the silent relationship between two mutes; in her third novel, *The Member of the Wedding*, the adolescent loneliness of Frankie fills up the scene, becomes the undramatic interest of the book, to the point where the reader feels not that he is witnessing a drama but that he is being asked to respond to a situation.

American society is remarkable for the degree of loneliness (not solitude) in which the individual can find himself. In our mass age, the individual's lack of privacy, his unlimited demand for self-satisfaction, his primary concern with his own health and well-being have actually thrown him back on himself more than before. Our culture is stupefyingly without support from tradition, and has become both secular and progressive in its articulation of every discontent and ambition; the individual now questions him-



self constantly because his own progress—measured in terms of the social norms—is his fundamental interest. The kind of person who in the nineteenth-century novel was a “character” now regards himself in twentieth-century novels as a problem; the novel becomes not a series of actions which he initiates because of *who* he is, but a series of disclosures, as at a psychoanalyst’s, designed to afford him the knowledge that may heal him. It is astonishing how many novels concerned with homosexuality, on the order of Truman Capote’s *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, are apologies for abnormality, designed to make us sympathize with the twig as it is bent the wrong way.

I would suspect that it is the intention of extracting “understanding” that accounts for the extraordinary number of children and adolescents in American fiction; at least in the imaginative society of fiction they can always be objects of concern. Even in a good writer like Capote, to say nothing of a bad writer like Gore Vidal, the movement of the book comes to a standstill in the grinding machinery of sensibility. As in James Baldwin’s *Giovanni’s Room*, sympathetic justice is always accorded homosexuals. No Vautrin as in Balzac, no Charlus as in Proust, no honest homosexual villains! The immediate result is the immobilization of narrative, the fashionable mistiness of prose; first the hero is cherished to the point of suffocation, then the style. *Other Voices, Other Rooms* is a brilliant effort of will, but it is unmoving rather than slow, retrospective rather than searching. In the past, the movement of fiction was more energetic than life; now fiction becomes vaguer, dimmer, an “exercise” in “craft.”

**T**his demand on our compassion is not limited to the quivering novels of sensibility by over-conscious stylists; it is the very essence of the deliberately churned-up novels of the Beat Generation. I mention Jack Kerouac here only because his novels, in which he has increasingly developed the trick of impersonating spontaneity by bombarding the reader with a mass of deliberately confused impressions, depend on a naked and unashamed plea for “love,” understanding, fellowship, and are read and enjoyed only because this pleading so answers to our psychological interest in fiction that we indulge Kerouac without knowing why we do. Nothing human is now alien to us; after all, the fellow’s problem could be our problem! It is ridiculous that novels can now be sent off as quickly as they are written and published im-

mediately afterwards in order to satisfy the hopped-up taste of people who, when they open a novel, want to feel that they are not missing a thing. The sluttishness of a society whose mass ideal seems to be unlimited consumption of all possible goods and services is the reason for the “success” of writers whose literary strategy is to paint America as an unlimited supply of sex, travel, liquor—and lonely yearners. The individual who is concerned entirely with his aloneness will inevitably try to invade society, “the other” in his universe, by writing stormily, angrily, lashing the reader with a froth of words. But we are at fault in allowing the addict quality of such books to stand for “intensity” in fiction. More and more we judge novels by their emotional authenticity, not their creative achievement; we read them as the individual testifying for himself in a confused and troubling time. But the testimony is so self-concerned that we equate this glibness of feeling with recklessness of style. And here I come to another complaint, the increasing slovenliness, carelessness, and plain cowardice of style in fiction today.

We were wrong when we thought that the ghost of Henry James had put his too, too careful hand on our young ‘uns. It is true that some of the new professor-novelists, Benjamin DeMott in *The Body’s Cage* or Monroe Engel in *The Visions of Nicholas Solon*, like Capote himself in his first book and his stories, can remind us of the rage of style in the fiction of the ‘forties. So talented a writer as Jean Stafford has of late years often seemed to bury herself in fine phrases. It is a rare professor-novelist, Robie Macauley in *The Disguises of Love*, who can escape the ostentatious carefulness, the jogging of the reader: *Please don’t lose sight of my arm as I put together this beautiful edifice of words*. But actually, the increasing fussiness of our social ideals and the plain boredom of a period in which writers so often feel incapable of imagining decisive roles for their characters have led to the opposite quality. John Wain recently wrote:

“At the moment, the literary mind of the West seems to be swamped in one of its periodic waves of what George Orwell once called ‘sluttish antinomianism,’ which he defined as ‘lying in bed drinking Pernod.’”

What we get now is not the style of pretended fineness—the *New Yorker* ladies with every tuck in place—but the imitation of anger, the leer of the desperado. You can’t fool us with your genteel learning, we’re young American men who have been around and who have a punch! So I read in an article on fiction, by Herbert

Gold, that something-or-other is like kissing a girl with spinach on her teeth. Wow, bang, and slam. Kerouac and whoever it is who follows him are "wild" in the hope of getting out of themselves, in finding some person, thing, or cause to latch onto. Gold is slovenly in the hope of sounding "cool"; he is understandably alarmed by the softness that threatens young novelists in so self-pitying an age as this. In England the young men are angry because still made to feel inferior; in America, young novelists get angry because they hope to sound belligerent and positive, *alive*, against the doldrums of the Eisenhower age.

One root of their difficulty is the irresistible example of Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*. Anyone who has read his first two novels, *Dangling Man* and *The Victim*, knows that Bellow began with an almost excessive nobility of style, that the open and comically pretentious style in which Augie talks is a *tour de force*. Bellow has always been fascinated by characters who, in the deep Existentialist sense, are conscious of being *de trop*, excessive of themselves and their society, insatiable in their demands on life. All his representative men, in the phrase of Henderson the rain king, cry, "*I want! I want!*" This excess of human possibility over social goals, of the problem, man, over his intended satisfactions, led to a prose in *Augie* which is rapturously, not whiningly, faithful to all the signs and opportunities of experience. "If you've seen a winter London open thundering mouth in its awful last minutes of river light or have come with cold clanks from the Alps into Torino in December white steam then you've known like greatness of place." In *Augie*, Bellow attained a rosy deliverance from the grip of his past, he discovered himself equal to the excitement of the American experience, he shook himself all over and let himself go. "I am an American, Chicago born—Chicago, that somber city—and go at things as I have taught myself, free-style, and will make the record in my own way. . . ."

But just as no poet should attempt free verse who has not performed in traditional forms and meters, so no novelist should identify toughness with "free-style":

*He brought his hand with the horny nail of his index finger in a wide circle, swinging an invisible lasso, looping their belly-eyed gaze and taking it at his eye. They were caught first at the spongy wart on his nose and then in his eyes, working it for them-*

*selves now like the flies caught wriggling in sticky-paper. That wart made a stiff flop when he tossed his head in beckon and hitch toward the pungent foot-darkened sawdust at the door of Grack's Zoo, a gobble of cajolery up from his throat and the swollen Adam's apple.*

This is from Gold's most admired book, *The Man Who Was Not With It*, and makes me think of what was once scrawled on a student paper at Harvard by ancient Dean Briggs: "falsely robust." I think I understand where such worked-up militancy of phrase comes from: from the novelist's honest need, in the spirit of Henry James, to have language do the work of characterization. There is so much for a novelist to put together before he can invite people into the world of his imagination; there are so many things to say about human beings who, in the absence of public beliefs, appear arbitrary to themselves and to everyone else. The novelist feels he has to work ten times harder than he used to, falls into despair, and tries to ram it all home. Things aren't as clear as they used to be, and there's no kidding ourselves that they are. The true novelist wants only to set the stage, to get people going, to tell his story, but as Augie March says, "You do all you can to humanize and familiarize the world, and suddenly it becomes stranger than ever." The sense of that strangeness is vivid despite the murky powers of contemporary novelists; no wonder, having to make language work all the time for them, that they often escape into an assumed violence and negligence of tone.

Sometimes the language of violence fits. Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* is a series of episodes, but the screaming crescendo on which the book opens—the hero in his Harlem cellar, all the stolen lights ablaze, collaring the reader and forcing him to notice and to hear—is an unforgettably powerful expression, at the extreme of racial experience, of the absurdity, the feeling of millions that the world is always just out of their reach. I don't care for novelists who ignore what H. G. Wells himself called the "queerness" that has come into contemporary life since the bomb. The ways of escape from this queerness are legion, but let me name some who don't try to escape it. Paul Bowles doesn't, although his values are so skittery that he sometimes seems to escape from horror into a Fitzpatrick travelogue. The American writer is so likely to see more of the world, and to experience it more openly, that, like Hemingway at the end of *Death in the Afternoon*, he always wants to get in after the bell all



the sensuous travel notes he hadn't been able to fit into his book. Bowles tends to fall into this sophisticated romanticism; sometimes he reports North Africa and Asia instead of setting his imagination in them. On the other hand, the landscape in *The Sheltering Sky* itself represents the inhumanity of people who can no longer communicate with one another, the coldness of a world that now seems to put man off. What minimizes the symbolic values in *The Sheltering Sky* and deprives us of the "resonance" we used to get in fiction is the aloneness of people who are concerned entirely with the search for their own sexual satisfaction. The slightly depressing atmosphere of anxiety that hangs over Bowles's novel is characteristic of the effort to find an identity for oneself in sexual relationships. Norman Mailer, a writer with so much more native power than Bowles, with so much more ability to confront American life directly than he seems to acknowledge, has created in *The Deer Park* the same essential atmosphere of paralysis, of the numbness that results when people feel themselves to be lost in the pursuit of compulsions.

Mailer's novels, at least for me, personify the dilemma of novelists who are deeply concerned with history but dangerously oversimplify it; if they seem consumed by their interest in sex it is because they are always seeking some solution for "the times." In many ways Mailer seems to me the most forceful and oddly objective novelist of his age, objective in the sense that he is most capable of imagining objects to which a reader can give himself. You see this, despite the obvious debts to older writers, in *The Naked and the Dead* and in the satire behind the wonderful exchanges between the producer and his son-in-law in *The Deer Park*. Yet Mailer's interest in the external world has dwindled to the point where the theme of sexual power and delight—which Mailer feels to be a lost secret in contemporary life—has become a labyrinthine world in itself. Mailer now seems bent on becoming the American Marquis de Sade, where once he seemed to be another Dos Passos. Yet the energy, the often unconscious yet meticulous wit, above all the eerie and totally unexpected power of concrete visualization are curious because Mailer is able to make more of a world out of his obsessions than other writers are able to make out of the given materials of our common social world.

Here I come to the heart of my complaint. I complain of the dimness, the shadowiness, the

flatness, the paltriness, in so many reputable novelists. I confess that I have never been able to get very much from Wright Morris, though he is admired by influential judges. In reading Morris's *The Field of Vision*, I thought of George Santayana's complaint that contemporary poets often give the reader the mere suggestion of a poem and expect him to finish the poem for them. Morris's many symbols, his showy intentions, his pointed and hinted significances, seem to me a distinct example of the literary novel which professors like to teach and would like to write: solemnly meaningful in every intention, but without the breath or extension of life.

There are many writers, like J. D. Salinger, who lack strength, but who are competent and interesting. He identifies himself too fussily with the spiritual aches and pains of his characters; in some of his recent stories, notably "Zooey" and "Seymour: An Introduction," he has over-extended his line, thinned it out, in an effort to get the fullest possible significance out of his material. Salinger's work is a perfect example of the lean reserves of the American writer who is reduced to "personality," even to the "mystery of personality," instead of the drama of our social existence. It is the waviness, the effort at control, that trouble me in Salinger; the professional hand is there, the ability to create an imaginative world, plus almost too much awareness of what he can and can't do. Only, it is thin, and peculiarly heartbreaking at times; Salinger identifies the effort he puts out with the vaguely spiritual "quest" on which his characters are engaged, which reminds me of Kierkegaard's saying that we have become "pitiful," like the lace-makers whose work is so flimsy. The delicate balances in Salinger's work, the anxious striving, inevitably result in beautiful work that is rather too obviously touching, and put together on a frame presented to it by the *New Yorker*.

But I must admit that the great majority of stories I read in magazines seem only stitchings and joinings and colorings of some original model. No wonder that in so much contemporary fiction we are excited by the intention and tolerate the achievement. We are so hungry for something new in fiction that the intention, marked early in the handling of a story, will often please us as if it were the dramatic emotion accomplished by the story; the intuition of hidden significance that usually waits for us at the end of a Salinger story is both a reward to the reader and the self-cherished significance of the story to the writer himself.

Salinger's characters are incomparably larger

and more human than those of John Cheever, but Cheever has a gift for being more detached and at the same time more open to what *is*—to the ever-present danger and the half-felt queerness of contemporary existence. It is a pity in a way—I am thinking here of Cheever's stories, not his novel—that contemporary American fiction must derive so much of its strength from the perishable value of social information. James Jones wrote a really extraordinary documentary novel in *From Here to Eternity*, and ever since, like so many Americans who wrote extraordinary first novels directly out of experience, he has had the look of someone trying to invent things that once were conferred on him. So Cheever, in the *New Yorker* style, sometimes takes such easy refuge in the details of gardens, baby-sitters, parks, dinners, apartment houses, clothes that he goes to the opposite extreme of the Beat writers (who present the sheer emptiness of life when human beings are not attached to a particular environment): he falls into mechanical habits of documentation, becomes a slyer John O'Hara. It is as if he were trying to get back to the social reportage and satire that worked in our fiction so long as the people writing these stories, like Sinclair Lewis or Scott Fitzgerald, knew what values they could oppose to the "rich." As one can see from O'Hara's novels, which get more pointless as they get bigger and sexier, it is impossible to remain an old-fashioned "realist" unless you can portray a class or an individual opposed to the dominant majority. (James Gould Cozzens was able to do exactly this in *Guard of Honor* but not in *By Love Possessed*, which is more of an aggrieved complaint against the destruction of values.) O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* was an exciting book because it involved the real conflict of classes in America; *From the Terrace* suggests that the transformation of our society has proceeded beyond the power of a commonplace mind to describe it deeply. For depth of description demands that the writer identify himself with a social force to which he can give symbolic significance, that he can discern a pattern in history, that he can not only plot his way through it but recognize himself to be a figure in it.

**T**his social intelligence is now lacking to our novelists—except to those brilliant Southern writers, like William Styron and Flannery O'Connor, who can find the present meaningful because they find the past so. But other Southern writers run the risk of being as confused as anyone else once they get off that safe subject, the

betrayal of the past, which has been Faulkner's great theme. The bigger, richer, and more anxious the country becomes, the more writers in the traditional mode, like O'Hara, or writers who are now formidably "hip," like Mailer, find themselves trying to find in sex as individual appetite the drama of society in which they can see themselves as partisans and judges. This lack of breadth and extent and dimension I have been complaining of: what is it but the uncertainty of these writers about their connection with that part of reality which other novelists include in their work simply because they are always aware of it—not because they have strained to know it? What many writers feel today is that reality is not much more than what *they* say it is. This is a happy discovery only for genius. For most writers today, the moral order is created, step by step, only through the clarifications achieved by art and, step by step, they refuse to trust beyond the compass of the created work. There has probably never been a time when the social nature of the novel was so much at odds with the felt lack of order in the world about us. In the absence of what used to be *given*, the novelist must create a wholly imaginary world—or else he must have the courage, in an age when personal willfulness rules in every sphere, to say that we are *not* alone, that the individual does not have to invent human values but only to rediscover them. The novel as a form will always demand a common-sense respect for life and interest in society.

Whatever my complaints, I never despair of the novel. As someone said, it is more than a form, it is a literature. I hope never to overlook the positive heroism of those writers who believe in the novel and in the open representation of experience that is its passion and delight—who refuse to believe that there can be an alternative to it for an age like ours. And it does seem to me that the tangibility, the felt reverberations of life that one finds in a writer like Bernard Malamud, spring from his belief that any imaginative "world," no matter how local or strange, *is* the world, and that for the imaginative writer values must be considered truths, not subjective fancies. It is really a kind of faith that accounts for Malamud's "perfect sympathy" with his characters in *The Assistant* and *The Magic Barrel*. Though it is difficult for the alone to sympathize with each other, it is a fact that fiction can elicit and prove the world we share, that it can display the unforeseen possibilities of the human—even when everything seems dead set against it.



# THE WRITER AND HOLLYWOOD

BUDD SCHULBERG

*Hollywood, as Budd Schulberg demonstrates from his own experience, has traditionally treated writers as itinerant, barely respectable odd-job men on the movie assembly line. But the author of What Makes Sammy Run, On the Waterfront, and The Disenchanted argues that the lot of the writer is swiftly changing as the old formulas of the big studios fail.*

Fifteen years ago when Elia Kazan arrived in Hollywood to direct his first motion picture he was initiated into the mysteries of the Midday Meal in the Big Studio Commissary. It was there he learned his first Hollywood lesson. What can a neophyte film director educated in the Broadway theater learn about his trade merely by having lunch? In Hollywood, status-happy capital of our Machine-age Art, lunch in a major studio is—or shall we use the optimistic *was?*—a revealing lesson in craft-caste.

At the conspicuous center tables were the grease-paint gods and goddesses of this celluloid Olympus, the marquee NAMES, surrounded by agents, publicity men, hairdressers and make-up men, stand-ins, relatives, columnists, cronies, court jesters, and the rest of the adoring entourage. At other choice tables were A directors with their staffs, and assistant producers and supervisors with theirs (top producers lived a life apart in their private dining-room). Other prominent tables were presided over by department heads (sound, cutting, etc.) and those lords of technicians, the cameramen, properly called directors of photography, with their chief assistants, the camera operators, the gaffers (bosses of the lighting crews) and the other vital members of the sixty-to-eighty-man production team required for the making of a picture.

Finally there was, as Kazan describes it, “. . . a sorry group at a remote table. Their isolation was so evident that it seemed planned. There was no mixing with this group, no tablehopping to their table. . . . The writers . . .”

Kazan's first film was to be *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*, written for the screen by Tess Slesinger, one of the few exciting new writers of

prose in the 1930s. But in all his nine months of preparing, shooting, and processing his picture, he was never to meet Miss Slesinger. Undoubtedly she had long since been taken off the payroll, a hired hand doing piecework which could be used, ignored, changed, rewritten, or combined with the work of other writers as the producer willed or whimmed.

The invisibility of the screen writer came as a shock to Kazan, for his work in the theater had conditioned him to think of the writer as a man of dignity and pride—O'Neill and Robert Sherwood and Thornton Wilder and Clifford Odets, men who approached their plays as intensely personal statements. For better or worse it was *theirs*, for the director to interpret, perhaps even to embellish, but surely never to tamper with or change without their close collaboration and approval.

The shock of Kazan's recognition of the mole-like status of the writer in Hollywood was something I had sensed all through my years of growing up in Hollywood. Yes, I had lived through it but I had never learned to live with it. In the early 'thirties when screen actors could no longer express themselves by a moody stare or the flutter of hand or eyelid but had to *talk*, an SOS was beamed to the East, a hurry-up call for what was then described as *real* writers, to distinguish them from the continuity boys, the gagmen, the idea-men, and the rest of the colorful if somewhat illiterate silent contingent. To the major studios, including one captained by my





father, came novelists, playwrights, short-story writers, poets—a number of them of the first rank, some of them with Pulitzer Prizes, a few of them even more gifted than the prize-winners. I call up at random—Dorothy Parker and Samuel Hoffenstein, F. Scott Fitzgerald and William Faulkner, S. J. Perelman and John Van Druten, John O'Hara and Edwin Justus Mayer, James Cain and Nathanael West, William Saroyan and Robert Benchley. These are just a few of the hired hands I bumped into out there. I used to look around at the dull stucco bungalows of the Garden of Allah and wonder if there ever had been such an assembly of literary lights all on the same small hotel register at the same time?

#### UNASSIMILATED WITS

Yet, meshed into the Big Studio assembly-line system, almost none of these genuine writers produced anything genuine, anything memorable, anything by themselves and of themselves. Nathanael West had a pictorial mind and a Rimbaud sense of savage imagery. Oh what a film he might have written! But he used to go duck shooting from Friday to Monday and labor at workaday scripts for rent money the rest of the week. Scott Fitzgerald tried hard to adjust his indoctrinaire social consciousness and his Middle West romantic realism to the Hollywood demands; he broke his heart at MGM and his health came tumbling after. Eddie Mayer was on salary for the best of them year after year and there was literate wit in the dialogue but nowhere the richness of language and wit as character demonstrated in his Broadway successes like *Children of Darkness* and *The Five Brand*. Perelman, O'Hara, Faulkner, all of them were summoned, all of them were paid the finest salaries in the history of hirelings, and not one of these distinctly identifiable voices could be heard above the insistent general hum of the dream factories.

Working as a junior-writer in this same period (a junior-writer being something that gets paid \$75 to \$300 per week, sort of a combination utility outfielder and batboy), I put in a frustrated apprenticeship writing scenes that somehow were sandwiched into other writers' scripts, or full shooting scripts that were never read, or screen plays which would be rewritten by teams of competent drones until the film that finally emerged was a three-headed-monster that startled me by occasionally speaking one of my lines or play-acting a whole intact chunk hacked out of one of my scenes.

Meanwhile a disquieting thing was happening to me—at least in terms of living in dishonorable harmony with what was then the Hollywood hegemony: I was beginning to find myself as a writer, as a pride-in-my-own-voice, do-it-myself writer. I listened to the bitter anti-producer, anti-Hollywood jokes of the Broadway playwrights and reputable novelists who had just signed their contracts for \$50,000 or \$75,000 a year. When they had enough cabbage in the bank (I would hear them dream and boast over the third martini, the fifth highball) back to the maple-shadowed New England farmhouse they would go; ah then they would write as their own men once again.

Fortunately for me I was still twenty-five. Youth is equipped with a built-in lie detector. Listening to these fine, sensitive, ruined men, I felt an uncontrollable desire to Go East, Young Man. I went, I wrote, I published, I luxuriated in the freedom of seeing every word remain exactly as I had put it down; every comma, if I wanted to be difficult about it. The last redoubt of individual enterprise, I called the novel. I had been pretty well paid for my screen-writing apprenticeship. I had hobnobbed with Parker and O'Hara, enjoyed long, wet lunches at Romanoff's, and gone to the big parties around the illuminated swimming pools. Yet when I found myself sitting at a writing table in the unglamorous East I felt the exhilaration of a runaway slave safely emerging at the northern end of the underground railroad.

For the next fifteen years, with four years canceled out by war, I devoted myself to fiction. But while I thought of myself as having broken successfully with Big Studio Hollywood, I discovered, from the perspective of a Pennsylvania farm, that the film, the composite art of the motion picture could not be so easily or glibly abjured. When, on those rare occasions it was good, it was so very very good that I often wondered if it was not still the most unfairly under-rated and neglected of the arts. The great films lived on in my mind and took their place with the books and plays that moved me, excited my emotions, stretched my mind, disarranged me, and put me back together a little better or at least a little different than I had been before. The best of the Chaplin films had that power. And the wonderful old Jannings films. And comparable to the better books or plays of their year were such pictures as *The Informer*, *Grand Illusion*, *Citizen Kane*, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, *Open City*, *Brief Encounter*, *Rashomon*, *The Lost Weekend*, *The Bicycle Thief*, *The*

*Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Such pictures as these, and a score of others, make us wonder if there is any story, any character, any mood, any theme, any truth that cannot be handled in depth on the motion picture screen.

If mediocrity seemed to be the major muse of the movies, if most pictures were turned out as mechanically as newspapers were rolled off their presses, and as quickly tossed aside and forgotten, it was not to be blamed on the shortcomings of the medium, as many of the middlebrows and even some of the highbrows claimed. The fault lay in a system of production that was the logical expression of American commerce in a period when the average family went to the movies—*any movies*—two or three times a week, and each of the seven major studios was grinding out fifty to sixty pictures a year. In all of Hollywood combined, feature-length pictures were being cranked off at the Detroit-precision rate of more than one a day. Rather than be surprised that there weren't more good ones, it is surprising that there were any good ones at all. What Hollywood managed to do—with those always notable exceptions—was to gear itself to a rather high level of mechanical efficiency. Inevitably some 375 of the 400 films a year would be standard product, slick, smooth, polished to a high professional gloss, and about as full of real life as the box of popcorn sold with the show.

#### THE POPCORN ERA

**I**n this popcorn, mass-production era, no wonder writers were tucked away in dark corners, or hired and fired out of hand like the itinerant odd-job men they were. The punishment fits the crime; the small-cog writer was fitted into the Frankenstein monster of the arts, the Boy-Meets-Girl Machine. In fact the screen writer reminded me of Charlie Chaplin's little man clutched to the mechanical bosom of the Modern Times machine. Trapped inside the inexorable mechanism was an individual, a man of nerves and feelings and dreams and convictions, crying, "Let me out! Let me out!"

Once in a great while the cries were answered. A writer like Dudley Nichols (*The Informer*, *Stage Coach*, *The Long Voyage Home*) would find his John Ford. A director-writer combination like Frank Capra—Robert Riskind would do their good *Deeds*. A pioneer visionary like King Vidor would sandwich an eccentric film of arresting self-expression between his more conventional big-budget assignments. Like Charlie's lonely, life-tossed, little poet-tramp, there were

a few brave spirits who saw the motion picture for what it really is, the great common denominator of the arts, as treasured in Bangkok and São Paulo as it is on Times Square; the great global river of the arts fed by the tributaries of graphic art, dramatic writing, music, pantomime, and the editorial blending and counterpointing of all these separate elements which is the special contribution of the only art form conceived in the twentieth century.

While men like Dudley Nichols were urging their colleagues to shoulder their responsibilities and not degrade their talents by writing meaningless entertainments, I was working in the East in the conviction that I had turned my back on film writing for ever and that my old friend Dudley was crying in a klieg-light wilderness. Hollywood, it seemed to me—in terms of any real creative life—had become a victim of its own prosperity. If Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy nonsensicals were the mass audience's idea of what was good and beautiful, why mess around with a character study of a homely middle-aged lump floundering in the net of Irish rebellion? If it is Betty Grable's legs that fill those seventeen thousand theaters, why fuss with Faulkner or O'Neill, or break new ground with an examination of racial prejudice (*Crossfire*) or a humanizing study of a third-rate prize fighter (*The Set-up*)? In fact when the artistic shortcomings of one of the Grable offerings was pointed out to a certain film executive, he came back with this industrial wisdom: "I only wish I had twenty-five Betty Grable pictures to sell this year."

And another leader of "the industry" (as the American motion picture business is always called), in charge of selling his company's product, looked back over the good old days of the 1940s and sighed, "Those were the days when this business was a pleasure. I didn't even have to look at our lousy pictures before I went out and sold them. Exhibitors bought our trade mark. They had faith in our product."

Between those two statements stretches a fifteen-year period in which Hollywood's bull-market, Grable-Gable economy came crashing down. For those of us who had seen Hollywood grow from fly-by-night independent production in improvised barns to teeming, self-sufficient factory-cities like MGM or Twentieth Century-Fox, it was an historic and thought-provoking occasion. Mighty MGM, where a dozen mammoth sound stages had been in hectic and simultaneous use, had slowed to a standstill. For the first time in a quarter of a century, the streets of the vast studios were empty. The vast



sound stages lay dead, side by side, like a school of beached whales. The machine-gods had lost the magic lamps that had given them the power of mechanical perfection.

#### THE MOVIES' DARK HOUR

**T**he panic-swollen clouds of uncertainty had begun to cast their long, dark shadows over the Golden Valley of the Sure Thing. What had brought the monarchs of the mass audience to this dark hour?

Well, first came a government order prohibiting block booking. In other words, no more bulk selling of the good, the average, the indifferent, and the downright lousy. Every picture was forced to go it on its own, which placed an inefficient but sometimes inspiring emphasis on individual effort.

In the second place, there was a new rival machine-monster, television. People could sit home in their slippers, suck on their beer cans or their baby bottles, and enjoy playlets no worse, or at least not much worse, than they were getting on four out of five nights at their movie theaters. The old movie *habit*, a significant twentieth-century American institution that had made a dozen enterprising and far-sighted immigrants multi-rich and self-satisfied, was dead. "When the people go out of the house now they are shopping for what they want to see," a lost last-tycoon said to me with a sad shake of his puzzled head.

And as if this wasn't trouble enough, the public was beginning to show some stirrings of maturity. No more twelve-year-old minds. The public seemed to be reaching at least an enlightened stage of adolescence. They knew storks had nothing to do with it and they were receptive to the idea that man's reproductive drives provoked tensions, conflicts, disorders, early and late sorrows, and both sad and happy endings that were just as dramatically satisfying as the fairy-tale romances that had monopolized their entertainment for the first fifty years.

One indication of this new dawn was Kazan's coming out to my farm half-a-dozen years ago to talk to me about writing a picture for him. I told him why I had burned my Hollywood bridges, and he—still thinking in terms of the dramatist's need and right to identify himself with his material—urged me to write on a subject that attracted us both—the corruption of the harbor of New York—with the same sense of freedom I would have if I were writing it as a book (as I had planned to do). With the support of

an independent producer (no major studio being willing to underwrite what was considered an unpalatable and uncommercial subject) we conceived of *On the Waterfront* as a film we would do together.

"One of the things I've done, against all business advice, is to upset the traditional balance and make the writer more important than the stars," Kazan wrote of this experience. "I don't think it's a mistake. I think we have a wonderful chance right now. The breakdown of the old standardized picture-making has made room for creative people. It is a boon to anyone who has something personal and strong to say. For art is nothing if it is not personal. It can't be homogenized. By its nature, it must disturb, stir up, enlighten, and offend."

In this spirit, no longer an invisible man, encouraged to be on the set every day rather than chased off as an intruder as I had been in those junior-writer-assembly-line days, I was able to project myself into *The Waterfront*. If the logic of the work seemed to demand that a scene be changed I was there to do it. If there were lines to add or delete—as required by the staging or the actor's originality or the exigencies of shooting on the actual docks and in the bars and tenements of Hoboken—I was on the set to write the necessary lines or approve the eliminations. I couldn't truthfully say, as with a novel, for better or worse it's all mine; for a film—at its best—is a creative co-operative, in which the original conception of the author must fuse with that of the director, the producer, the leading players—and finally the film editor and composer. Still, with *Waterfront*, and teaming with Kazan again on *A Face in the Crowd*, I was able to retain a pride of authorship. I saw my ideas and my characters brought to the screen as faithfully as Kazan and our actors could interpret and develop them.

To be sure, this rather unprecedented elevation of the screen playwright's status does not assure artistic and commercial triumph. I often think of film-making as a horse race in which teams of three or four or five horses must run together. If they run at all it is rather remarkable. If they run as well as they can, manage not to trip each other up, and cross the finish line together, it is a not-so-small miracle. This may explain why the most gifted of film-makers, Ford, Stevens, Huston, Kazan, may achieve only three or four truly memorable films in a lifetime of hard work.

Rossellini and De Sica were towering neo-realists of Italy's postwar film renaissance,

but it is a singular fact that they only towered when they worked in harness and harmony with a writer who shared, indeed inspired, their vision. De Sica's *Shoe Shine*, *The Bicycle Thief*, and *Umberto D* were done in collaboration with Cesare Zavattini. And although the fame and notoriety of Rossellini obscured the contributions of his colleagues, it was Federico Fellini (now celebrated as director-creator of *La Strada*), who wrote *Open City*, *Paisan*, and *The Miracle*. Two men sharing a single artistic vision? It sounds improbable, if not downright uncomfortable, and even faintly immoral, like two men trying to share a single bed.

#### TWO-HEADED VISION

**I**n several years of working with Kazan we talked and wrote long letters and pooled and mused and fused until we felt we were as close to eye-to-eye as two people with different sets of eyes can be. Even then there were inevitable differences. We wondered how Solomon would separate the delicate strands of artistic authority and decided that on the writing, while Kazan would deeply involve himself, I would have the last word. On the set, I would watch, weigh, suggest, contribute bits of business and impromptu dialogue, but here it was Kazan who finally had the yes or no.

The problem of the single-minded, two-headed vision is compounded when one recalls some of the criticisms of our *Face in the Crowd*—that it was excessive, that it shifted in style from realism to satire to burlesque, that the scales were tipped unfairly and inartistically against its demoniacal folk-hero-villain, and that Kazan and I were too close to each other and too consumed by mutual fascination with our material to provide the necessary check and balance of perspective. How to create together and still not surrender one's identity? It is the complexity of any satisfactory answer to this question that has prompted me to grumble that a first-rate film is more difficult to achieve than either a good novel or a successful marriage.

Despite these hazards, the trend is in the direction of a new, wide-open kind of film-making, similar to the director-writer partnerships that have created so many of the European films memorable for their originality and truthfulness. No longer do the big studios grind out their fifty-sixty pictures a year. They are turning over the reins to scores of independent production companies, many of them, it must be admitted, built around stars for tax-dodging purposes, but

a number of them headed by outstanding directors in search of creative independence. And the major studios have even come around to backing companies founded on the reputations and contributions of that once low-man-on-the-totem-pole, the writer. There is a Paddy Chayefsky (*Marty*) company, a Daniel Taradash (*From Here to Eternity*) company, a Joe Mankiewicz (*All About Eve*) company, a Carl Foreman (*High Noon*) company and, may Random House forgive me, even a Schulberg company. And beyond these, there are another dozen writers encouraged to write and produce or direct their own work, in other words allowed to follow through from the first word to the final print. This is no insurance, of course, against claptrap stories, cliché situations, faulty judgments, dishonest endings, in fact the whole glacier of mediocrity that has so often in the past leveled off the creative peaks and flattened everything to a pedestrian sameness. But if a *Citizen Kane*, a *Marty*, a *La Strada* have anything in common it is a *signature*. They may not be as perfect as a can of concentrated orange juice but they have more personal flavor. They have been touched by human hands, not always the cleanest, maybe not even the most skillful. I would rather see an O'Neill play for all its excesses than the familiarly clever well-made Broadway play, and I would rather read a Faulkner novel for all its exasperatingly congealed wells of experience than a glib best-selling Metalious or even a righteously out-pouring Leon Uris. Similarly I would rather see an uneven and unresolved stab at life like *Baby Doll* than the latest cellophane-wrapped standardized hit at the Music Hall.

But the chancy and exciting fact is that nobody can predict a sure-fire hit any more. Sinatra and Grace Kelly in a romantic parallel to the Monaco fairy tale? No go. Bill Holden and Sophia Loren in a sea-going adventure with sexual overtones? Still no go. Then what do the people want? Nobody quite knows. And the headmen in the executive dining-rooms are the first to admit it. For the front office it is a difficult period of adjustment. For the writer seriously interested in motion pictures it is an unprecedented opportunity, a new ball game. After twenty-five years of high-class serfdom, he's being invited to come forward to the center tables. For the first time in American film history the writer—that is if he is willing to fight for his rights—is being given his head. Now, while the bonds of censorship are loosening, and the film-going natives are restless for something new, it is up to him to use it.



# THE DECLINE OF BOOK REVIEWING

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

*The fates of authors and publishers—  
—not to mention the reading public—  
depend on book reviews—but who reviews  
the reviewers? Miss Hardwick undertakes  
one of the few thorough critiques of the  
leading popular reviews to appear in  
recent years and explains why “a Sunday  
morning with the book reviews is often a  
dismal experience.” A distinguished novelist  
and book reviewer herself, Miss Hardwick is  
the wife of the poet Robert Lowell.*

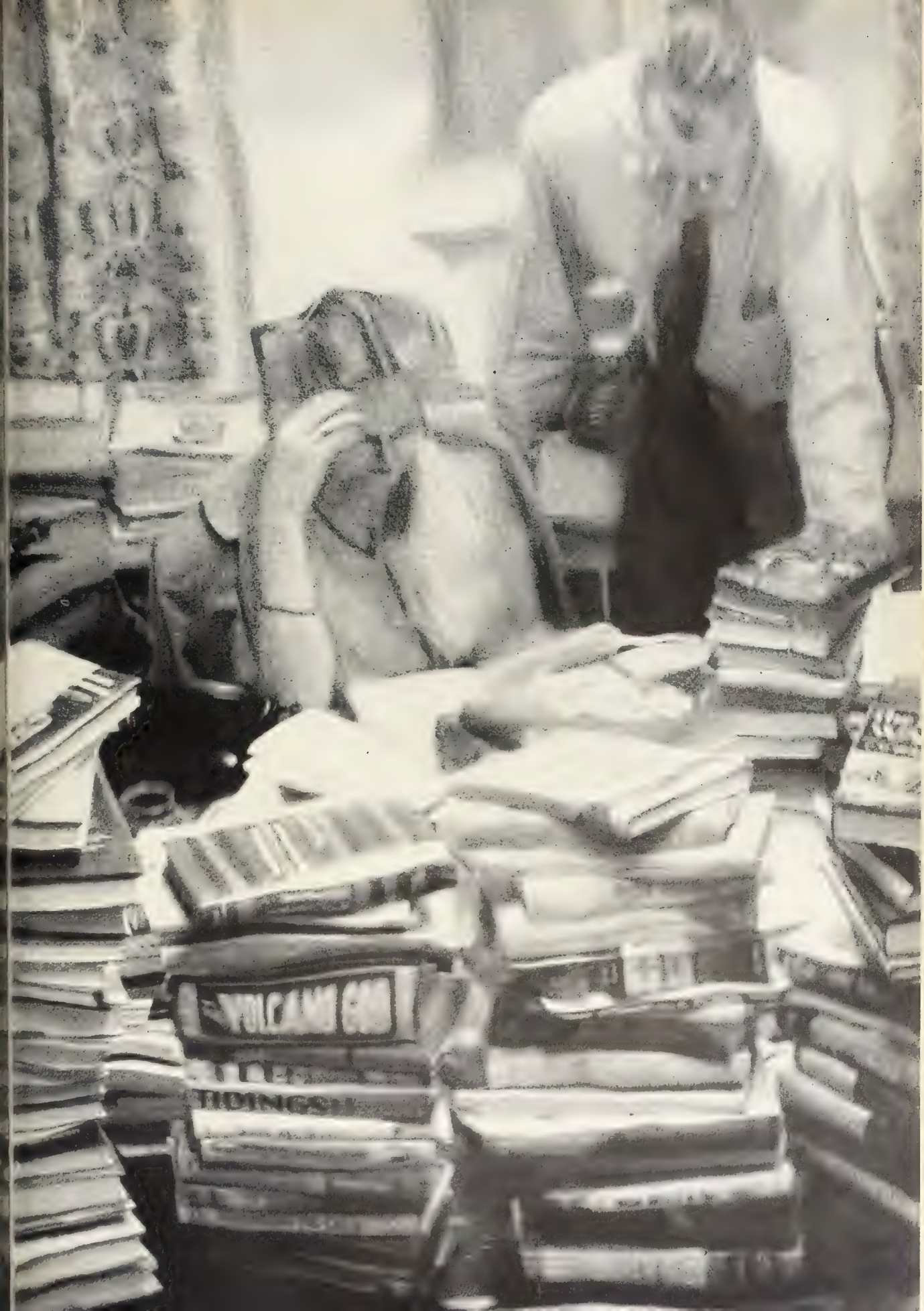
There used to be the notion that Keats was killed by a bad review, that in despair and hopelessness he turned his back to the wall and gave up the struggle against tuberculosis. Later evidence has shown that Keats took his hostile reviews with a considerably more manly calm than we were taught in school, and yet the image of the young, rare talent cut down by venomous reviewers remains firmly fixed in the public mind.

The reviewer and critic are still thought of as persons of dangerous acerbity, fickle demons, cruel to youth and blind to new work, bent upon turning the literate public away from freshness and importance out of jealousy, mean conservatism, or whatever. Poor Keats were he living today might suffer a literary death, but it would not be from attack; instead he might choke on what Emerson called a “mush of concession.” In America, now, oblivion, literary failure, obscurity, neglect—all the great moments of artistic tragedy and misunderstanding—still occur, but the natural conditions for the occurrence are in a curious state of camouflage, like those decorating ideas in which wood is painted to look like paper and paper to look like wood. A genius may indeed go to his grave unread, but he will hardly have gone to it unpraised. Sweet, bland commendations fall everywhere upon the scene; a universal, if somewhat lobotomized, accommodation reigns. A book is born into a puddle of treacle; the brine of hostile criticism is only a memory. Everyone is found to have “filled a need,” and is to be “thanked” for some-

thing and to be excused for “minor faults in an otherwise excellent work.” “A thoroughly mature artist” appears many times a week and often daily; many are the bringers of those “messages the Free World will ignore at its peril.”

The condition of popular reviewing has become so listless, the effect of its agreeable judgments so enervating to the general reading public that the sly publishers of *Lolita* have tried to stimulate sales by quoting *bad* reviews along with, to be sure, the usual, repetitive good ones. (Orville Prescott: “*Lolita* is undeniably news in the world of books. Unfortunately it is bad news.” And Gilbert Highet: “I am sorry that *Lolita* was ever published. I am sorry it was ever written.”)

It is not merely the praise of everything in sight—a special problem in itself—that vexes and confounds those who look closely at the literary scene, but there is also the unaccountable sluggishness of the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* Sunday book-review sections. The value and importance of individual books are dizzily inflated, in keeping with the American mood at the moment, but the book-review sections as a cultural enterprise are, like a pocket of unemployment, in a state of baneful depression insofar as liveliness and interest are concerned. One had not thought they could go downward, since they have always been modest,





rather conventional journals. Still, there had been room for a decline in the last few years and the opportunity has been taken. A Sunday morning with the book reviews is often a dismal experience. It is best to be in a state of distracted tolerance when one takes up, particularly, the *Herald Tribune Book Review*. This publication is not just somewhat mediocre; it has also a strange, perplexing inadequacy as it dimly comes forth week after week.

For the world of books, for readers and writers, the torpor of the *New York Times Book Review* is more affecting. There come to mind all those high-school English teachers, those faithful librarians and booksellers, those trusting suburbanites, those bright young men and women in the provinces, all those who believe in the judgment of the *Times* and who need its direction. The worst result of its decline is that it acts as a sort of hidden dissuader, gently, blandly, respectfully denying whatever vivacious interest there might be in books or in literary matters generally. The flat praise and the faint dissension, the minimal style and the light little article, the absence of involvement, passion, character, eccentricity—the lack, at last, of the literary tone itself—have made the *New York Times* into a provincial literary journal, longer and thicker, but not much different in the end from all those small-town Sunday “Book Pages.” (The *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the news and opinion weeklies, the literary magazines all devote a good deal of space and thought to the reviewing of books. The often awkward and the always variable results should not go unremarked. However, in these magazines the reviews are only a part of the claim upon the reader's attention, and the peculiar disappointments of the manner in which books are sometimes treated cannot be understood without a close study of each magazine as a whole.)

#### “COVERAGE” THAT KILLS

It is with dismay that one decides the malaise of the popular reviewing publications—the *Times* and *Tribune* and the *Saturday Review*—is not always to be laid at the door of commerce. It had been simple and reassuring to believe the pressure of book publishers and booksellers accounted for the hospitable reception of trashy novels, commonplace “think” books, and so on. The publishers needed favorable reviews to use for the display of their product, as an Easter basket needs shredded green paper under the eggs. No one thought the pressure was simple

and direct; it was imagined to be subtle, practical, basic, that is, having to do with the fact that the advertisements of the publishing business keep the book-review sections going financially. This explanation has, naturally, had an exaggerated acceptance.

The truth is, one imagines, that the publishers—seeing their best and their least products received with a uniform equanimity—must be aware that the drama of the book world is being slowly, painlessly killed. Everything is somehow alike, whether it be a routine work of history by a respectable academic, a group of platitudes from the Pentagon, a volume of verse, a work of radical ideas, a work of conservative ideas. Simple “coverage” seems to have won out over the drama of opinion; “readability,” a cozy little word, has taken the place of the old-fashioned requirement of a good, clear prose style, which is something else. All differences of excellence, of position, of form are blurred by the slumberous acceptance. The blur erases good and bad alike, the conventional and the odd, so that it finally appears that the author like the reviewer really does not have a position. The reviewer's grace falls upon the rich and the poor alike; a work which is going to be a best seller, in which the publishers have sunk their fortune, is commended only at greater length than the book from which the publishers hardly expect to break even. In this fashion there is a sort of democratic euphoria that may do the light book a service but will hardly meet the needs of a serious work. When a book is rebuked, the rebuke is usually nothing more than a quick little jab with the needle, administered in the midst of therapeutic compliments. “—— ——— is sometimes self-consciously arch,” said one review. “But it contains enough of —— ——'s famous wit and style to make American publication worthwhile. . . .”

The editors of the reviewing publications no longer seem to be engaged in literature. Books pile up, out they go, and in comes the review. Many distinguished minds give their names to various long and short articles in the *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Saturday Review*. The wares offered by the better writers are apt, frequently, to be something less than their best. Having awakened to so many gloomy Sundays, they accept their assignments in a co-operative spirit and return a “readable” piece, nothing much, of course. (Alice James wrote in her diary that her brother, Henry, was asked to write for the popular press and assured he could do anything he pleased “so long as there's nothing literary in it.”)

The retention of certain disgruntled, repetitive commentators is alone enough to dispute notions of crude commercialism on the part of the reviewing publications. A businesslike editor, a "growing" organization—such as we are always reading about in the press—would have assessed the protests, if any, and put these fumbling minds out to pasture. For instance, what could be more tiresome than J. Donald Adams's attacks on poor Lionel Trilling for trying to be interesting on Robert Frost? Only another attack on Adams, perhaps—who is, like the pressure of commerce, hardly the real trouble with the *Times*. Adams is like one of those public monuments only a stranger or someone who has been away for a while takes notice of. What is truly dismaying about the *Times* and *Tribune* is the quality of the editing.

Recently a small magazine called the *Fifties* published an interview with the editor-in-chief of the *New York Times Book Review*, Mr. Francis Brown. Mr. Brown appears in this exchange as a man with considerable editorial experience in general and very little "feel" for the particular work to which he has been appointed, that is editor of the powerfully important weekly *Book Review*. He, sadly, nowhere in the interview shows a vivid interest or even a sophistication about literary matters, the world of books and writers—the very least necessary for his position. His approach is modest, naïve, and curiously spiritless. In college, he tells us in the interview, he majored in history and subsequently became general editor of *Current History*. Later he went to *Time*, where he had "nothing to do with books," and at last he was chosen to "take a crack at the *Book Review*." The interviewer, hinting at some of the defects of the *Book Review*, wondered if there wasn't too much reliance on specialists, a too frequent practice of giving a book to a reviewer who had written a book like it, or about the same country or the same period. Mr. Brown felt that "a field was a field." When asked to compare our *Times Book Review* with the *Times Literary Supplement* in London, Brown opined, "They have a narrow audience and we have a wide one. I think in fiction they are doing the worst of any reputable publication."

This is an astonishing opinion to anyone who has followed the reviews in the London *Times* and the other English reviewing papers, such as the Sunday *Times* and the *Observer*. These papers consistently set a standard intrinsically so much higher than ours that detailed comparison is almost impossible. It is not simply what

may turn up in an individual review; it is profoundly a matter of the tone, the seriousness, the independence of mind and temperament. Richard Blackmur in a recent article tells of a conversation with the editor of the *Times Literary Supplement* who felt that the trouble with the American book reviews was just this lack of a strong, independent editorial direction and who ventured that very few publishers would withdraw their advertising because of the disappearance of the bland product being put out at the moment. A description of the *Times Literary Supplement*, the London publication, by Dwight Macdonald finds that the English paper "seems to be edited and read by people who know who they are and what interests them. That the vast majority of their fellow citizens do not share their interest in the development of English prose, the bibliography of Byelorussia, André Gide's treatment of his wife, the precise relation of folksong and plainsong, and 'the large blot' in a letter of Dr. Johnson's which has given much trouble to several of his editors . . . this seems not in any way to trouble them."

#### REVIEWING AS WRITING

**I**nvariably right opinion is not the only judge of a critic's powers, although a taste that goes wrong frequently is only allowed to the greatest minds! In any case, it all depends upon who is right and who is wrong. The communication of the delight and importance of books, ideas, culture itself, is the very least one would expect from a journal devoted to reviewing of new and old works. Beyond that beginning, the interest of the mind of the individual reviewer is everything. Book reviewing is a form of writing. We don't pick up the Sunday *Times* to find out what Mr. Smith thinks of, for instance, *Dr. Zhivago*. (It would very likely be Mrs. Smith in the *Herald Tribune*.) As the saying goes, What do you have when you find out what Mr. Smith thinks of *Dr. Zhivago*? It *does* matter what an unusual mind, capable of presenting fresh ideas in a vivid and original and interesting manner, thinks of books as they appear. For sheer information, a somewhat expanded publisher's list would do just as well as a good many of the reviews that appear weekly.

In a study of book reviewing done at Wayne University, we find that our old faithful, the eternally "favorable review," holds his own with all the stamina we have learned to expect. Fifty-one per cent of the reviews summarized in *Book Review Digest* in 1956 were favorable. A much



more interesting figure is that 44.3 per cent were *non-committal*! The bare meaning of "review" would strongly incline most people to the production of an opinion of some sort and so the reluctance of the non-committal reviewers to perform is a fact of great perplexity. The unfavorable reviews number 4.7 per cent.

#### ONE SUNDAY

**A** Sunday some months ago in the *Herald Tribune*. The following are excerpts from five reviews of current novels, reviews that sadly call to mind a teen-age theme.

(1) "*The real value of the novel lies in its awareness of character, the essential personality, and the subtle effect of time.*"

(2) "*Occasionally some of the workings of the story seem contrived, but this is only a first impression, for foremost of all is the re-creation of an atmosphere which is so strong that it dictates a destiny.*"

(3) "*Miss ——— writes well, telling the story with a matter-of-factness and vividness that help to carry the strangeness of her central theme. For a reader who relishes a touch of the macabre, it is an intriguing exploration of the imagination.*"

(4) "*—————, however, is an interesting and swiftly moving book; more complicated than most of its kind, and with subtler shading to its characters. It makes good reading.*"

(5) "*It is also, within the framework ——— has set for himself, a warm, continuously interesting story of what can happen to a group of ordinary people in a perilous situation, a situation, incidentally, at least as likely as the one Nevil Shute postulates in 'On the Beach.'*"

("The one Nevil Shute postulates in 'On the Beach'")—the assurance of this phrase would give many a reader a pause, reminding us, as it does, that there are all kinds of examples of what is called "obscurity of reference.")

About the *Saturday Review*, one feels more and more that it is not happy in its job. It is moody, like an actress looking for the right role in order to hit the big time. "Of Literature" has been dropped from the title, an excision the miscellaneous contents of the magazine soundly justifies. The search for feature ideas is as energetic as that of any national magazine; the editors are frantically trying to keep up with the times. With the huge increase in phonograph-record sales, the music departments have absorbed more and more space in the journal. Travel, in all its manifestations, has become an important concern—travel books, travel advice, guides to nearly as many events as *Cue* tries to handle. Even this

is not enough. There are Racing Car issues and SR Goes to the Kitchen. Extraordinary promotion ideas occur to the staff, such as the *Saturday Review Annual Advertising Award*. Lines from an article on this topic read:

*Because Saturday Review is continually concerned with the communications pattern in the United States, it has observed with deep interest the progressive development of advertising as a medium of idea communication, a much more subtle skill even than the communication of news.*

The cover may "feature" a photograph of Joanne Woodward and recently in an issue that featured Max Eastman's written ideas on Hemingway, not Eastman, but Hemingway, wearing a turtle-neck sweater, gazed from the cover in a "photo-portrait." The book reviews, the long and the short articles, in *Saturday Review* are neither better nor worse than those of the *Times*; they are marked by the same lack of strenuous effort. They obviously have their audience in mind—one, it is believed, that will take only so much.

#### EDITORS' WISHES

**L**iterary journalism reaches, in the case of a good many writers, such levels of vitality and importance and delight that the excuse of the fleeting moment, the pressure of time, the needs of a large public cannot be accepted, as the editors would have us do. Orville Prescott of the daily *Times*—is he to be accounted a casualty of speed? Is what is wanting in this critic simply time to write, a month rather than a few days? Time would no doubt produce a longer Orville Prescott review, but that it would produce a more constant inspiration is open to doubt. Richard Rovere mentioned somewhere recently the fact that he could find, today, great fascination in reading some casual article done by Edmund Wilson in 1924 for *Vanity Fair* or the *New Republic*. The longer essays Wilson has done in recent years on whatever topic engages his mind are literary works one could hardly expect regularly or even rarely in the *Times*, *Tribune*, or *Saturday Review*. Still, his earlier reviews are the sort of high possibility an editor would, or so one imagines, have in mind. Nothing matters more than the kind of thing the editor would like if he could have his wish. Editorial wishes always partly come true. Does the editor of the *Times Book Review* really yearn for a superb writer like V. S. Pritchett, who *does* write almost weekly short pieces in the *New Statesman* with a week after week brilliance

that astonishes everyone? Pritchett is just as good on "The James Dean Myth" or Ring Lardner as he is on the Russian novel. Is this the kind of thing our journals hope for, or is it a light little piece by, say, Elizabeth Janeway on "Caught between books"? It is typical of the editorial mind of the *Times* that it most frequently assigns Pritchett to write a casual, light London letter, work of insignificant journalism, which makes little use of his unique talents for writing book reviews.

In the end it is publicity that sells books and book reviews are only, at their most, the great toe of the giant. For some recurrent best sellers like Frances Parkinson Keyes and Frank Yerby the readers would no more ask for a good review before giving their approval and their money than a parent would insist upon public acceptance before giving his new baby a kiss. The book publishing and selling business is a very complicated one. Think of those publishers in business-like pursuit of the erotic novel who would, we can be sure, have turned down *Lolita* as not the right kind of sex. It is easy enough, once the commercial success of a book is an established fact, to work out a convincing reason for the public's enthusiasm. But, before the fact has happened, the business is mysterious, chancy, unpredictable.

For instance, it has been estimated that the reviews in *Time* magazine have the largest number of readers, possibly nearly five million each week,

and it has also been suggested that many publishers feel that the reviews in *Time* do not affect the sales of a book one way or another! In the face of this mystery, some publishers have concluded that *Time* readers, having learned *Time's* opinion of a book, feel that they have somehow already read the book, or if not quite that, if not read, at least taken it in, *experienced* it as a "fact of our time." They feel no more need to buy the thing itself than to go to Washington for a firsthand look at the latest works of the Republican Administration.

In a world like that of books where all is angular and unmanageable, there hardly seems to be any true need for these busy hands working to shape it all into a small, fat ball of weekly butter. The adaptable reviewer, the placid, superficial commentator might reasonably survive in local newspapers. But, for the great metropolitan publications, the unusual, the difficult, the lengthy, the intransigent, and above all, the *interesting*, should expect to find their audience.

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*The views expressed by Miss Hardwick apparently are shared by a considerable number of serious writers. They would be sharply challenged, however, by other writers, book-review editors, and publishers. Letters presenting a different evaluation of book reviewing in America—and in England—will be published in the next issue of Harper's.*  
—The Editors

## The Writer's Task

BY BERNARD MALAMUD

IT SEEMS TO ME that [the writer's] most important task, no matter what the current theory of man, or his prevailing mood, is to recapture his image as human being as each of us in his secret heart knows it to be, and as history and literature have from the beginning revealed it. At the same time the writer must imagine a better world for men the while he shows us, in all its ugliness and beauty, the possibilities of this. In recreating the humanity of man, in reality his greatness, he will, among other things, hold up the mirror to the mystery of him, in which poetry and possibility live, though he has endlessly betrayed them. In a sense, the writer in his art, without directly stating it—though he may preach, his work must not—must remind man that he has, in his human striving, invented nothing less than freedom; and if he will devoutly remember this, he will understand the best way to preserve it, and his own highest value.

*I've had something such as this in mind, as I wrote, however imperfectly, my sad and comic tales.*

—Address by the Fiction Winner, National Book Awards, New York City, March 1959.





# HOW AND WHY I WRITE THE COSTUME NOVEL

FRANK YERBY

*The author of such best sellers as  
The Foxes of Harrow and The Vixens  
—his books have sold over  
sixteen million copies—sets forth the  
strict requirements he has found  
the popular costume novel must fulfill.  
One of the few successful Negro authors who  
are not preoccupied specifically with  
Negro problems in their work, he argues in  
defense of pure “entertainment.”*

**E**ditors, writers, and students sometimes ask me how to write “best-selling” novels” but I am always forced to disappoint them. If I knew how, I should most certainly turn one out every year. The fact is I try and sometimes—rarely—I succeed; more often, I come reasonably close; occasionally I fail.

However, I can discuss something I know and can do: a certain genre of light, pleasant fiction, which, in the interest of accuracy, I call the costume novel. The word “historical” won’t do at all. I have repeatedly loaded them with history, only to have ninety-nine and ninety-nine one-hundredths of said history land on the Dial Press cutting-room floor. Which is not a complaint. That is exactly where it belongs. For, at bottom, the novelist’s job is to entertain. If he aspires to instruct, or to preach, he has chosen his profession unwisely.

I believe I can write the costume novel with a fair average of success. I have made a rather serious study of the elements that go to make up a novel of wide appeal. In fact, I made this study immediately prior to writing *The Foxes of Harrow*, in order to eliminate as far as was humanly possible, the chances of its failing.

My reasons for doing so may or may not be of interest. I had been writing all my life; my first ludicrously immature verses, mostly sonnets in rather sweet sickly imitation of Millay—with an occasional *lointain* bow in the direction of Shakespeare—were published in the little, arty magazines when I was seventeen years old. But,

as I grew older, the conviction that an unpublished writer, or even one published but unread, is no writer at all began insidiously to impress itself upon me. The idea dawned that to continue to follow the route I had mapped out for myself was roughly analogous to shouting one’s head off in Mammoth Cave. Rather unsatisfactory things, echoes of one’s own feeble voice. I made for, and to, myself the usual excuses: I was just too intelligent, too *avant-garde* for the average mind, and so on.

## TOO MANY WHEELS

But I am cursed with a rather painful sense of honesty; once past my teens, this nonsense began to have an increasingly hollow ring. University courses in English and American literature showed me one thing very surely: real talent is seldom, if ever, neglected in the world of letters—even during the lifetime of the writer. Offhand, I can think of but three exceptions: Nathaniel Hawthorne, Walt Whitman, and Herman Melville. They managed to be really *avant-garde* for their times, which, in our basically imitative profession, is no mean feat. A wise teacher pointed out to me another fact: the classics of today are very nearly always the best sellers of the past. Thackeray, Dickens, Defoe, Byron, Pope, Fielding



—the list is endless—enjoyed fabulous popularity in their day. And, crossing the channel, what can one say of Balzac, Hugo, Maupassant, Dumas?

Once having been forced to admit the unpalatable truth: a writer is unread only because he fails to communicate, has not really mastered his craft, I was faced with a greater problem: how the blazes does one get published—and, more important, read? It took me years to stumble upon the solution, which I found, oddly enough in a magazine devoted to ancient automobiles! I was thumbing through this magazine when my eye was caught by a photo of a car with no less than *eight* wheels. The caption stated, in effect, that this vehicle had failed to capture the imagination of the public, because the designer had insisted upon giving the buyers more wheels than they wanted. Other models illustrated had three wheels. They likewise failed, presumably because the automotive public found that number too few. No one, it seems, had heard of consumer research in those days.

So—neither three wheels nor eight, then. But how many wheels does the public want? The analogy was plain. One of the basic elements of the writer's temperament is a certain species of megalomania; when one thinks of it, the unmitigated gall it takes to believe steadfastly that one's mere words set down upon paper about imaginary people in imaginary situations could possibly be of interest to anyone is nothing short of stupendous. Yet, we carry our delusions of grandeur to even greater lengths: we, most of us, insist upon writing what *we* want to write, and then have the naïveté to be surprised and hurt when the readers stay away from the bookstores in droves. How long would a doctor survive if he insisted upon removing the tonsils of a man with an inflamed appendix because *he* prefers tonsillectomies? Or a man who builds cars with eight wheels when four are jolly well enough?

Therefore, having collected a houseful of rejection slips for works about ill-treated factory workers, or people who suffered because of their religions or the color of their skins, I arrived at the awesome conclusion that the reader cares not a snap about such questions; that, moreover, they are none of the novelist's business. Sociologists, reformers, and ministers of the Gospel have been handling those matters rather well over the years; why not, then, let them continue? The writer is, or should be, concerned with individuals. They may be workers, Negroes, Jews, if you will; but they must be living people, with recognizably individual problems, and confronted with individual, personified opposition, not Prejudice,

Bigotry, and what-have-you in capital letters. Those problems exist; but they are awfully hard to pin down in interesting fashion. The reader will believe in Tobias Skinflint, the hard-hearted banker; he balks when the antagonist is "The Bank."

From there on, my primary venture into consumer research was easy. I set myself two criteria: the novels I selected for study must be those which have passed a double test: *i.e.*, they must have been successful when published, and must have continued to be successful over the years. I reread then *Tom Jones*, *Vanity Fair*, *Moll Flanders*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Jane Eyre*, *Joseph Andrews* among others. I read no contemporary novels, not out of prejudice against my fellows, but because I was searching for those elements of the novelist's art which have weathered the test of time.

#### PICARESQUE PROTAGONISTS

All of these books, I already knew, met both qualifications: they were read then; they are being read, now. What I wanted to find out was why. The whys soon became obvious: they are all good, rousing tales, and fun to read. They all end—except *Wuthering Heights*—more or less happily; and their characters, carefully studied, were a revelation. The cardinal point about *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andrews*, *Becky Sharp*, *Moll*, *Heathcliff*, *Rochester*, *et al*, is that they are not at all like the man who lives next door. They may or may not be realistic; only their contemporaries would have been qualified to discuss that point. I suspect that they aren't. One needs only to read Terence, Plautus, or Seneca to realize how little human nature has changed in two thousand years. (If it has changed at all, which I doubt.) What they are is interesting, even exciting. All these authors—Fielding, the Brontës, Defoe, Thackeray—have achieved the novelist's highest attainment: not the still life of literal representation of people and events—which would be a thumping bore—but a magistral suspension of the reader's sense of disbelief.

From them I drew certain basic rules which I have subsequently ignored only at grave peril. These rules are my own. They very probably would not work for anyone else. But, for whatever they may be worth, here they are:

The protagonist must be picaresque. In other words, he must be a charming scoundrel, preferably with a dark secret in his past. His anti-social tendencies must be motivated by specific reasons

—an unfortunate childhood, injustices heaped upon himself or upon his loved ones, physical and moral sufferings which incline the reader to sympathize with his delinquency. He must be a doer, never resignedly submitting to the blows of fate; but initiating the action of the plot himself.

Curiously enough, he must be a dominant male. I think this quality appeals most of all to American women readers. For, after having had their mothers and grandmothers convert the United States into a matriarchy with their ardent feminism, and reduce the bearded patriarch that grandfather was into the pink and paunchy Caspar Milquetoast of today, the average American female reader subconsciously enjoys reading about a male who can get up on his hind legs and roar. They will deny this statement, hotly. Nevertheless, it is so.

Physically, he can be of almost any type except short, bald, and bearded. These taboos, since women make up a large part of the costume novel's readers, are absolute. He should not be too good-looking, or the more sophisticated will doubt him. But exciting to look upon, he must be. And "romantic"—a curious word meaning all things to all people. From my point of view, it means that in his emotional relationships he should not be too bright—something, perhaps, that I should not state so baldly. But again and again the action of the costume novel's plot is carried forward by our hero's failure to realize that in any man's life there are literally dozens, if not hundreds, of women who will do just as well; that he won't die if he doesn't win fair Susan's dainty hand; and that very probably he will catch a most uninteresting variety of hell if he does win it. Which, come to think of it, is not unrealistic: emotional maturity is one of the rarest qualities in life.

#### LITERARY SEX

ALL of the above applies also to the heroine, or, preferably heroines, since my conviction that the male of the species is incurably polygamous remains unshaken. The little dears should, of course, be a trifle less picaresque, except when, as in the case of Moll Flanders or Becky Sharp, they are the protagonists. They can, in the costume novel, approach real loveliness; for feminine readers tend to identify themselves with their fictional heroines and so can accept female beauty. And they must be even more emotionally immature, that is romantic, than the protagonist. The reader will accept the portrait of the at-first unloved, but ever so much

finer, little creature's waiting for years until the opportunity presents itself to win our Jonathan; which, in life, happens about as frequently as being struck by lightning. I never cease to marvel at the reader's willingness to catch John Donne's falling star, and to attempt that impossibly intimate feat with his mandrake root. These aspects of the costume novel sometimes distress me; but, there they are.

The heroine must have an aura of sex about her. When I reach this point, I must admit that I am writing about a thing of which I am entirely unsure. I have held, at different times, quite opposite points of view about literary sex. I once believed it essential to popular success; then, later, I believed it fatal to that success. Now, I just don't know. I find writing about sex childish, boring, and distressing; but I find a too careful avoidance of the subject artificial. After all, with the exception of some individuals held back by religious scruples, most people do have a regular sex life. I am inclined to think now that the way of handling the subject is all important. If it can be done with enough delicacy, tact, indirection, implication, understatement, it can help a novel. If not, better let it alone. I have often longed for our Victorian forebears' delightfully contrived phrase: "Let us now draw the curtain of charity over the ensuing scene."

To illustrate, *Foxes of Harrow* has very little sex in it. And that little occurs behind Victorian curtains, carefully drawn. But, in my next work, a novel entitled *Ignoble Victory* (far better written, I stubbornly insist upon believing, than anything I have ever done before or since) I ran into difficulties. It was, in a way, literary. I was solemnly assured that it would lose me the public I had gained. One of my editors kept writing me pithy memos: "More sex, Frank! For goodness sake, more sex!" So I went overboard. *Ignoble Victory* was downgraded into *The Vixens*, a book I have never since been able to read. I can get as far as the point where Denise appears with her violet eyes, miraculous figure, and untamed libido. Then my stomach revolts. Perhaps I am wrong. *The Vixens* had impressive sales. I think, however, that it was bought by readers of *The Foxes*, hoping for more of the same. To them, my humblest apologies. It should have been banned, or burned.

I hotly insisted that it wasn't its overcharged sexiness that made it sell. Then the letters began to come in. They were better than 90 per cent pro-sex. Later, I made an interesting discovery: the many, many readers whose good taste must have been offended, almost surely didn't write. Because those approving letters were so alike as



almost to have been written by one hand. They made me sorrowfully remember the remark of a healthily profane, if somewhat ungrammatical friend: "God help them as has to read about it."

So I toned sex down again. In some books, such as *A Woman Called Fancy* and *The Treasure of Pleasant Valley*, I all but eliminated it. *Fancy* sold. *Treasure* didn't. Conclusion: sex neither helps nor hurts a book; it all depends upon whether the novel, itself, is interesting. But, as I said before, even of this conclusion I am not sure. I think that, depending upon how it is handled, it may do either.

#### STRIPPED CONFLICT

**T**he third essential of the costume novel is a strong, exteriorized conflict, personified in a continuing, formidable antagonist or antagonists. The phrase comes from my publisher, the late George Joel. I have an unfortunate habit of underplaying the villain. In the first place, to the twentieth-century mind, wickedness is equivalent to sickness, and sickness is dull. In the second, I find it impossible to believe that two people can keep up a quarrel, however vital, for four hundred pages. But no good costume novel can move unless the conflict is there. I know I am wrong, professionally, about my point of view; but it costs me great effort to keep my boys banging away at each other. I find myself wanting to say: "Why don't you idiots shake hands, have a quiet drink together, and forget it?" But, if they do, what becomes of my novel? Now I do believe in interior conflicts: man warring with himself. I have seen them go on lifelong. But these are not the stuff of the costume novel.

Once the characters, and the supporting, minor players have been assembled, they, themselves, with some slight assisting impetus from the histories, make the plot. If they don't assume life, take the bit between their teeth, and start galloping all over the landscape, they were stillborn in the first place, and it is much better to let them lie.

The plot should be lean, economical, stripped down. Life is meandering, often pointless; but a novel is not life, but a deliberate distortion of it, solely designed to give pleasure to a reader. Therefore, hewing to the line of the plot is essential; there must be no wandering for so much as a single paragraph from the point. Anything that can be cut, should be. One superfluous word is too much. Go on with your windy flights, and your reader puts the book down and turns on the TV set. If he hasn't it on already. The trick

is to make him forget that vast, moronic eye is there.

The plot should be dramatic. The reader must be snatched out of his reclining chair and set down as a participating witness in the midst of it. Therefore nothing should be told which can be shown; nothing shown which can be implied. Suggestion is always more powerful than statement, because it assures the reader's participation by forcing his imagination to supply the details that the novelist left out. And he will supply them. Doubled. And in spades.

There must, finally, be a *theme* to the novel: our characters must rise above themselves and their origins and contribute—toward the end, in one or two brief scenes—something ennobling to life. This is delicate. If Tom Jones, having been more or less a gigolo, starts acting like a scoutmaster, the results will be pretty dreary. The reader likes to believe he is going to reform, but doesn't want to hang around to witness that distressing spectacle. For these, and many other reasons, theme is the most difficult part of the costume novel. More than in any other type of novel, the writer of costume entertainments must be concerned with the problems of individual men and women. While these problems can turn upon such themes as religion, race, politics, and economics, it is far better that they do not. Such themes by their very nature, tend to transform the novel into a propagandist's tract basket; and few novelists have the will power to prevent them from so doing. Worse, using them, most novelists succumb to the temptation to put their own burning opinions into the mouths of their characters, thus reducing them out of life into puppets dancing on very visible strings. I cannot

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*In 1944, Harper's accepted a short-story entitled "Health Card" by a 27-year-old former college instructor from Augusta, Georgia who was holding down a wartime defense job at the Ford Plant in Dearborn. "Health Card"—which involved a proud young Negro soldier's encounter with white MPs—was the first fiction by Frank Yerby to be published nationally and it won a Special O. Henry Award for that year. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Yerby came East to work at an aircraft factory on Long Island, showed the draft of a novel to the late George Joel of Dial Press, and was soon launched on a career which now includes twelve published novels, ten book-club selections, three movies, and translations into fourteen languages. The thirteenth novel—the first in a series tracing a Georgia family from 1717 to the present—will appear this fall. Mr. Yerby lives with his Spanish second wife in Madrid.*

repeat often enough that the novelist's concern is not what interests himself, but what interests his readers. Negatively, therefore, he should avoid themes about which he has fixed opinions. He cannot do them justice. He is very likely mistaken, and attendant circumstances modify the rightness or wrongness of a thing totally. Even murder can be an entirely moral action under special circumstances of absolute necessity.

I have mentioned that in my early days, I, too, employed the themes I now avoid like the plague, in one or two so-called proletarian novels so typical of the depression epoch. Like all the young in body or in mind, I then believed that all problems can be solved; and that it was my duty to help solve them through my sterling prose. But I grew up in the late 'thirties, a period that went out of its way to educate a man. I rapidly arrived at the conviction I have held ever since: that many, if not most of life's problems cannot be solved at all. Build a dam on the Nile, and the starving fellaheen, better fed from the increased productivity of their newly irrigated lands, grow strong enough to produce an explosion in the birthrate, so that the next generation has half as much to eat as their fathers had before the dam. I no longer believe that all peoples should be Christian or live under a democracy. I find the fact deplorable that an overwhelming majority of mankind, including, I am sure, very many so-called liberals, instinctively dislike people with different colored skins, oddly—to them—textured hair, and eyes aslant. But they always have. And they always will. The best we can do is to make the cost of acting upon their prejudices legally prohibitive. The prejudices themselves are immune to legislation, reason, or Christian charity.

What then, are we shouting about? Life is too short for wasted motions in writing as in all else. Besides, pragmatically, if we serve up, lightly browned, themes which run counter to the way the reader really feels, though he may be too civilized or too prudent to admit it, we are again offering him for his hard-earned money that eight-wheeled car. In proof of which, one needs but read Cozzens' masterfully crafted *By Love Possessed*. One of the reasons for its success was, I submit, that Cozzens managed to make the unfortunate American tendency toward anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism very nearly intellectually respectable. People want their prejudices, and their beliefs, however unethical, confirmed, not attacked. To confirm them is, of course, as nearly immoral as anything is in this world. But one can hold one's tongue. And with dignity.

Whining about one's lot ill becomes a man.

What, then, are the good and useful themes? Even, often, the great themes? First, I should list the unsolvable problem of evil. MacLeish has tackled it, I understand, wonderfully in *J. B.* Second, man against himself, which is, *au fond*, the root of all problems: the mature, the emotionally secure, the psychologically healthy don't need the compensatory behavior mechanisms of prejudice and hate. Third, man's relationship with God, which is but a projection of his relationship with himself, greatly idealized. Fourth, the eternal warfare of the sexes, with its fitful, biologically imposed truces. Beyond these four, I decline to proceed; because all the lesser, though still important themes, are actually matters of taste. As an afterthought, I might except the theme of man faced with death, measuring up, or failing to, to the fact that he is finite, trying to face the termination of all his hopes, beliefs, dreams with dignity and pride, or groveling abjectly in terror before the inevitability of his fate. That is a true theme, and hardly a matter of taste. But all the rest are. There is an apt saying here in Spain: "*Sobre gustos, no hay nada escrito.*" ("Of tastes, there is nothing written.")

I have nibbled at the edges of all these themes. They are, admittedly, too big for my slim talent. Perhaps they are beyond any writer's skill, but they should be tried. As Faulkner says, "We shall be judged by the splendor of our failures." I have, I think, been somewhat successful with Theme Four. Like most men in their forties, I have marched, and retreated, in the ranks. With the other three, I have failed; but, I like to think, not utterly. And as far as Theme One, the problem of evil, is concerned, I have accepted failure from the outset. One always fails with that question, splendidly or not. It is not a defeat to be ashamed of; the greatest intelligences of all times have come a cropper on that one, too.

#### CRASHING BOREDOM

**I**nescapably, the costume novel belongs to what has been called escape literature. I have often wondered, with weary patience, why that term is used by critics as a dirty word. Considered coldly, what kind of fiction is not escapist? The route indicated by the novelist may differ markedly; but the destination is still the never-never land of the spirit, of imagination; and all the arrows point away from the here and now. Your writer guide may take you through the South Side of Chicago, down Los Angeles' Skid Row, rub your refined nostrils in the raw odors of



realism; but you know, and he knows, that you don't read his opus if you live on the South Side, Skid Row, or the Bowery—or even if you happen to be a *clochard* sleeping in the cold and wet under one of the bridges of the Seine.

If he is honest, as he so seldom is, the novelist will admit that at best he is aiming for a carefully contrived, hypnotic suspension of his reader's sense of disbelief—not even for a real slice of life. Because, in life, people think of the proper response two hours, or two days, too late; things go wrong, not upon the respectable scale of tragedy, but on the slow, bumbling, painfully embarrassing, minuscule dimensions of inept, amateur farce. In life, conversation is an endless series of *non sequiturs*, of windy nonsense, or of just plain dull nonsense. And no realist would ever dare pinpoint on paper the most realistic of all life's attributes: the thundering, crashing boredom of the life of the average man.

The point of all this is, I suppose, that novels written with the deliberate intention to amuse and entertain have—or should have—a very real place in contemporary literature. It seems to me that people have the right to escape occasionally and temporarily from life's sprawling messiness, satisfy their hunger for neat patterns, retreat into a dreamlife where boy gets girl and it all comes out right in the end always. They need such escapes to help them endure the shapelessness of modern existence. It is only when they try to escape permanently that the trip out to Kansas and Karl Menninger's becomes indicated. I honestly believe that thumbing through an occasional detective yarn, science-fiction tale, or costume novel, is rather better preventive therapy than tranquilizers, for instance.

It has been some time since I checked, but I don't think our constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness has been repealed.

## Novel Writing as a Career

BY MERLE MILLER

IN GENERAL, *novel-writing as a career is just about as secure as betting on the horses. There is always the short story, of course, but whereas ten years ago magazines printed 70 per cent fiction as against 30 per cent non-fiction, the ratio is now exactly reversed. F. Scott Fitzgerald used to be paid \$4,000 for every short story accepted by the Saturday Evening Post. Today the fees paid for short stories are, in general, considerably less.*

*Most young writers who might have become good, steady pros for the slick magazines prefer television. The standards are about the same, and the market is greater. . . . Book reviewing? Well, yes; there is always that, and the New York Times Book Review pays a decent fee, but a magazine like the Saturday Review pays \$35 for a thousand words, the same fee a journeyman carpenter gets for an eight-hour day. True, the carpenter does not get a free book.*

*At the other end of the scale, there is the movie industry, which now sometimes is willing to hire a writer for an occasional picture without insisting on a five-year contract with options. Somebody is alleged to have asked indignantly at a recent meeting of the Writers' Guild of America, West, "Do you realize there are writers right here in Hollywood who only make \$250 a week?"*

*There are very few of those; a thousand dollars a week and up is not at all unusual, and a short stay in Beverly Hills to write a scenario can sometimes finance a long stay in New York to write a novel. A lot of people never get back to New York, though; the climate out there is wonderful.*

*In the United States today there are about fifteen thousand professional writers; that means people who at one time or another have sold something they have written, maybe only a four-line poem written for their local newspaper for a \$2.50 fee. Of these fifteen thousand anywhere from twelve to twenty are able to make a living functioning solely as novelists; the rest must pursue some perhaps less satisfying but more profitable writing activity. Or else take a job.*

—Authors Guild Bulletin, February 1957.

# THE LOST ART OF WRITING FOR TELEVISION

VANCE BOURJAILY

*The former editor of Discovery—one of  
the best of the young novelists who  
have tried their hand at TV play-writing—  
gives a revealing firsthand account  
of what happened to the impressive promise  
of television in the early 'fifties.  
He suggests some of the steps  
which might lead to a revival  
of worthwhile television theater today.*

When national television arrived in the United States a dozen years ago, it was, or should have been, a challenge to our writers without precedent in the history of human culture. Here was a stage to write for as large as the nation itself, with unparalleled reach into people's lives, with a good deal of money to spend, with great expanses of continuous time to be filled, and—above all—with the demand that artists invent it as a medium for art as successfully as scientists had developed it as a technical wonder.

Perhaps the challenge was too large and too explicit; whatever the reason, we seem, except in one brief period, to have faced it squarely with our backs; we can turn around now. The challenge is gone.

Television has developed a staggering number of bad ways of filling that national stage, reaching into those hundred million lives, using up the energy and time; it has even developed a few good ones. But for all the years of hours that have passed on its screens, it has not generated a dramatic literature worth more than this footnote of attention.

Yet there *were* pioneers who tried to create such a literature—Paddy Chayefsky, Robert Alan Auerthor, N. Richard Nash, Horton Foote, Rod Serling, Reginald Rose—others, perhaps, whose plays I did not see. I wrote television plays for a living but what television I watched, I watched with my left eye. Thus, if you wish to name the guilty, you may name me first as representative

of the writers from other fields who were indifferent—who would take television's fees but would not become seriously ambitious for themselves in the medium.

But others were guilty too. In the brief period in the early 'fifties which produced the beginnings of a worthwhile television literature, readers and intellectuals were prominent among the indifferent. They echoed the women's clubs in deploring the possible effect of all that eye-strain and inactivity on their children, and added that, as for themselves, they seldom turned on the set except to watch the fights.

I never heard literary people discussing such problems as the form which drama must take to be really suited to television; or taking sides on issues like the strengths and weaknesses of live as opposed to filmed plays; or joining the debate about the merits of New York, as opposed to those of Hollywood, as a production center.

The men who did discuss these matters were not literary intellectuals; they were the medium's own intellectuals, directly connected with it as writers or directors or actors or producers or advertising men. If there were also viewers who cared, and took a serious interest in these matters I did not meet them. I never, for example, met a man who had seen the television presentation of TV's most famous play, "Marty"; the people I



heard debating its merits were talking about the movie.

Who else should be named as guilty? The pioneers themselves, for deserting the medium. Yet I excuse them more readily than I would the writers who never tried and the intellectual viewers who never watched. It is understandable that the important television dramatists work no more in a field which offers small scope for their ambitions, and which, in addition, does not pay very well. In the year or two when I was getting most of my earnings from television, an hour-long script paid \$2,500; to have four such scripts assigned a year was above average. The name writers may have got slightly higher fees, and as many assignments as they wanted, but even so the payments were far below the forty or fifty thousand dollars they could earn from writing a pair of movie scripts in a year. They are writing movies now, and plays (not necessarily good ones), which is what they always meant to do. For a moment television seemed to offer them excitement, reputation, opportunity to be truly creative—a way might even have been found of perpetuating their work. This moment was soon over; when television offered merely less money for more work, of course they left.

Finally, there are the guilty always named in the standard indictment—the networks, the advertisers, the rating services, and the public. Let the indictment stand; it is all true and all, in some drab way, forgivable. The networks, as businesses in a business society, must be expected to look on quality programing only as a form of public relations unless it pays its way; the advertisers cannot be expected to use truth willingly to illustrate their ads; the rating services and the public must be acknowledged as eternal mirrors of one another, a bit warped, perhaps, toward a mutual image of idiocy, but on the whole more informative than not.

My point is that these villains of the standard indictment are what they always were; if there was a brief time when they were held in check by a creative force they did not want or understand, then it was our indifference—yours and mine—which deprived the genuine talent of the support it needed to withstand them.

#### TV'S GOLDEN DOZEN

To describe what television's creative period produced in the way of a body of generic literature, however small, we should exclude, to begin with, almost all television dramas made from stage plays. They are not really

adaptations; they are only condensations, and are no more genuine works of television art than were those quaint, first efforts to achieve art in photography by costuming models and grouping them to resemble the figures in famous paintings.

Similarly we must exclude novels adapted as television plays. If they are slight enough in scope to have been previously shaken down for successful use on stage or screen (like "So Little Time" and "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial") then they can probably be further reduced for television. Neither of these was hard to watch when aired, but neither in any way approached art. Quite the opposite happens with television adaptations of more profound novels; the approach is so solemn, the plays are so portentously over-produced and over-cast—at the expense of adequate rehearsal or enough time and care spent on writing—that the result can only be tedious and artificial; for example last year's production of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" held the viewer's attention only by a steady—and unrewarded—effort of his will.

Short stories have provided better source material for television plays because the dimensions of a one-hour television play are rather like those of a short story.

To be excluded also from consideration as TV literature is the half-hour show, and, for quite different reasons, most of the ninety-minute dramas.

The half-hour show is too brief, and is interrupted by a commercial too soon after it begins, to be anything but a hook, a gimmick, and a resolution. A couple of half-hour shows I wrote seemed to me no better than the rest—since there was no time to develop character, they required twice as much plot complication as an hour show. I can conceive of a half-hour script—a Chekhov story for example—focused on a single character, in which a remarkable actor might achieve dramatic force in a sustained performance. I have not, however, seen any such plays and can only imagine them.

As for the ninety-minute form, I am reluctant to dismiss it as fruitless. The present CBS *Playhouse 90*, for instance, is the last, harassed rallying point for the fine intentions of the early television dramatists. The best men went to the ninety-minute shows, if they didn't leave the field completely; I cannot believe, however, that they found there the freedom to produce, subject only to the supervision of their own artistic consciences, that they once had in the one-hour field.

But after all exclusions are made, television *did* create something—perhaps two or three dozen

fifty-minute plays of genuine literary worth, whose excellence was uniquely suited to the medium and inseparable from it. These were, as I have said, more related to the short story than to any other literary form. They had a singleness of effect and mood which would have robbed of variety an extended work like a three-act play or movie. They had a unity of situation, and avoided complication in exploring it. They were, in effect, composed of three scenes—each constructed out of smaller episodes—miscalled “acts” in a fanciful attempt to equate commercial breaks with theater intermissions.

Like short stories, most of these plays explored, often in surprising depth, just one relationship—between members of a family, or a man and a woman; sometimes the focus was even restricted to an individual. They could be called plays only in that they were performed; they were like movies only in that they were projected.

For as plays they lacked, of course, the vitality of real flesh and voice on which the playwright relies to hold a silent audience, spellbound together in the dark, during long scenes. And they lacked, too, the movie’s great resource of unlimited movement. A one-hour television play must be held to about five rather modest sets, though the use of tape may change this. The cast must be held down, generally to fewer than ten speaking parts for reasons both of space and costs.

The group of plays I am speaking of were not hampered by these restrictions; on the contrary their excellence was, in part, a product of them. For the limitations pushed the writers into using close examination as their basic technique, in the fashion of naturalism in fiction.

This is, of course, not an original observation. It is, rather, a proposition I heard discussed and found convincing in the days when television writers were enough interested in their field to theorize about it. They argued that the details of the narrative must be observed with meticulous realism, with the effect of a conversation overheard from the next room and seen through a hole in its wall. With the viewer thus identified with the screen, one could then through the use of close-ups build up toward a climax. This concept did not produce great dialogue, but it did produce some that was very moving.

This is not perhaps the only mode in which television drama can be artistically successful; it may have been merely the first area of exploration, but it was the only one, in my experience, in which any interesting work was done.

As a specimen, I would ask you to view, if you

could, Chayefsky’s “The Middle of the Night,” a TV play which I prefer to the same author’s “Marty.” The fact that the same script, expanded for the stage, made rather a bad play, demonstrates to me that its excellence was generic. (I have not seen the current movie version.)

“The Middle of the Night” concerns three people: a fragile, beautiful, and quite neurotic girl, a flower of the Bronx; an ugly, gentle, older man—her garment district employer—lonely and unable to believe that so valuable a creature can return his love; and finally the girl’s physically appealing estranged husband, who seems, in our stereotype of youth and good looks, to be a more appropriate lover for her. But the narrative proceeds to remove surface; a series of intimate scenes (girl and mother, girl and lover, girl and sister, girl and husband) reveal that the girl’s real need is to be cherished as the older man would do. The play ends as it must: the girl and the middle-aged man will pool her fears and his loneliness in a kind of crippled marriage, which is scarcely a triumph but at least makes the best of things. Against the single, wistful mood of this story, Bronx life showed up on TV as a series of harsh ironies. Yet when it was blown up into a stage play, it resembled soap opera.

Wistfulness, of course, was not the only mood of the fine TV plays. There was a sardonic extravagance in much of Robert Alan Aurthur’s work; a sure hand with character tensions in the work of Rod Serling; a memorable tenderness in the plays of Horton Foote.

Precisely how many plays like these were shown in the first years of television, I do not know; they were seen once, in most cases, and then discarded. There may have been writers as successful as those I cite whose work I didn’t see, haven’t heard of. Whatever their number, it is of them that the dramatic literature of television is composed.

#### BIRTH OF A PLAY

I am not qualified to report in detail how these plays were nurtured, and how the form withered away. What follows will be impressions and opinions. I had some fifteen shows performed during about four years, but this was at the end of the era. Many men could give more complete and accurate accounts than mine—Fred Coe or David Susskind or Robert Alan Aurthur to name three among many. But I doubt that any of them will, and of course I do not mean to associate them with my views.

The chief source of the kind of television play





I have described was the *Philco Playhouse*, as organized, I believe, by Coe and produced on Sunday nights over NBC. (Fred Coe later went over to CBS, where he produced *Playhouse 90*.) My first script was for *Philco*, which was then being produced by Robert Alan Aurthur and Gordon Duff. There was much in the *Playhouse* which led an author to become quite serious about television, quite excited, quite ambitious. Duff and Aurthur seemed free to do precisely what they wanted, in that summer of 1955. I remember being much impressed when Aurthur said, in our first interview:

"We do fifty-two plays a year, and we know perfectly well they won't all be triumphs. We'd rather have our failures represent writers' experiments, things we risked, than do formula shows."

And later I believe it was Duff who said: "What we believe in basically is writers. If we can find them and keep them working, the plays will come."

A producer's freedom to take such attitudes is the essential condition, I am certain, for a writer to do creative work. One needs to know that the script will be submitted to the judgment of a man's true taste, not to artificial requirements. (I am not speaking here of taboos; there are taboos in every form, and while television's are more prevalent and sillier than most, they cannot smother art, nor can limitations of time and technique.) A limitation is an annoyance within which one can work. But a requirement is something different and poisonous—it formulates what a script *must* do. A writer and producer cannot work seriously toward drama,

if a sponsor requires that regardless of subject the script must be inoffensive and uncritical, or if the test of achievement is how well it provides a synthetic excitement to compete with another network for the attention of the regular viewer—the attention, it is always assumed, of the dim-eyed and slow-witted, whom television struggles to win from comic books and low-grade movies.

#### THE PEOPLE INVOLVED

**A**long with the freedom, the *Playhouse* as I knew it had another essential for creating good television plays: it had a strong editor in Robert Alan Aurthur. Live television is very largely a script editor's medium, just as the movies are chiefly a director's medium. A month may be spent on the preparation of the script—compared with ten days on its production; the editor's vision is an indispensable guide to structure and sequence for the writer. This at least was always true for me.

The *Playhouse* had other assets, equally important. It had access to an acting pool, concentrated in New York in the early 'fifties, since dispersed and reviled as "Actors' Studio types." From these players their directors could draw the kind of inward, understated, but cumulatively powerful performances which the naturalism of television requires.

My own rather tentative first script was submitted in the summer of 1955 when many of the best television writers were already moving out of the industry to write movies, plays, and novels. The producers scheduled it almost as soon as I had completed the first draft. This was only possible, of course, because of the shortage of experienced writers. But I was unaware of this. I was too excited. They brought me to New York to do the rewriting, put me in a hotel, and rented me a typewriter. Even before I finished the rewriting, I found myself involved in the excitement of the production; I talked to the set man, was consulted on casting, helped choose the music. It was the policy at the *Playhouse*, and a fine teaching instrument for the writer, whether he contributed much or not, to involve him in the realization of his play at every possible point; one went to rehearsals, ate lunch daily with the cast, argued cuts and readings with the director—it was his show now—the producers were working on their next one.

I remember the pre-show tension at dress rehearsal, and the loneliness of sitting away from my friends in the cast, in a viewing room waiting for them to begin, and the pleasure of seeing the

producers come into the room to watch with me. There was a party afterward. . . .

I know of no show done in New York now in which the author participates in that way, nor would I want to today. The procedure, as I know it, now goes like this: the cast, writer, production staff, and representatives of the agency meet some ten days before performance. Copies of a corrected script are handed around for the cast to read. The reading is timed; everybody listens. At the end, a player may question some lines, then the cast leaves. The writer, editor, producer, director, and agency representative each suggest changes. They are noted by the writer, as they are agreed upon. He then goes off and makes all the cuts and changes as rapidly as possible; generally the reading ends at noon, and the writer's final work is done before five. He will then turn over the script and leave, hoping fervently to have nothing more to do with it; he will probably watch the play when it is aired, if he is not too busy, and he may grumble insincerely about changes made without consulting him; but in truth he is no more deeply affected than he once was when he used to glance through his newspaper feature story to see what the copy desk had done to it.

If there is a party after his play, he will not be at it, nor want to be, nor will the actors except perhaps the star, who may be required to meet the sponsors and their friends. The party is for these people, and their agency and network colleagues. And it ought to be; it was their show. But it was our show on Philco; we were all deeply involved for we were aiming at art.

#### LYNCHING THE "PSYCHODRAMAS"

**A** day or two after the first show, Aurthur approved an idea I had for a second, but he seemed worried; he suggested that I wait a few days before writing the outline, for the sponsor now had to see outlines before plays were commissioned. I then became aware that the *Playhouse*, and a number of the other good hour shows, were under attack. It had started during the summer, when a few weak shows by the undeveloped new crop of writers had made Aurthur and Duff vulnerable. Sponsors were snarling for more control, agencies for more of the budget to be spent on stars, networks threatening to sell the drama hours for other kinds of programming.

One of the most important critical voices, according to my strong impression at the time, came from a most unexpected place: it seemed



to come from a man who represented himself as a champion of serious television drama, Jack Gould, the television critic of the *New York Times*. Since following Mr. Gould's writing more recently I am now less surprised, for he reflects an attitude common in television criticism: that serious drama somehow means *solemn* drama, or pretentious drama, or message plays on topical matters.

I don't know whether Mr. Gould coined the term, but it was in his columns in the summer of 1955 that I became aware that a curious word was being popularized and attached in a derogatory way every Sunday to the *Playhouse* and others like it. The word was "psychodrama." With it you could tar not only the writers' experiments that had failed that summer, which might have benefited from more precise criticism but, by implication, all their predecessors which were in fact the only fine plays television has created.

The crusade against psychodrama was joined jubilantly by *Variety* and all the other trade journals. Soon there was a behind-the-scenes demand that *Playhouse* commission a play glorifying that happy event, the Miss America contest. (Around this time an editor on another show boasted to me that they had *always* stressed real entertainment values to their writers as the first requirement; and Herb Gold, who was then looking into television writing, told me he had been asked to guarantee "happy plays about happy people with happy problems.")

"Psychodrama" or not, the delicately observed, honestly written, and meticulously performed plays of the early, naturalistic dramatists, as done by the Actors' Studio-influenced actors, were not solemn or pretentious; they were not often topical and, because they were concerned with reality, they were seldom happy.

In the new climate, I was not asked to start drafting that second play for the *Playhouse*; and I was not much surprised to hear that Duff and Aurthur had resigned rather than give up their freedom to produce as they wished. I was rather glad they had quit; I hadn't liked to think of them doing that play about Miss America.

In writing of the period that followed, I may be slighting some producing organizations. Yet my impression was that none was ever again as free as the *Playhouse* had been. *Studio One*, for example, continued to do ambitious things after the panic, though one editor told me candidly that sponsor approval was needed on outlines. In television a writer seldom knows more than the producing organization he is currently work-

ing for. He is in a group which gets assignments for a particular series, and there is no true freelancing in the field.

The idea for the script may be the writer's; more often it is the producer's, or is arrived at in conference. The assignment is then made after the writer and editor have worked out an extremely careful outline. To write a complete script and hope to sell it is, as far as I know, an utter waste of time. The wheels do not turn that freely and what they have been turning out of late is not dramatic art.

#### THE CRITICAL VACUUM

To be sure, there are dramatic shows on television now. But, so far as I know, there is no television drama. Nor is there genuine television criticism. If there had been one eloquent critic, concerned with and able to recognize literature, who wrote regularly about television, he might have influenced its course. But genuine critical minds showed no interest in the medium.

Over the years television has shaped itself more in the image of the newspaper than the theater. To spend an entire day with the networks (there are those who do; and they count in the ratings) must be like reading an interminable newspaper, sometimes well written and well illustrated, sometimes badly. There are the news, the women's pages, the circulation contests; there are reports on, or excerpts from, culture and the arts, often excellently done by Sunday shows like *Omnibus* and *Camera Three*; there are the news-making shows, which are like press conferences, and live coverage of sporting events often better than the sports pages; how-to shows, perhaps an editorializing play, or a documentary which is like a feature story.

And always, there are the ads.

The editorializing plays, if they have nothing much in common with literature, can sometimes do nice bits of social service, just as journalistic crusading can. I once wrote a show, for example, about the plight of Korean War orphans and was pleased to hear that it had been responsible for clearing out an orphanage by stimulating adoption. But it was not literature, any more than was a well done reportorial play about the Nuremberg trials I saw on *Playhouse 90* recently.

Finally, in television as in newspapers, there are the comics. Newspaper comics, as has been often observed, are rarely meant to be funny; many of them seem directly derived from soap opera. Many others are Westerns, adventure, or

detective strips. A few are funny; there is sometimes one for children.

The television counterparts for comics, when one thinks of it this way, are all too evident; they include all the entertainment shows on the air. But if our newspapers allotted space by a rating system a thirty-page issue would contain two pages of news and twenty-eight of comics.

There are some expertly produced comic strips; by the same token some entertainment shows in television just now are slickly written, engagingly acted, and produced with a crisply professional finish. My particular favorites in this category are *Maverick* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, and I honor one for children, *Captain Kangaroo*. *Maverick*, in particular, is remarkable—the only one of the adult westerns which avoids their synthetic set of tolerance symbols (Indian equals Negro; young gunfighter equals juvenile delinquent) and value symbols (woman equals culture; frontier doctor equals wisdom).

Along with all these other newspaper-like aspects of television, there are the special feature sections: the spectaculars, shows of the month, and so on. Like newspaper special sections, they are bait to lure the chary advertiser in, or the small advertiser to go big. When successful, the spectaculars are triumphs of production rather than creation. One does not feel the presence, much less the dominance, of an individual writing intelligence. Indeed it has been years since I saw a play on the screen with any vision of what the art of television drama might be.

For a return of this vision, I can conceive two hopes. One is pay television which would have to win, not mesmerize willing audiences.\* This might force all entertainment shows to reach the level of *Maverick*, in order to survive. The longer plays, since their object would be gain, rather than institutional advertising and public relations, might have less pretension and more sting; they could risk being offensive, but not tedious; they would be at the minimum, show-business instead of ad-business. This is not necessarily a condition for producing art, but it is at least a step closer to it.

Pay television, then, might become a medium

as good as the movies which, generally speaking, is not terribly good; yet the movies have, from time to time, produced works of art, and there are "art" theater circuits on which these works play and replay. Perhaps we could develop a pay TV equivalent of the "art" theater circuit which would sustain itself largely on re-runs; this would solve a basic writer's problem for it is hard to be seriously ambitious for a piece of work which will disappear after one performance.

And to speak of this is to bring up a less visionary notion, and one to which the networks are welcome if they wish to try it. It is very practical. They will find in their storerooms reel after reel of kinescopes of hour-long plays, performed over the years on the various "anthology shows"; e.g., such shows as *Philco*, *Studio I*, *Kraft Theater*, *Matinee Theater*. They could easily establish an evening and a time, a late and inexpensive time now occupied by old movies, for showing, perhaps once a week, an old television play. They could, if they would, put into repertory what drama television has managed to develop. It would cost very little; it would interest viewers a good deal more than most of the movies shown; it might even attract sponsorship.

And it might afford a few youngsters, who will be writers some day, examples from which to develop their own visions of a television drama. I do not think embryo writers watching the medium now have any such feeling for the possibilities of writing for TV.

If such future writers are among us something else ought to be done to develop them—but this is so impractical a dream that I will not try to suggest how it might be implemented. They ought to be given a chance to work with regular producing groups (like the *Philco Playhouse*? Perhaps, and like the *Provincetown Players*, which produced O'Neill, and the *Group Theater*, which produced Odets).

The interaction of writer and actor, writer and director, writer and producer is what makes playwrights. Why could not such a company be set up (not necessarily in New York; possibly where costs are lower) and charged with creating and performing a television play every week? They would have to be made responsible to nothing but their mutual vision and their audience—I mean *their* audience, not the audience—and financed by any means at all: sponsorship, pay TV, foundation, it doesn't matter. Given a life, not merely a trial, I am convinced that out of such a situation television drama of stature would once again be written in our land.

\*Another possibility was outlined by John Fischer in Harper's last August. He proposed (1) that the government rent air channels to TV and radio stations for a modest percentage of their earnings and (2) create with the proceeds an independent National Broadcasting Authority to produce worthy public-service programs—including good theater—which would be presented on the major networks. But unfortunately this plan is a long way from realization.



# ON THE TEACHING OF WRITING

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

*Of the hundreds of "creative writing" courses, workshops, and seminars to be found in America, perhaps the most distinguished is Harvard's English 5, which Archibald MacLeish—whose verse play "J. B." won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama this year—has conducted since the late 'forties.*

Everybody knows that "creative writing"—which means the use of words as material of art—can't be taught. Nevertheless hundreds of professors in hundreds of colleges go on teaching it. Which is absurd but not as absurd as it sounds.

Everybody knows, too, that you can't teach a horse to race but Kentucky is full of racing stables with neat oval tracks and miles of expensive, white-washed fencing which costs as much to maintain as a presentable professor. Even more.

There is one difference, of course. In Kentucky they begin with the horse's sire and dam whereas the professor of writing rarely breeds his own students and wouldn't know where to begin if he tried. Who would have picked that pair from the livery stable to beget and bear John Keats?

But otherwise the situation in Cambridge is much like the situation in Kentucky. You have to have a horse that can race before you can teach it racing. You have to have a writer who can write before you can teach him how.

Which means, of course, that you aren't really teaching in Cambridge. To teach you have to have a subject: Elementary German or Physics A or The Novel Since Henry James. But there is no subject in "creative writing": there is merely an object: that boy (that horse). I say *that* boy because there isn't apt to be more than one in a year or maybe in five or even ten. Indeed a man would be spectacularly lucky, even by Kentucky standards, to have one distinct and distinguishable writer of real power in a professorial lifetime.

There are those, I know, who have tried to concoct a subject for "creative writing" courses by combining the best elements of the best

writers in a kind of appetizer paste, a *mélange aduîtère de tous*, which their students are expected to consume. The young critics who make up the majority of any college writing course—the lads who have mistaken an interest in writing for writing itself—will thrive on such a diet but the young writers, if there are any, will gag on the surfeit. They know instinctively that there is no such thing as Best Writing. There are merely a number of different writers writing well and the successes of one would be the failures of another. You can't borrow and you can't mix. If anyone had tried to solve D. H. Lawrence's writing problems by teaching him Flaubert's solutions there would have been a suicide in the family attic—or more likely a murder in the local school. Exposition has rules and can be taught, as generations of British state papers demonstrate. The "art of writing" has graces and can be taught as armies of belletrists prove. But writing *as* an art cannot be taught because writing as an art is the unique achievement of *an* artist. Which is to say, of one unique and different man solving his unique and different problems for himself. When a student tells me that I haven't taught him *how*, I take it as a compliment—but not to him.

I am not saying, of course, that a young writer should not read. He should, quite literally, read his head off. But he should do his reading for himself, following the leads that are meaningful for him, not for someone else, and least of all for an older professor-writer who did his own essential reading a generation ago and by a



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*—From the Official Register of Harvard University, 1958-59.*



different light. To do an older writer's reading over again in a time like ours is to submit to that process, already so destructive in our fashion-following super-civilization, by which everything is turned into a vogue—even art which should be the great destroyer of all fashions, not their pimp. Everyone reads James. Then everyone reads Joyce. Then everyone switches to Eliot, to Proust, to Kafka—to the Communists in one decade—to the homosexuals in another—until the new writing begins to sound like the advertising patter in the smart magazines which echoes the changing chatter of the chic. It sometimes seems as though only Robert Frost were old enough and cantankerous enough and magnificent enough to be himself and remain himself and thus be disrespectfully and entirely new in this age of stylish novelties.

A real writer learns from earlier writers the way a boy learns from an apple orchard—by stealing what he has a taste for and can carry off. He will imitate his elders as every good writer has since the world began—even an original, even a Rimbaud—but the hunger and the pants pocket will be his own. Some of his apples will make him sick, but it will be *his* sickness. Others will shape his hand for life—because *he* picked them. When I set myself, after college and after law school, to try to find my way to a place

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*"Meanwhile," Scott Fitzgerald wrote John Peale Bishop in 1925, "I went to Antibes and liked Archie MacLeish enormously. Also his poem. . . ." MacLeish was on the scene when Hemingway was sending his manuscripts to Gertrude Stein and Eliot was consulting Pound, and his students are aware that he is one of the few first-rate writers of the 'twenties who are willing to work hard with young writers today. Many published authors have come out of his courses, including some of the young men who run the Paris Review (of which he is an Advisory Editor).*

*MacLeish has had a restless career. He went to Yale and the Harvard Law School but gave up his law practice in Boston for literature and settled in France. In the mid-'twenties he emerged as a poet of the first rank, winning the Pulitzer Prize for his Conquistador in 1932. He wrote verse plays for radio in the 'thirties, served as Librarian of Congress and a Presidential adviser during the war years, and was appointed to a chair at Harvard in 1949. Now the production and success of "J. B." have brought him, at sixty-seven, from the quiet of Cambridge and his North Conway farm into the hurly-burly of Broadway. He found time to write this article for Harper's between intensive recording sessions for the play in New York.*

where I could begin, I taught myself Italian enough to read *The Divine Comedy* because Tom Eliot had read it to his great profit and because I was—as I remain—his devoted admirer. It did me, I am sure, no harm. But neither did it do me Eliot's good, for it was not my need that took me to it.

**T**he truth is that the whole situation in a writing course is a reversal of the usual academic pattern. Not only is there no subject, there is no content either. Or, more precisely, the content is the work produced by students in the course. And the relation of the teacher to his students is thus the opposite of the relation one would expect to find. Ordinarily it is the teacher who knows, the student who learns. Here it is the student who knows, or should, and the teacher who learns or tries to. The student writes. The teacher reads. And the object of the teacher's reading is to learn if he can how closely the knowing of the words approximates the knowing of their writer. It may be less. It may be far, far more, for such is the nature of the struggle between a writer and the obdurate material of words in which he works. But whether less or more, the only question the man who undertakes to teach can ask, is the question of the adequacy of the writing to its own intent. As a writer himself he may call it "good" or "bad." As a man he may have his human opinion of the mind which conceived it. But as a teacher of writing it is not his task to tell his students what they should try to write or to judge their work by the standards he would apply to his own or his betters'.

A student's poem does not fail because it is not Yeats's "Byzantium" or even "Sailing to . . ." It fails only if it is not itself. And the labor of the reader who calls himself teacher is the difficult labor of discerning, if he can, what "itself" would be. For only then can he bring his own experience and skill to bear upon it. Only then can he say to the student across the corner of his desk: "Well, if *I* had tried to write this poem . . ."

The real relationship, in other words—the only relationship in which anything in this paradoxical undertaking can be accomplished—is a relationship between two writers. Which is why it is essential that at least one writer should enroll in a writing course if it is to get anywhere. The problems which arise, young as the students are, are problems all writers face, whatever their age or experience. They are problems which cannot be discussed in a class, any more than in

a bar in Paris, without a text to relate them to, and a writer's human experience to give them perspective. And they involve, as such problems always do involve, a writer's conception of the world: a conception different in every way from a critic's or a scholar's because a writer never gets *outside*. He works as Tolstoy works in *Anna Karenina*—at Levin's heart and Kitty's and Anna's. Techniques without works are as empty to a practicing writer as faith without works to a practicing clergyman: only amateurs would waste time talking about them.

But difficult as it is to describe the relationships of a writing course, it is even more difficult to justify one, either from the point of view of the student who takes it or from the point of view of the college which pays for it. (I defer, for a moment, the point of view of the poor devil of a poet or a novelist who tries to do the teaching.) Why, if all there is is a couple of writers, should any young writer send himself to a college writing course instead of to a park bench in Washington Square or a jazz session in San Francisco or any other spot where he might find an older writer willing to help him to help himself? And why, even with academic salaries what they are, should a college pay for the ten or twelve necessary hours of a professor's time every week if only one student a year or one student every five is going to profit?

I don't know the answer to the second question. You could probably justify a course in commercial fiction from the purely budgetary point of view if enough of its graduates sold stories to magazines with commercial prestige, but there is no way of adding up the justifications of a course devoted to the art of writing. Undoubtedly it is helpful to a college to be able to list a respectable number of writers as graduates but the trouble is that not all the proven writers come out of the writing courses. Harvard's poets from Robinson through Frost and Stevens to Aiken and Eliot and Cummings constitute an unequaled galaxy but I have never heard it said that any of them got their start in a writing course.

What justification there is must be academic rather than economic and there too one runs into trouble. One can argue that it is desirable to dilute the critical and scholarly atmosphere of a college community with a few artists but you won't get all the critics and scholars to agree. And if you remark that a good writing course will at least prevent English from becoming a dead language you might as well eat your lunches somewhere else than the faculty club.

The plain truth is that these courses are eleemosynary enterprises so far as the college budget is concerned—opportunities provided to a small minority of students to investigate their artistic possibilities at the college's expense. The students who take them should be grateful. Sometimes, improbably enough, they are.

As for the first question, however, the answer is obvious. The young writer who graduates straight from high school into San Francisco, or wherever the people who used to congregate in Paris now hang out, in the innocent hope that he will thus combine his initiation into art with his initiation into life, is deluding himself. If we are to judge by its works there can scarcely be a worse place to get admitted to life than San Francisco. In comparison a great university or even a competent college is liveliness itself. There are more people of more kinds in a college than in a cult—particularly a cult in which Bohemianism itself is stereotyped and you can't even be a bum without bad liquor, boring sexuality, and the regulation beard. Indeed the American university—the American university I know best in any case—is almost the only place left in America where the infinite variety of the kind of life a writer wants to live can still be found.

In addition to which there is the highly pertinent fact that universities and colleges have books. Life is not all on the sidewalks or even in the bedrooms. The nine-tenths of it a writer needs under him to keep the rest afloat is in the books in which other men have put their living down. And there is one other consideration which bears upon those long conversations with older and sympathetic writers of which the young so understandably dream: most of the older writers are now employed by universities and colleges and the rest put limits on the number of young strangers they will entertain. Also the rest aren't as constantly available as the prisoners of the academic offices. They have a way of traveling to Africa or Spain.

As for the point of view of the poor devil who does the teaching, it can be given as briefly and simply as the annals of the poor. The rewards depend on the students. If they are uninteresting he will be bored to death. If they are exciting there will not be hours enough in the week. But it is not as simple as that, either. For if the students are dull the fault is his whereas if they are good *they* get the credit.

Mine have been good more often than I deserved.





# WHICH SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC?

C. P. SNOW

*The distinguished British novelist, scientist, and government official makes a pointed, and often disturbing, comparison of the situation of the writer in England and America. Life in our universities may be cozier but "in America the writers don't really know whom they are writing for—apart from their fellow writer-scholars."*

Last spring, between stops in the United States, I found myself daydreaming about whether I would rather have been an American or an English writer. It was slightly more concrete than a daydream; for a number of writers on both sides of the Atlantic the choice exists. It doesn't for me; I am too much of a natural Whig. But the choice existed, of course, for Henry James, T. S. Eliot, and Auden. It might do so now for Amis or Wain on one side, or for Malamud or Podhoretz on the other.

The truth is, like it or not, that American and English writing still interweave as no other major literary cultures have ever done. For all the debating points made on both sides, for all the mutual irritation and envy, I doubt whether, in any strict sense, the two cultures are yet anything like completely separable.

That is why it is still open to a few English and American writers to choose which they are going to be. To opt for the other culture requires, of course, certain specific kinds of temperament and talent. Plenty of non-serious English writers have become Americans out of crude self-interest, but that is no more interesting than if they had gone to Switzerland to avoid income tax. I am thinking of people who want to make the most of their talent, and who are tough and confident enough to believe that the other side of the Anglo-American culture may be a more encouraging climate than their own.

They may be right, as James and Eliot demonstrably were. But, apart from romantic myth-making about the other country—which Americans still go in for about us, which young English writers increasingly do about you, and which in itself can be an origin for some kinds of art, as it was for part of James's—apart from that, the balance of advantage between being an English or American writer seems to me surprisingly even. There are plenty of general arguments both ways, but I believe there is only one of them that could reasonably decide anyone's choice.

It wouldn't affect a contemporary Henry James in reverse, for instance, that Americans have less feeling for the realistic novel than we have. We have to accept the case, put forward by Harry Levin in *The Power of Blackness* with his usual acuteness and command, that in the novel the Americans—for example, Hawthorne, Melville, Faulkner—have been led to produce works of the "extreme" imagination. Richard Chase has independently come to a very similar conclusion in *The American Tradition*. Either symbolism or naturalism, but not realism—that has been the American drift. It makes sense; it fits American social patterns. It has made American critics



very uncertain of themselves in dealing with a writer like James Gould Cozzens. But it wouldn't prevent a realistic novelist of enough authority forcing himself into American consideration these next ten years; he would have to be pretty good, but if he were, he would change the climate quite a lot.

Then the language—American-English *vs.* English-English. Just as Americans are absurdly humble about whole domains of their literary equipment, the weight of their scholarship, the width and depth and intellectual sophistication of their best criticism, for example, so it is the fashion for Englishmen to prostrate themselves about the language, to speak as though having used the language for a good many hundred years was a fatal disqualification against ever using it again. A lot of English writers are so dazzled by the vernacular crackle of American-English that they don't hear other things. They don't hear—what worries a good many Americans when they get to work on discursive prose—that in a good many ways American-English is a significantly more abstract language than ours is. We say: "I want to book a seat." You say: "I want to make a reservation." That is part of common speech and works itself into the discursive prose. There is a great richness, sparkle, and invention in many of the American vernaculars, but the thought frame is often not as direct as in English-English. For a writer's purposes, the gains and losses linguistically just about cancel out.

#### IN THE SAME BOAT

There is another argument, far more substantial, that, if it were clear-cut, would certainly tip the choice. Even though it is not clear-cut, it is near enough the bone to inhibit contemporary Americans from doing a Henry James or a T. S. Eliot. I have talked to two gifted Americans who would, without any doubt at all, be great successes in literary England. They have thought about it; our culture would suit them; but they won't come. Somehow they couldn't do it; it would go against instinct and their sense of history. There is nothing mysterious about it; the balance of power has changed, and everyone feels in his bones that great literatures belong to countries at the peak of their power (as in fact they have done—Periclean Athens, Racine's France, nineteenth-century England) and sometimes to countries with the future in their eyes (Elizabethan England and nineteenth-century Russia).

If the U. S. were really sitting pretty, as unchallengeably at the peak of its power as England was, say, in 1830, with fifty invulnerable years as Top Nation ahead, then I should passionately envy American writers. But I do not see your position in those terms at all; I believe that essentially we are in the same boat. Of course you are richer and, as far as consumer goods go, likely to stay the richest country on earth. But that only exaggerates the true position, which is that the whole West, and the U. S. as the leaders of the West, are a privileged enclave in the geo-social struggle, and that the real ferocity of advance, the dynamic social hope, lies in the great impoverished populations of the East just industrializing themselves, determined to have their share. It is conceivable that this is going to be the century of the Common Man, but not as the phrase was originally intended. For the Iowa farmer, the Los Angeles factory hand, are not in the least Common Men by the present world scale: they are privileged almost beyond belief. The genuine Common Men are the Chinese and Indian peasants; and reflective persons in the U. S. as well as in England are beginning to become aware that *their* condition is going to affect the fate of all mankind. I do not believe that the world is going to survive one-third privileged and two-thirds on the starvation line. Nor do thoughtful Americans believe it.

It is within the tension of that situation that we all sit and write. Not that we need give up our social hope. Given adequate foresight and nerve and good will, the problems can be solved. Nevertheless, the prospect takes a good deal of the buoyancy from American intellectuals—more, I sometimes think, than from us. Some of my American friends, such as Max Lerner, will quarrel with that last statement. Lerner thinks you are still more buoyant than we are. Within my experience, that does not seem to be the case. I don't feel in American writing today much of that gust of longing for the future that one finds in the nineteenth-century Russians, nor the wind of the continental spaces. As with us, American writers are adjusting themselves to a more difficult situation, to living in an advanced managerial society, more specialist, more pluralistic, harder to comprehend imaginatively than ours—while the rest of the world, apart from your poorer relations in England and in Western Europe, are struggling just to keep alive.

That seems to me the basic social insight which most American writers have come to live with. Even more than we, they are writing inside an advanced industrial society in its extreme form.

The problems tend to be extreme, the solutions even more so. For instance, it is quite clear that in contemporary America, as in contemporary England, not many serious writers are going to earn a living out of their books alone. The potential rewards for one or two writers—the “jackpot”—are, of course, enormous, but most are never going to get them. Faulkner was middle-aged, Robert Frost old, before they drew a modest professional income from their creative writing. In an inflationary economy, this brutal fact about the career of letters is going to become a good deal more brutal.

The English and American responses to the fact are quite different. In England, which is a very small country, where anyone in the same profession is, at the worst, only one contact away from anyone else, we rely on a kind of private system of responsibility, and a little state help in the form of the BBC. If anyone of talent comes along, he will usually get a bit of help; the tradition of behaving like good uncles or aunts has descended in a peculiar line which includes Dickens, Trollope, Henry James, Bennett, Galsworthy, and the Sitwells; after the good uncles or aunts, the nexus, very intimate in England, of literary journalism-broadcasting-publishing will do something to keep the talented man afloat.

#### A DRASTIC SOLUTION

In the U. S. which is a very large country, and where even in New York distinguished literary figures show a cheerful unawareness of each other's existence, the solution seems to an Englishman to be out of comparison more drastic. It is nothing more nor less than to put the burden of literary patronage onto the universities. A great apparatus of visiting professorships, lectureships, fellowships, has sprung up which is providing a living, or the best part of a living, for an astonishing proportion of the best talents in the country. With about three exceptions, nearly every American writer who has been “heard of” in England, has had some help—and I mean help in the simple financial sense—from universities. A great many people whom we think of as professional writers are, or have been, permanent academics, or at least are regular teachers for half the year—Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate, Trilling, John Crowe Ransom, O'Connor, Edel, Robie Macauley, Kazin, Mary McCarthy, Burke, Jarrell, Saul Bellow, Bourjaily, Stegner, Malamud, and so on, including nine out of every ten American writing names that come

into an Englishman's head. Whereas their English analogues have usually not been near a university since they went down; and how many are regular academics? Amis, Iris Murdoch, J. I. M. Stewart—and then?

At present this is a dramatic difference between the two cultures. Perhaps, as with many American developments, it is a consequence of advanced industrial society, and in the long run we shall follow suit. At any rate, it is having many deep effects on American writing here and now. Writers are living in comfort and security in the U. S. as nowhere else. The wandering writer-scholars go from campus to campus, teaching a session at Iowa State, a session at Northwestern, a session at Stanford. They earn enough to get by, and a good deal more than their English equivalents. A very few will earn a lot of money in time from their books. A somewhat larger number will get *succès d'estime* and with that the kind of well-paid journalism which *succès d'estime* carries with it in the United States and which is unlike anything else in the world. The rest will have a more agreeable life than most writers. American universities, which have received so much lip from ignorant Englishmen that it makes me blush, are singularly attractive places to live in.

Yet American writers lose, as well as gain, by living in them. They are driven even more rapidly into the “Alexandrian situation.” Universities, even American universities, more tolerant of creative writing than ours, are bound to be more critical than creative in their literary climate. It is right that they should be; but it isn't an easy, or altogether a healthy, climate to write in. It makes it harder for a man to write simply—not to disguise, by artificial irony or group mannerism, the solemnity of the moment in which he stands. I know a bit about this, for much as I love Cambridge, England, I found it inhibiting to write there. I think there is a danger that the academic ties will tend to make American writing more convoluted, more packed with invented symbols and ironies, altogether more Alexandrian.

There are great merits on the other side. The amount of intellectual horsepower being pumped into American literary discourse must be as much as in the rest of the world put together. I find myself increasingly admiring, as I read or listen to such men as Trilling, Levin, Henry Nash Smith, their sheer intellectual appetite, their ability to bring to bear upon a literary *point d'appui* every kind of intellectual resource, sociological, psychological, historical. High-level



American literary debate makes much of ours seem amateur and lightweight. This intellectual edge and training save you from some of our follies; I don't think Jacques Barzun, rightly concerned about your run-of-the-mill intellectual training (worse, on the whole, than ours), gives enough credit to your best. A good many Americans have talked to me, with sympathy and a trace of *Schadenfreude*, about the Colin Wilson phenomenon. That at least, they thought, could not have happened there. They were too polite to say it, but they had no doubt that, intellectually, they were harder to take in. (Though aesthetically you are sometimes easier to take in than we are.)

And also, in such a large and pluralist society, collective hypnotism can't operate as in a literary capital like London. In London one often knows months before a book is published either that it is damned in advance, or that it is going to become the fashionable rage. That happens with popular successes in New York, but almost not at all—it seems to me—with serious works. There are, of course, coteries in the U. S. But there are so many counter-influences that no coterie can do much to make a reputation.

#### HOW TO MAKE A REPUTATION

That is admirable. In some ways, it is almost too admirable. I have occasionally found myself thinking that it is altogether too hard for an American writer to make a reputation. Who has one? one wonders, rather like the young Proust wondering who is really grand. I have often asked American literary friends who, under fifty, is really in a literary sense established. Salinger? Undergraduates' enthusiasm. McCullers? No head. McCarthy? No heart. How does an American writer make a reputation? Everyone agrees that reviews in New York don't even start to do the trick. The university quarterlies?—but no one can point to a reputation made that way. Has any American novelist since Faulkner won anything like general serious recognition? No one is sure. Probably not. Meanwhile the centers of literary opinion proliferate and divide; literary society, like all American society, is more pluralistic than the English can imagine. The new advance guard, the Structural Linguists, round on the New Critics as amiable old pipe-smoking fuddy-duddies, just as the New Critics got to work on Georgian survivals thirty years ago.

Up to now, the score has been a little, but not decisively, in the American writers' favor.

But there is one last general argument which, as I said earlier, might for some of us clinch the matter. I think, if I were choosing, it would be decisive, and would make me stay in England. It is nothing very subtle, but it is linked with the size and nature of the English and American societies. It is simply that in England we know our audience. In America the writers don't really know whom they are writing for—apart from their fellow writer-scholars. Of course, any writer in an ultimate sense writes for himself; but he writes for himself in the presence of an audience over his shoulder, so to speak. The presence, constitution, critical powers, and responsiveness of the audience will interact with what he writes. A writer is likely to reach his creative best if the audience is sufficiently like him, so that he can speak in his own tone of voice, and at the same time sufficiently diverse to drive him to find his own special kind of originality. Compared with American writers, we are very lucky in both respects. Any reading public is a tiny minority of the whole population; with us, in a much more homogeneous society than the American, that minority shares enough assumptions to be a good audience, and is also pleasingly wide-spaced. For the present at least, we have not left reading entirely to fellow professionals: and I have no doubt that that is very salutary for a literature.

It is the variety of experience of the audience that gives it its authority, and so strengthens the writer's confidence. For example, Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Butler, Mr. Gaitskell are all deeply read men, interested in contemporary work; so are a good sprinkling of other members of the House of Commons. That is also true of a surprisingly high proportion of top civil servants and miscellaneous administrative bosses; much less true of industrialists, though I once sat at a meeting by the side of an eminent banker who kept distracting my attention by wanting to discuss the German translation of *The Possessed*. So our audience scatters itself through society, quite wide and quite deep, from the powerful to the young students—it is bracing for a writer to be read by both, and we should all like to be. In England, the society is so compact that we realize that this is happening: we know, almost in a personal sense, whom we are writing for. An American writer can't; he feels much more lost. Do your politicians, civil servants, school-teachers read as ours do? If they do, it seems to me that your writers do not feel their response. This, I think, is the one great creative stimulus ours have, which is denied to yours.

# WHY AMERICAN PLAYS ARE NOT LITERATURE

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

*One of the liveliest and most knowledgeable of the young theater critics considers contemporary American dramatists as writers and finds them cut off from American literary life; cheapened by commercial Broadway; murky in their language and thought. But he thinks that the coming assault on Broadway of a group of novelist-playwrights presents one of the most hopeful prospects for the theater in years.*

One of the unique features of postwar American drama is its cheerful isolation from a central literary tradition. A successful playwright today may think of himself as a craftsman, an entertainer, even a creative artist, but only in very rare cases would he call himself a literary man. He does not share at all in those common interests—few enough in our society—which unite the novelist, poet, and essayist. In his subject matter, his writing style, his associations, his attitudes, and his ideas, the dramatist is far removed, if not completely cut off, from the mainstream of intellectual and literary discourse.

This lack of communication with the other disciplines gives the drama a peculiar insularity. The typical American playwright is encouraged to write, not by the pull of literary ideals, but by the stimulus of successful Broadway plays, and it is unusual when he develops beyond a hackneyed imitation of what is current and fashionable. Making his friends mainly within the theatrical profession, he rarely ventures out of it to have his mind refreshed. Unlike the novelist, he is almost never represented in the literary periodicals, and when he does communicate with the outside world it is generally through a short piece in the *New York Times* advertising his coming play with a reminiscence about how it came to be written.

Even our most important dramatists, past and

present, have tended to remain firmly fixed within the confines of their own experience and craft. Besides plays, all the great European playwrights of the past hundred years wrote poetry, epics, novels, short stories, essays, or criticism; and in modern times dramatists like Brecht, Duerrenmatt, Beckett, Giraudoux, Synge, and O'Casey have moved freely among the other literary disciplines. With the exceptions of Thornton Wilder, Tennessee Williams (both former highbrows), and Arthur Miller, few American playwrights have made more than token gestures in the direction of non-dramatic literatures, while even fewer are aware of what is being attempted or said there. Specialization in America, insofar as it has affected the arts, has hit the drama hardest of all, cutting it off not only from other literary traditions but from the very life which should be its subject matter.

## THE AMERICAN SPLIT

This isolation can be partly attributed to the fact that American drama is a comparatively new expression, forced to create its tradition as it goes along. English playwrights like Wilde, Shaw, Eliot, and Osborne could draw on an already established dramatic heritage, one which





includes the most distinguished names in literary history; in consequence, even minor dramatists like Barrie, Fry, Bridie, and Galsworthy, nourished by this strain, have created dramatic works which are eminently readable. The American drama, on the other hand—which seems to have sprung full-grown from the imagination of Eugene O'Neill—can still remember its own origins. In fact, O'Neill's persistent experimentation would seem to indicate that he was hurriedly trying to create a dramatic tradition for America which, like their gardens, took the English hundreds of years to produce. Borrowing from the drama of the Greeks, the Elizabethans, the Japanese, and nineteenth-century Europeans, O'Neill sought not native but cosmopolitan influences,

and thus initiated a split from American literature which widens every year.

The split, of course, cuts both ways: American literary culture generally scorns the stage. In France, it is a rare thing when a novelist, poet, or philosopher does not express his themes in dramatic form, and it has long been the tradition for a French man of letters to include a volume or two of dramatic essays among his collected writings.

In America, on the other hand, theater criticism, abdicated by most intellectuals, has fallen into the hands of newspaper reviewers, while the drama itself is practically monopolized by commercial playwrights. Although the plays of writers like Camus, Sartre, Gide, Claudel, Mauriac, and Cocteau constitute an important part of their creative work, gifted American authors have, up till now, usually either ignored the drama totally or written badly in it. The quality of Fitzgerald's "The Vegetable," Hemingway's "The Fifth Column," and Wolfe's "Mannerhouse"—so far inferior to these authors' non-dramatic works—would seem to indicate that, unlike their French counterparts, American writers have not regarded the drama as a serious alternative form for the expression of their deepest convictions and insights.

#### FINANCE AND TASTE

If the American literary man has generally been indifferent, patronizing, or hostile toward the drama, some of the reasons for this indicate why our plays are so often outside the boundaries of literature. For there is a widespread conviction among men of mind that the dramatist, writing for an audience with debased values, does not have very high standards himself—and anxious to please a wide number, he creates a contaminated work which gives literature a bad name. Since the very structure of the drama is dependent on climactic emotional effects, it has often been accused of a fondness for bombast and sensationalism and of lacking intelligence and restraint—"an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education," wrote Sir Philip Sidney hundreds of years ago, which "causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question." More frequently content to follow public taste than to lead it, the drama has developed an unsavory reputation through its alliance with the market place.

These traditional objections have become more vigorous in our own time as the drama has sought wider and less discriminating audiences.

In the eighteenth century, when a play attracted a public for 62 performances, it was called the most prodigious success in history, while today a play must run for at least a year simply to make up costs. The non-creative unions—the press agents, managers, stagehands, and musicians—are squeezing the theater to death with excessive financial demands, and Broadway further exacerbates the situation with increasingly spectacular and expensive scenic effects guaranteed to excite spectator interest if all else fails. If union featherbedding were restrained, a play could again be successful after no more than 62 performances. And there is no telling how many honest works of imagination might see the stage without alteration. But the producer—rather than speculate on something risky and new—sticks to a tried-and-true formula based on the successes of the past. With the drama arbitrated by “show business,” questions of finance overrule questions of taste, and it becomes harder to find financial support for anything which might “disturb” the audience.

The dramatist, as a result, discovers a number of non-literary partners looking over his shoulder as he writes, and this makes his work more than ever vulnerable to charges of artistic compromise. Compromise is not an essential of the collaborative enterprise—imagine the conductor of a symphony orchestra dictating elaborate changes in a musical composition for the sake of greater audience appeal. But it has now become second nature to Broadway, and few plays ever open there without having undergone strenuous revisions. While the novelist creates in the solitude of his own imagination, the dramatist re-creates with five or six worried production men at his elbow. Once paramount in importance, the playwright, in consequence, now finds his position overshadowed by the director whose power mushrooms every day; and even some of our most influential dramatists have been known to alter their work radically to retain the interest of a director who might insure its commercial success.

Since these alterations almost invariably result in a work of diminished honesty and complexity, writers whose artistic conscience demands greater satisfactions than commercial reward and the praise of newspaper reviewers view the theater with alarm and suspicion. Archibald MacLeish is one of the few authors, not a professional playwright, who has regarded his occasional stage experience as a happy one, but then he seems to have adjusted nicely to the values of the medium in which he worked:

“I thought I was going to weep [when I heard] the Atkinson review [of ‘J.B.’],” he writes in a published letter to Kazan, and adds that the critical reception of the play was “general evidence that the problems *were* solved.” When a work is primarily evaluated—as it is in our theater—by the enthusiastic applause of the majority, this is evidence indeed, and the distortions and convulsions to which a playwright’s original ideas are submitted can be justified by a long line at the box office.

#### TAINTED IMAGINATION

A very different response to theater experience comes from William Gibson, a literary man who looks on the success of his play, “Two for the Seesaw,” as a hollow achievement reached by suppressing his true capabilities. Gibson, primarily a poet and novelist, has recorded his agonizing experience in *The Seesaw Log*, an illuminating account of the play’s progress from idea to opening night. Like most serious writers, “it had been several years since [he] had taken a believing interest in the theater,” but once having written a play his ultimate disenchantment was to come when he discovered as his collaborators not only the director, the producer, and the star, but the elevator man and probably the lavatory attendant as well. A writer to whom artistic integrity is a code of honor, he found that the perpetual revisions ordered in his play served only to cheapen it; and his original work eventually turned into a harmless diversion giving neither difficulty nor offense to anyone in the theater:

*Fifteen years earlier, when my work consisted of unpublished poems and a magazine asked me to change a word in one, I would not change a word; the poem went unpublished; it was a far cry to the present spate of rewriting to please. . . . I felt this of all of us, that in outgrowing our guardian angelship, and becoming reasonable citizens, we had lost some religious component in ourselves and this component was the difference between art and entertainment. . . . The theater, in this country, in this decade, [is] primarily a place not in which to be serious, but in which to be likable.*

Mr. Gibson has accurately defined not only what distinguishes art from entertainment but literature from current drama. The silhouette of show business imposes itself on almost every work for our stage, and Broadway maintains its compulsive need to send the audience home in an affable frame of mind no matter what violence is done to the line of the play. With the writer constantly badgered to turn his play into



the theatrical equivalent of a best seller, honest works of the imagination invariably become tainted with sentiment and dishonesty.

The director, of course, has a duty to request clarification of an author when his work is muddy, but more frequently revisions are a surrender to commodity demands. The famous changes in the last act of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," for example, had no bearing on the essential flaw of the play (which was the elusive ambiguity of the homosexual theme) but they did introduce into a bleak work a hopeful note of uplift compatible with Broadway's desire to remain well-liked. Since the trespassing of the director on the playwright's domain creates an atmosphere in which dramatic literature is very rarely produced, it remains the knottiest artistic dilemma of the American stage. It is not to be solved, as Tennessee Williams suggests, by having a "good psychiatrist in attendance at rehearsals," but rather by the playwright's strong resistance to commercial pressures when he is certain his work is being cheapened.

#### CULT OF INARTICULACY

Of course, this resistance alone will not guarantee a play of high literary value. American drama is plagued by internal problems as well as external ones, and the dramatist will have to revise a number of his own attitudes if he wishes to create works of lasting power. One of these is his indifference to language. American drama, no matter how serious in intent, is very rarely readable, for our plays are often stage mechanisms which seem oddly wan and listless on the printed page. Only Tennessee Williams has consistently created a dramatic language which a good novelist might not be ashamed to have written, and even his style deteriorated in his last play. Most of our other playwrights, including our greatest, Eugene O'Neill, are charter members of a cult of inarticulacy, communicating high moments of thought and feeling not through speech but through dashes and exclamation points.

Playwrights are generally aware of this problem but do not consider it very important. Ever since the Elizabethan age, dramatists have been embarrassed when their plays appeared in print, but in the past they apologized for literary failings—today they caution the reader to ignore them and concentrate on dramatic values. Elmer Rice, who holds that "literary excellence is not an essential criterion in the evaluation of a play," goes even further in declaring that "words are

not even necessary for the creation and communication of drama." Arthur Miller writes: "It is necessary to separate the drama from what we think of today as literature. A drama ought not to be looked at first and foremost from literary perspectives merely because it uses words, verbal rhythms, and poetic image." And Tennessee Williams defiantly defends "the incontinent blaze of a live theater, a theater meant for seeing and feeling." It is not surprising that Eugene O'Neill once blamed the failure of an early play on the fact that the actors had not emphasized the *silences* in the last act where the meaning of the play was to be found.

Nevertheless, to emphasize the drama's distinctness from literature is a defensible position if not carried too far. It is certainly true that plays are written primarily to be performed, and that writers who put inordinate emphasis on language to the exclusion of other important dramatic values have invariably produced works which are lifeless and dull on the stage. (I am thinking not only of closet dramatists like Robert Browning, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James but also of working playwrights like Sean O'Casey, whose later plays bog down in succulent and bloated rhetoric.) But both the finely jeweled style of closet drama and the shoddy language of our current plays are extremes. The dramatic form has always seemed to me the greatest literary form because it combines action *and* language. All of the great working dramatists of the past and present have been able to articulate their works, and there is still no better stage device than language for the unfolding of character and the revelation of dramatic insights. By permitting some scenes to be built out of actors' improvisations, certain playwrights abdicate their function entirely; and it is partly because of the playwright's indifference to language that our most conspicuous stage hero is brutal, inarticulate, and incapable of reflecting on his condition. The failure of dramatic language leads to a situation where a great many of our plays, including two of Mr. Miller's, conclude on a question—"Why?"—when it has traditionally been the dramatist's job to answer this question.

In other words, the murky language of our plays is a serious failing only insofar as it reflects our drama's basic failing, its murky thought. American plays are difficult to read because they so often yield little sense when they are read; in the quiet of the study one stumbles on inconsistencies, disharmonies, and contradictions which are sometimes ignored in the rapid excitement of performance. Those dramatists

who are aware of this make an oblique admission of it by employing extra-dramatic techniques in the published plays in order to obscure the flaws. In some of the early plays of Eugene O'Neill, for example, extravagant stage directions are provided to sharpen points which have not been suitably dramatized, and Tennessee Williams also is sometimes given to lengthy parenthetical discussions of purpose, especially when he realizes he has ducked the very questions that his play has posed. As George Orwell has proved so emphatically, there is an intimate connection between language and ideas, and inadequate writing is often a sign either of confusion or evasion. In his compulsion to "move" the spectator no matter what happens to credibility or coherence, the American dramatist is further cut off from a literary tradition which is in our time experiencing an authentic renaissance distinguished by its love and feeling for ideas.

As a consequence, American drama often seems to be the most mindless form of legitimate culture since eighteenth-century sentimental comedy, a form to which it bears more than a little resemblance.\* I know of few professional American playwrights—Arthur Miller is a prominent exception—who would not consider it very odd to be called a thinker. On the contrary, most playwrights are devoted to dramatizing sensations which grow more hysterical and rarefied with every passing year.

#### "FITFUL LIGHTNING"

In this, no doubt, they are trying to distinguish their work from what they consider the passionlessness of the English theater, and their vitality and energy have often had great value.

But this reaction can be carried too far. Tennessee Williams, for example—who calls himself a "feeling playwright"—is now indifferent to those dramatic works which, in embodying thought, are meant not only for performance but

for reading and reflection, for he has developed an entirely different concept of a play:

*The color, the grace and levitation, the structural pattern in motion, and quick interplay of live beings, suspended like fitful lightning in a cloud, these things are the play, not words on paper, nor thoughts and ideas of an author, those shabby things snatched off basement counters at Gimbel's.*

Beginning with a distaste for the logical, the abstruse, and the tendentious, Williams concludes by rejecting ideas altogether. He thus turns a truth into a half-truth, for there is a fruitful area between the ideological play and the play of pure sensation. In this area, two of Mr. Williams' major influences, Strindberg and D. H. Lawrence, produced some of their finest work. In fact, Mr. Williams' own place in the drama is secure not only because of his powerful "feeling" but because certain of his plays embodied provocative themes, while much of his later work is inferior because in relying too much on "fitful lightning" his thought is turgid and confused.

It should be clear that to introduce serious thought into the theater is not to rob it of passion; it is rather, by making that passion more meaningful, to impose greater burdens on the audience than a mere fingering of their emotions. I use the qualifying word "serious" because thought of one kind or another exists whether you like it or not—no work which uses words and action can be totally free from ideas. Even the most unintellectual forms—such as the farces of Labiche—have an idea at their base, if only a maxim by Rochefoucauld. Broadway is depressing not because ideas are not enunciated there but because these ideas invariably are "snatched off basement counters at Gimbel's." Pretentious, evasive, and rarely free from formula, the falsification of Broadway thought inevitably results in the falsification of its passion. Our farces are no longer amoral and destructively funny but now embody homilies and sentiment while our melodramas revolve around drug addiction or the pernicious psychic influence of Mom. Our serious drama is informed by a debased Freudianism, our comedies are set in motion by man-chasing women, and our musicals—with one or two exceptions like "West Side Story" and "My Fair Lady"—are produced by people who write about Love while thinking about Money. There are hardly two plays each year which are not obsessively biological in their themes, yet for all this preoccupation none have any real sexual interest. Homosexuality, promiscuity, infidelity, incest—all these considerations are toyed with but always sentimentalized or

\*I quote from Oliver Goldsmith who, in attacking the sentimental dramatists in 1772, might have been describing American domestic plays like "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs" or "Raisin in the Sun": "These comedies have had of late a great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favorite foible. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous. . . . If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is taught, not only to pardon, but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their hearts."



evaded. The result is that we have a theater which will not admit the simple truths that everyone discusses in the living-room.

Almost all of our drama, in fact, is equivocal or needlessly ambiguous, for our dramatists find it difficult to square the passionate aspects of their plays with their ideas about American life. One frequently finds, consequently, contradictions between the psychological and the social or the emotional and mental aspects of a play. O'Neill squeezes an attack on American capitalism into a romantic play about Marco Polo; Arthur Miller tries to document the effect of McCarthyism on the American public through an obfuscating treatment of the Salem witch trials; Tennessee Williams drags a Southern segregationist into the middle of a sexual nightmare; and Archibald MacLeish superimposes his feelings about the hydrogen bomb on a religious drama adapted from the Book of Job.

Though each of these dramatists is concerned with some specific fact of American life, none is able to speak concretely about it for fear that his work will somehow lose its "universality"; but as any good literary man can tell them nothing is more "universal" than a careful presentation of the particular. (Saul Bellow's *Chicago Jew*, *Augie March*, is more American in his special and concrete experience than any of the universalized figures of our postwar drama.) A direct confrontation of American life—banished from our stage—has had to find refuge in "illegitimate" theatrical entertainments like the monologues of Mort Sahl, the night-club skits of May and Nichols, and an occasional review at the Downstairs Room.

There is, in other words, very little that is contemporary about our contemporary drama. Most of our plays, for all the light they throw on American life, might have been written by a Visigoth in the Year 1, while the others merely parrot the liberal prejudices of the audience or hide their meaning (if it is disturbing or controversial) under a mountain of allegory. In this self-imposed censorship, our dramatists demonstrate the most severe consequences of their alienation from intellectual discourse; for in our theater, as it is now constituted, there is little to stimulate the more ambitious playwright. Postwar American drama is stationary, and its fondness for formal experimentation (generally designed to obscure sentiment, banality, or sheer confusion) merely gives it an illusion of movement. America today has no theatrical *avant-garde*, only two dramatists worthy of note, and no one among the younger writers to ruffle a

few feathers with radical and exciting new ideas. The intellectual ferment provided in the past by O'Neill, Odets, and Lillian Hellman is practically nonexistent today, and our drama is daily growing more narrow and circumscribed, strangling itself in its own living-room.

#### COMING REFRESHMENT

Arthur Miller is the one American playwright with the ambition to write a mature drama which transcends the family crisis, the sexual conflict, and the individual psychosis; yet in his utterances about "the people" and "the common man" he sometimes sounds as if his social thinking has not yet progressed past the 'thirties. Since he is an artist with substantial gifts and a real affection for ideas, it seems a waste that some of his own plays should suffer from the very defects he observes in the plays of others; and it is very possible that these defects might have been avoided or overcome if there had been more opportunity for debate, conversation, and intercourse with his equals in the other disciplines.

I harp on these inter-disciplinary influences not just to make an academic point but because there is evidence that American drama may soon be refreshed from non-dramatic sources. The younger novelists of the 'fifties, whose work has such distinction and intelligence, are beginning to show some inclination to knock down the prevailing borders between literature and the drama. Norman Mailer and James Baldwin are both writing plays which are certain, in different ways, to be exciting and unusual; and Lillian Hellman and Lester Osterman are currently encouraging writers like Saul Bellow, Herbert Gold, and James Purdy to write plays as well.

If these writers can transfer to the stage some of the incisive knowledge of American life they display in their novels, if they can submit themselves to the fearfully difficult discipline of the dramatic form,\* and if producers can be found who will support their works without trying to commercialize them, we may soon have a substantial group of exciting and controversial playwrights. Even more, we may soon have a drama which will set new standards of honesty, intelligence, and excellence for our practicing playwrights, and which will turn the theater once again into a place—not just to be likable—but serious and profound.

\*Saul Bellow's excellent one-act play, "*The Wreck er*," certainly indicates that he already has a native feeling for and understanding of the drama.

# AMERICAN POETRY'S SILVER AGE

STANLEY KUNITZ

*An improbable dialogue in which  
the winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize  
for Poetry—a recognition which many poets  
felt was long overdue—charts the current  
landscape of American poetry from T. S. Eliot  
and Robert Frost to the Beat poets and  
defends the general level of quality  
as “higher today than ever before.”*

*(Imagine a college campus in the northeastern United States. The Poet, a nervous chain-smoker, who is concluding a ten-day visit as the guest of the English faculty, is sprawled, with his green bag of books half-emptied on the grass, under a twisted ginkgo tree. He is somewhat frayed, like his corduroy jacket. His manner is amiable but detached; an ironic formality is his mode of defense. The Young Man who approaches him seems relatively surer of himself, despite his near-sightedness and deferential manner. A slight pink fuzz adorns his chin.)*

YOUNG MAN: Pardon me, sir, but did you get a chance to read the manuscripts I left with you yesterday? I'm anxious to hear what you think. It's a lot to ask of you, I know.

POET: Not at all! I preferred the shorter poems, the ones where you didn't get too mythic. Here they are in my bag. I must apologize for spilling some coffee over your verse play, which I didn't have time to finish. It was careless of me.

YOUNG MAN: That's all right, sir. I've decided to ditch the play anyhow. It's the sequence of lyrics on Vedanta themes I particularly wanted you to read. Do you think I have talent?

POET (unenthusiastically): Yes.

YOUNG MAN: So you really think I'll be a poet!

POET: It doesn't follow as the night the day. Talent is cheap, you know. One of the attractive features of mediocrity is that you can count on it: mediocrity infallibly begets the mediocre. But you can never be sure what the gifted will do. So many of them go straight to hell. Talent without character is the worst kind of curse.

YOUNG MAN: I'm rather surprised—may I say?—to have you raise the moral issue. What about

Baudelaire? . . . and Poe? . . . and Byron? . . . and . . . and Genêt?

POET: I should have said moral stamina. The morality of art is to endure. It's the capacity to endure that I'm talking of.

YOUNG MAN: How do poets manage to live nowadays?

POET: Poets don't live: they get by.

YOUNG MAN: But certainly established poets must earn—

POET: They earn surprisingly little. I don't believe there are a dozen serious poets in this country, no matter how famous, who regularly earn as much as five hundred dollars a year from the sale of their poems. To bring in that much, a poet would have to dispose of—I mean sell, not give away to the little magazines—a thousand lines of his precious stuff at fifty cents a line, the standard rate of payment . . . and that's a lot of language!

YOUNG MAN: But a poet can do quite well with a book of poems, can't he?

POET: “Quite well,” even for a poet of acknowledged reputation—I don't mean Eliot or Auden—would be to sell out an edition of a thousand copies before it is rushed to the remainder counters. It's unlikely that 5 per cent of the books of contemporary verse issued by regular trade publishers—forget the vanity houses—sell over six hundred copies. A few poets, the ones who inevitably get into textbooks and anthologies, collect some modest additional fees for the permissions. It should be remarked as one of



the curiosities of literary life in America that while poets pine, anthologists prosper.

YOUNG MAN: I always thought that anthologies did poets a great service. We use one in our contemporary lit class, and it's introduced me to dozens of poets I never even heard about.

POET: And perhaps never will again. Anthologies are like wives that can't be lived with or without. Too often they seem to be compiled by men with an ear to the ground, which puts them in a bad position for doing their required homework. Moreover, they tend to perpetuate the kind of poem that is made up of the fashionable floating materials of a period. Some of our most distinguished poets have remained relatively obscure for years, even for decades, either through anthological caprice or simply because their work did not seem to lend itself to captivity in the standard zoos of the period.

YOUNG MAN: Are you referring to anybody in particular?

POET: Phelps Putnam and John Peale Bishop are examples of poets who were under-rated while they were alive. Putnam, in fact, is still relatively unknown. When H. D., who is responsible for creating the image of Imagism, was honored this year, most persons were astonished to learn that Hilda Doolittle was still extant. Laura Riding, the unconcessive sibyl from whom both Robert Graves and W. H. Auden took lessons in their secret craft, has disappeared into the out-of-print silences. We have a furious prophet in our midst named Edward Dahlberg, who gets the shabby treatment that prophets should expect. Open any popular anthology on your shelf and try to find what tribute is paid to Charles Olson or Kenneth Rexroth, who are potentates in their own right. Because of Robert Penn Warren the novelist, RPW the poet is dismissed into the shade. Yvor Winters, that vehemently entrenched formalist, has yet to enjoy his turn in the limelight—but wait till next year! Theodore Roethke, in one of his disguises a demon botanist, our Darwin in the greenhouse of the Id, is a latecomer to the anthologies, still inadequately represented. And then there is Jean Garrigue, with her baroque ecstasy:

*This day is not like that day.  
That was a day majestic with clouds,  
Barrows of fruit, ices, and birds,  
And in the pink stalls the melon,  
While the mango, magniloquent stem,  
Steepled him in baskets, Othello's green,  
And there were strawberries, the plums  
and the figs.  
This day is not.*

These poets I have mentioned—and how can I exclude J. V. Cunningham and John Berryman and Howard Nemerov from any list of the undervalued?—have a record of mature achievement. I am not talking of the fledglings.

YOUNG MAN: Speaking of fledglings, I wish you would give me a bit of advice. I'm planning to earn my living by teaching. That means I'll have to continue with my studies to acquire a Ph.D. Do you approve of a teaching career for poets?

POET: Your phrasing disturbs me. If you are a poet, poetry must be your career. It doesn't matter much what you do to hold your skin and bones together, so long as your psyche isn't utterly drained. I like to teach, but try to keep myself mobile, unattached to any specific community of scholars, disaffiliated in the current phrase. Above all what's essential is to keep the image of yourself as poet alive. The living poets one can admire have done precisely that: preserved the image in their mind and mirrored it in their art. All the other business of life, no matter how faithfully transacted, has been subordinated to that image.

YOUNG MAN: Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, T. S. Eliot. . . .

POET: Our Senators! Each over seventy—Frost is eighty-four—and fresher this very day than the downiest workshop graduate out of Iowa State. On the surface, Frost is the most orthodox member of the triumvirate, the one who seems to derive most directly from the familiar poetic tradition in English, which is essentially bucolic. The Industrial Revolution succeeded in changing the landscape (mostly by fouling it) overnight; but a hundred and fifty years, more or less, had to pass before it could produce a race of unqualifiedly urban poets. As a people we are still suspicious of this new breed of city poet, whom we profess not to understand, mainly because we find them too disturbing. Though Frost was not born in the New England countryside, he had the luck or the genius to become identified with it. His most successful work of the imagination is the legend he has created about himself. We tend to picture him at some rural crossroads as proprietor of the general store, dispensing his honest wares with a benevolent seasoning of colloquial salt.

YOUNG MAN: You seem to be implying that this homespun quality of his isn't quite genuine.

POET: Don't misunderstand me. It is no less genuine in him than it was in old Ben Franklin. I sometimes think that the American genius has historically had two natures and two poles—the





one idealistic, metaphysical, living in abstraction and pure reason; the other shrewd, practical, individualistic, even self-centered. Emerson and Franklin respectively embody these contradictions. Now Frost, who wins your confidence by insisting that he talks nothing but common sense, is the heir of Franklin, from whom he borrows Poor Richard's voice; but remember that Franklin himself was thoroughly a man of the world. Frost's mind is tough and undeceived. Its rather special brand of urbanity is what his art conceals:

*Some have relied on what they knew;  
Others on being simply true.  
What worked for them might work for you.*

*No memory of having starved  
Atones for later disregard,  
Or keeps the end from being hard.*

*Better to go down dignified  
With boughten friendship at your side  
Than none at all. Provide, provide!*

YOUNG MAN: Nearly everybody praises Frost, but I don't detect many signs of his influence.

POET: The young have found it easier to raid Eliot and Williams. For a long time, for more than three decades, in fact, you could scarcely pick up a poem by a young writer without overhearing somewhere in the background, however faintly echoed, the breathless, reiterative, suspended rhythm of Eliot:

*If the lost word is lost, if the spent  
word is spent  
If the unheard, unspoken  
Word is unspoken, unheard;  
Still is the unspoken word, the Word unheard,  
The Word without a word, the Word within  
The world and for the world;  
And the light shone in darkness and  
Against the Word the unstilled world  
still whirled  
About the centre of the silent Word.*

Paul Elmer More said of Emerson that he was "a kind of lay preacher to the world," and such is Eliot today, the last of the literary Brahmins, with the same kind of coldly nervous, eclectic, intellectual force as his predecessor, and with the same gift for writing memorable quotations. It was Eliot, with the help of his incorrigible brother-in-art Pound, who made a fashion in poetry out of irony, wit, indirection, allusiveness, and objectivity. You can see how the fashion persists by examining *The New Poets of England and America*, the quasi-official anthology of the poets under forty who belong, as of this date, to the literary establishment.

YOUNG MAN: Beat poets like Ginsberg and Corso, I've noticed, didn't make the grade for that collection. . . .

POET: Hold on there! I haven't finished with the seniors yet. The last of the triumvirate is William Carlos Williams, Bill Williams to countless friends and disciples. Others we think of primarily in terms of their art, but Williams, who has only recently retired from his general medical practice in Rutherford Park, New Jersey, moves in on us first as a human being, expansive, compassionate, and emancipated. This is the man whom Wallace Stevens once introduced as having "spent his life in rejecting the accepted sense of things." In his American lineage he goes back directly to Walt Whitman, but I don't think it's fanciful to recognize his kinship with the village atheist and Huck Finn and—earlier still—with Natty Bumppo, the stanchly resourceful hero of Cooper's tales of the frontier.

In at least a score of manifestoes Williams has announced his program of rejecting the clichés of "poetic" feeling and the pomp of a literary language, together with his pet aversion, the iambic foot. Poetry begins for him any day, on the local spot, in the common rhythms of American speech:

*Every day that I go out to my car  
I walk through a garden  
and wish often that Aristotle  
had gone on  
to a consideration of the dithyrambic  
poem—or that his notes had survived*

*Coarse grass mars the fine lawn  
as I look about right and left  
tic toe—  
And right and left the leaves  
upon the yearling peach grove along  
the slender stem*

*No rose is sure. Each is one rose  
and this, unlike another,  
opens flat, almost as a saucer without  
a cup. But it is a rose, rose  
pink. One can feel it turning slowly  
upon its thorny stem*

YOUNG MAN: That rose bothers me. I don't see how it fits into the scheme of a writer who rejects poetic clichés.

POET: Why? This is a real, honest-to-God rose, not one of those fake roses that the Romantic poets flung riotously about them when they weren't languishing among the pale lilies.

YOUNG MAN: You were saying about the Beat poets that—

POET: Was I? My recollection is that I was summing up my impressions of Frost, Eliot, and

Williams, whom you can't pluck out of the landscape without wrecking its contours. Incredibly, these are the figures—all born before 1880—who still dominate the scene—along with Stevens, whose reputation remains at zenith after his death; and Pound, the most sparkling of fountainheads (before the madness sullied him); and Marianne Moore, who made imaginary toads with real gardens in them; and—a bit later—E. E. Cummings, juggler and jongleur, the irrepressible one, whom the young have the habit of discovering every spring. What a generation of poets that was! Each name suggests so many others. I think, among the survivors, of Robinson Jeffers, who gave his heart to the hawks—a gesture temporarily out of favor; and of John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate, who somehow made of poetry a chivalric enterprise; and of Conrad Aiken and Archibald MacLeish, with their gift of indomitable eloquence.

How can one explain that no American poet since the turn of the century has been able thus far to create an equally recognizable public image of himself? The longest shadows are still cast by those poets whose fame dates from the 'twenties. Perhaps they were so strong and idiosyncratic that their immediate successors, like the children of domineering parents, found it difficult to assert themselves freely. Consider that the most influential new poet of the 'thirties was Auden; of the 'forties, Dylan Thomas. It was easier then for a British poet to sound original.

YOUNG MAN: I wish I had a better idea of what's going on in England right now. The only newer poets I've read are Peter Larkin and John Betjeman, and they're not so new. I remember some lines of Larkin's that go:

*No, I have never found  
The place where I could say  
This is my proper ground,  
Here I shall stay;  
Nor met that special one  
Who has an instant claim  
On everything I own  
Down to my name. . . .*

POET: A memorable diffidence! But I think most British verse today seems manufactured for domestic consumption. Auden and Thomas shipped better. Compare those Larkin lines with a stanza from a love poem by Theodore Roethke:

*I kiss her moving mouth,  
Her swart hilarious skin;  
She frolics like a beast;  
And I dance round and round,  
A fond and foolish man,  
And see and suffer myself  
In another being, at last.*

The American, you can see, risks more. He even risks making himself ridiculous. As for myself, being an American, I suppose I am committed to the violence within, as Stevens described it, that rises to oppose the violence without. I prefer a poetry that dares to fail.

YOUNG MAN: Would you suggest any other young poets for me to read?

POET: Any poet in his prime is a young one. Roethke, who is in his early fifties, has been heard to refer to himself as "the oldest younger poet" in America. He is some ten years older than Robert Lowell. After the elders, these are the voices that at this moment make themselves most singularly heard—I am not implying that they are the only ones to have written poems good enough to stand. Of the poets in their thirties, Richard Wilbur, with his hard grace is the first to establish an identity; but I can think of at least a dozen gifted others—W. S. Merwin and Louis Simpson and David Wagoner, and James Wright and W. D. Snodgrass, to begin with—who are impatiently waiting in the wings.

YOUNG MAN: I don't know what to think of Lowell's new book, *Life Studies*. Some of it seems to be in pretty bad taste . . . all that embarrassing family stuff. Do you like the poem called "Man and Wife?" It starts with a shocker:

*Tamed by Miltown, we lie on Mother's bed . . .*

POET: I don't have to like it: I'm moved by it. I have the sense, furthermore, of witnessing a preliminary breakthrough into the poetry of the next decade. It's conceivable that Lowell is here recapturing a good portion of the territory that poetry has for so long yielded to the novel:

*All night I've held your hand,  
as if you had  
a fourth time faced the kingdom of the mad—  
its hackneyed speech, its homicidal eye—  
and dragged me home alive. . . . Oh my Petite,  
clearest of all God's creatures, still  
all air and nerves:  
you were in your twenties, and I  
once hand on glass  
and heart in mouth,  
outdrank the Rahus in the heat  
of Greenwich Village, fainting at your feet—  
too boiled and shy  
and poker-faced to make a pass,  
while the shrill verve  
of your invective scorched the traditional South.*

*Now twelve years later, you turn your back.  
Sleepless, you hold  
your pillow to your hollows like a child;  
your old-fashioned tirade—  
loving, rapid, merciless—  
breaks like the Atlantic Ocean on my head.*



YOUNG MAN: You keep skirting round the Beat school—I wonder why. After all, they've made the biggest noise of any poets in our time. And their poems, it seems to me, are just as interesting in a confessional way as Lowell's.

POET: Noise isn't virtue. It isn't even reputation. How can one talk seriously about a "school" of poets? Poets don't run in packs. And confessions aren't to be confused with public rants and exhibitions. If we are going to bait academic poets—one of the most wholesome of literary sports—we might as well keep in mind that the Beat poets constitute the most clearly defined and most widely publicized "academy" in the American world of poetry today. Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* was an event of a kind, a rhetorical blockbuster, but the subsequent squeals and bleats have become something of a nuisance, as well as a bore.

YOUNG MAN: I had expected you to be more favorably disposed to experimental writing.

POET: I am. A writer is either experimental or dead. Most of the writers, however, who insist on labeling themselves as "experimental" are simply not very sure of themselves. Each literary generation requires the existence of an *avant-garde*, not because the latter are more advanced than the writers of reputation, or superior to them, but because the prevailing style of a period needs always to be resisted if it is not to grow lax, needs always to be modified to keep it supple.

Sometimes the nature of the resistance is in effect a backward look, but to a different set of ancestors from those venerated by the mandarins. This happens *not* to be a time of great innovation in poetic technique: it is rather a period in which the technical gains of past decades, particularly the 'twenties, are being tested and consolidated. At the moment, for the poets of the

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*"He is indeed one of the masters," a critic recently wrote of Stanley Kunitz, "and the publication of his Selected Poems 1928-1958 is an event of major importance for everyone who cares about art and human civilization in this country." Evidently this is not an altogether isolated judgment—in 1959, following publication of his collected work, Kunitz received both the Pulitzer Prize and one of the coveted two-year Ford Foundation Grants. But his career until now—graduation from Harvard, teaching English at Bennington and three other colleges, working with many young poets, editing the reference work called Twentieth Century Authors—has been away from the limelight and quietly dedicated. He lives with his wife, the painter Elise Asher, in Greenwich Village, New York.*

Resistance, Williams is the godfather and Pound the Grand Anarch.

YOUNG MAN: That's true for the Beat poets.

POET: It's equally true for their more obscure cousins, "The Black Mountain Boys"—I mean the group which was associated at first with the *Black Mountain Review* and, more recently, with Jonathan Williams' Jargon Books. You would have known more about them—such poets as Robert Creeley and Denise Levertov, for example—if they had created a scandal. They have a certain pride of craft and of separateness. And so does the New York Gallery Group, consisting of poets associated in one way or another with the abstract expressionist painters of the city—the dynamic center of the art world today. Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Koch, and John Ashbery among them write poems on occasion that are full of somersaults and Chinese firecrackers. Everything seems absurd—except that the game is being played in earnest.

YOUNG MAN: What I like about the new work is its spontaneity. When writing becomes too literary, don't we need improvisation?

POET: Creative spontaneity can become a convention too. Let me quote you an unfamiliar quatrain by Yeats:

*The friends that have it I do wrong  
When ever I remake a song,  
Should know what issue is at stake:  
It is myself that I remake.*

YOUNG MAN: But you were saying a few minutes ago that you like a poetry that takes risks.

POET: Yes, exactly. Self-indulgence, automatism, is an escape from the risk of art. The poem does not lie easy in the mind for the picking. It must be fought for intimately through long days and nights, mostly nights. The actual process of composition is a solitary journey to the other side of fatigue and consciousness. There would be no poems if poets did not have boldness, compulsions, cunning, science, and luck.

YOUNG MAN: Science seems a strange word for a poet to use in that context.

POET: Why? The mind of the scientist, exploring space and matter, is closely related to the mind of the poet, whose task is to explore inner space and the reality of things. Like the scientist the poet is enchanted with an expanding universe of knowledge; but he keeps insisting that the new data must be incorporated into a moral universe, the universe that poetry originally created as myth and is perpetually in the process of re-creating. "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?" asked Eliot. Poets who

blindly fight science are ignoring their commitment to the human ultimate. Ideally the mind of the poet is pulled in two ways at once: in one aspect, to the purity of the precision of mathematics; in the other, to the purity of the violence of love.

YOUNG MAN: Isn't it ironic, in the light of what you're saying, that the poet wins so little recognition today?

POET: No more ironic or absurd than most things that happen. Actually, the poet has some reason to be grateful that his work is practically worthless as a commodity. He is unassailed by conflicting standards of value. Unlike the novelist or the dramatist, he is privileged to be exempt from the pressure to modify the quality of his work in order to produce a piece of entertainment. Nothing he can do will make his work profitable. He might as well yield to the beautiful temptation to strive toward an absolute art.

YOUNG MAN: But why then does everybody complain about the state of poetry today? I often ask myself who reads poetry anyhow except for the poets themselves and a few young men and women like myself who are fools enough to want to become poets.

POET: Despite what I've said before, the audience is larger than you think, much larger than the cash register indicates. I've already mentioned the anthologies, in particular the paperbacks, that are devoured annually in the tens of thousands by our schools and colleges. Any librarian will tell you that books and periodicals of verse are in constant circulation. *Poetry* of Chicago, I hear, has doubled its subscription list in recent years. Furthermore, a published poet is sure to find friends of his work in almost any city in the country, and these readers of poetry are extraordinarily sympathetic and generous. The ordeal of the artist, of which we hear so much, is real enough, God knows, but so are his joys. The poets of my acquaintance are doing precisely what they want to do and what they believe they do best. Nobody had to twist their arms to make poets out of them. And there's something else to be said. Despite all the lamentations about the state of poetry in America today, the general level of quality, I dare say, is higher than it has ever been in our literary history. It isn't a Golden Age for several obvious reasons, including the absence of one or two monumental geniuses in their prime to concentrate the poetic energies of the age; but it may very well be a Silver Age. I don't envy the lot of the anthologist of the future when he tries to cut the lyrics representing this century down

to what he considers a reasonable number. My guess is—my wild guess, if you will—that only the Elizabethan Age will make a better showing.

YOUNG MAN: You don't say! It occurs to me that you haven't even mentioned Karl Shapiro and Delmore Schwartz, whom I should expect you to praise.

POET: My error! Nor have I mentioned three fine women poets—forgive that stupid category!—Louise Bogan, Leonie Adams, and Elizabeth Bishop. Nor Richard Eberhart and Randall Jarrell, some of whose work will not readily be forgotten. Nor the poets who are also masterful translators—what a blaze of activity there!—such as Robert Fitzgerald and Dudley Fitts and Richmond Lattimore and Horace Gregory and Rex-roth (whom I *did* mention) and Rolfe Humphries and John Ciardi. The very latest crop I'll have to leave to you and to their own destinies.

YOUNG MAN: One last question, sir. How do publishers feel about accepting a book of verse by a new poet?

POET: Frankly, they feel sick at the thought. But it should be noted that two or three years ago they felt worse. Some of the most successful trade publishers have not even considered it scandalous to admit they were disinclined to read *any* manuscripts of verse submitted to them; but recently there have been signs, on the part of several firms, of a re-examination of this policy of abdication. At the moment it would seem that the qualified young writer has his best chance for publication in years, what with the emergence of several bright and adventurous new firms, the growing interest of the university presses in poetry, the proliferation of paperback issues and chapbooks, and the availability of fresh grants and subsidies for this very purpose. Certainly the poet is making himself heard, literally heard, through readings and recordings as never before in modern times. Perhaps the spoken word is about to break down the barrier between the poet and his potential audience. And perhaps even the publishing fraternity is beginning to realize that poetry is the source, the seminal impulse, of all literature, the circumfluent air that gives all the arts of an epoch their weather. Without poetry there would be no literature, no civilization . . . and (to end with a dying fall) no publishers. I have no patience with the Midas-fingered who complain that poetry resists being turned into gold. It is better than gold.

YOUNG MAN: Thank you so much, sir, for all the nice things you've said about my manuscript. May I have it back, please?

POET: With pleasure.





# THE DELIGHTS OF LITERARY LECTURING

KINGSLEY AMIS

*The young English author of Lucky Jim, recently in America to teach for a year at Princeton, describes the odd, alcoholic world of the visiting literary lecturer—including a baffling platform encounter with Mr. Kerouac.*

Public lecturing in America is the perfect vehicle for that rich compound of vanity and greed which makes up the literary character. I say "in America" not because Americans are particularly devoted to the two qualities mentioned, but because in Britain, at least, neither of them will get much of an outing at this form of sport: "I'm sorry so few people have turned up," one is likely to be told, "but our Mr. Snodgrass is also lecturing tonight—on French cathedrals—with lantern slides," and again, "I'm sorry the fee is so tiny, but we find if we charge admission nobody turns up at all."

In America, under I know not what system of inducement or threat, enough people will turn up to tickle even a writer's vanity, and greed is abundantly satisfied. Instead of having to wait a couple of months for five pounds, the common fate in England, one will probably be given the check before the audience has finished assembling, and if by any chance payment should be deferred until afterwards a good reason will be forthcoming: in Washington, I seemed to gather, a compatriot of mine got his little envelope after the preludial dinner and was never seen again.

Conscious of having had either one martini too few or one too many (a finer literary judgment is needed here than most of us possess) the lecturer makes his way to the podium and does his stuff, imperturbable and trying to sound improvisatory with his dog-eared script, uneasily alert for any face in the audience that even slightly recalls anybody who may have heard him deliver the identical talk last week in a different part of the town. This phobia is perhaps an integral part of the academic neurosis, likely to afflict all who have had to go through the motions, year after year, of sounding sprightly about *The Mill on the Floss* or *Martin*

*Chuzzlewit* in front of undergraduate audiences; this year's lot look and behave so much like last year's lot that you can never quite convince yourself they are not the same lot. You need all your reasoning power for the reflection that nobody who has had to take two runs at the Freshman Novel Program (as it might be called in this country) is in danger of recognizing a supposed epigram however often it might be repeated.

But to abandon thoughts of home: our literary lecturer in America will meet, if he has been at all conscientious in preparing his remarks, a polite and attentive reception. The only man who ever made faces at me while I was holding forth turned out to be an official of Her Majesty's Government, which I was mildly denouncing at the time; they were mild faces too. Even that potentially dreadful aftermath, the question period, will generally slip harmlessly by without intervention from the aggressively well-informed or even the plain madman. Those well-tested life belts—asking for a 250-word question to be repeated, answering it with a monosyllable, breaking into uncontrollable laughter, etc.—can be left unused.

My one major error (the only one I know of, anyway) was committed when I gave an address at a well-known university in Philadelphia. Exhausted by the ceaseless search for wit, I had decided to abandon trying to tell jokes and deliver instead what was conceived as a hideously sophisticated joke in action: a long, humorless, pseudo-academic diatribe on the comic spirit recited absolutely deadpan by a supposed comic writer. As I recall—and one does not recall these



things well, being concerned only to maintain continuity and aplomb, for all the world like somebody who has had too much to drink—as I recall it went down rather badly, except for a reference to vomiting which laid a single undergraduate in the aisle. But retribution was swift: during the postludial party at the fraternity house somebody stole my script, which naturally, having a living to earn, I had been intending to run off elsewhere a few weeks later. I see now, of course, that the right way to interpret the felony was as (a) a blow against authority, to be welcomed as such, and (b) a second joke in action, a good deal more pointed and economical than my own. But I thought differently then.

**I**t must have been vanity rather than greed which induced me to appear on a kind of public panel in a playhouse in New York: the topic, *Is There a Beat Generation?* My colleagues were Mr. James Wechsler, the editor of the *New York Post*, Mr. Ashley Montagu, the anthropologist, and Mr. Jack Kerouac, who as they say needs no introduction. At the preludial dinner it was explained that Mr. Kerouac was very nice, perfectly charming in fact, provided he was convinced that those present were on his side, felt sympathetic to him, in short *liked him*. I said I saw what was meant. Over in the theater we encountered Mr. Kerouac, conservatively attired in giant's-chessboard shirt, black jeans, and pigskin ankle boots. With hand on hip he piped to me, "Hallo, my dear" (I did need a haircut at the time, admittedly) and said to Mr. Montagu, "I saw you on the Jack Paar show. You didn't have anything new to say."

Having thus variously put the pair of us at our ease, he crossed to the backstage piano without giving us the chance to tell him how much we liked him. Then, seating himself at the instrument, he began a version of the dear old "Warsaw Concerto," but broke off every now and then to appear before the photographers. When he did this he weaved and bobbed rather as if about to start what we squares used to call jitterbugging. The "Warsaw Concerto" gave place at one stage to a boogie-woogie left hand, but was resumed after an interval when no boogie-woogie right hand was forthcoming.

Though Mr. Wechsler had still not arrived, some sort of gesture toward getting started was obviously called for. We trooped onto the stage and huge high-pitched enthusiasm arose from certain sections of the audience, a salute intended not for Mr. Montagu or me, I recognized sadly, but for Mr. Kerouac, who responded with more

weaves, bobs, and a chimpanzee-shuffle or two. After some determinedly sedate remarks from the chair, Mr. Kerouac arose for what we all thought was understood to be a ten-minute stint. During it, a stocky figure with overcoat thrown open entered at the back of the hall and made its way on to the stage; no beatnik anarchist, as I had begun to fear, but Mr. Wechsler, in pretty good shape after a three-day editorial crisis and soon disabused of the idea that I was Mr. Montagu. Mr. Kerouac was talking about a swinging group of new American boys intent on life, forecasting the appointment of a beat Secretary of State, and saluting Humphrey Bogart, Laurel and Hardy, and Popeye as ancestral beats. Half an hour or so later he said he would read his poem on Harpo Marx. The texture of his discourse did not change. Throughout it seemed to illustrate the theme of the symposium rather than actually expound it.

Next there was me. Then there was Mr. Wechsler, who performed the considerable feat of advocating political commitment in terms that were both rational and free of cliché. Right at the start of it Mr. Kerouac muttered, "I can't stand this activist crap," and, wearing Mr. Wechsler's hat, began a somnambulistic pacing of the stage, occasionally breaking off to wave balletically at the photographers in the wings. He went on doing this while Mr. Montagu's ironies flew above the beat sections of the audience.

Finally there was "discussion." Mr. Kerouac accused Mr. Wechsler, very inaccurately, of having said a lot about what he didn't believe in and nothing about what he did believe in. Mr. Wechsler gamely responded with a capsule version of positive views. Mr. Kerouac leaned on the podium and said, "Admit it, Wechsler, you came here tonight determined to hate me." It was clear that none of us had managed to convince him that we liked him.

Disengaging myself from a 250-pound brunette who had leaped onto the stage to assure me that, contrary to my apparent belief, there was a beat generation, I followed the others out, reflecting that Mr. Kerouac's performance had acted as a useful supplement to his novels in demonstrating how little spontaneity has to do with talking off the top of the head. I also wondered, and still do, just what it is that people anywhere in the world get out of attending discussions or lectures by literary persons. For the majority, I imagine, one might as well speak in Choctaw; the visual appeal is what counts. For all his evident casualness, Mr. Kerouac was shrewd enough to have grasped that.

# LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO ENTER PUBLISHING

ANONYMOUS

*Some frank reflections on what the  
American publishing business is about,  
by a young editor who has observed it  
impatiently for several years  
(and insists on remaining nameless).*

**Y**ou want to go into publishing because you love good books and would like to help produce them. Fine. You are entering an extremely intricate business whose ways will take you years to learn. I can only outline for you some of our present confusion.

Perhaps the first thing you should know about is the curious attitude of the American reader. There are plenty of experts around who will prove to you that he doesn't like to spend much money on good books; that he would rather have bad books when he buys at all; that he prefers sporting equipment, drive-in movies, and television to either. For instance, Mr. Edward Weeks in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

*If I had to guess I should say that there are about one million discriminating readers in this country today and what disturbs me as an editor is that this number has not increased with the population; it has not increased appreciably since 1920. What has increased is the public appetite for comic books, for murder mysteries, for sex, for sadism.*

If you want some statistics, here are some from that excellent source, the *London Economist*:

*Even before television, Americans had not acquired the habit of reading good books. It has been estimated that since 1946, spending on books and maps has declined from 15 to only 10 per cent of total outlays on recreation.*

If you are not convinced, here is an even blacker view. It comes from Mr. John Unterecker, an English instructor at Columbia who recently examined the publishing business for John Wain's *Literary Annual*:

*The average American spends almost precisely the same amount of money on household stationery as he does on books. In 1956, the average man spent five times as much on radio, television, musical instruments, and records as he did on books and*

*more than twice as much on "non-durable toys." . . .*

*The American by and large prefers to books his daily newspaper which he reads quite carefully, picture magazines such as Life and Look which can reach respectively an adult audience of 32,100,000 and 27,000,000, and the Reader's Digest which is read each month by 34,950,000 Americans over ten years of age.*

*The typical American regards reading as work and prefers in his free hours to be distracted by entertainments which range from hell-fire revival meetings through professional sports contests, to drive-in motion pictures, and for winter nights, television and radio. . . .*

If typical Americans regard reading as work, the publishers have at least some idea of the untypical who regard it as a pleasure. As Mr. Dan Lacy of the American Book Publishers Council recently put it:

*The basic nature of the trade-book audience is well known; it is largely urban; somewhat more women than men buy books; a dominant proportion of the reading public is in the higher professional and economic brackets; perhaps about 2 per cent of the people account for a vital percentage of trade-book purchases.*

Who is to blame? Mr. Unterecker thinks, and not unreasonably, that some of the fault lies with the public schools who make literature "dull, difficult, and painful—dull, because it is made available only if it is harmless or has been rendered harmless by unmerciful bowdlerizing; difficult and painful because the student reads so little that he never really learns to read at all." In four years of English, he points out, the normal high-school student is required to read *no more than a dozen books*; and these are too





seldom taught in a way that will outmatch the appeal of the omnipresent comic books or the Mickey Spillane mysteries that pass around the locker-rooms.

#### ELUSIVE OPULENCE

**I**t would seem, wouldn't it, that you are headed for the wrong business? Perhaps you'd best go over to the personnel department at CBS. In fact, however, the publishing business has not been quite so bad as Mr. Unterecker might lead you to think. The men who run the publishing companies tend to complain about their troubles together but you may well find them doing it at their large country houses in the hills of Westchester or while touring rather grandly through the Italian hill towns.

It is only fair to say, however, that you can't expect such opulence yourself for a long while, if at all. As a matter of fact, you'll often find that a good deal of it was acquired when taxes were low and that somewhere in the background lies an inheritance or a family business more profitable than publishing. And frankly, it wouldn't hurt a bit if you had something of the sort in your *own* background. The American publishing industry, as the *Economist* recently commented, "still treats editorial positions rather like lieutenancies in an eighteenth-century army."

One reason it can is that there seem to be plenty of bright young men like yourself with MA's in English literature—or, simply, friends and relatives in publishing houses—who are willing to start work at about eighty dollars a week. I know of a young editor at a respected and profitable old house who put in an intensive first year during which he read hundreds of manuscripts, lured several promising young author friends to his publisher's list, and supervised the publication of books in which his bosses had invested hundreds of thousands of dollars. Finally he was able to report to his wife that he'd been given a raise—to \$90.50 a week.\*

It is not surprising that young editors, reading surveys like Mr. Unterecker's, scraping along on less income than the waiters who serve up their

*\*Like so many of the young men who go into publishing he had thought of editing as mostly a matter of fiction. He found, as do most editors, that much of his work involved finding, encouraging, and editing books of political reportage, biography, history, popular psychology, and other kinds of non-fiction. In ten years, incidentally, he can expect to make \$7,500 to \$10,000. The top editors in the business make more than \$20,000 a year.*

expense-account lunches, brood and wonder if publishers are supposed to turn a profit at all. At first glance it seems impossible. The fact is—and it is one of the least understood facts of the trade—that the *average hard-cover book published in this country doesn't sell enough copies to repay the publisher's investment in it*. In its recent survey of the American book industry, the London *Economist* noted that "The publisher who sells three to four thousand copies of a book is fortunate if he recovers his out-of-pocket costs even on a relatively expensive book. . . . And the chart of a publisher's sales is likely to show a plateau at or below the 4,000 mark." Furthermore the publisher's production costs—for paper, printing, and overhead—have doubled since 1940, but the prices of books have risen less than 70 per cent.

#### STRATEGY FOR SURVIVAL

**W**hat must the publisher do to survive? He has, you'll find, several strategies which, if shrewdly followed, can make publishing profitable.

(1) He tries to find and promote books which will leap beyond the average and have large sales. If he succeeds it can make an enormous difference to his company: St. Martin's Press, one of the smaller New York houses, was able nearly to *triple* its income the year it published a best seller called *Anatomy of a Murder*. But forecasting the public appeal of a book is a fearfully tricky thing to do, especially if it is a more or less serious book for the general reader by an author not widely known. It was perhaps not difficult for the publishers to predict that *'Twixt Twelve and Twenty*, the "helpful talks to teenagers" by Mr. Pat Boone, would be a national best seller. But most publishers were surprised by the extraordinary sales of *Lolita* and *Dr. Zhivago*; and, just recently, Jacques Barzun's *House of Intellect*, published in a modest first printing, became an immediate best seller. (Publishers, you'll find, are more often surprised than they let on.)

Look at some of the explanations reported to *Publishers' Weekly* this year for good book sales: Among the "greatest single helps" in selling their books, publishers mentioned ads and reviews in the *New York Times*; "publicity on such TV shows as 'Today'"; "merchandising kits" and "display racks" and circulars mailed directly to readers. One publisher said: "The best sales aid continues to be an intelligent reviewer in a strong medium—however there are fewer and



fewer intelligent reviews in strong and weak media."\* All of these publishers could well have been right, and yet each of the "helps" has *often* failed dismally, sometimes at great cost. Word-of-mouth recommendations by readers who have *read* the books undoubtedly play a crucial role and publishers continually puzzle over how they can get people to talk about their books.

But the fact is that the publishers know far too little about American readers and they have much less direct contact with them than they should. Other industries, richer and more concentrated, have worked out elaborate techniques (a) for sampling the public's desires, (b) for effective advertising in *many* media, and (c) for merchandising in stores. The hard-cover publishing industry is weak in all three departments, especially the last. It is split up among hundreds of competing publishers who must operate at a low margin and have small budgets for advertising and research\*\*; it must distribute chiefly through a few thousand widely scattered and frequently inefficient bookstores which serve far too few people.

Depressingly enough, there were more bookstores operating in the U. S. in the late 19th century than there are today, although the population has more than doubled. A publisher's *secret* estimate of the number of bookstores which stock a strong representation of the lists of the major publishers and do a reasonable job of selling *might* go as high as 300; probably it will be nearer 100, including the comparatively well-run chains of stores owned by Doubleday and

\*See Elizabeth Hardwick's article on "The Decline of Book Reviewing" on page 138.

\*\*It is not that the publishers are niggardly; for each dollar of sales, they spend twenty times as much on advertising as the auto industry. Their problem is that, unlike the auto and other industries, they must advertise as many as 80 new and quite different products a year. The individual budgets are so low that advertising on television and radio, for instance, has seldom been possible, although in the last year a few big publishers have been planning to advertise such potential best sellers as encyclopedias and cook-books on radio and television. Recently it has become apparent that a careful plug for a likely book on a popular television program can make all the difference. After Mr. Alexander King appeared on the Jack Paar show, the sales of his book called *Nine Enemy Grows Older* jumped from 15,000 to 100,000. Now a new publishing company largely composed of television celebrities has been formed and the partners Groucho Marx and Art Linkletter among them—claim an audience of 50 million a week. Some publishers are watching its progress with considerable alarm.

Brentano. Of course publishers sympathize with the genteel book-lovers who set up small stores with inadequate capital in hopeless locations. But too often the whole situation results in a costly overproduction of books people don't see, know about, or want to buy. Overproduction is one of the publisher's nightmares—another is the number of readers who walk the streets and might buy all kinds of books if only they passed a good bookstore; but they don't.

In the last few years some of the trade publishers have been trying both to teach the retail trade to sell effectively and also to get in closer touch with the public itself by mailing circulars listing books to potential readers. These and other rather complex efforts by publishers to be businesslike seem mildly promising—although the trade has yet to come to grips with the shortage of good outlets. My point is: if you can't work up interest in these questions, you'd better stay away from publishing. If you don't learn a good deal about the problems of those who must design, advertise, and sell the books, everybody suffers, *especially* the author.\*

#### TEMPTATION FOR THE MEDIOCRE

(2) Whatever his luck in bookstores, the publisher can still hope to sell his books to one of the large book clubs, sharing the royalties equally with the author. (The clubs generally rent the original plates and print their own editions.) Over five million people are obliged by their club membership to buy several books through the mail each year. In 1958 they bought 64.8 million books—more than twice the 28.2 million adult books sold in bookstores and by direct mail. Without their proceeds from book clubs—and also from sale of reprint rights which I'll discuss later—most publishers of general books could not survive.

By far the largest of the clubs is the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club which has some two and a half million members and has been known to guarantee as much as \$100,000 in royalties against future sales of a condensed book (which appears with several others in a one-volume edition). The Book-of-the-Month Club (with nearly 500,000 members) and the Literary

\*Some authors may indeed be grateful for your ability to make sensible suggestions about their books, and help shape them, and this will be a crucial part of your work. But whether they need such help or not, all authors will depend on you to represent their books to the publishing world and the readers in the way that will find them the widest market and make the most money.

Guild (about 600,000 members) can each regularly guarantee \$20,000 to \$40,000 against expected sales—no small sum in the publishing business. After these “Big Three,” the dozens of book clubs decline in size and potential sales; nevertheless, publishers of highbrow books are very grateful for selection by the small Reader’s Subscription, which can sell three or four thousand copies of a book and retrieve its costs.

The *Economist* estimates that, in general, “the quality of the book-club selections sticks dismally close to the lowest common denominator.” Certainly this charge does not apply to a number of the smaller clubs like the Reader’s Subscription, the Mid-Century Book Society, and the History Book Club, or to the more fortunate choices of the Book-of-the-Month Club; but most editors would agree privately that it is true for too many selections of the big clubs. These have brought much money to the publishers but they have *not* made up for the shortage of good bookstores; instead they have, in general, circulated a very limited selection of mediocre books to very large numbers of people.

(3) One of the best—and least compromising—publishing strategies is to develop a profitable backlist of books which will keep selling from year to year. As the *Economist* puts it:

*Every publisher cherishes his staples; his Bibles, his dictionaries, his cookery books. Between 12,000 and 13,000 books are brought out each year but the annual catalogue of books in print has almost ten times as many listings . . . the backlist accounts for half the annual business of the industry and it provides some publishers with as much as three-quarters of their business.*

There is no telling what kind of book may keep selling over the years: medieval histories and apparently obscure novels may do far better than books which were best sellers in their day. Fresh from the university, you should be aware of two especially important staples: textbooks and juvenile books. The publishing industry knows its demography; it has delighted in putting out millions of textbooks for the large numbers of children born during the war and postwar years, some of whom are now entering college. And contrary to all predictions, the dreary fantasy of television seems to have driven many small children back to books instead of away from them forever. The juvenile book business is thriving\* (a classic like Dutton’s *The World of Pooh* sold some 200,000 copies last year) and,

*\*In 1958, 32.8 million juvenile books costing more than a dollar were sold—as compared with 16.8 million in 1952.*

although they may not advertise the fact, several of the most distinguished New York publishers depend heavily on juveniles for their profits. It is even conceivable—or so the publishers pray—that the children will survive both puberty and their high-school education and go on reading when they grow up.

I’ll say no more about these traditional ways of turning a publishing dollar—or about the other fundamentals of the business I’ve not mentioned: movie and television rights (which are *not* very valuable), libraries, agents, mysteries, mail order, and remainder houses, to name a few. Each involves a complicated commercial world in which you’ll probably have to find your way, and I wish you luck. Instead, I’d ask you to consider a fourth strategy publishers use to make money, which, I suggest, is one of the most important for you to think about—the Paperback Phenomenon.

#### THE LURID AND THE EXCELLENT

**I**n 1958, 258 million paperback books for adults were sold as compared with 28.2 million hard-cover adult “trade books”—i.e. books of general interest sold in bookstores (as distinguished from texts, technical works, etc.). Most of the paperbacks were reprints from hard-cover books and the royalties, split equally between the original publisher and the author, were an important source of income to both. As the decline in the sales of hard-cover novels over the last ten years makes clear, the public now prefers its fiction in paperbacks; when considering a work of fiction by an unknown author, the publisher must usually reckon on losing money if he cannot arrange a reprint—or a book-club—sale. But, beyond that, the enormous predominance of paperback over hard-cover sales has been forcing hard-cover publishers to reconsider many of their old assumptions: How important *are* hard covers on books?

Certainly many publishers and writers on American culture have scarcely known what to make of the Paperback Phenomenon. Mr. Weeks, for instance, acknowledges that the general level of paperbacks has improved since the days when the racks were crowded with “lurid, large-bosomed beauties” but it seems to him “regrettable after one hundred years of public education that we have produced such a demand for the lowest common denominator of emotionalism.” On the other hand, Mr. Peter Drucker, the well known business consultant and expert on the American future, recently said of paperbacks that





there had been a "great shift in their public market and content: history, foreign affairs, art, and religion are rapidly becoming staples."

If Mr. Drucker and Mr. Weeks seem to disagree, don't let it bother you; it is just the sort of dispute about worthiness that one finds in the publishing business. Neither of these busy men, I suspect, has actually counted down the list of more than 6,000 paperbacks and ticked off the good, innocuous, and bad, and neither have I. Nor, incidentally, has our old friend Mr. Unterecker, but *he* does have something to say about the Paperback Phenomenon which you should consider carefully:

*America now has 1,200 bookstores selling [a representative selection of] hard cover books. But in the last twenty years paperback booksellers have increased in number from several dozen to, early in 1958, just under 100,000. These 100,000 outlets—newsstands, soda fountains, department stores, bus and railroad terminals—make it possible for the publishers to print*

*immense editions. Not all these editions are of good books (7,277,000 copies of Grace Metalious's sex-larded *Peyton Place* are now in print) but many of the paperbacks are excellent.*

*And more important, good, bad, and indifferent, the soft-cover books are gradually swinging the non-reading American into the habit of reading. Because he feels, I think for the first time, that the book is somehow not sacred. Literature, that terrible and dull thing which he had been forced in high school to read far too slowly and which he had been made to respect as something a little out of his reach, becomes, on a drugstore display rack, almost as attractive in its garish, enticing cover as Life, Look, or Reader's Digest. And because it costs very little more than those publications it becomes . . . something that can be used and thrown away. If he doesn't respect literature, he often discovers—to his surprise—that he likes it.*

*Books consequently which no one in his right mind would have considered publishing in editions of over 3,000 copies in hard covers suddenly, as paperbacks, find a [large] audience.*

*It is this new audience for books and its developing reading habits, therefore, which seem to me ultimately responsible for some of the growing trends in American writing and publishing. No writer or publisher can now ignore this audience and everybody is feeling out rather carefully its interests.*

Mr. Unterecker is rather more optimistic this time and I think he is right to be, although, as you note, he does not go into the fascinating (if not frightening) question of how well many of these books, especially the "excellent" ones are *read*. And unfortunately he does not go on and discuss the significant differences between Cheap and Quality Paperbacks:

*Cheap paperbacks* sold from those ubiquitous wire display racks, are published mainly by some half-dozen large, independent reprint houses (New American Library, Bantam, Pocket, Fawcett, Dell, etc.). The average first printing of the books is about 150,000-175,000 copies, and the royalty on a 25-cent book will start at a penny and mount along with sales. Wartime editions for servicemen helped to establish the format and create the public appeal for these books; until the early 'fifties, nine out of ten were fiction, and although some excellent titles got into print the business relied on a hard core of Westerns, mysteries, and sexy thrillers. Since then a clean-up movement has taken place and although the hard core is still there, some of the paperback publishers have found that the classics, modern psychology, anthropology, reprints of good novels, and innocuous light books can at least compete profitably with the tortured blondes. But if they have been converted to the classics and to the salability of Freud, Jane Austen, Ruth Benedict, and Salinger, they are still slow to put out *recent*

books, especially non-fiction. For the present, at least, sales of cheap paperbacks seem to have reached a plateau of about 250 million a year.

*Quality paperbacks* are an altogether different story. They were introduced in America as recently as 1953 by a young man at Doubleday and Company, the largest hard-bound publisher of all. Incorporating some of the features of the English "Penguins," he issued a line of firmly bound, nicely covered, paperbacked reprints called Anchor Books which were published for about a dollar in printings of about 20,000 at a royalty of 6 to 7½ per cent, and were supposed to appeal to college students and their teachers, in particular, and to eggheads in general. Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station*, David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, and A. E. Taylor's *Socrates* were some of the first titles, and the trend has been for the books to be more specialized and abstruse, rather than less.

Doubleday was able to draw on its own large stock of titles for some of the Anchor Books, but for others they bought the rights from competing publishers. The publishing trade soon observed that the books were selling out in the college bookstores. Within two years a half-dozen New York publishers had entered the field with Anchor-like editions of their own and today there are literally dozens of quality paperback imprints which have issued some 2,000 titles; last year their sales reached some eight million copies—far less than the 28.2 million hard-cover trade books sold to adults but impressive considering that six years ago none were sold at all, and that demand is steadily increasing.

#### COHEN AT VERSAILLES

**T**he quality paperback boom has proved much more durable than many publishers had thought—some of the original skeptics have now introduced lines of their own. At small colleges the books have in effect made possible the sale of general books where only textbooks were once sold, while at Harvard the average student is buying twenty paperbacks a year. Many young people seem to have become impatient with hard-cover books; at Columbia the bookstore clerks found that the paperbound edition of a book of scientific philosophy was out-selling the hardbound edition four to one, *at the same price*. Increasingly the books are moving off campuses into big-city outlets and even into some of the magazine stands that carry cheap paperbacks. The publishers are aware that the current college generation is becoming used to

quality paperbacks. Nevertheless they tend to worry. The field is crowded: they remember that after the war the cheap paperback field included imprints such as Eagle Books, Pony Books, and Bart House which are long extinct. And they wonder how many highbrow books of history, art, philosophy, science, religion, etc. are *left* which will be suitable for wide distribution. No doubt it is admirable that Rudolph Carnap's difficult *Meaning and Necessity* (Phoenix) and Maud Bodkin's *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry* (Vintage) are now available to the student at low prices; but what, the publishers are wondering, lies beyond Carnap and Bodkin? How will it all end?

The most striking suggestion of how it might all end came last spring in a speech delivered to a group of publishers by Arthur A. Cohen, the founder and president of Meridian Books, a company which publishes mainly quality paperbacks, over 140 of them, including Jung, E. M. Forster, Baudelaire, Robert M. Hutchins, and Mary McCarthy.

*"The thesis to which I will address myself,"* Cohen began, *"is that paperback publishing seems destined to obliterate cloth trade publishing as we presently know it."*

In saying this to the hard-cover publishers, Cohen was somewhat in the position of a Jacobin announcing his program on the steps of Versailles; the argument he made in this speech and in subsequent memos is too long to quote to you in full but it deserves your attention.

The great trouble with the quality paperbacks, Cohen said, is that the publishers were seduced by the success of the original Anchor Books formula and assumed there must be some necessary connection between scholarly books of profound—not to say ponderous—significance and the quality paperback binding. In recent years the formula has become harder and harder to follow: "The mediocre book is now made to masquerade as definitive; it has become increasingly common for a minor work by a major author to be advertised in reverse—the name large and the title small."

And for Cohen this has been a great mistake. Far from being limited to the original highbrow formula, he thinks that the quality paperback format presents an opportunity to publish *many* kinds of books, at low prices, for very diverse audiences. The potential buyers of new novels, biographies, and other popular books, have, he points out, just as much difficulty buying hard-cover books on their salaries as do the students, teachers, artists, and intellectuals who have



bought so many scholarly and "difficult" quality paperbacks.

The quality paperbacks, Cohen insists, are not tied to subject matter. The important things about them are these: Their production is simpler and cheaper; they have more outlets; the accounting, processing, shipping, merchandising involved in their publication all lend themselves to money-saving mechanization; and the capital and time saved allowed for the development of a "more imaginative editorial program."

Certainly a number of publishers are now edging away from the original Anchor formula: Viking's Compass Books and Grosset's Universal Library are reprinting some modern novels and popular books. Macmillan is launching a poet's series; Anchor and Harper's Torchbooks are introducing extensive programs of publishing in the sciences; Grove's Evergreen—which has already published many excellent works of modern fiction in paperbacks—will do a series on contemporary art; Cohen's firm will soon issue "Meridian Fiction"—"reprints directed at those who think there is something between Spillane and Lermontov"—as well as a history text series and a paperback magazine edited by Saul Bellow.

But the question still remains whether *new* books of general interest can be published originally in paperbacks. Since the difference between the cost of producing a quality paperback book and a hard-cover book is small, it is often necessary to sell three or four times as many paperback books in order to make a profit at the lower price. How can so many *unfamiliar* paperback titles be sold—competing as they must with reprints of famous books—without the benefit both of advertising and the displays and helpful salesmen one finds in bookstores? And with a price so low and sales so unsure how can the publisher provide the author with a decent royalty, or his book with effective promotion?

THESE and other questions have made many old-line publishers—some of whom have large investments in their hard-cover inventories—very doubtful of Cohen's vision of the future. As of now, they point out, it would be impossible to launch profitably most serious new books in paperbacks alone. And they note that attempts to put out new books in *both* hard covers and paper have not been highly successful.

But Cohen is confident that distribution and production of the books will improve—that answers can be worked out. In not much longer than a decade, he thinks, "most if not all popular fiction will appear in higher-priced paper covers."

*Something new will be devised [he wrote recently]. There will be a shake-up and a shaking out; staid and tired publishers will succumb or merge; new publishers will rise and new techniques of communicating cheaply will be explored. The demise of anything ineffective, cumbersome, and unprofitable can only be a boon—particularly when our ability to communicate is at stake.*

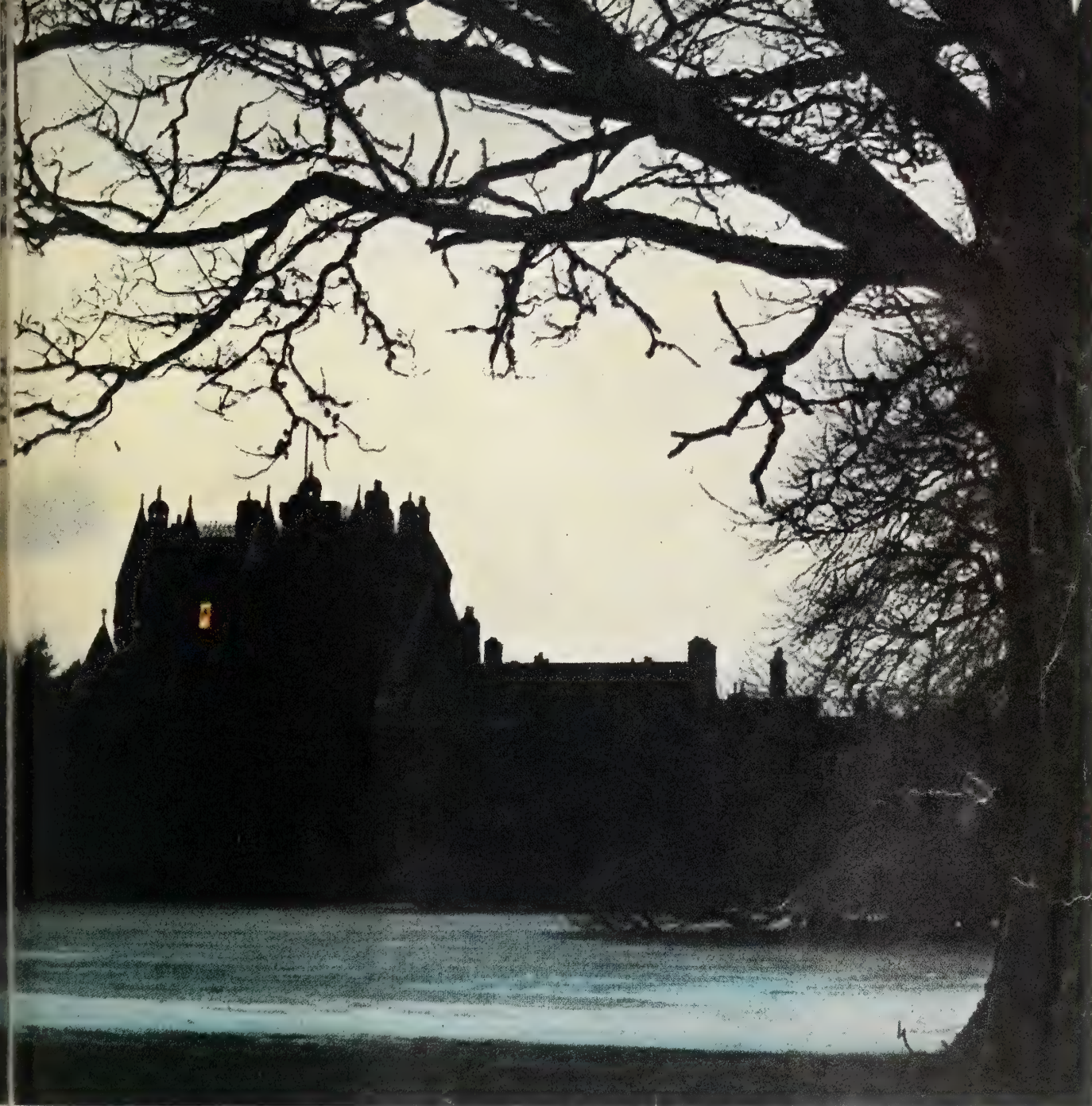
Whatever the outcome of this controversy, it seems to me a healthy one because, in one way or another, it might lead to a wider and more profitable distribution of good books. In any case, it brings me to a final point: Publishing *can* be a bitter war between editors who love books and businessmen who love only money—but if you are lucky, it should not be.

If you could peer into the minds of the stockholders and senior partners who ultimately control publishing policy, you could probably make—as Hiram Haydn recently did—a rough division into three groups: (1) those who are willing to publish little more than "titillating rubbish" in order to clear a high and sure profit; (2) those who publish *only* books which meet their very high standards of taste—usually (although not inevitably) at considerable loss of their wealthy family's capital; and (3) that large group of publishers who like to think of themselves as practicing the honorable profession of profitably publishing decent books for a variety of audiences, including some work of real distinction.

You'll soon be aware of the jolly hypocrisy, the fat-mindedness and the belief-in-one's-own-bookjackets that can abound in the upper levels of the publishing business; but in fact while most of the leading publishers do publish for profit each year a number of books which they wouldn't boast about at parties, they are, to their credit, often willing to issue several books of poetry each year at a loss; to take long risks on writers they—or their senior editors—believe are talented; to put out books on public questions as a public service. And when such books succeed they are pleased indeed. They would be glad to publish more, and to concentrate more attention on them, *if* ways could be found to sell more of them to more people.

As I've tried to suggest to you, the ways that now exist to diffuse books in this swiftly changing, rich, and increasingly educated society are laggard and far from ideal; the challenge to you now is not only to pursue excellence—although that is certainly the most exciting part of the publishing business—but to find better ways to give excellence a wider and more profitable chance to be known.





*Glamis Castle in Scotland is haunted by a nameless red-headed giant.*

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TALK to the people of Scrapfaggot Green in Essex. They will tell you a witch's sprite that was set loose by J. S. bulldozer. It tolled the church bell and caused chickens to drown themselves in water butts.

Meet the Londoners who run the Priory Lane Theatre. Their peripatetic troupe appeared to a packed house—and it

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# Harper's

magazine



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Is It Judge Crater's Body?

A New Clue To A Famous Disappearance

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The Next Election Is Already Rigged

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Direct Distance Dialing is an example of the value of unified research, manufacture and operations

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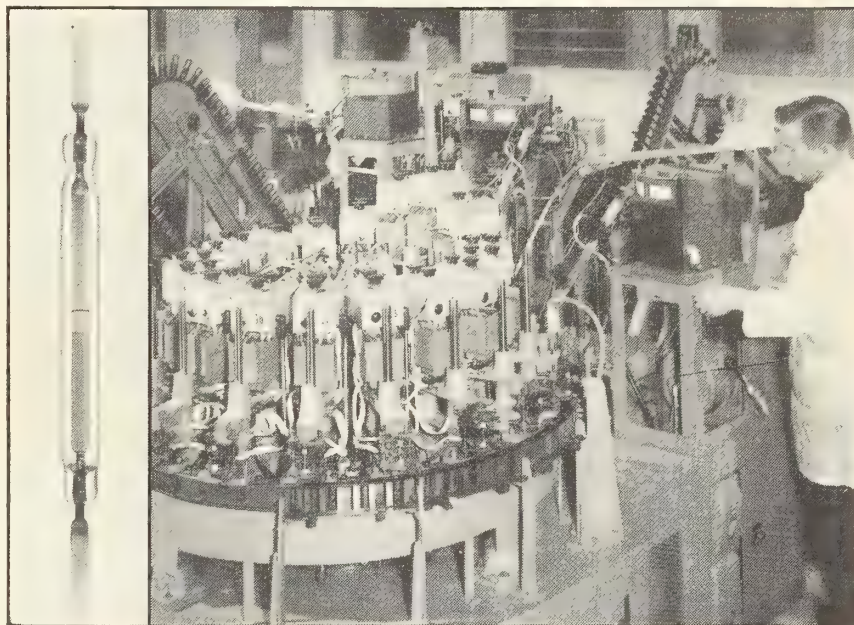
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**EXAMPLE OF TEAMWORK.** At left is new fast-moving switch (actual size) used in Direct Distance Dialing. Many of them go into action automatically every time you dial. Enclosed in gas-filled glass tubes to assure perfect contacts. Made to last 40 years. The result of Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric working together to get the best and most economical design. At right is remarkable new machine, designed by Western Electric, which automatically assembles 360 switches an hour at a very small cost.

more. Millions of others can dial direct over shorter out-of-town distances. Calls as far as 3000 miles away go through in seconds.

All of this didn't just happen. It called for years of intensive planning, the invention of wholly new machines and equipment, and the development of new operating and accounting techniques.

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Eroica  
Symphony  
ton Symphony  
Munch

**BEETHOVEN**  
Pastoral  
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ton Symphony  
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Kondrashin  
conductor

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Monteux

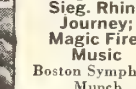
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49. **MOZART**  
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Boston Symphony  
Munch

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Concerto 1  
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Burlesque  
Janis, pianist  
Chicago Sym.  
Reiner

\*24. **TCHAIKOVSKY**  
Concerto in D  
Heifetz, violinist  
Chicago Sym.  
Reiner



39. **TCHAIKOVSKY**  
Romeo and  
Juliet AND  
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da Rimini  
Boston Sym. Munch

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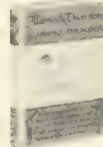
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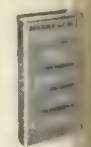
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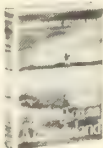
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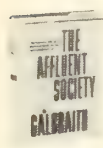
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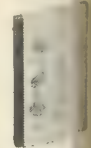
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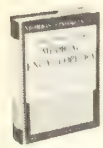
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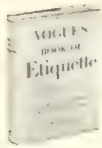
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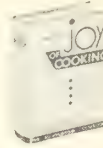
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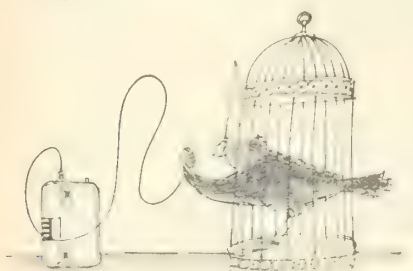


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# LETTERS

## Two Views of the Reviews

*The correspondence that follows was prompted by Elizabeth Hardwick's article in the special supplement, "Writing in America," which appeared in October.*

DEAR MISS HARDWICK:

Your article, "The Decline of Book Reviewing," startled me. I have pondered on the lonely situation of one, like yourself, who lives so apart from the common reader. In these circumstances your sympathy with the plight of the ordinary folk who read our national book-review media is surprising. You observe, in the process of warming up for your onslaught on the *New York Times Book Review* and its editor: "There come to mind all those high-school English teachers, those faithful librarians and booksellers, those trusting suburbanites, those bright young men and women in the provinces, all those who believe in the judgment of the *Times* and who need its direction." As one in the business of distributing books, I'm heartened by this concern of yours for the faithful, the trusting, and the (provincial) bright.

While most of my associates in publishing would agree with you in condemning critical toleration of second-rate writing, many of your observations indicate a basic lack of understanding of the function of editors of general book-review media.

To give an example, you imply that the *New York Times Book Review* might well model itself on the pattern of the *Times Literary Supplement* of London. But you overlook the difference between the audiences for these publications; the former is part of a newspaper with a circulation of over one and one-third millions, the latter is an independent periodical with a circulation of just over 45,000. Surely the editor's function cannot be similar in these two cases. The editor of the *New York Times Book Review* is bound to give his large audience news about books as well as critical comment. The same observation applies to the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* and, to a lesser extent because of its smaller circulation, to the *Saturday Review*.

It strikes me that you tend to be wide-eyed about British reviewers. That many of them write sharply and well is apparent, but you seem unaware of the amount of literary logrolling and in-

trigue that goes on in London review circles—to an extent unmatched in this country. And haven't you observed that reviews of important fiction in British newspapers are often so brief as to amount to little more than passing comments?

You do make a valid point when you say that in England the important books are reviewed by people of literary standing, but when you indicate that this is in sharp contrast to American practice I cannot agree. Your observation, "I don't pick up the *Sunday Times* to find out what Mr. Smith [meaning the ordinary man] thinks of, for instance, *Dr. Zhivago*," strikes me as a literary snobism that shows a bland detachment from what goes on. For it so happens that *Dr. Zhivago* was reviewed in the *Times* by Marc Slonim, a leading authority on Russian literature, and in the *Tribune* by Bertram D. Wolfe, a first-class scholar who has devoted his life to the study of Russian political and literary affairs.

When you castigate book-review editors and reviewers, whose names you do not so freely, you sometimes belittle them without bothering to let the reader know your specific reasons for doing so. In the case of Orville Prescott, for example, you simply observe that he might be a casualty of speed. This hardly strikes me as penetrating criticism, unless you are suggesting that daily book reviewing, which the ordinary book reader finds so useful, be discontinued.

Why are you so relatively kind about the effort made by *Harper's* and other general magazines to review current books? You do remark on the "often awkward and variable results" and intimate that this observation applies to the whole content of such magazines, but your really enthusiastic contempt is reserved for the national book-review media. What you fail to realize is that if the editor of the *New York Times Book Review* ignored the news value of books and failed to provide coverage, especially in the non-fiction field, the newspaper supplement would go out of existence and with it the opportunity for print literary criticism which reaches a very large audience.

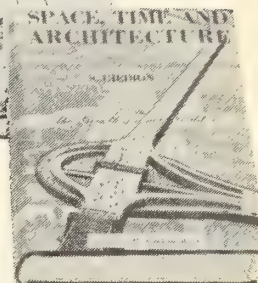
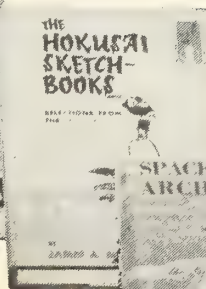
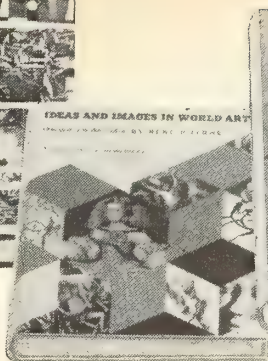
Sincerely yours,

CASS CANFIELD

Chairman of the Executive Committee  
Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

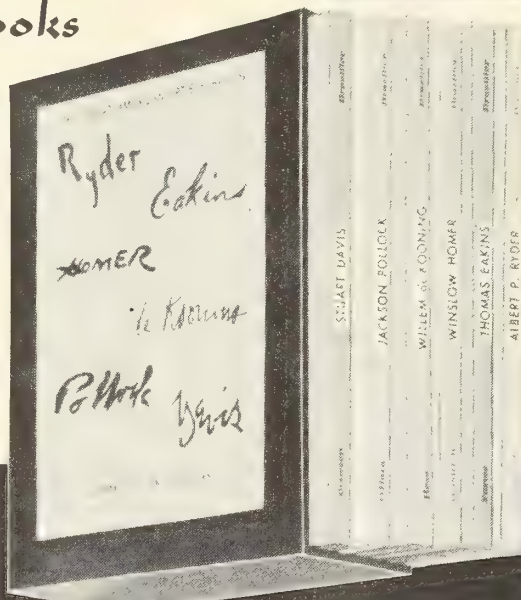
I am not much stirred by Mr. Canfield's reassurances and my own feelings of disaffection continue unabated. There appears to be a certain eagerness on Mr. Canfield's part to dissociate him-



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## LETTERS

from disloyal opinion and a readiness to imply that he carries the common reader along with him. I have no doubt he does. I see no special reason at the present time to trust the common reader, the common publisher, or the common book-reviewing publications.

However, in reply to the letter. First of all, I discussed only the *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Saturday Review* because they are almost entirely read for their book reviews. Other magazines publish reviews incidentally or, in some cases, importantly, but they are not exclusively offered to public attention upon the strength of their reviews. I feel reviewing is the function of the three publications I discussed in my article. Mr. Canfield, on the other hand, sometimes seems to suggest that they are in some sense trade journals, giving out news and information about the publishing business and offering reviews as a bonus. He is more quick to explain their defects than to insist upon their virtues. But I think the *Times*, for instance, means to publish book reviews. I doubt that the bland, relaxed product is a matter of policy, necessary because of wide circulation. Wide circulation has not inhibited the seriousness of news reporting and comment, for instance. More likely, the superficiality and dullness are things that have just happened. Like the softness of middle age that appears, stays on until it seems natural—and no one minds so long as we feel all right.

I am aware of the limitations of English book reviewers. They are often pallid and over-refined. And I confess myself fascinated by accusations of intrigue and logrolling among the reviewers and editors. If this exists, perhaps it is the natural struggle for power where something of importance to society is at stake. Our own amiability does not give me the impression of high morality. Instead it is like the polite, impersonal stare of a cashier who takes in the money without being much affected in her private life by whether the bill is large or small.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK  
Boston, Mass.

### Architects and Adjectives

TO THE EDITORS:

No one has pronounced the benediction nor written the epitaph to the glass box so eloquently as Robin Boyd ["The Counter-revolution in Architecture," September]. I congratulate him on his service to mankind.

EDWARD DURRELL STONE  
New York, N. Y.

In his penetrating comments on the "world-wide architectural mess" Robin Boyd uses the word "exciting" or vari-

ants twenty-six times. In a quick review of some 400 pages of architectural sketches covering eight countries and a thousand years, the word did not show up once. Persian buildings prior to the tenth century are described by contemporaries as of "surpassing beauty," and "exquisite design and craftsmanship" as "magnificently ornamented." Later historians speak of architecture of grandeur, dignity, and power, of majestic splendor, and magnificence, of sovereign harmony and studied proportions. I read of buildings that are solemn, noble, and deeply moving, of refinement and ordered grace, that yield the purest beauty. Other structures we are told are lavishly elegant, exuberant, bursting with vitality. Quite as often we hear of monuments that are sturdy, massive, grand, providing a deep sense of fulfillment and repose, of elevation of spirit, but not just excitement.

Is excitement, favorite word of the moment, used monotonously to describe vacation resorts, books, movies, food, women's clothes, painting, and architecture, an adequate ideal? Excitement is a chronic demand of the immature, the inert and vacant, and often a symptom of neurosis.

Children used to find banging a tin can with a big spoon quite exciting, but some of them now seem to find no satisfying excitement in mutual slaughter or the murder of parents. Mere excitement leads to fatigue, boredom, cynicism. It can be used to justify an enthusiastic verbal welcome for such fake infantilisms as Corbusier's chateau at Ronchamp [September *Harper's* 45]; perhaps the architectural mess might be alleviated by a revival of the more enduring values that have been inherent in the great architecture of all times and places.

ARTHUR UPHAM PIERCE  
Warren, Conn.

### Forests and Highways

TO THE EDITORS:

Robert and Leona Rienow ["We Spoil the Adirondacks?" October] were of the Northway as if it were merely an inspiration of the road-building industry but they neglect to tell your readers that it would serve many vacationers, whether skiers, hunters, fishermen, mountain climbers, or bird-watchers. They suggest that it would transform the countryside in an horrendous manner but do not note that no commercial establishments, gas stations, or billboards will be permitted along its length. The Northway will compare in beauty with the Taconic Parkway. To be sure, the Northway will help industrial development at either end, outside the Adirondack Park.



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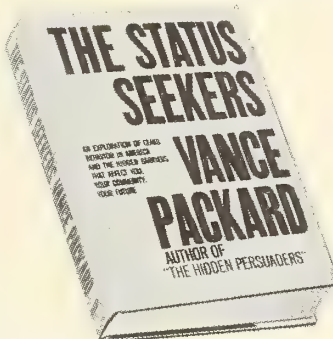
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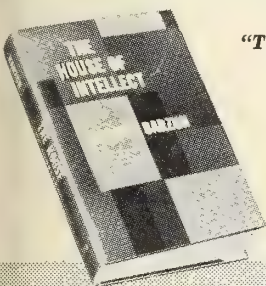
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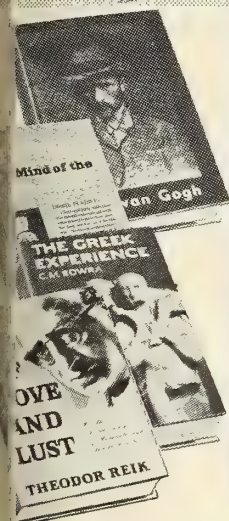
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by Norman V. Petersen

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The Northway has been reviewed and approved twice by the state legislature. Many hearings have been held in Albany and elsewhere at which the extreme conservationists have appeared in opposition. The Northway route has been studied and approved by the Conservation Department, which is charged with protecting the Forest Preserve area; by Lithgow Osborne, former Conservation Commissioner; by Horace M. Albright, director of the National Park Service, and other prominent conservationists.

An exhaustive study is now being made by Conservation Commissioner Harold Wilni and another by the Joint Legislative Committee on Natural Resources, on how best to enhance the enjoyment of wilderness areas by the people of this and other states. I am a member of the Advisory Committee on the legislative study and I can assure you that the emphasis in planning for the future is to protect and not to despoil.

The Rienows say the Northway would "intrude" on the banks of the famed Schroon River. They neglect to mention that there are already roads along much of this river. They neglect to mention that approximately 250 acres of Forest Preserve are needed out of 2,500,000 acres in the whole Preserve, or about a hundredth of one per cent of the Preserve would be taken. Furthermore, the land that is needed for the Northway is in small scattered parcels and is comprised almost wholly of scrub forest. The Rienows say that I sparked the Adirondack Northway. I am chairman of the Northway Committee, but the Northway was first proposed by Assemblyman James FitzPatrick of Plattsburg and it has been supported by both Governors Harriman and Rockefeller as well as by their conservation commissioners and by many organizations which are devoted to preserving the beauty of this mountain area.

I have also favored studies to see whether some sections of the Adirondack park should be zoned as wilderness areas with no outboard motors, no planes permitted on lakes or ponds, and no roads into these waterways. I have thought that other areas where we now have state campsites might support more in view of the tremendous growth of interest in outdoor recreation. I have thought that we should stringently limit billboards within Adirondack villages (billboards are already banned on state highways within the Park).

The Rienows say they favor a Champlain route for the Northway. It too would run through the Adirondack State Park and one could make an equally valid argument against the Champlain or the Schroon Lake route—if you are against superhighways. They do, how-

ever, make it far easier and safer to reach destinations and, as planned, the Northway would be one of the most beautiful in the country.

ROGER W. TUNNEY

Pub., Adirondack Daily Enterprise  
Saranac Lake, N.Y.

## Beleaguered Sports Car

TO THE EDITORS:

Bravo for Janet Agle's episode with the motorized bathtubs of Europe ["Come Back Detroit, All is Forgive" September]. I too have suffered a traumatic experience. Unfortunately I still find myself looking at new models in showroom windows like a child in front of a candy store. The proven antidote is simple: borrow a friend's sports car for a week.

JERRY TREMA  
Spokane, W.A.

If Miss Agle wants to yield to what is evidently an underlying streak of Herbie Hokinson conventionalism, that is her choice. She is, however, giving up a piece of remarkably fine and responsive road machinery that has handling qualities unequalled by any conventional automobile, in exchange for a piece of transportation equipment that is as uninteresting as it is dependable. . . .

WELLES A. GIBSON  
Albany, N.Y.

## Tomorrow's Policemen

TO THE EDITORS:

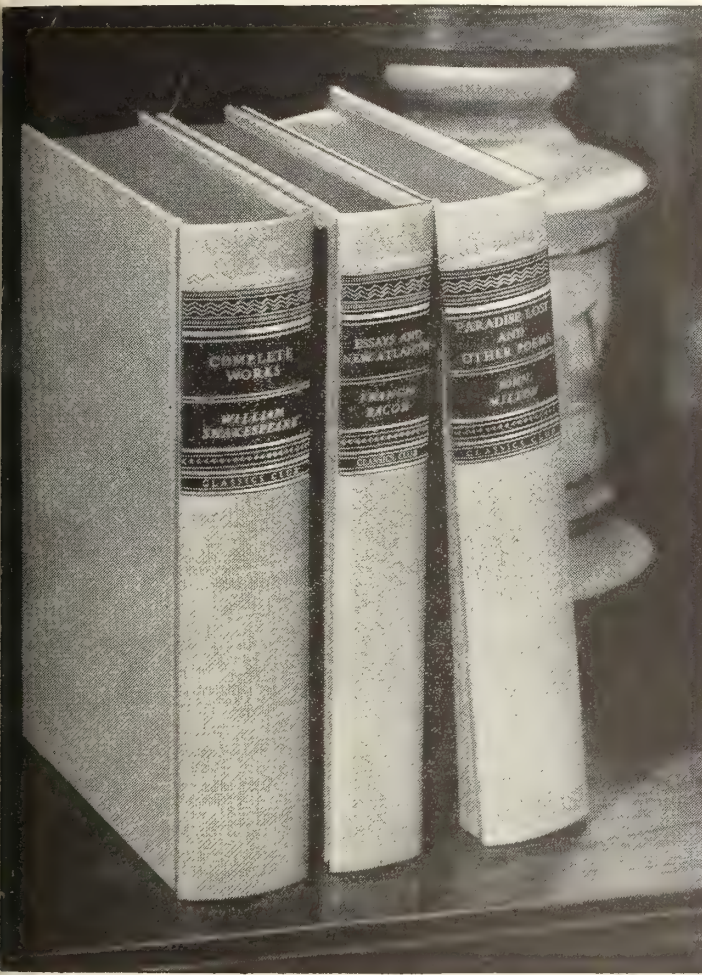
In "Why Handle Criminals with Iron Gloves?" [September] Alan Barth concludes that "... the policeman's lot can hardly ever be a happy one." . . .

This is an attitude I cannot accept. The policeman's lot can be a happy one if he is given an opportunity to understand it. Policemen do work in an area of conflict, amidst pressures from all sides; they do work among the failures of our society and deal, day after day, with the most unpleasant aberrations among us. But much the same can be said of the medical profession, of teachers, of ministers, and, in fact, of a career which presents a genuine challenge. . . . Balancing the demands of order and personal freedom can be made the salvation of our personal liberty. If the best qualified of our youth too can be persuaded to go into police work as a career, we will have the best of manpower where it is most needed—the daily firing line of the ever hot war to preserve our way of life from destruction from within.

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As a new academic field, education for law enforcement has been faced with problems, not the least of which is acquisition of qualified faculties. . . . The qualifications of those of us who teach in such programs should be of concern to citizen leaders in every state.

RICHARD A. MYREN  
Dept. of Police Administration  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, Indiana

## Politics in the West

TO THE EDITORS:

Arthur A. Engel ["Paul Ziffren," September] paints Mr. Ziffren as a wily magician but it wasn't entirely his magic that overwhelmed the Republicans in California; the latter helped immeasurably in their own throat-cutting.

No dedicated, doorbell-ringing Democrat influenced ME in voting for the Brown-Engel combine; the brazen pact between the Knucklehead Twins Knight and Knowland infuriated me to the point where I voted for Democrats for the first time in my life.

Later I polled half-a-dozen of my friends (female) (Republican) and found they had all independently reached the same decision. . . .

HELEN M. TOPHAM  
Tiburon, Calif.

Ziffren is a remarkable man who has earned himself an important niche in California Democratic politics. However, he is not entitled to the credit for the formation of the Democratic club movement which came into being as a result of the Asilomar Conference, held in Monterey county on the heels of the Stevenson defeat, in January 1953.

Many of our clubs go back as long as fifty years, or more; the vast majority, however, came into being in the wake of the spirited Kefauver-Brown-Stevenson contest in California during the Presidential year of 1952. And the gentleman who was mainly responsible for

lending impetus and encouragement to the organization of Democratic clubs and the resultant California Democratic Council, is State Senator George Miller, Jr., then the Chairman of the Democratic party in California.

The comment that the Democratic clubs "are still unrecognized by the duly constituted party organization" is substantiated by author Engel's own statement that Governor Brown supported, and, in turn, is supported by the movement.

GEORGE L. RICHARDS  
Organizational Chairman  
Asilomar Conference, 1953  
Rolling Hills, California

Consensus of the many people queried attributed the present stature of the CDC mainly to Ziffren. My article was a profile of an individual politician emerging to national attention, not a skirmish-by-skirmish history of the CDC. Had it been, I would have reported the services of founding principals such as George Miller, Jr. and Alan Cranston. The clubs have no state-wide charter although in a few counties local units are chartered by the county Democratic organization. Governor Brown's acceptance of CDC support does not give them any more "official" status than, say, the Elks Club of Cucamonga which backed him.

ARTHUR A. ENGEL  
Los Angeles, California

## Arias in Esperanto

TO THE EDITORS:

Discus' ["Music in the Round," September] picture of the opera buff clutching his little flashlight and trying to keep one eye on his libretto, the other on the stage, and both ears on the music is both absurd and revolting.

Opera in English may be a sop to people too lazy to master all the languages in which opera is written, but are all translations of plays, novels, etc. What is so holy or mysterious about opera that it alone resists translation?

Opera in the language of its hearer rather than the language of its composer is admittedly a compromise, but so is the effort to understand what is happening on stage by dint of peeks or memories of a libretto. The former compromise is preferred almost everywhere except in the United States.

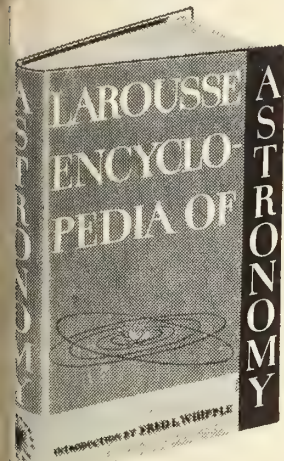
As a matter of good business would it not be better if some record company issued a series of well-sung, well-recorded, and well-translated operas in English? They might have a larger market than any one suspects.

LAURENCE B. JOHNSON  
Bordentown, N. J.

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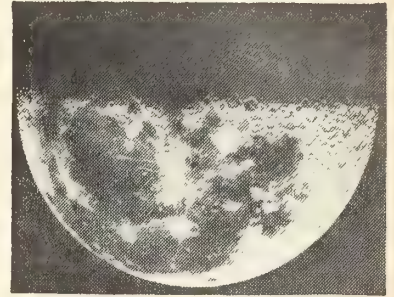
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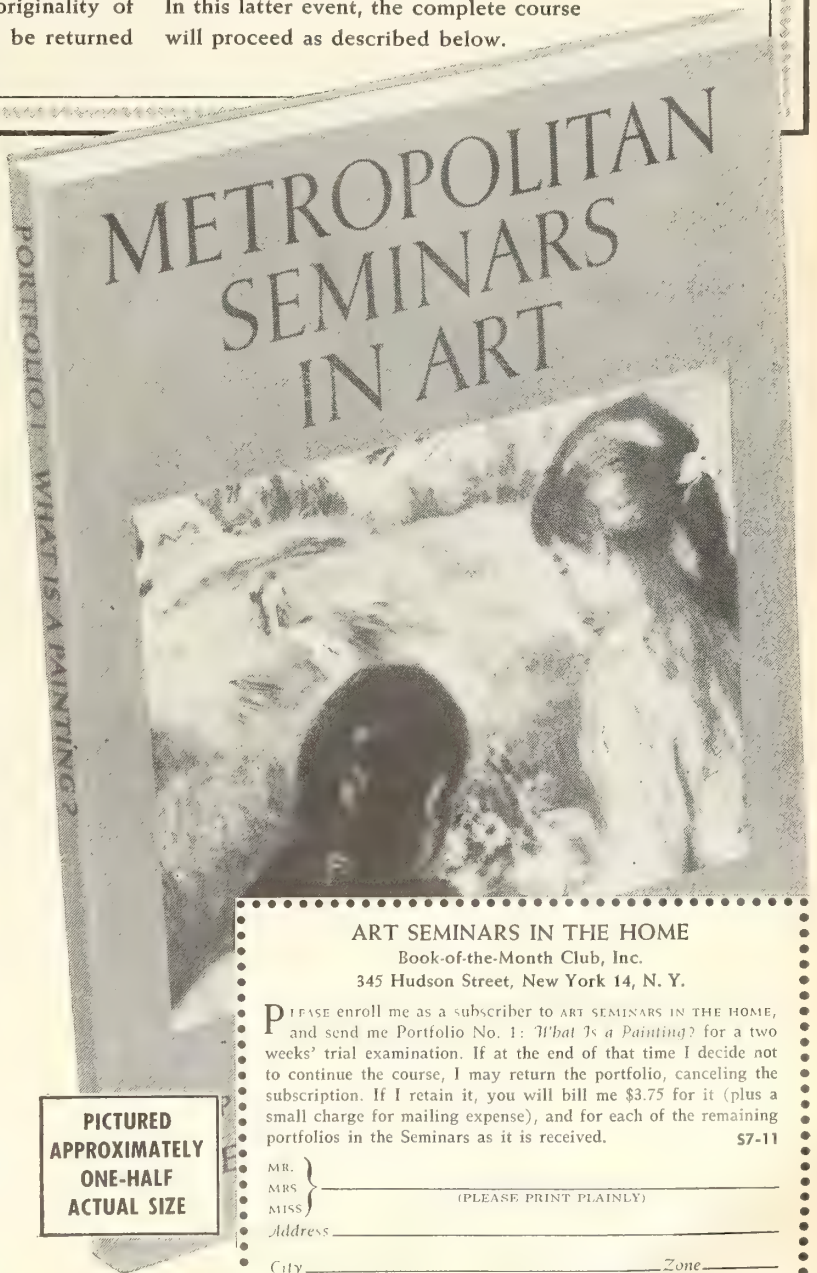
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JOHN FISCHER

# *the editor's* EASY CHAIR

## The City That Hid Itself: An Archaeological Mystery Story

**SAMOTHRACE** To get to this island, you first have to find the *Holy Virgin of Samothrace*. She usually turns up about twice a week along the waterfront of Alexandroupolis, a dusty little fishing port in the far corner of Greece, close to the Turkish border. She is a kind of seagoing omnibus, and if you can squeeze yourself onto the deck among the wool bales, sacks of charcoal, melons, chickens, children, and barefoot women, she will carry you to Samothrace in about four hours. When a herd of goats is aboard, the best seat is upwind on the coil of mooring rope in the bow.

The *Holy Virgin* will stop, on request, at almost any spot along the island's shore. If you want to land at Palaeopolis, as I did, a couple of crewmen will row you to the rocky beach. There, if you have the favor of the Nikolaides clan, a charming young man named Ulysses will be waiting to carry your bags through the surf. He is the member of the family who speaks English, and he will lead you up the trail to their guest house, which is Samothrace's only approximation to a hotel.

It isn't really in Palaeopolis, but on the opposite side of a gulch which once guarded the western wall of the Old City. In fact, nobody lives in Palaeopolis now, and visitors are rare. Few tourists come to this remote stretch of the Mediterranean, and few of those ever heard of the Old City or the curious story of its disappearance.

But for a thousand years it was one of the great tourist centers of the world. Maybe it was the first. Some ancient historians thought that the people who "sprung from the soil" of this island were the earliest in Greece. The Great Gods of Samothrace probably were being worshiped here long before anybody ever heard

of Zeus or Apollo, and certainly were still venerated after those Olympian upstarts had been forsaken.

Their shrine drew the pious in multitudes, as Jerusalem and Lourdes do today. Pilgrims came from as far as Syria, Egypt, and Rome, and their trade and their offerings made the city rich. (Among them was the Emperor Hadrian, himself worshiped as a god, and St. Paul, who was spreading the word of a new, subversive deity.) You can get some idea of the old splendor of Samothrace from the Winged Victory in the Louvre; it was one of many statues which adorned the sanctuary of the Great Gods.

This sanctuary was almost a little town itself—a cluster of shrines, monuments, treasure houses, souvenir shops, and priestly halls, mostly of imported marble. It lay outside the ramparts of Palaeopolis, in a wooded valley between the west gate of the city and the ridge where the Nikolaides house now stands. Such a holy spot, its founders thought, needed no protection except that of the Gods.

The city proper, nourished by its tourist trade, grew powerful as well as rich. In its heyday, some six hundred years before Christ, perhaps 75,000 people lived on the craggy headland which rises above the sanctuary and juts northward to the sea. They were sheltered behind a wall twenty feet thick, in which some stones weigh many tons—a wall so strong that miles of it still stand in spite of unnumbered sieges and earthquakes. Their navy dominated the strategic sea lanes to the Dardanelles. Their palaces could offer entertainment suitable for the wealthiest of kings; it was here, for example, that Philip of Macedonia met and wooed the princess—also a visitor to the holy sanctuary—who became the mother of Alexander the Great.

It is not unusual for such a city to vanish. Many cities in this part of the world, once just as proud and strong, are only mounds of rubble today. What is peculiar is the manner of its disappearance. For Palaeopolis was not razed by conquerors, like Pella and Corinth, nor wiped out by disease, like Paestum. It simply went into hiding. In the end its people got so frightened and discouraged that they ran away—abandoning their homes and shops and churches—and took refuge in a secret valley about four miles into the hills.

Their descendants—some three thousand of them—are hiding there yet. Until a couple of years ago, they refused even to build a road to their village. When they finally decided that a road would not necessarily be a dangerous invitation to invading strangers, they did not aim it toward the Old City, but to another spot on the coast where the *Holy Virgin* can tie up at a dock. Many of them still seem to have misgivings about this innovation, and the beat-up truck (the only car on the island) which it ac-





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dips, winds, climbs from the silken beaches of Sorrento to Amalfi. South is Palermo, Sicily. You drive the Conca d'Oro (golden shell) to the Cathedral of Monreale and its famed 12th century mosaics.



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commodates. When they venture out of their valley, they usually go on foot or mule-back, by way of obscure and breakneck paths.

Not that they have much of anywhere to go. Their village, which they call Chora, is the one surviving remnant of a great and graceful civilization. A few scattered farms and hamlets are the only other habitations on Samothrace.

Exactly what happened to Palaeopolis is still something of a mystery. But the main clues are now beginning to emerge—thanks to a handful of archaeologist-detectives, most of them Americans. The story they are uncovering may have a certain melancholy interest for people who live in confident cities elsewhere.

**I**T BEGAN more than three thousand years ago, when the prehistoric men who then lived here discovered an outcropping of colored porphyry beside a little stream on the north side of the island. They decided that these rocks were sacred—probably because their red, blue, green, and gray mottling was different from anything they had ever seen, and prettier. Besides, chunks of magnetic iron ore were scattered around the neighborhood; and they obviously contained some sort of magic. Reasonably enough, these primitive people figured that an earthy deity—the Mother of the Rocks—lurked somewhere about, and was showing her power through these odd manifestations. It was only prudent to offer her sacrifices; and so the porphyry boulders became a group of altars.

Apparently it wasn't long before some bright young man decided to set himself up in the priest business—a profession more dignified and less strenuous than hunting and fishing. Probably he simply announced that the Goddess had informed him in a vision that he enjoyed her special confidence, and that from now on he should supervise the sacrifices on her sacred rocks.

The next logical step was to build a crude stone enclosure around the holy spot, so that nobody could approach it without making a payment—or votive offering—to the priest. (Its lower courses are still in place.) In time, as the fame of the sanctuary spread and as it acquired more priests and worshipers, they built shrines above first one of the sacred boulders and then another. Eventually, after the Greeks had arrived and adopted the local cult—in addition to their own gods—the whole glade was filled with splendid buildings.

And as the years rolled past, the ritual naturally became more elaborate. The Goddess acquired a spouse—Kadmilos, a fertility god whose demeanor would now be considered rude—plus a couple of attendant young demons known as Kabeiroi. She also seemed to have a pair of senior underworld assistants, Axiokersos and

Axiokersa. Together these divinities were called the Great Gods, and their rites were conducted in an ancient language, probably Thracian in origin. It persisted for centuries after the original inhabitants had been absorbed by the Greeks—in much the same way that Latin has survived in church services today.

By the time the religion had reached its full flower, it was giving the pilgrims who swarmed here good value for their money. They were initiated into the Mystery Cult of the Great Gods by means of an awesome ceremonial—complete with torchlight processions, a ritual drama, libations, sacrifices, oracles, oaths of secrecy, and perhaps a baptism with blood. It was a uniquely democratic order, open to everybody—a wealthy Roman and his slaves were once accepted in the same rite—but it had two degrees. The higher apparently was open only to people of sterling moral character, and even they had to confess their sins before admission.\* Initiates of both degrees, however, were awarded valuable talismans—a sacred purple sash, to be worn around the waist as a protection against shipwreck, and a finger ring of magnetic iron to bring good fortune.

When these produced the expected results, the communicant showed a proper gratitude. If they failed, this was plain evidence that he had not been living right, or perhaps had been too stingy with his offerings. In either case, the renown and riches of the gods increased.

The Nike Fountain, for instance, probably was the thank offering of a naval commander whom the Great Gods had helped in battle. Its square, stone-lined niche is cut into the hillside above the sanctuary. The floor was a basin of rippled marble, fed with water by a terra-cotta pipe which still leads from a now-vanished spring on the slope above. Out of this little pool rose the marble prow of a warship, and on it—as if she had just alighted—stood the Winged Victory, looking over the shining colonnades of the temples toward the sea. The prevailing north wind molded her clothes against her body—as it will now, for any girl in summer dress who cares to step onto the foundation stones which once held the marble ship.

But the scene below has changed. In the holy valley the ruins of the sanctuary still gleam with a haunted grandeur; but on the far slope where their guardian city once stood, there is nothing but the long wall, a single tower, and acres of scrub thorn.

This ruin apparently was brought about by

\*The cult foreshadowed Christianity in several other curious ways. For example, its shrines—unlike the Greek temples—were used for congregational worship, and contained no graven images. One of them even had a rudimentary apse, the only thing of its kind I ever heard of in a pre-Christian building.





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## **THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR**

five agents—Christians, goats, pirates, earthquakes, and lime burners—in that order.

So long as the Greeks (and the Romans who followed them) held Samothrace, they not only tolerated its cult but encouraged it. Although they had perfectly good deities of their own, it did no harm, in their view, to take out reinsurance with the Great Gods. Their embellishments, in fact, brought the sanctuary to its peak of magnificence.

Christians, however, had no patience with competitors. As soon as they came to power in the eastern Mediterranean, during the fourth century, they closed down the sanctuary for good. With its stream of pilgrims cut off, Palaeopolis was left stranded—much as Miami Beach would be, if its tourist traffic were abandoned overnight.

Meanwhile the goats had been at work. Like most Greek islands, Samothrace is a mountain peak thrust above the sea. Its stony ridges never carried much topsoil, and that little was held in precarious place only by its mantle of vegetation. On such a landscape, the goat is (for a time) the most efficient animal; he grows fat where cows or sheep would starve. The reason is that he can eat almost anything, including brush and saplings—and grass he pulls up by the roots. When a flock of these four-legged bulldozers grazes over a mountainside, they leave it naked, so that the next storm scours the soil off into the sea. As a result the high pastures of Samothrace gradually washed away, and the scanty fields below were covered with flood-borne gravel.

AT THE same time, the harbor of Palaeopolis was silting up, so that its merchant ships could no longer bring in grain nor its triremes fight off pirates. The first great raid came in 84 B.C. Later, when Rome grew too weak to police these waters, looting parties swept in at increasingly frequent intervals. The dwindling and hungry population could no longer man the walls—and in the end it hardly seemed worth while to try.

The amazing thing is that they held on for so long. Not until the fifteenth century did the last of the Samothracians give up their city and flee inland. Then they chose for

their new settlement of Chora a spot that had two advantages: it could not be seen from a masthead, and pirates did find out about it, they could reach it only by a wearisome and dangerous march. (I tried to go and can't recommend the route to a raiding party or anyone else. The path winds through a dozen narrow passes and oleander-choked gullies, each a natural ambush. Underfoot the rocks are so sharp that the load mules cannot wear ordinary horseshoes, but have to be shod with ox plates.)

It's a sad irony that some of the noblest buildings men have ever achieved were built in earthquake country. Like so many Greek monuments—in Olympia, for example, at Delphi—the shrines of Samothrace were repeatedly shaken. So long as heathenism thrived, they were promptly rebuilt; but after the coming of Christianity nobody bothered when a pagan altar toppled. Go with the riddance.

An earthquake, however, saved the Winged Victory. She fell into the basin of her fountain, where down from the eroding slope above so much of her shattered fragments. (One of her hands washed into the channel which drained the fountain, and there it was found in 1950—with results to be noted in another moment.) Providentially, the lime burners never found her, except perhaps the head and a few other missing parts.

They found nearly all the other statues, columns, and cornices that had been the glory of the city. Since they were hard-headed businessmen, they set up a kiln in the heart of the sanctuary, and others at convenient intervals throughout the streets of Palaeopolis. Then for centuries they burned the marble, which lay about in such profusion, to make lime for mortar and whitewash. It was a profitable trade, because Samothrace has little native marble or limestone; the material for Palaeopolis and its shrine was mostly shipped in from Thasos, an island fifty miles to the west. So until recently as 1938 the lime burners were earning a nice drachma from this windfall. A visitor poking through the ruins will often stumble on the kilns where masterpieces of men who may have been the peers

## THE EASY CHAIR

Phidias and Praxiteles were converted to practical use.

THE kilns stopped glowing only after Dr. Karl Lehmann arrived. He is an elderly, fragile-looking scholar from New York University, with a German accent, a remarkable wife, and an even more remarkable collection of talents. A friend of mine in Thora calls him "the savior of amothrace."

Twenty years ago, armed with a grant from an anonymous donor, he landed on the island to begin the first thorough exploration of the lost city. Earlier diggers had worked here in a desultory fashion ever since 1863—when a visiting French consul discovered fragments of the Winged Victory and a few other sculptures and whisked them off to the Louvre—but nobody had undertaken a systematic excavation. That is what Dr. Lehmann has been doing ever since (minus the interruption of the war years) and he is just now ringing in on the harvest. When I dropped in on him, he and his companion archaeologists had laid aside their shovels to write a nine-volume report on their work—which will, I suspect, long stand as a model of its kind.\*

A more exciting career would be hard to imagine, or a more demanding one. It requires the intuition of Sherlock Holmes . . . a flair for raising money . . . a mastery of languages (Dr. Lehmann speaks German, Turkish, English, French, Italian, and Greek, and is an authority on several archaic tongues) . . . the managerial talent to organize, train, and direct a large crew of native workmen, plus a staff of sometimes-temperamental scholars . . . a diplomat's tact in dealing with local governments (and lime burners) . . . an encyclopedic knowledge of history . . . a grasp of architecture, anthropology, art, and geology . . . an explorer's institution . . . the highly specialized techniques of archaeological investi-

\*The first volume has been published, in a magnificent edition, by Pantheon Books for the Bollingen Foundation, which is helping to finance Dr. Lehmann's work; two others are in press. Many of the facts cited here came from these books and from Dr. Lehmann's pamphlet on Samothrace, published in 1955 by New York University Press.

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gation . . . and a superhuman patience.

This patience—self-restraint might be a better term—struck me as the hardest qualification of all. One evening Georgios Nikolaides, the expedition's foreman, innkeeper, cook, and Grand Vizier, remarked that he had come across three graves in an unexpected spot: the garden of the little guest house where we were all staying. My impulse was to grab a spade immediately, and to hell with supper. Only a few hours earlier in the expedition's museum I had been handling a fantastic collection of jewelry, statuettes, vases, coins, and gold wreaths which had come from similar graves.

Gently, Dr. Lehmann explained that nobody would dig in the garden today—and maybe not for years. The schedule of work he had laid out could not be changed every time a new lead turned up, no matter how enticing.

"Already we have had too many such interruptions," he said. "We built the guest house on this particular site because we were pretty sure that nothing of importance lay beneath. We were wrong. As soon as we started on the foundations, we found we were in an ancient graveyard, and we had to sift every handful of earth before we could pour concrete. My wife wanted to call it The Hotel Necropolis, a Tomb in Every Room. But calmer heads prevailed."

Anyhow, the Lehmanns already have found enough treasures for one lifetime. Among them is another Winged Victory, smaller than the one in the Louvre but equally sophisticated in its carving. (She looks so remarkably like an angel that one wonders whether the cult of the Great Gods really was destroyed completely, or whether some of its traditions slipped into Christianity in disguise.) Appropriately, it was discovered not by a man but by Mrs. Lehmann—who is herself strikingly statuesque and who teaches at Smith College when she is not engaged in field work. Like nearly everything else turned up at Samothrace, the new Nike is displayed in a charming little museum which the expedition has put up in a grove just west of the diggings.

This is one of the things which

has so endeared Dr. Lehmann to the islanders and the Greek government. Ever since Lord Elgin picked up his marbles and went home, European archaeologists have been in the habit of carting off their finds—or at best turning them over in bulk to the Greeks, who then had to find money in their anemic budget to house them. The Americans, however, here, in the Stoa of Athens, and at a few other sites—have arranged to preserve and show their discoveries near the spot where they were found. Incidentally, the building of the museum and the guest house was the biggest public-works project the island has had in centuries, and some optimists believe they eventually will attract a tourist traffic. (A modest one. The guest house has only seven bedrooms.)

One discovery which you will not find in the Samothrace display is the hand of Nike. Since the French already had the rest of her, the Greek government (with Dr. Lehmann's advice) traded it to the Louvre for three other valuable carvings which had been lifted from the sanctuary. Because the arm is still missing, the hand cannot be fitted back in place, but a ribald art historian tells me that the position of the fingers makes it plain that the Winged Victory's thumb was originally close to her nose.

THE main work of the New York University party has been to clear the underbrush and silt out of the sanctuary, re-erect part of the Hieron (the initiation hall for the high degree of the mysteries), and to collect and study every surviving fragment of the holy buildings and their contents. This is an incredibly painstaking job. Each inscription on stone or potsherd has to be translated, drawn, and photographed even when it is only a single letter. Each building stone has been measured to a fraction of a millimeter and its location recorded. From this data, Mrs. Lehmann and three architect-scholars—Stuart Shaw of the Metropolitan Museum, and a couple of young Englishmen—have been able to reconstruct on paper exactly what some of the main buildings originally looked like. Indeed a considerable part of the Rotunda, the largest round building known

## THE EASY CHAIR

reek architecture—has been re-  
ored to its original form within the  
elter of the museum.

Yet two decades of such labor, in  
hich more than a score of investiga-  
ors have taken part, is only a begin-  
ing. The city itself and its main  
aveyards have hardly been touched,  
nd the silted-up harbor might well  
ontain a trove of relics washed  
own from the once-populous slopes  
bove. Anyone who climbs up there,  
om the shore to the site of the old  
tadel, will find himself stepping on  
numerable fragments of pottery,  
ost of them considerably more than  
thousand years old and some three  
mes that. They are the broken  
ine jars, the goblets, vases, dishes,  
nd toys of a rather untidy people,  
ho apparently dumped their rub-  
sh in the streets or their own back  
rds.

Such bits of clay sometimes yield  
expected information. One of Dr.  
hmann's favorite artifacts is a ball  
out two inches in diameter, made  
a child's plaything—presumably in  
itation of a larger ball of sewn  
de which was used in some un-  
own sport. For seams are incised  
the baked clay, indicating that the  
e-sized model had been sewn from  
ins cut in exactly the same pattern  
a modern basketball.

So we can guess that the old  
mothrarians enjoyed games some-  
ng like our own. But there is  
stly more about them that we can-  
t yet guess. Centuries of their his-  
y are completely blank, the names  
their kings unknown, the invaders  
o looted the sanctuary unre-  
ded. Such information awaits,  
hhaps, another generation of dig-  
s; and with it—who knows?—  
ybe other finds comparable to the  
d of Troy, the stunning mosaics  
hich have just been uncovered in  
xander's old capital of Pella, or  
t archaic statues which were hauled  
a few weeks ago from beneath a  
heet in Piraeus.

What better adventure can you ask  
these days than to hunt such  
asures, to ferret out ancient mys-  
es—and to get paid for it, even at  
a niversity's wage scale? If I were  
e nteen again, I know exactly what  
I ould do. I would start studying  
Cek, memorizing the old maps of  
Snothrace, and sharpening my  
sle.

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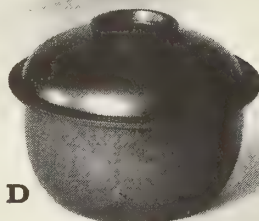
A... Round: 1 qt., \$5.50;  
2½ qt., \$8; 4 qt., \$12.50.

B... Oval: 1 qt., \$5;  
2 qt., \$7.50; 3 qt., \$9.

C... Baking dish with  
handle, 7" diam., \$7.50.

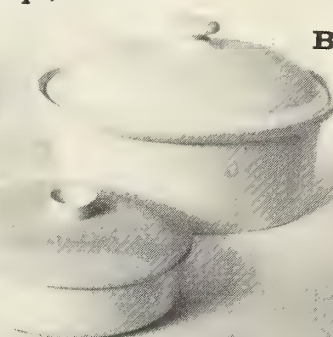
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in deep, rich brown.  
2½ qt., \$13.75.

A



D

C



B



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# PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

### WHOSE VOTE COUNTS MOST?

The following report comes from Ann Morrisett of the American Committee on Africa, an independent, nonpolitical organization in New York. The committee is headed by John Gunther (honorary chairman), Rt. Rev. James A. Pike (vice chairman), Rev. Donald Harrington (chairman of the executive board), and has a distinguished national sponsoring group.

**A**T THIS writing the infamous South Africa "treason" trial rambles on. On August 3, thirty men and women again went on trial for their lives because of their open opposition to the Nationalist Government's *apartheid* program—a ruthless plan for segregation of the nearly voteless 80 per cent non-white population. (This means *total* segregation except for daily work, for which African laborers must travel miles into white areas until Prime Minister Verwoerd achieves his avowed goal of an all-white state where even workers cannot be black.)

Sixty-five of the 156 first arrested in 1956 were dismissed in 1958, after being held more than a year and a half while thousands of documents, including dinner menus, were examined by the court. No indictments resulted. Sixty-one others, finally indicted, were released this spring after being held two and a half years, also without compensation or support for themselves or their families.

The releases, the indictments, the re-groupings by the Government, have all seemed without rhyme or reason: known Communists were dismissed; respected leaders like Professor Z. K. Matthews were kept on. The Prosecution now seems determined to prove that the remaining thirty were active advocates of "violent" overthrow of the State on the basis of statements that "freedom in our lifetime" will be achieved.

Americans who have felt helpless outrage at the hardships suffered by these defendants and their families

can contribute directly to the defense. Nearly \$300,000 has had to be spent for legal aid and family welfare, raised by Defense Funds in South Africa, England, and the United States, and administered by trustees Alan Paton, the Bishop of Johannesburg, and other liberal South Africans. The American Committee on Africa's Defense Fund, 801 Second Avenue, New York, N. Y., has raised \$50,000 for the defendants, and is urgently seeking further funds for this and other causes arising with increasing frequency in South Africa, Central Africa, and Kenya, where legal and welfare aid are the main channel for outside help.—A.M.

... The tragic trials in South Africa where 80 per cent of the people are denied the vote, make our American franchise look gloriously free. Nevertheless, inequities exist, and one of the greatest passes unnoticed in the time. In "The Next Election Is Already Rigged" (p. 35), Richard Lee Strout presents the facts that have to be recognized before reform has a chance to succeed.

Mr. Strout, who has been Washington correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* since 1924, won the George Polk Memorial Award for national reporting in 1958. He has AB and AM degrees from Harvard, served in the infantry in World War I, and was a war correspondent in World War II. He is co-author with E. B. White of *Farewell to Model*.

In support of his thesis about American elections, he sent us a letter from H. L. Mencken: "The yokel hangs on because old apportionment gives them unfair advantages. The vote of a malarious peasant on the lower Eastern Shore counts as much as the votes of twelve Baltimoreans. But that can't last. It is not only unjust and undemocratic; it is absurd." But it has lasted.

... Murray Teigh Bloom's startling reconstruction of the events which may lie behind the still unsolved

## P &amp; O

mystery of Judge Crater ("Is It Judge Crater's Body?" p. 41) rests partly on evidence which many readers may want to reject. Yet the extrasensory powers of Gerard Croiset have been known to Dutch parapsychologists and used by the Netherlands police for more than a decade. Mr. Bloom's interest in the Crater case goes back to his newspaper reporting days in the 1930s, and he first heard of Croiset from a European friend and reference in the Parapsychology Foundation Newsletter.

Mr. Bloom is the author of several hundred magazine articles (one dealing for the first time the true identity of Trotsky's assassin) and of a book on the world's great counter-espies, *Money of Their Own*. He is now adapting for TV presentation by the Theatre Guild his play about William James and certain famous dilemmas of the 1890s.

A full generation has passed since "An Exhausted Parent" wrote, "The cover of anonymity, in *Harper's* (July 1936):

Frankly I am fed up with this younger generation. I am astounded by the making the admission, but it is the truth. I am fed up with pouring every drop of available effort into the yawning, bottomless pit of children's demands and the demands of their friends, and about me are other exhausted parents. . . .

My children were born at a time when the family was no longer dominant. People had come to believe in the paramount importance of the individual. . . . The present-day individualism of these young people is no doubt the result of that over-parenting. In my children and in my children's friends this individualism stands out by its egotism, its assurance, its selfishness, and its limited vision. Among the young people of today there seems to be absolutely no feeling of family unity except as an inexhaustible source upon which to draw. There is very little sense of personal obligation to others; there is a strong sense of others' obligation to themselves. 'It is my own life, isn't it?' is the essence of their conviction. . . .

We have been easy, we parents, indulgent in our devotion; and now, like Peter Pan, our children have refused to grow up.



We've fallen in love with this precious tulip pin and matching earclips from France. The eighteen karat gold mesh flower petals open and close at your touch, revealing dazzling hearts of emeralds and diamonds.

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**Harper's**  
magazine

## ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

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## J. PRESS INC.

J. Press has set a standard for gentlemen's clothes since its founding in 1902.

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## J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

J. E. Caldwell & Co., famous Philadelphia jewelers, have been in business on Chestnut Street for 120 continuous years.

The Caldwell Gift Book displays a superb selection of watches, rings, bracelets, charms, purses, men's jewelry, sterling silver, glassware, china and stationery as well as a host of other attractive gifts.

## F. A. O. SCHWARZ

In 1862, "the world's greatest toy store" was born—and it has remained that ever since.

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## GEORG JENSEN INC.

Georg Jensen has been a proud part of the great Fifth Avenue tradition for many years.

Jensen's new Christmas Catalogue displays a wide range of fine silver, glassware, furniture, china, jewelry for men and women, table decorations, watches and clocks and other lovely gift possibilities.

## SHREVE CRUMP AND LOW COMPANY

Shreve Crump and Low has been a Boston tradition since 1800.

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## STEUBEN GLASS

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## THAIBOK FABRICS LTD.

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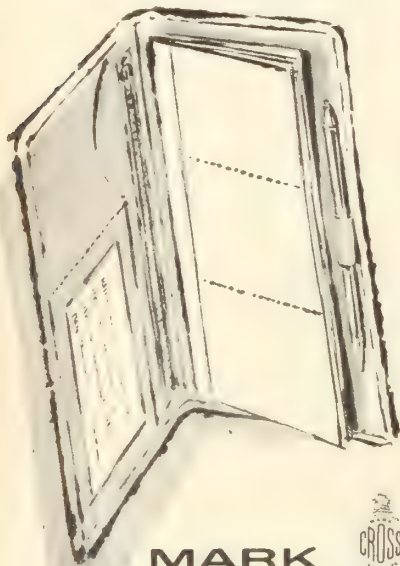


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Write for our new 64 page Christmas Catalog

## PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

"I try to consider others," a mother recently urged her child in an effort to instill in him the idea of unselfishness.

"But who are 'others'?" asked the child.

"This, to me at least, quite clearly reflects the attitude of thousands of modern young people. To them there are no 'others.' They are so wrapped up in themselves that they think the universe revolves about them and them alone."

This personal cry sounds deceptively familiar. Yet the young people in question are now the equally—or more—bewildered parents of a new generation. To them, the set of facts presented by **Eugene Gilbert** in "Why Today's Teen-agers Seem So Different" (p. 76) should be enlightening. The "segregated generation"—as youngsters appear to Mr. Gilbert's poll-takers in 1959—have a remarkably independent character, but for reasons quite different from those which may have made their parents seem like perpetual irresponsible children. In actuality, today's teen-agers awe their parents. Mr. Gilbert's report gives some fresh reasons why.

Mr. Gilbert, who founded the Gilbert Youth Research organization in 1945, divides his time between New York and Chicago and travels throughout the country to meet with many of his 5,000 student representatives and 500 faculty supervisors. He writes a weekly column for the Associated Press and is the author of a book, *Advertising and Marketing to Young People*.

... **Felicia Lamport** (who is plagued by the "Locus," p. 48) lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and has written on several subjects for *Harper's*, including "Dictionaries: Our Language Right or Wrong" in the September issue.

... **Elizabeth Bowen**, born in Dublin and resident of Regent's Park, London, takes a Roman trip in "The Virgins and the Empress" (p. 50). She has written many fine novels, stories, and essays, including *The House in Paris*, *The Heat of the Day*, and *A World of Love*. She keeps regular writing hours of 9:30 to 5:30, but when she is not working she likes "easy-going gaiety," she says. "I think

my idea of the purest pleasure travel—not hurrying, not keeping a schedule, free to linger in any attractive place."

She adapted this essay from her new book, *A Time in Rome*, to be published by Knopf early next year.

... **David Boroff** began his report on American colleges (p. 56) with "Imperial Harvard," which appeared in *Harper's* in October 1958. He is a lecturer in English at Brooklyn College. These articles—which will be continued with a picture of a California educational experiment next month—will eventually be part of a book to be published by Harper Brothers.

... "The Blessing" (p. 64) is **Hug H. Nissenson's** first story to be published in a general magazine. He is a twenty-six-year-old New Yorker who came home last spring from Israel, where he had spent more than a year working on his own writing on the screen play for a feature film produced there, and collaborating with Meyer Levin on another.

Mr. Nissenson graduated from Swarthmore in 1955, attended the School of Dramatic Arts at Columbia, and worked briefly as a copy boy at the *New York Times*. He is writing a novel.

... **Dr. H. S. Weichsel's** mellow skepticism toward "Fashions in Medicine" (p. 69) is reflected in his own description of himself:

"I am a middle-aged retired surgeon. Live quietly in White Plain, New York, in a nondescript house full of books, paintings, and sculpture, taking things easy. Occasionally turn out unconventional articles on silver jewelry. According to my children (21 and 17) I am pig-headed, arbitrary, ornery, and opinionated, but tolerable on occasion. My talented wife is director of the Children's Studio in Rye."

... A skewed view of a well-known story makes part of the fun and poetry in **Robert Hillyer's** "The Moonrooned," (p. 75.) Mr. Hillyer has published many books of poems since his first, *Sonnets and Other Lyrics*, which came out in 1917, the year of his graduation from Harvard. His most important single work is *The*



*Death of Captain Nemo*, a book-length poem. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1934 and has been Phi Beta Kappa poet six times.

Mr. Hillyer is Professor of English Literature at the University of Delaware.

... **James L. McCamy's** recommendations for "Rebuilding the Foreign Service" (p. 80) are based on the author's personal experience in government and university teaching. Since 1947 Mr. McCamy has been professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin, specializing in public administration and the conduct of American foreign affairs. He spent seven years in government working mainly in international economic relations, in the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce, in the Foreign Economic Administration, and with the Army in the early stages of the occupation of Austria.

Mr. McCamy's books include *The Administration of American Foreign Affairs* and *American Government*. His article is partly the result of reflections during a recent leave which he spent in London talking with Foreign Office diplomats.

A U. S. Senate bill passed in the closing days of the last session seems to support Mr. McCamy's point of view. Congress intends, the bill says, that American representatives abroad shall have, to the maximum practicable extent, a useful knowledge of the principal language or dialect of the country in which they are to serve, and knowledge and understanding of the history, the culture, the economic and political institutions."

As for the basic policy-planning at Mr. McCamy recommends—there is still room for change.

"Kind Sir: These Woods" (p. 40) will be in **Anne Sexton's** first book of poems to be published next spring by Houghton Mifflin. The title will be *To Bedlam and Part Way Back*. The author lives in Massachusetts and has three children.

**Samuel Menashe's** "Three Poems" (p. 89) are his first in *Harper's*. He received a *doctorat d'université* at the Sorbonne, under the GI bill, then taught at Bard College, and he has done private tutoring. He lives in Long Island, New York.

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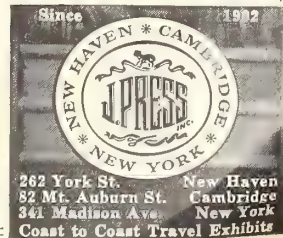
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# STEUBEN GLASS

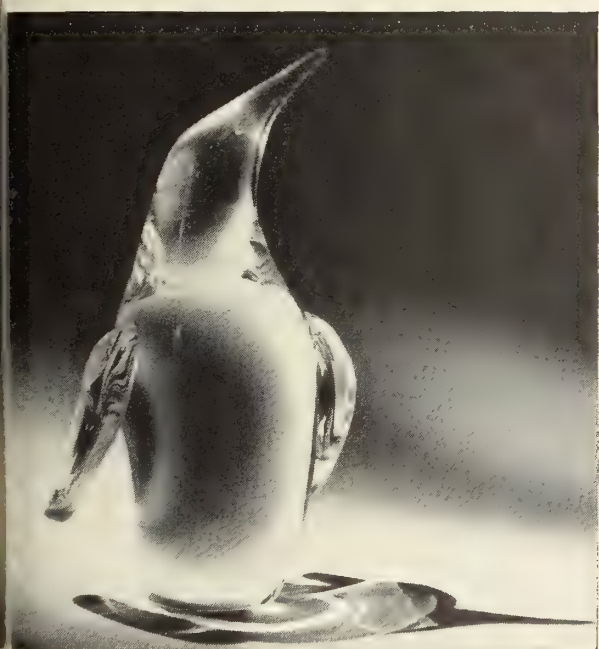
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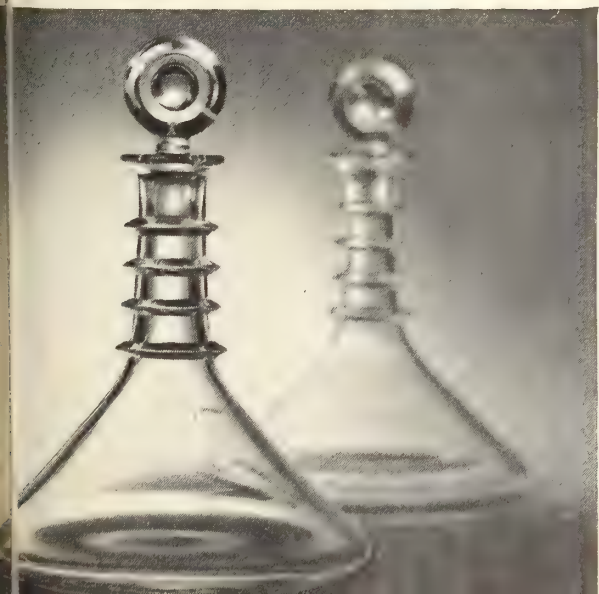


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## THE NEXT ELECTION IS ALREADY RIGGED

RICHARD LEE STROUT

Why a fair ballot has become impossible in most states . . . how one farmer often outvotes 500 city-dwellers . . . and why our politicians refuse to fix the political breakdown which is crippling local governments.

CONSIDER, my friends, the case of Louis Cahoon. He represents the town of Victory in the Vermont legislature. He also is the father of eight—four sons, four daughters—and a solid citizen. Formerly he was selectman and justice of the peace. Now he is a lister—the Vermont term for “appraiser”—tax collector, and constable. If you live in Victory, he can set your tax, send you the bill, and arrest you if you don't pay it.

If you are driving through Vermont, you may have a little trouble finding Victory. Before you get there, the power line stops and the telephone stops and the macadam gives out. Mr. and Mrs. Cahoon read by kerosene lamps. So do the forty-seven other inhabitants of Victory. But they have their own representative in the state legislature because Vermont gave each town a seat in the

lower house in 1793—and hasn't changed the rules since.

When Mr. Cahoon is serving as a legislator, he sits not far from Joseph Moore, who represents the thriving city of Burlington. Its population is 33,000. Since Vermont is still operating under a system of apportionment set up 166 years ago, Victory and Burlington have equal representation. That means that one rural vote is equal to some 600 city votes. The people of Burlington are not merely second-class citizens; politically speaking, they are the poor relations of Mr. Cahoon and his Victorian neighbors. As everybody knows, the farmers run Vermont—and under this setup, it is easy to see how.

But Vermont, after all, is a notoriously conservative state. All over the country Americans are leaving the farms for the cities, taking with them their fond folk memories of country life. How fortunate for all of us, they are probably thinking, that Vermont, at least, keeps alive the quaint old custom of equating a tiny village with a thriving city.

So, by way of contrast, let's see how they do things in progressive, up-to-date California. A fairly typical California politician is Charles Brown. He runs the general store at Shoshone and serves as the representative in the state senate of the 14,014 residents of three cow counties—Inyo, Mono, and Alpine.

And there is Dick Richards, a prominent young



lawyer with political aspirations. He sits in the senate too, representing the 38th district. The 38th—oh, that's the county of Los Angeles. It has a population of 4,151,687. It gets one senator, just like Inyo, Mono, and Alpine. One rural vote here is worth three hundred city votes—not quite as bad as Vermont, but hardly what we think of as "democracy" where every man's vote is supposed to be as good as any other's.

#### DISFRANCHISED AND SHORTCHANGED

**T**HIS kind of political deck-stacking is not confined to the Coasts. It is common all through the country, and it is distorting the whole political process. It is growing worse, as more and more people move to the cities. It has given the farmers vastly more than their fair share of political power. (A fact which helps explain why our ridiculous and costly scheme of farm subsidies can persist so long.) It has spread to the national House of Representatives, where farm areas now have from twenty to thirty more seats than their population entitles them to.

So long as we permit it to go uncured, this warping of our political system throws the fairness of every election in doubt. It rigs the results of the voting far more effectively than all the ballot-stuffing and bribery which went on in the bad old days of machine politics.

The most astonishing thing about it is that the cities do not revolt. What prevents them?—that is the mystery. Maybe the answer is that

most city people simply don't know how badly they are being cheated.

The U. S. Census next year will show seven out of every ten Americans living in urban areas—but the balance of political power still rests with the country districts and the small towns. In Kansas, for example, one-third of the population—the most rural part—can elect a majority of the state senate. In Maryland it is 16 per cent. In Rhode Island it is 14 per cent. Indiana has six counties which contain almost half of its population—yet get only a third of the seats in both houses. Michigan's voters are concentrated largely in Detroit and its suburbs, which means that two-fifths of them live in Wayne county; but they can elect only one-fifth of the state senate. This fact underlies most of the state's recent financial troubles. The upstate farmers with their bagful of representatives simply aren't willing to vote the tax money which the urban majority thinks it needs to run a modern community.

A similar situation is building up in Florida as it becomes increasingly urbanized. Two-thirds of its people live in nine counties; they can elect less than a quarter of the legislature.

Nearly every state constitution begins with a sonorous statement of the basic rule of democracy—one man equals one vote—and goes on to direct regular reapportionment of the legislative seats at stated intervals. But the record shows a disgraceful disregard of these constitutional directives. Only sixteen states actually carried out their reallocation of seats and legislative



"Man! That's what I call a safe Congressional district!"

redistricting on the last two occasions when they were required to do so by their own constitutions. And in some of these cases the adjustments were minor. For example, the Illinois legislature simply ignored the reapportionment clause in its constitution from 1901 to 1954—thus setting its people a bland example of lawlessness for half a century. Finally, in 1955, after suffering outrageous under-representation in both houses of the legislature for years, Chicago agreed to have this injustice frozen permanently in the senate in exchange for a fair allotment of seats in the lower house.

In much the same way New York City is hobbled in Albany. Eight million city people elect only 90 members of the assembly, while seven million upstaters have 118. The hostility that has resulted is one of the deep-seated aspects of Empire State politics. The city's budget is half a billion dollars larger than New York State's (and larger than any state's in the union) but its officials must make annual trips to Albany hat-in-hand. There the metropolis is treated like a feckless stepchild which can be trusted to levy only certain taxes and only on a short-term basis, and is seldom, if ever, allocated its proportionate share of state revenues.

In Colorado, in the same fashion, the legislature doles out to Denver only \$2.3 million a year in school aid for 90,000 children. But adjacent, semi-rural Jefferson County gets a generous \$2.4 million for 18,000 pupils. In Pennsylvania the legislature pays \$8 a day for the care of indigent patients to every non-sectarian hospital in the state—except Philadelphia's city-owned General Hospital. The exception costs the city \$2.5 million a year.

"I think Philadelphia is even more disliked by our state legislature than New York City by the New York State legislature," Mayor Richardson Dilworth blurted out at a recent Congressional hearing. "Every mayor of a city over half a million has reported the same condition."

Only a political innocent could miss the meaning of this nation-wide feud. Outside of the South, the cities are generally Democratic while Republican strength tends to be concentrated in the rural areas. The latter, of course, gain from the imbalance in representation. In New York, Illinois, Michigan, and other important states, the upper chamber of the legislature has been given, virtually in perpetuity, to the Republicans. It has become a rural conservative fortress, a kind of petty House of Lords almost above the swings of majority rule.

What has happened to the normal process of

democracy when Governor Mennen Williams wins popular majorities for six successive terms in Michigan but has never yet won control of the legislature? When New Jersey shifts regularly between the parties in national and gubernatorial elections, but the state senate remains forever Republican? When Adlai Stevenson won the governorship of Illinois by 570,000 in 1948 but faced a Republican senate throughout his term of office? When there has been a Democratic governor in Albany during twenty-five years since 1920, but the Republicans have held a majority of the senate in all but eight of those years and lost control of both chambers in only one?

#### BACK-SEAT DRIVERS FROM THE BACKWOODS

OUR curious system of misrepresentation has its roots down in the counties which are the home bases of most state lawgivers. (In New England it is the township.) County government is in widespread decay; most counties are headless and disintegrating. This obsolete unit of government supports a variety of strange elective offices such as the sheriff (descended from the English shire-reeve who preserved the shire's peace) and the coroner (a Crown officer around 1194 who kept his eye on the shire-reeve). Today when the proud voter parades to the polling place in a county election, he takes his choice between a couple of seedy undertakers to determine whether there shall be Democratic or Republican autopsies in the next biennium. There are 3,057 counties and they are the dark continent of American government.

However, jobs on the county payroll and county construction contracts and purchases are an important source of nourishment to the rural grassroots of our political parties. State lawgivers are usually picked by the county organization and have a parochial outlook. State legislatures generally meet for only a few months and some convene only every other year. Many of the state assemblymen and senators are first-rate men. But inevitably they look askance at the teeming problems of the exigent cities.

This does not prevent them, however, from being inveterate back-seat drivers. A stop light at the corner of Main and Elm? Let the city fathers first consult state officials. A city tax on cigarettes? St. Paul and Minneapolis won permission for such a levy in 1949 from the state legislature, which then appropriated the money for the state budget.



But these are mosquito bites compared to the real problem. In the United States, great super-cities are forming, not metropolises but megalopolises. Already, one vast urban region stretching six hundred miles from New Hampshire to Washington, D. C. holds a fifth of the country's population. Similar agglomerations will run from Los Angeles to San Diego, from Cleveland to Pittsburgh, and among the cities along the St. Lawrence Seaway—Detroit and Toledo, Chicago and Milwaukee. How can rural lawmakers—men who never rode a subway—deal with the super-cities' staggering transportation, industrial, housing, and other social problems? In fact, they don't.

Back in 1953 President Eisenhower was determined to scale down centralized government by returning more functions to the states. So he set up a Commission on Intergovernment Relations headed by one of his Special Assistants, Meyer Kestnbaum, a much respected business magnate. The Kestnbaum report proclaimed facts which college professors had vainly tried to tell the nation for years; cities are bringing problems to Washington because state legislatures won't handle them.

"In a majority of the states," said the report, "city-dwellers outnumber the citizens of rural areas. Yet in most states the rural voters are overwhelmingly in control of one legislative house and overweighted if not dominant in the other. . . . If the states do not give the cities their rightful allocation of seats in the legislature, the tendency will be toward direct federal-municipal dealings."

This is why Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania last summer introduced a bill to set up a special federal commission on metropolitan problems. Such a device might conceivably help the city voter to get a better shake in Washington, but the odds are heavily against him.

As we know, Nevada with 160,000 people has two U.S. Senators, just like New York with its 14.8 million. But the House was to be the "grand depository of the democratic principle" with membership determined proportionately by population. It has not worked out that way. Rurally biased state legislators draw the boundaries of Congressional districts and have been most obliging in giving Representatives from the hinterland safe, sparsely populated fiefs. In Texas, for instance, Sam Rayburn's district has a population of around 200,000 while the state's lone Republican, Bruce Alger of Dallas, has nearly three times as many constituents. Republican-dominated South Dakota, on the other

hand, splits its two Congressional seats so that the Democrat has 494,000 constituents, the Republican 159,000.

Some of the worst inequities result, not from positive acts of injustice but from no action whatever. The controlling faction in the state legislature simply does nothing while population within the states gravitates toward the cities. This is the "silent gerrymander" which has done much to devalue the city-dweller's vote. Partisanship is not always a factor. Thus in Ohio the 3rd and 15th Districts are both Republican, but the 3rd, which includes Dayton, has nearly double the population of the semi-rural 15th. This follows the political rule that Republicans where possible shortchange Democrats, and Democrats where possible shortchange Republicans, and both shortchange city-dwellers.

#### THE URBAN-MINDED SENATE

THE irony of our present situation is that the Senate has become more urban-minded than the House, for in most states Senators can't win without city votes. Many Representatives, on the other hand, come from districts that don't even have a large town. After World War II the Senate passed public-housing bills three times before one got through the rural-minded House and became law. Since then the House has repeatedly voted to reduce or eliminate public housing and similar appropriations needed by the cities. Slum clearance, urban renewal, city-health benefits all tend to fare better in the Senate than the House. In both houses, the seniority system of picking committee chairmen also handicaps city-dwellers; Congressmen from one-party districts are bound to outlast urban Representatives who often face fierce competition and must battle every two years for the votes of a huge, constantly changing constituency.

Rural over-representation involves one more thing—the Constitution. After Congress passes an amendment, it goes for ratification to the state legislatures. How representative is this jury? The fate of the 18th Amendment might have been very different if it had been voted on by the people rather than by state legislatures fearful of Wayne B. Wheeler. The 22nd Amendment limiting the President to two terms (which has lost its glitter for some of its original backers) also had a peculiar charm for conservative rural legislators who chronically mistrust executive power, whether the governor's or the President's.

Now the nation faces the 1960 Census. The scramble to reshuffle Congressional seats will be

the biggest in years. States expected to gain seats are: California, 7; Florida, 4; Michigan and Texas, 2 each; Arizona and Hawaii, 1 each.\*

Probable losers are: New York and Pennsylvania, 3 each; Massachusetts and Arkansas, 2 each, and nine other states, 1 each.

#### WHAT MAKES A "SAFE" DISTRICT?

**U**P FOR grabs before the 1960 election is the juicy task of redrawing a couple of hundred Congressional districts. Although the Census will require the redistribution of only about three dozen seats, most of the other districts in the affected states must—or at least should be—remapped. For politicians this is a momentous matter, and all over the country they are laying their plans.

Suppose, for example, that a state which formerly had only seven Congressmen will have eight next year. If the two parties happen to be closely matched this is a particularly challenging opportunity for the dominant one which runs the state legislature. Subject only to the governor's veto, it will try to slice up the total population into five or six "safe" districts for its side and leave its opponents only two or three. It will take care to give itself the sparsely inhabited "safe" areas and let the other side have the densely populous districts. The same game can be played in reverse if the state's representation is shrunken rather than increased by the Census.

Most state legislatures go about redistricting as though they had "some sort of popular mandate directing the victor to monopolize the spoils," writes Dr. Gordon E. Baker of the University of California in his pamphlet *Rural Versus Urban Political Power*. In fact, the dominant party can draw any boundaries it thinks the public will stand for without gagging. Few courts will interfere and there are few laws to restrain it.

From 1842 to 1920, a federal statute did require state legislatures to make Congressional districts compact, contiguous, and reasonably equal in population. After the 1920 Census, the House and Senate couldn't agree on a new apportionment act. When one finally passed in 1929 it omitted the old fair-apportionment

clause, although Congress lacked the effrontery to repeal it expressly. When the matter was brought to the Supreme Court by a Mississippi citizen in 1932, the Court drily declined to intervene on the grounds that Congress deliberately intended to drop the voters' safeguard. President Truman asked Congress to restore it in a special message in January 1951. Almost certainly our next President, Republican or Democrat, will make the same appeal in January 1961. Will Congress heed? Not if the public reaction is no greater than that given to hearings called by Chairman Emanuel Celler of the House Judiciary Committee. He has been trying to rouse interest in a reform bill but has stirred hardly a ripple.

Even if Congress fails to act, the oppressed city-dweller could—if he chose to do so—bring about some changes. The chief weapons at his disposal are these:

**The Courts.** Until very recently the Supreme Court and state courts generally declined to intervene in redistricting questions. However, a three-judge federal court in Minnesota, July 10, 1958, required the legislature to obey the state constitution and undertake reapportionment. An encouraging precedent has thus been set.

**Pressure by Civic Groups.** The League of Women Voters, long an active proponent of reform in several states, is now compiling a nation-wide record from data collected by local chapters. Municipal organizations are also awakening to the problem. Many "greenbelt" suburbs (often Republican) are now growing faster than parent cities (usually Democratic). This gives a new, refreshingly bi-partisan impetus to the drive for reform.

**Initiative.** The constitutions of twenty states make it possible to force legislative reforms by circulating petitions among the electorate. Initiative has been used, in recent years, to increase urban representation in four states: Washington, Colorado, Oregon, and Arkansas.

None of these remedies is easy to apply or certain of success. Attempts at reform have been known to backfire for there is a powerful vested interest in preserving malapportionment. Strong groups within the cities themselves which are content with the status quo, make common cause with conservative rural lawgivers—they are, perhaps, easier to manipulate than city types.

Consider what happened in California in 1948. A bi-partisan group with labor support initiated a petition for reapportionment. There was little doubt as to the need: the four million residents

\* Hawaii elected one representative this fall and will gain another by the Census. Alaska will not be affected by the Census. Unless new legislation is passed there will be a total of 435 House seats after 1960.



of Los Angeles then—as now—had only a single senator in Sacramento.

But the reform was fought tooth and nail by —of all people—the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce (which had backed reapportionment a few years earlier). Other business groups denounced it and so did the metropolitan press almost without exception. (Less surprisingly, the Farm Bureau and the Grange were opposed.) In a frenzied attack, the petition was called “a labor plot,” “a Communist plot,” “un-American,” an effort by “crackpots” to impose ruinous taxation on “city home-owners and wealth-producing farm areas.” The project was overwhelmed; it didn’t carry a single county. Even the under-represented cities voted against it.

All of which brings us back to our original question: How long will 115 million city suckers stay under the green thumb of 57 million country slickers?

Maybe the urban voter needs a psychiatrist.

Floating before his inner eye is the image of a trim white farmhouse—a purity symbol. Next door, in his subconscious, is the guilty, haunting memory of ancient American municipal corruption labeled Tammany Hall. The psychiatrist might try to explain why the obsession lingers on, even though the reform of so many city governments is one of the inspiring developments of the past twenty-five years.

Yet the buttercup myth of rural superiority survives. It sprouts in every American when he goes to school and reads “The Village Blacksmith” and “Snowbound.” Along with Jefferson he learns to mistrust men who don’t till the soil. And he cherishes the lost simplicity of a Vermont farmhouse with pump, and flakes floating down that are either apple petals or snow. Here is the true America of Longfellow, Whittier, and Robert Frost. A lovely image. The only trouble with it is that it stands between the city-dweller and the city’s new sewage disposal plant.

## KIND SIR: THESE WOODS

For a man needs only to be turned around once with his eyes shut in this world to be lost. . . . Not till we are lost . . . do we begin to find ourselves.—Thoreau, *Walden*

ANNE SEXTON

KIND SIR: This is an old game  
that we played when we were eight and ten.  
Sometimes on The Island, in *down Maine*,  
in late August, when the cold fog blew in  
off the ocean, the forest between Dingley Dell  
and grandfather's cottage grew white and strange.  
It was as if every pine tree were a brown pole  
we did not know; as if day had rearranged  
into night and bats flew in sun. It was a trick  
to turn around once and know you were lost;  
knowing the crow's horn was crying in the dark,  
knowing that supper would never come, that the coast's  
cry of doom from that far away bell buoy's bell  
said *your nursemaid is gone*. O Mademoiselle,  
the row boat rocked over. Then you were dead.  
Turn around once, eyes tight, the thought in your head.

Kind Sir: Lost and of your same kind  
I have turned around twice with my eyes sealed  
and the woods were white and my night mind  
saw such strange happenings, untold and unreal.  
And opening my eyes, I am afraid of course  
to look—this inward look that society scorns—  
Still, I search in these woods and find nothing worse  
than myself, caught between the grapes and the thorns.

# IS IT JUDGE CRATER'S BODY?

*a new clue in the most famous disappearance case of our century*

Twenty-nine years ago a Tammany politician stepped into a taxi—and vanished.

Now fresh (but inconclusive) evidence suggests that he may have been murdered—and points to a still unopened grave.

ABOUT 10:15 on the bleak, damp morning of February 1, 1955, I placed a small glossy photo face down on the tablecloth in front of Gerard Croiset, a Dutch medium. We were sitting at a round table in the Parapsychology Institute of the 319-year-old University of Utrecht in the Netherlands. With us were Dr. W. H. C. Tenhaeff, the earnest, bearded director of the Institute, and his assistant, Nicky Loewerens, a bright, cheerful, young woman.

I got the photo from an old newspaper acquaintance, Richard Dougherty, who had become Deputy Commissioner of the New York City Police Department. The man pictured was Joseph Force Crater, the New York Supreme Court Justice who disappeared August 6, 1930, to become the classic missing-person case of our century.

Croiset, an affable ex-grocery clerk badly in need of a haircut, was then forty-five. Since the end of World War II he had been helping the police of several Dutch cities solve murders, mysterious thefts, and missing-person cases. Dr. Tenhaeff, a diligent parapsychologist, had been working with Croiset several years.

"Tell me," I said to Croiset in German, "what you can of this man." I pointed to the back of the photo.

Croiset shook his head slightly, rubbed his fingers over the back of the photo and looked straight ahead for a few seconds.

"He is now in trance," Miss Loewerens whispered to me. "Very light, but in trance."

It was my first seance and I felt rather cheated. It had nothing in common with the old-fashioned bravura performance that percolated with groans, grimaces, writhings, and stertorous breathing. Croiset simply appeared slightly lost in thought, his intensely freckled nose bobbing slowly. When he spoke it was with his own normal voice and not through some long-departed Hindu, Arab, or Chippewa.

"This man is not alive," he began in his native Dutch as Nicky Loewerens translated for me. "I see him sitting on a chair raised above the floor . . . two men sitting below him, one on each side. He has to do with criminals but not as a lawyer . . . ah, a judge . . . he was murdered long ago . . . maybe twenty-four, twenty-five years ago . . . the murderer or maybe the man who paid for the murder . . . I am not sure . . . he has connections in New York and Chicago. He lives in Chicago and he has a big — business there now." (For reasons apparent later in this account I must omit this and several other details that would make this man identifiable.)

Gerard Croiset now disillusioned me completely. He paused in mid-trance to drink some weak coffee. He smiled at me vacantly and went on rubbing his fingers over the picture.

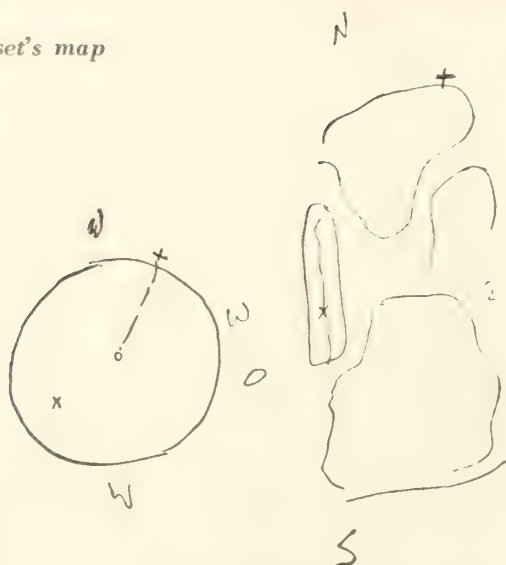
"The judge was kidnaped . . . enticed . . . tricked away." He seized a pencil and took my white pad from me. On a blank sheet Croiset hurriedly outlined four of the five boroughs of New York City. He made an X in mid-Manhattan. (See Croiset's map on page 42.)

"He was enticed from here," he said.

He placed another X in lower Westchester County, just above the Bronx line he had drawn. "Here," he said, pointing to the spot in Westchester, "is where he was killed. It is a farm-



## Croiset's map



house, a Dutch farmhouse, not far from the city. First two men talked to him in a room on the first floor of the farmhouse. Then they took him to the cellar and shot him . . . the man who planned the killing was not there."

He then gave a description of this man with all the minutiae of a wanted poster but did not provide his name. I will call him Mr. A.

In a minute Croiset emerged from trance. The transition was almost unnoticeable. Later that day I spoke to William Gorter, the Chief of Police of Haarlem who told me:

"I've worked with Croiset for some years and in several cases he's had amazing successes. His ability is unquestioned."

The Chief of Police of Delft also found Croiset very useful in solving tough cases. There were further endorsements from the Chief Justice of Leeuwarden and the Chief of the Customs Investigation Department at Enschede. Each of these men, among others I spoke to, had reason to be enormously grateful to Gerard Croiset: he solved cases that their highly specialized staffs had not been able to. Even better, Croiset solved them quietly, without fuss or publicity that might have been embarrassing to the officials. He also did it without fee or reward-seeking.\*

When I returned to New York I went over my notes and the crude map Croiset had drawn. The X in mid-Manhattan would represent just about where Judge Crater had been last seen

\*Several American criminologists and lawyers who have looked into Croiset's work take him quite seriously. They don't pretend to understand how he operates—apparently by clairvoyance—but they are convinced he is not a fraud, and that his record for finding lost persons, bodies, and objects is remarkable. —*The Editors*

in Manhattan, in front of Billy Haas' restaurant, then at 332 West 45th Street in the old Tenderloin District. About 9:15 on the night of August 6, 1930, Crater hailed and entered a passing cab. That was the last time anyone has admitted seeing Crater, the forty-one-year-old Tammany acolyte, hypochondriac, and pursuer of women. Quite coincidentally the historic Seabury Investigation into Tammany corruption got under way soon after.

Going through the old Crater clippings I did find a fleeting Westchester reference. On the day he disappeared Crater told his court attendant:

"I'm going up to Westchester for a swim. See you tomorrow."

At first I hoped I might have an unusual if incomplete article but a friendly editor laughed. He showed me vouchers totaling nearly \$14,000 paid out over two decades—payments made to writers and tipsters who also thought they had the stuff to break the case.

"Now I'll pay off only when I see the body—or Crater," the editor said. Crater's skeleton could be identified because of his unusually thin neck, small head, and a fracture in his right index finger. I was also deterred from doing anything further when I recalled another experience. On behalf of a magazine, I once spent some time checking alleged instances in which U. S. mediums, seers, and similar folk were supposed to have helped local police departments solve important cases. Not one of the instances checked out.

## A SECOND CLUE

**T**HEN in May 1955 I met a public-relations woman who represented a large U. S. trade association. Croiset said Mr. A had a business in this field. I gave the woman a description of Mr. A. As a favor, would she check with the veteran executive director of the association to see if the description matched anyone in the trade in Chicago? A few days later she wrote me that the description matched closely that of a well-to-do Chicagoan in the trade. I now had a name for Mr. A.

From Virgil Peterson, Operating Director of the Chicago Crime Commission, I learned that in the 'twenties there had been several indictments returned against "A" for serious crimes. Two cases were dropped when the witnesses were found to be unavailable. In another, Mr. A pleaded *nolo contendere*, "no defense," and paid a small fine. His attorney was then the legal representative of a number of ranking under-

world figures. A credit agency's analytical report revealed that Mr. A and his firm did several million dollars' worth of profitable business a year. Mr. A was a man of substance.

I asked a Chicago free-lance photographer to get a close-up shot of A, supposedly for a New York trade paper. The picture fitted Croiset's description very well. It was now time to tell the New York Police of my findings. I wrote Dick Dougherty that "as a result of some fairly weird experiences, I've come back with what might or might not be a good lead on the Crater case. I would like to meet the detective who is still assigned to the case and give him the details."

A few weeks later I heard from Lieutenant John J. Cronin, Commanding Officer of the Department's Missing Persons Bureau. He was very much interested but was about to go on vacation. Could I phone him at home? I did and we agreed to meet for lunch in Manhattan the following day.

It was a muggy August day and all the way in on the Parkway I could only think how boy-detectivish the account would seem to an experienced, practical police official. The great American phobia—the fear of appearing foolish—gripped me fiercely but I managed to get to the restaurant on time.

"This is pretty weird stuff," I warned over a drink. Cronin is alert, thin-faced, friendly. His thin silvery gray hair, center-parted, accents the fact that he is barely over five feet eight, the Department's minimum height requirement.

"A quarter-inch less," he laughed, "and I'd still be with American Can."

When Cronin took over the Missing Persons Bureau in 1943 at the age of forty he was the youngest Commanding Officer in that Bureau's history.

"Weird stuff is what we get all the time," he said. He told me some of his experiences in the spring and summer when some 250 bodies—missing men and women, winter suicides, and murder victims—come floating to the surface of the rivers around New York. Cronin has a staff of sixty to solve the 10,000 missing-person cases that arise in New York every year.

I told him what Croiset said and what I had found out about Mr. A of Chicago. I also showed him the map Croiset had drawn. When he saw the crude drawing Cronin's face became bloodless. He blinked, shook his head, and looked steadily at me for a few moments before he spoke.

"Up until a minute ago," he said slowly, "I

thought I was the only man on earth who knew about that house in Westchester."

I looked at him uncomprehendingly. Cronin lowered his voice. "A few months ago we got the first live lead we've ever had in this case. It came from a police detective, Pete Golemboski, up in Harlem." Cronin gave me some of the details and I later drove up to Middletown, New York, to visit Golemboski who is now living there in retirement.

Peter Golemboski resigned from the Police Department as a first-grade detective after twenty-nine years working out of the 25th Detective Squad on East 126th Street in Harlem. He was cited for bravery fifteen times and fourteen of his arrests led to murder convictions. With his bifocals, bow tie, and nearly bald head Golemboski looks like a high-school teacher who also coaches the track team. Not long ago he ran as a Democrat for Sheriff of Republican Orange County. He hopes to try again before long.

#### THE TALE OF THE DYING BUTCHER

**I**N Golemboski's old precinct there had lived a retired butcher, Henry Krauss, who had been born in Germany. He was a handsome, erect six-footer with blue eyes and curly gray hair. Nearly all his life he had a surprisingly youthful figure and comparatively unlined face.

On the morning of January 15, 1954, Golemboski heard that Krauss—whom he had known casually for twenty-five years—wanted to see him. Golemboski walked over to the Krauss apartment on East 126th Street where the butcher, then in his mid-seventies, was living with his second wife. Krauss had given up his store in 1949 and got along on the rents he collected from the seventeen other tenants in the building he lived in and owned. Krauss was sitting in the kitchen, Golemboski recalls. He said:

"I'm kinda sick, Pete. . . . There's something I want to get off my chest. If my wife comes in I'll talk about something else. She don't know about this."

Golemboski took out his notebook. Krauss shook his head. "Just listen, Pete. Don't write. I'm gonna die soon. After I go you can do what you want with this stuff but if you use it while I'm alive I'll say you're making it up."

"In 1930," Krauss began, "I had a house in Westchester but we didn't live in it much. I was living mostly down here in Harlem with my first wife and we'd go up there sometimes weekends. I was always active with the Democrats and I



knew the Cayuga clubhouse boys pretty good. I was friendly a long time with Peter Eckert who had a delicatessen over on Lenox Avenue and I knew his son-in-law, Magistrate George F. Ewald. I also knew Martin J. Healy who was the Tammany leader for the 19th District. Healy used to have deals with Judge Crater who was president of the Cayuga Democratic Club on East 122nd Street. I once told them I only used my house in Westchester weekends and Healy said it would be a good place for parties and deals and I told him to go ahead. I had a brother-in-law living up there by himself but I told Healy he wouldn't bother them. A caretaker."

Early in 1930 Eckert confided in Krauss that he was worried about a friend's getting in trouble over some \$90,000. The money belonged to Crater, Healy, and his friends and they had got it in connection with some crooked deal. They put the money in a box and had Krauss' brother-in-law bury it under a rosebush in the back yard of the house.

On Thursday, August 8, 1930, Krauss phoned his brother-in-law but there was no answer. He phoned several times in the next few days without getting an answer and on Sunday, August 10, he drove up to the house in Westchester.

"When I walked in the kitchen," he told Golemboski, "there was nothing there but blood. The place was filled with blood and broken beer and whiskey bottles. My brother-in-law wasn't around. I went into the back yard and there I could see the rosebush dug up and the money box wasn't there. I got a lot of rags and towels and cleaned up the place the best I could and drove back to New York. I knew something terrible happened there and I knew I should have nothing more to do with the place."

A few days later, probably August 14, Krauss said he was called to Eckert's delicatessen. In the back room he met Healy who told him "there might be some trouble" and that he, Krauss, might be questioned by the District Attorney about Crater. He was to deny that he knew Crater or anything about \$90,000 or that Crater ever went to his house in Westchester. Krauss, a little frightened, nodded glumly and left.

Not until August 16, 1930, did Mrs. Crater phone an attorney friend to tell him she was worried about her husband's absence. That was the first time anyone else knew that Judge Crater was missing. The public did not know about it until September 3.

Krauss told Golemboski that he was called down to the District Attorney's office later and

questioned. He answered as he had been told to in the back room. Golemboski now pressed Krauss for various omitted details. Just where in Westchester was the house? What was the name of his brother-in-law, the caretaker, who seemingly disappeared just as Judge Crater had? Why was Krauss so certain Crater had been at his house the day he disappeared? Krauss refused to elaborate but three times repeated doggedly:

"Crater is dead. He's buried up there."

Krauss said his wife would be in any second and he would get in touch with Golemboski the following week and meanwhile not to say anything to anyone.

I asked Golemboski recently about the Krauss statements. "He was in pretty good shape. He seemed to me like a man trying to get something off his chest. I had known him twenty-five years and everything I knew about him made me pretty sure he wasn't the kind of crackpot who would make up a story like that just to get a little attention. When I left Krauss that morning I remembered something else. As far back as 1945 whenever there'd be any talk of the Crater case he'd always chime in with a flat, 'Oh, he's dead and buried up in Westchester,' the way someone else might say, 'Oh, he's in China.' He must have made that statement about Crater five or six times before he told me why he thought so that day up in his kitchen."

The following week Golemboski returned to Krauss' apartment only to find the butcher had entered a hospital, where surgeons found an inoperable cancer in his intestines. Krauss died on February 1, 1954. Golemboski on his own tried to check out some of the Krauss statements. Then on May 15 Golemboski had a heart attack and wasn't able to return to duty until January 1.

#### A GRAVE IN THE GARDEN?

**I**N mid-January, 1955—while I was on my way to Utrecht and Gerard Croiset—Golemboski was ordered to give his information on Krauss to Lieutenant Cronin, the Commanding Officer of the Missing Persons Bureau whom I later met. After a two-month search of realty records and deeds, Cronin was able to locate the Krauss house. It was now occupied by a widow. She had moved into the house with her husband in 1933; he died soon thereafter.

A week after I told Lieutenant Cronin about my experience with Croiset we drove up to the house in Westchester. Cronin was still on vacation but passed on the gist of my report to his

superiors. He had been told to continue his investigations. The house is not far from the New York City line—as Croiset specified. It is an eight-room Dutch Colonial, built in the early 1920s. Cronin told me that his investigations in real-estate records turned up something else that seemed to confirm Croiset's description. The house was situated on a property that had once been known locally as "The Farm."

Cronin had been there once before. I think the widow knew the house figured in a missing-person case. She conducted us through the house. Krauss had cemented over part of the basement floor while he lived there. He also extended the basement to the rear to make a wine cellar. The large sloping back yard with its soft springy earth naturally received a lot of our attention. The widow told us that when her husband was alive she had a fine vegetable patch which was the pride of the neighborhood. The tomatoes and cucumbers were the biggest anyone had seen there. "It figures," Cronin muttered.

On the way we had agreed on what approaches I might try with the widow. I explained that it might be important to do some unofficial digging in the yard in connection with this missing-person case. I was prepared to guarantee that everything would be put back carefully and that in addition she would get \$100 for her trouble. She suggested we talk to her lawyer.

"Forget it," he said. "If you find a body there'll be a lot of publicity and notoriety for the house and she'll never be able to sell. If you want to dig, get a court order. If you can't, buy the house: it's yours for \$29,000."

On our way back to New York Cronin pointed out the heart of the problem. On what we had now, no judge would grant a search for evidence. So far there was no confirmation of Krauss' statements.

In November I returned to Utrecht for another session with Croiset. This time I had pictures of the Westchester house and of Mr. A. As before Croiset went into his almost imperceptible trance:

"The man from Chicago planned the crime but wasn't present . . . Crater was killed in the Westchester house . . . he had been bribed in some case. He had agreed at first and then tried to back out . . . he was killed with a shot and then put under a big stone in the back yard. Then they took him from there and put him in ground area near water not far from the house. . . ."

Later I took some photos of a body of water near the former Krauss house and sent them to Croiset. He wrote that this wasn't the water he

meant. Crater's body was buried near a small body of water in front of three closely planted trees. On a subsequent visit to the house Cronin found that in the early 'thirties a small fishpond had been built in the back yard and three trees planted. The fishpond was filled in some years later.

Meanwhile everything Cronin had uncovered about Krauss indicated that Krauss and his first wife had been living at the Westchester house at the time the wild parties with Healy and Crater were supposed to be taking place. There had been no brother-in-law acting as a caretaker.

#### THE MISSING GUN

CRONIN had also unearthed some other puzzling items about Krauss that shattered the image of him as a simple German butcher willing to accommodate politician friends.

People who knew Krauss well spoke of him as a shady character who did bootlegging and was "mixed up with a lot of politicians." He was known as a woman-chaser and was generally disliked by the closely knit community of German butchers. They tolerated him only because the first Mrs. Krauss who died in 1932 was "well liked and a fine woman." The second Mrs. Krauss, now sixty-four, lives an almost reclusive life with a mongrel pet in a small apartment in the house she inherited on her husband's death. She fills up with bitterness when she talks of her dead husband. "The things he did," she sobs, "the things he did and no one even told me what was going on." She doesn't specify, but she told me that in his last years her husband acted as if he had something on his conscience.

In 1928 Krauss obtained a Police Department permit to possess a .38-caliber Smith & Wesson automatic pistol. In June 1932 he reported to the police that he lost the pistol in some unknown manner. This gun is still on the police records as missing.

Recently I obtained some other views of Krauss from former Magistrate George F. Ewald, one of the men Krauss said had been at the parties at his Westchester home. Now seventy-two and rather deaf, Ewald has a small law office on lower Fifth Avenue. In 1930 Magistrate Ewald resigned his post and was indicted, along with his wife, on a charge of office buying. Martin Healy, the Tammany district leader, was indicted for receiving the \$10,000 that allegedly paid for the magistracy. Everybody pleaded not guilty and both cases were dismissed when the juries failed to agree.



"I knew Krauss through my father-in-law, Peter Eckert," Fwald began. "Krauss was a big shot in the Masons and he took Eckert in. He also took Eckert for about \$6,000 in loans and paid back only \$600. I was once up to Krauss' house in Westchester and I wondered how this butcher could afford a nice big house like that. Parties with Healy and Crater? You crazy? I bet Krauss didn't even know them. Crater was a very high-type man. What the hell would he have to do with a crummy butcher like Krauss? Krauss considered it an honor to shake my hand. I was a judge. Who the hell was he? A slimy, tricky conniver."

Late in February 1936, I went to Chicago. I had written Mr. A a note designed to arouse his curiosity. His name and address, I wrote, had been found in the recently located address book of a missing person. Could he meet me at my room in the Palmer House?

When I arrived in Chicago I wondered whether I had been unwise. What was another killing to a rackets man, especially of someone who knew too much, as I did? I phoned a wartime friend who lived in Chicago and I asked him to have dinner with me that night. I was quite insistent. I also dropped Cronin a hurried note: I was seeing Mr. A that night. The unwritten postscript was writ large: if anything happened to me . . .

About eight that evening Mr. A came to my room. I cautiously introduced my friend as a Mr. Preston, which of course was not his real name. Mr. A looked as sinister in his expensive cashmere coat as he had on his photo but he was somewhat shorter than Croiset described him. He had with him a much younger man who I quickly assumed was an armed bodyguard. I was wrong. Mr. A had brought a young relative with him—unarmed, I think.

Within a few minutes I sensed that Mr. A's "menacing" mannerisms were only those of a very nervous man in an uncertain predicament. He was afraid of me. With mounting confidence I lied to him. I told him his name and address had been found in a recently uncovered judge

Crater address book. He couldn't understand it. All he knew about that case was what he read in the papers. Had he been in New York in 1930? He could have been. He wasn't sure.

Did he know anyone named Krauss in New York? No, but when he went to New York in the early 'thirties he was asked by a Chicago friend to look up a German named Krauss. He couldn't find him. Did he know anyone named Eckert? Healy? Croiset? None of them.

Had he ever been in trouble with the law, ever indicted? No. (I hardly expected him to tell a stranger the truth.)

From what he told me, the only possible connection between Mr. A and Crater was remote and tenuous. Before he became a judge, politician Crater asked for and obtained in February 1929 the receivership for the bankrupt Libby Hotel on the Lower East Side of New York. His fee as receiver was \$10,826 but most students of the Crater case believe that Crater expected to make much more from his handling of this

receivership. The bankrupt Libby Hotel was sold to a subsidiary of the American Bond & Mortgage Company for a bid of \$75,000. Two months later the company sold the property for \$2,850,000 to New York City which needed it for a street widening project. Condemnation of land the city needed—and subsequent upward revaluations—was one of Tammany's most profitable activities.

Several months after Crater's disappearance his wife found a large manila envelope in her bedroom dresser. It contained Crater's will, insurance policy, and instructions on collecting debts due him. One of the items went: "There will be a very large sum due me for services when city pays the 2¾ millions in condemnation." But attorneys for the mortgage company later said Crater had nothing more coming to him than his legal fee as receiver of the hotel.

In June 1931 Charles L. Craig, former N. Y. City controller, arguing before the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court for creditors of the old Libby Hotel Corp., asked to have the foreclosure sale set aside. He said



**Judge Joseph Force Crater**

(Photo from the Missing Persons Bureau, New York City Police Department.)

the sale had been fraudulent and he characterized the directors of the American Bond & Mortgage as "racketeers." He said they made a million dollars from the fraudulent foreclosure and hinted strongly at the connivance of city officials and politicians. In April of the same year most of the \$90 million worth of bonds issued by the American Bond & Mortgage were in default. Many thousand small investors were affected. The company went into bankruptcy in September 1931. On February 25, 1932, after trial in federal court in Pittsburgh, four of the company officers were found guilty of mail fraud. But two months later they were granted a new trial on grounds that the evidence against the A B & M officers was "wholly circumstantial." There was no new trial. The criminal charges against the four defendants were *nolle prossed* on May 7, 1936. Similar indictments against them in New York City and Boston had been dropped when they were found guilty in Pittsburgh.

In August 1959 I was able to examine the 1,500 pages of the trial transcript in Pittsburgh, to see whether there was any tie between the defendants and Crater or Krauss. There was only a slight one: one of the officers of the A B & M had lived quite near Krauss in Westchester at the time of Crater's disappearance. I have no way of knowing whether this is relevant to the case.

What was Mr. A's connection with this? He had acquired a lot of A B & M bonds before the company went bankrupt. He had gotten them from customers who offered them to him in lieu of regular payments. He accepted the bonds because his debtors were strapped. When Mr. A left the hotel that night after a two-hour visit I found it hard to believe that he had any connection with the Crater case. But my first impressions are not always reliable.

#### MIND VS. MATTER

NOT long ago on our way to visit friends in upper Westchester, my wife and I cut off to visit The House. Cronin had told me the widow had managed to sell it to a young couple. Naturally she didn't say anything about its putative past. I told my wife that if the couple looked right, I might tell them and try to get their permission to dig. I found the young woman of the house at a neighbor's cook-out. She is a trim, cool, pretty brunette. Without introducing myself I said I had been interested in her house when the widow owned it. I asked if there had been any major construction or plant-

ing since they bought it. She said, no, and asked why I wanted to know.

"Dutch Colonial houses have fascinated me for a long time," I said. Clearly this was the time to speak up. But she wasn't *right*. Her manner was too composed. She was not the impulsive volunteer-digger type.

Cronin and Golemboski think at least part of Krauss' statement is true. Perhaps he had a more direct role in Crater's disappearance and/or death than he was willing to admit. Cronin hopes to break the case before he retires. He is still seeking more evidence. "We've got to be able to convince a judge that if the search order were granted the body would *probably* be found there. Right now we still can't *prove* that Crater was ever at the Krauss house." Recently Cronin learned of a key witness who may be able to provide some of the needed confirmation. But at this writing he has not been able to ascertain the exact whereabouts of this witness.

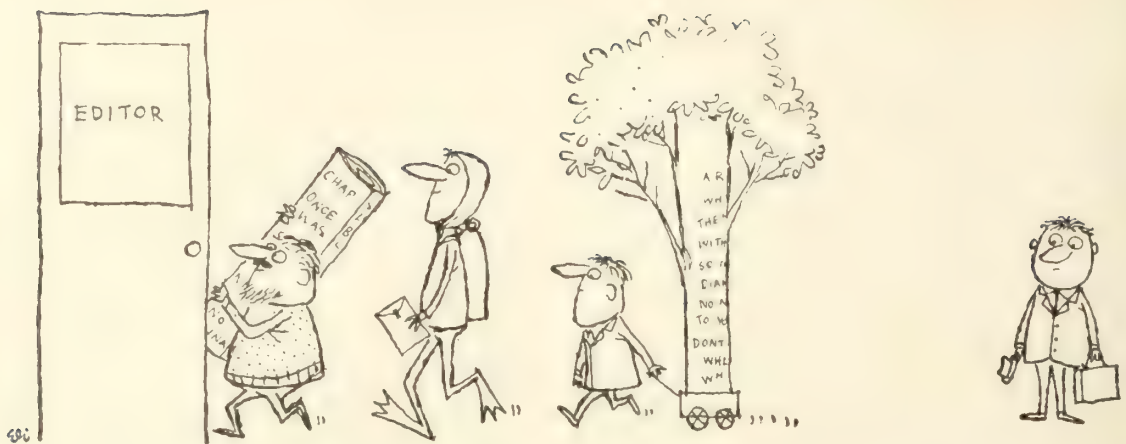
What are we to make of Croiset's statements? He has never been in America. As far as I could find out the Crater case had very little press coverage in the Netherlands in 1930 when Croiset was a twenty-year-old grocery clerk. He had not known what I was going to question him about and it seems unlikely that he ever had occasion to study the case.

It would be easiest to attribute his hits to coincidence. But according to several Netherlands police officials he has attained such a number of remarkable hits that to label them all coincidence would be like calling Willie Mays just a very lucky batter. Continuing and careful tests of Croiset's psychic abilities by Dr. Tenhaeff and Professor Hans Bender of the University of Freiburg seem to indicate that Croiset is one of the most accurate users of extrasensory perception in the world today. Still he does sometimes miss.

Has he actually pointed to a solution of one of the most tantalizing disappearance cases of our century? Or did Croiset simply fish up some oddly unrelated bits from what William James called the "continuum of consciousness, against which our individuality builds but accidental fences, and into which our several minds plunge as into a mother sea or reservoir"?

We may never know. When New York Supreme Court justices disappear from New York City they do it properly. On December 12, 1829—a century before Crater—former Supreme Court Justice John Lansing left his New York hotel room to mail some letters. He was never seen again, either.





## the Plague of the Locus

THE writer who simply works at his desk these days is doomed before he starts; the public has begun to demand originality not in content but in the circumstances of creation. This trend started with Thomas Wolfe's habit of writing on refrigerator tops and really got rolling when Jean Kerr announced that she did her writing in a parked car. While no one wants to go around decrying Wolfe or curtailing Kerr, it is obvious that these two have set an impossible precedent. Few writers can pretend to Wolfe's stature or aspire to Mrs. Kerr's luck in finding parking places. They must either discover new writing methods for themselves or give up all thought of publication.

Several intrepid scriveners have already tackled this problem. The first of these was Basil Benton, a classically oriented young man who decided to write his books in running brooks. The effort was a worthy one, but not notably successful. He started on a slender sensitive volume in April, but a midsummer drought caused all the available brooks to run dry, and Benton perforce as well. Several days of precipitation enabled him to resume work at the end of August, but he was forced to saw his way through chunks of ice before he could complete his last chapter. And when he finally submitted his manuscript, the editors, suspecting that he was engaged in a promotion stunt for an underwater pen company, got cold feet about the whole thing. Benton had already developed chilblains which spread to his brain and killed him.

Donald V. Crandall, a less talented writer than poor Benton but one with a more psychological turn of mind, felt that a technique attuned to

the *Gestalt* of the times was clearly required. "The Wolfe-refrigerator Kerr-car axis," he said, "rests securely on identification with the mechanized quotidian aspects of the reader's life." (This sort of thing alone goes a long way in explaining his difficulties in getting published.)

It was Crandall's theory that Wolfe, by misusing an ordinary household appliance, had produced "an attractive dichotomous reaction": on the one hand he invited public respect by imparting new glamor to refrigerator tops ("transmogrification"), and on the other, he permitted the reader to feel amiably superior to the impractical fool who failed to grasp the true purpose of the appliance ("confirmation of the artist-stereotype"). The theory applied equally well to Mrs. Kerr's case; perhaps even better since it also confirmed the deep-rooted public conviction that no woman really knows what a car is for.

Crandall had no difficulty in finding a way to apply his reasoning. The two most logical illogical locations had been pre-empted by the pioneers, but he was quite ready with an alternative:



## By FELICIA LAMPORT

*Drawings by Eli Bauer*

he would write on trains. These, he argued, not only had the necessary qualifications of familiarity and mechanization, but the additional peripheral advantages of suggesting "— of thought," "gravy —," and, in the broadest sense, "wheels going around."

Crandall's experiment began bravely and was chugging along apace until he made the calamitous discovery that the legal cents-per-mile rate bore a relationship to the prevalent cents-per-word scale that made the whole thing impractical. Disheartened but not defeated, he applied to the New York Central, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and Long Island Railroads for traveling fellowships; they protested that they were themselves in far greater need of grants-in-aid; all parties then filed joint applications with the Ford Foundation, but it will be some months before the results can be known.

### NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES

**I**N THE meantime another writer, Elihu Linot, was attacking the problem from a different angle. It was his contention that this whole trend could and should be repolarized in an editorial direction. "Editors," he said, "need not follow the public as the night the day; they must be induced to *lead* it. The writer truly worth his salt will not stoop to the search for a crass method of creation designed to catch the public eye. He will seek a method that makes an appeal to the editor."

It was certainly a courageous statement, but Linot, after weeks of lucubration, was unable to hit upon a writing surface that embodied

sure-fire editorial appeal. Finally, finding himself at a literary cocktail party, he resolved to put the question direct. Cleverly deploying a tray of martinis and two luscious young ladies, he succeeded in cornering a world-famous editor. Once he had managed to make his query audible, the answer shot back, quick as a flash.

"My dear fellow, it's simple: just write on the backs of bearer bonds."

What with one thing and another, the world-famous editor's enunciation was not entirely distinct; the message reached Linot's ears as:

"Write on the backs of barer blondes."

He was, however, enchanted with the idea and lost no time in carrying it out. He was forced to discard the first blonde because she was too ticklish, but the second was admirably restrained and had a splendid broad back. Starting high on her left shoulder with a fine ball-point pen, he was able to complete his first chapter within ten days and the space above a strapless cotton dress. He wrapped the girl in Manila paper and sent her to the editor, who telephoned at once to say that he found the work beautifully articulated and would like to see more. Linot's enthusiasm ran high. Working night and day he was able to encompass the next chapter easily within the décolletage of a knitted black bathing suit.

It was then that the blow fell: after reading the text the editor eloped with the manuscript, of which there was no carbon, and wrote Linot curtly that he would horsewhip him if he ever attempted to lay pen on the girl again.

Well, that's where the matter stands to date. It would appear that things have indeed reached a pretty *impasse*.





# The Virgins and the Empress



By ELIZABETH BOWEN

*Drawings by G. Hunter Jones*

A distinguished novelist tells how she made friends, across the gap of centuries, with a cluster of extraordinary women—a scandal-touched great lady, and the Vestals whose lives were nun-like in only one respect.

ABLE to be in Rome for nearly three months, from late winter on into the spring, I found myself, as never before, with what for me was "a sum of time to spend." On other visits, it had been a matter of numbering weeks and days, of planning, lest any be wasted—those had *been* visits; this was a sojourn. Now, I could afford to wander, not so much at will as almost with none—wander with my imagination open, curiosities ready to be awakened, particular interests ready to be stirred, waiting to see what Rome would do to me. Through such an amazing—and, it could be, bemusing—world of experience, it was necessary to follow threads of my own; one by one, I began picking such threads up. Of the host of personalities, out of so many centuries, which palpably continue to people

Rome, *all* could not speak to me—how should that be possible?

To me, I found, those which were the most "real," which was to say most eloquent, were those of whom tangible evidence remains: traces of a garden, portions of a dwelling, paintings (however fragmentary) on a wall. As to women, to whom surroundings matter, whose surroundings so often serve to express them, what had been left behind spoke to me most. To the Empress Livia's little house on the Palatine and that lovely sylvan room from her other home, to the garden courtyard and shallow staircases trodden by generations of Vestal Virgins, I returned often. The interest, the sympathy those scenes engendered caused me to seek, in my reading, any authority who could help to acquaint me with those lives—their historical background, their atmosphere, their meaning, and the moments in them which possibly mattered most.

Sleep was to be dreaded by whichever one of the six Vestal Virgins was on night duty in the circular temple. Round her, as she watched Vesta's fire's sacred reflections pulse on the inside of the white dome, would sound stray unaccountable footsteps about the Forum, its acoustics sharpened by night. The ear of the girl or woman (ages of Vestals being from fifteen upward to forty-five) would attune itself, at once intently and blankly, as though to the syllables of a foreign language, to the give-offs of a world of which she knew little—some lonely, nervous,

aggressively-planted tread, alcoholic zigzagging, the sound-track of one person creeping upon another across pavement, ratlike slippings and scurrings of those still furtive though now hidden. Couplings, accompanied by sounds corresponding to nothing in her experience—human, it was to be supposed—would be taking place under nearby porticoes; and now and then a leap of prey on prey, a dulled fall like that of a sack of earth, pettish dying-down flailing of limbs, death gurgles.

Herself, she had nothing but sleep to fear. The element she nursed, as it beat upward, tinged her face with the only flame it would know. If she fell asleep and let the fire out, a priest would beat her; he would perform this office chastely, correctly, in the modest dark. The penalty, bereft of interest by punctilio, would be less awful than the dead-black extinction on which she *might* open her eyes, if for so much as a moment she dared risk closing them. I have wondered whether, ironically, a Vestal forcing herself awake through the small hours, swimming in the warmth, hypnotized by the flame's flutter, was not often the one genuine sleepyhead in polite Rome. As against that, nerves might be kept on the stretch: young nurses speak of the arid abnormality of a night watch—not the duty (which is a mitigation) but the watch itself tells terribly on the spirit and strains the consciousness. Something about it, they say, is against nature. Hours in which the dying easily die are those least livable for the living. The Vestal, peculiarized since childhood, may not have reacted to her ordeal thus. Night and day, now I come to think of it, must have been much the same in that small closed temple, whose beehive-hut form commemorated the early days of the cult. Yet I cannot think one can defy night and not be aware of it.

The five other Vestals were free to slumber, in their row of bedchambers in the Atrium, and everything suggests that they should have done so, soundly. Their day had been tranquil, ordered, piously pleasant. Their surroundings, as we know, were delightful; moreover the spacious plan of the precincts gave them no reason to get on each other's nerves—they had no need to mix when not in the mood. They had no economic anxieties, and no emotional ones if they had sense. Unlike nuns (with whom they are not to be confused) the Vestals led a by-no-means cloistered existence; hardly a day went by without an outing. In daylight they could whirl round Rome in carriages, that privilege denied to everyone else; and they ap-

peared, seated near the Emperor, at all public ceremonials, spectacles, and functions. The circus, the race course, and later the Colosseum were nothing when not graced by their presence: they inhaled sweat and crowd stench as they might the scent of flowers in their *peristyle* garden, were unruffled by passions and pandemonium, gazed unblinkingly down on bloodshed.

Their dress, a tunic over a pleated robe, the head being bound by a fillet, was becoming. (The fillet, in the form of a *rouleau*, rose high above the unfurrowed brow—in some portrait statues this may give the impression, a wrong one, that they wore their hair *en Pompadour*.) Each Vestal, offspring of an aristocratic *domus*, had undergone searching examination before being accepted for the Order: not only morality and intelligence were required of her, she had also to be found physically perfect—not only without defect or disability but, one may take it, at least reasonably good-looking. Having been accepted, she had to wait; for the candidate was brought for examination at the age of not more than five or six. The girl child was brought to the *Atrium*, one imagines, less by her own choice (except in cases of great precocity) than at the instance of her determined family. For a daughter, no higher honor was to be sought; and the young set-apart creature, waiting at home for her fifteenth birthday and/or the next vacancy in the Atrium, probably learned to regard herself, as did those round her, with sacred enthusiasm. If there were recalcitrants, I have not heard of them.

#### WHAT WOMEN TRULY ENJOY

THE existences of the Vestal Virgins were, as I see it, enviable. For what they forewent as women, they were compensated in the ways women most truly enjoy. An aura surrounded them. Limelit appearances, during which everything that they said and did was above criticism, alternated with restful privacy. Their transit through streets or across the Forum left behind it a wake of awe, not untouched by sentiment, in the most profane. They were on idyllic terms with Emperors with whom it would otherwise have been impossible to be platonic. So far as the great could relish intelligence, the six had an opportunity to show it. The elevated seclusion in which they lived must have been favorable to the growth of character, as is conditioned air to the nurseling plant. Vestals' counsels were harkened to; they could exercise influence, and did so. They could secure pardons:



a Vestal meeting in the street a criminal being taken to execution could have him spared. Sheathed from grossnesses, insulated from dramas, scandals, the six during their sallies into the *beau monde* were free to observe these at close quarters: much must they have had to discuss, with a cool wonder, upon their return to the cool Atrium. Yet they knew, one may hope, something more than serene complacency; rendered to religion by dedication, they cannot but have been spiritualized by their unearthly duties. Moreover, what they saw of the flesh must have beatified for them their vow of chastity.

Chastity was very strictly enforced; a Vestal who lapsed was buried alive—she descended into a subterranean tomb which was then sealed up over her head. If punctilio attended upon a beating, still more was it present at the infliction of death: the cell-like tomb was furnished with food and drink, for a sacred lady must not die of starvation, and with gruesome respectfulness did the executioner assist the doomed one onto and down the ladder which took her to her protracted agony. However, given the long roll of the Vestal Virgins, lapses were rare. At forty-five a Vestal, released from the Order, was free to marry: should she elect to do so, what better wife for a distinguished, sober, correctness-esteeming widower? But there were those who preferred not to quit the Atrium. The position of Senior Vestal, probably reached, would make anything in the outside world seem an anticlimax. Those who chose not to abdicate could stay on, thereby blocking promotion and leaving some junior, next on the list for admission, to chafe at home well on into her teens—or even her twenties—for the number of Vestals might not exceed six.

The premises known as the Atrium of the Vestal Virgins were, we recall, more than once rebuilt, lavishly, by well-meaning Emperors. Each time this must have raised dust, disorganized routine, and brought in workmen. A more trying, because more regular, nuisance would have been night-time disturbance by the Palatine set—the Vestals must have been constantly shocked awake. The Atrium, remember, backed on the Palatine, which rose steeply above it like a wall, and the Vestals, again remember, slept at the back. Soon after the Forum's roar had subsided, activity would begin on the built-up hillside. That now spectral honeycomb, stairs, ramps, passages, through which moreover zigzagged a vaulted roadway, overhung the Atrium's bed-chambers—and it was by one or another of those

routes that after-dinner Palatine parties, on noisy vice bent, plunged their way down into the sink of unlit Rome, and ultimately made their debauched return. The din, the echoes they kicked up must have been hideous.

The Imperial ladies and their *entourages* went to all lengths to flaunt their errors: consequently their names have remained so bad that there seems no point in blackening them further. Among the disappointments of Augustus had been Julia, his daughter and only child, whose desire for notoriety (possibly in opposition to her father) was realized. Widely broadcast, dangerously scandalous, her career had to be put a stop to: she was banished to an island, leaving behind her a train of smirched reputations and ruined lovers. Her daughter the second Julia was little better: between them the two set a pace which their successors seemed to feel that they must follow. Where would our vocabulary be without Messalina? Yet was not this Empress, now a prototype, but an extreme example of her kind?—who, adding to nymphomania an addiction to dabbling in power politics, in almost all cases met wretched ends.

What mattered was, that they cost more than they were worth: they damaged the existing regard for women. The Roman matron—wise and temperate consort, guardian of everything in the *domus* that was benevolent and tender, raiser of memorable sons—came to be a receding and dimming image. Nor, for a time, did anything more individualized, original, or spirited replace her. The one career open to women outside the *domus* appeared to be a career round town: every caterwaul or titter heard in the night went to confirm masculine pessimism. Rome seems to have raised no “new woman” till the emergence of the feminine Christian martyrs, whose independence of character, equanimity, poise, firmness, and power to discountenance should be noted, not as distinct from their saintliness but as part of it. These were the emancipates, under God. Faith, and the necessity to testify, stirred awake in them qualities owed to an old heredity, a tradition which had at least nursed them, if it had also caused them, till now, to slumber.

#### LIVIA'S PAINTED GARDEN

ROME holds in its keeping more than one masterpiece of illusion. Loveliest of those which remain intact is the Empress Livia's painted garden, an additional wonder of the world. A flower-fringed wood, with vague hills

undulating behind, this first encompassed an oblong room in Livia's country villa at Prima Porta. Not long ago the sylvan scene was transferred to the walls of a room of the same proportions, built for it in the Museo Nazionale. Neighbored in the museum by the modish *domus* decorations, this blue-green eternity of Livia's should be visited on a different, less banal day—one does not merely look at it, one becomes enclosed in it. In these young woods, diaphanous, not more dense than thickets, everything is ardent and fresh-growing, yet drenched as by dew with all time's mystery. Branches and the air between them are alive with birds, and wild doves and finches and others have taken courage and perched on the trellis, nearer the eye. Gaps in the trellis give on a strip of greensward between it and the parapet—which, though it runs all the way round, keeping back the wood, never is monotonous, for its tracery-patterns change and it has embrasures. The one tree framed within each embrasure is, you will note, of a species rarer (that is, in Italy) than are those mingling together in the wood.

Near an exotic pine a rabbit has got in, as rabbits do. The apples and oranges ripening are few as yet, though enough to weigh down the still-slender boughs; the flowers grow, also, not in too great or anonymous profusion—there is a touch of identity to each as it rests on the bush, leans from the spray, or springs from the stem. The wood recedes, as in life, into veils of atmosphere: everything in the forefront is in stereoscopic closeness to you—the veining of leaves, corollas' uneven or dented petals, the molded, tipped, and directed feathers composing the characteristic plumage of each bird. Elsewhere, only in poetry could there be such verisimilitude. There is not a breeze, but the greenery has a look of not perfect stillness: animate, it must breathe.

I visited Prima Porta: a friend and I and her cocoa-colored, aristocratic dogs climbed the slope to where Livia's villa was—two women paying a morning call on a third, gone (though not quite) as were her surroundings. We looked down into what we had expected—a shell left open, after its excavation, to convince the hopeful that there is nothing more, now. Having wanted to see the first site of the magic wood, the exact locality of its original holding of its sway, I was satisfied. Prima Porta was, in the Empress's time, the first main stop (I imagine, for changing horses) on the Via Flaminia's course from Rome to the north. Round here, the highway dips through wonderful country, on which Nature has showered

numerous woods—why did Livia, who had only to go to her door and look out, or lace on stouter sandals and take a walk, choose to encase herself in a painted one? We know who she was, Augustus's wife, the new Roman Empire's First Lady. But what was she?



#### A MODEL FOR JOSEPHINE

ANYONE interested in watching women deal with the situations in which they find themselves must have been interested by watching Livia. Observed she was. The slight scandal attendant on her divorce from T. Claudius Nero and rush, forthwith, into marriage with Augustus connected with her having been pregnant at the time: that a lady in her condition should brave the law courts then haste, anew, to a bridal bed was considered indelicate; moreover the child with which she was great was not unnaturally rumored to be Augustus's, though T. Claudius Nero, gentleman to the last, was not to be shaken in his claim to paternity: legally, the boy Drusus remained his. If the boy were indeed Augustus's, what irony—for Livia, once into her second marriage, bore no more children. That Augustus could be a father was manifest in the form of the awful Julia, begotten by him on his irreproachable first wife, Scribonia, since then divorced for Livia's sake.

For Livia, this man with an unprecedented future opening before him risked what, at that juncture, was all-important: his name for integrity. Battles the youthful Triumvir had won; all the more it behooved him to be above one battle, that of the passions. If Livia did not impassion this formal Roman (which, between-times, he might have rebelled against or mistrusted) she must have pleased him, subtly, deeply, entirely, and as never before, which sounds less dangerous but may be more so. She



won him, and she kept him. Augustus Caesar, with his exaltation of lineal descendency, his conviction that he should found a dynasty, needed a son no less than, later, did Napoleon. Both career-emperors were in the same predicament, locked with former mistresses into barren marriages. Napoleon put away Josephine; Livia stayed the course.

When history seems to repeat itself, the centuries between characters disappear. Apart from circumstance, how much had they in common, the vulnerable Josephine, the adroit Livia? Both had a gift for interiors: women's charming rooms not only relax the warrior but ease the confederates brought home for informal but it may be decisive talks. Lightly flattering, teasingly discreet would be the conversation of the siren now ensconced as hostess. Malmaison outside Paris, that idyll-setting, with its long couches and little chairs, windows onto the garden, bric-a-brac, draperies classic yet ethereal (what might not Livia have done with muslin!) we see as it was; Livia's intimate house on the Palatine, with its cool courtyard, today is in many ways as it was not. Yet we have a clue as to how it was furnished when we realize, the pieces set out on Josephine's polished floors were in the admirable new fashion France hailed as "Empire": we know what epoch they reconstructed, *which* empire had originated their classic curves. Napoleon's having in mind Augustus, imperial laurels, so-far-similar fortunes, led to Josephine's furniture and dresses being modeled as closely as possible on Livia's. Further, these two, each to the taste of a man of destiny, played their parts accordingly—each entered a drama at, as it happened, a point at which she could be at her best, do her best, contribute from what she was and had. Livia and Josephine were stylish; each knew how to give an air of heroic chic, of summery enterprise, to an enforced new order. Empire is an involvement: against glories the cautious are bound to balance possible cost. Ostentation, in young-imperial circles, could have made exactly the wrong impression. Livia and Josephine were elegant on an apparent shoe-string.

There the resemblance stops. Josephine's losing of Napoleon must, though dynastic necessity gave it cause, have been also due to mistakes such as love can make—one might say, such as only love *can* make. To love makes one less clever. Livia's mistakes, it would seem, were few (their annoying fewness may have accounted for her not being widely or warmly liked) and, such as they were, not in regard to Augustus. Are we to argue, she did not love him? "The rising man"

may be one thing, the man another. He and she remained an alliance—on his side, the closest his nature knew. Caught in the rapids of success, they were at least never swept apart. In return for the risk taken, she could hardly have made him a better wife. Augustus became a man with little to spare: that state, she probably understood, or (if after all she did love him) became resigned to. Livia, for her part, had much to steer: if she calculated (as her critics suggest), appeased, where necessary, too openly, obstructed friends who would gain the Emperor's ear, or seemed devious, automatic or over-charming, can one blame her?

Part of the situation in which she found herself was this: there was increasing tension, disaccord aggravated by circumstances (such as the childlessness of her second marriage) between her son Tiberius and his stepfather. Tiberius, first of her sons by Claudius Nero, was "difficult"—why he became so has filled books. Dislocated father-attachment, resentment against his mother for changing husbands were added to, as he entered manhood, by a sense of being thwarted and overlooked. For years, no appointment found for him seemed to him of enough importance, though the preferment shown him annoyed others. Augustus's lack of enthusiasm for Tiberius could have had sufficient domestic cause. But the objection had also a deep base—the failure of a son of his to be born, the failure of adopted heirs to survive, made it clearer to Augustus, with every year, that this psychological Caliban must succeed him. Between these two men of hers stood Livia, striving to make each hour and day agreeable. Were there times when she put her hands to her head, moments when she would have given anything, everything, to be elsewhere? There can be no woman, in anything like Livia's position, for whom Elsewhere is not at times the desired land.

#### THE LONGING FOR ELSEWHERE

NOT for her, *villeggiatura* in the distant hills, whose blueness she saw from the tired Palatine. Augustus must never be out of call. The Prima Porta villa, though some way north, was so placed as to be absolutely accessible—a messenger had but to leap from his spent horse and sprint, if breathlessly, up the small hill. The Via Flaminia passes directly under the villa, through a cutting. This must, I thought, when I took stock of the place, have been like living over a main railway line, or in America, for instance, on the New Jersey Turnpike. Some-

thing was very wrong if two-way traffic along the Via Flaminia ceased to be ceaseless. There would be, of course, military interruptions: Augustus, looking up from his papers, would with knowledgeable ear check on the marching rhythm of one of the legions. Did the Empress go to the villa door to breathe or look round the country, guards sprang to the salute. She did not walk in the country; to do so would have been highly peculiar—had the caprice seized her, it would have converted itself into an expedition, maidens with lyres, porters bowed under paraphernalia it was considered she might want. And what can a wood be but a disappointment, full of thorns, full of flies, full, after all, of nothing but many trees—what a bore, how hostile! What you saw in a wood, from the outside, vanished the minute you set foot in it. Somebody coming after her—“Madam, a word with you, if you please—”

She turns home, if indeed she ever went out. That was enough of it: between the real earth and real sky there is no Elsewhere. Once from her carriage she thought she saw . . . but she was in a hurry. One day, in the villa at Prima Porta, she thought of devising something-or-other for the oblong room. It was simply a matter of hiring an artist. She always knew where to go; she hired a good one, and he no doubt worked to specification. He may have been one of those educated slaves, in which case she had no more to do than put him to work. What happened next was quite unforeseen—she inspired the painter. It is thought that women inspire by their beauty; more often they do so by their long-

ings. The execution was his, but the wood hers: he, though pleased with the wood when it was done, may have been puzzled by it—as he sauntered round, giving valedictory brush-flicks here to a petal, there to a feather, it may be that Livia screamed out: “And what are *you* doing here?—GO!”

That there was more to Livia than the wearied *soignée* woman I feel sure. She had to keep going; one does so from some secret resource. She had courage, and a grace one should not think less of because she practiced it. The serene manner in which she lived down scandal (in spite of constant reminders from Tiberius) is to be admired—and I like her for some equivalent of humor, some perhaps lightly ironical way of seeing things, through which she kept individuals in play. She may have been the first person who made Augustus laugh, which would be an event he never forgot. She was a very Roman woman, quick in eye and faculties, living in the fingertips through their touch. What did she look like? She must have been the subject of many portrait busts, of which some must be in the museums seen by me, but I have forgotten them. My sense of her physical being comes from a statue, said to be her, I saw in a villa—the figure sits slid forward, almost reclining, on a low, low-backed chair, in great ease, indolently at peace with its own beauty. It is young-mature. The *plissé* dress, having fallen vaguely around the breasts, flows on, molding the narrow thighs, down the longer stretch between knee and sandal-tip. The repose suggests rest after something done, so well done or pleasurable in itself that it is to be thought over with a smile, in so far as the lady is thinking at all. The smile is in the attitude, or is a sort of effluence from the body: there is no head.

Livia seems very contemporary, seated here in the villa, by a window. Had she her head, were the hour dusk, one could take her for one more of the guests. Her supple, modish outline reminds me how favorably she would have looked on, how loved to sponsor, today, her city's great dress designers—she is owed place in this latest empire of Rome's, Fashion. Window-gazing along the Via Condotti, I see her in the subtle profusion behind the plate glass, in the enchantedness lent to luxury, in the intricacy of tiny boxes and large necklaces, in the musically-carven jades, crystals, corals, ivories, in the cobwebs of lace no less than the sharp-cut rays from jewelers' cushions, in the sheer *look* of scentedness. Ensnare Rome must: it has an aspect—this—which I find myself calling “the smile of Livia.”





DAVID BOROFF

# *THE GENTEEL TRADITION ON A SOUTHERN CAMPUS*

**B**irmingham-Southern College had its frail beginnings in 1856 as Southern University in the plantation country of Alabama. Its history was one long financial agony until it merged with Birmingham College in 1918. With the support of Birmingham businessmen, the institution prospered until today it has become one of the leading small colleges in the South. The shift from the embrace of plantation owners to that of steel manufacturers, its gradual transition from a school offering "sanctified education" to a modern "church-related" college—the euphemism is revealing—defines not only Birmingham-Southern's history but that of the South.

The original Methodist founders, fired with zealotry, saw their youth ringed around with perils—"the hotbeds of Calvinism . . . the darkness of Catholic convents . . . the chilling winds of abolitionism . . . the skepticism of state institutions."

"Is it because," a spokesman asked, "we have no Institutions worthy of our patronage? Then let us build them."

They did build them in great profusion. After the 1854 Conference, 1,200 Methodist schools and colleges went up throughout the young country, most of them far from the temptations of the city.

Those early champions of Methodist probity would be startled at Birmingham-Southern today, where the Newman Society meets with impunity, Baptist and Presbyterian groups enjoy parity with Methodists, and a local rabbi turns up during Religious Emphasis Week. They would look askance at weekly chapels without prayer (down-graded to mere convocations), at beauty contests which churn up more excitement than theology, at heated talk about the Beat Generation in the "Cellar," the local Bohemian

retreat. They might recognize the steel magnates as their legitimate successors, but they would still view quizzically the inaugural conference on the "mutuality of business and education."

Nevertheless, BSC is still unmistakably a denominational school—and a Southern one. The Ministerial Association co-exists amiably with the Physical Education Club. The President, a Methodist layman, teaches Sunday school—although attired occasionally in silk suit and two-toned shoes. The girls are exemplars of Southern gentility.

Above all, there is a stubborn and coherent consciousness among students and faculty of a Southern tradition, even if its content is gradually thinning out under the onslaught of modernism. The college catalogue refers lugubriously to the "dark days of the 'sixties," as if it were only yesterday. Southern oratory is fostered by scholarships awarded to high-school boys with a talent for the polished utterance. The most popular of the adult education courses deals with the campaigns of the War Between the States. In the library musty portraits of Southern generals look down on as chic a collection of highbrow quarterlies as can be found anywhere. A boy announced to me magisterially that his birthplace was the "Tigris-Euphrates of the South." He said it with a twinkle which hardly belied his proud sense of place.

BSC is located three miles from the business center of Birmingham on 250 acres of high wooded ground. The area is beginning to look seedy. Birmingham, like most cities, has brisk, new suburban developments; to live outside of the industrial valley—"over the mountain"—is an important status symbol. The college, however, presents a neat, attractive spread of eleven buildings, most of them in sober Georgian

Most Northerners would be bewildered by the decorum—and intellectual passivity—of one of the South's best small colleges . . . but charmed by its seriousness and ambition. The second in a series of reports on widely different types of American schools.

architecture. At night, from the top of campus hill, students can see tongues of flame from the blast furnaces in the valley below.

Many people insist that Birmingham is not really a Southern city—there are far too many steel workers from the North, and anyway the true South is cotton-rural. That is largely a sentimental pose. Those who showed me around the city apologized for the statue of Vulcan, an ungainly brute fifty-five feet high—the only statue in the country to celebrate industry. But they took a furtive pride in its sheer muscular grotesquerie and were quick to point out that it is second in size only to the Statue of Liberty.

#### WHY STUDY IS FASHIONABLE

THE college has a thousand full-time students, a plant worth \$9 million, and a modest \$3 million endowment. Its achievements belie its size. Academically, it is very sturdy. It has a Phi Beta Kappa chapter, and only one private college in the South has produced, among its graduates, more Ph.D.'s during the last twenty years. Its living alumni include ten college presidents and twenty-eight deans and administrators. There is one faculty member for each ten to fifteen students, and the staff is well-trained (60 per cent Ph.D.'s—a high figure for a Southern school). There is a symbolic appropriateness about the ghostly football stadium, the stands splintery, the field overgrown. ("We were one of the first schools to get out from under," President Henry King Stanford remarked.) It will soon make way for a handsome new arts center.

Largely a commuters' college, only one-third of BSC students live on campus. (Plans for the future include an increase of on-campus students.) Despite the presence of some foreign students, it is essentially a local school, an unhurried backwater, somewhat ingrown, a touch provincial. An instructor of German observed that *Ich bin hier* is likely to come out *Ich bin hee-ah*, but the director of the college theater has a preference for foreign plays because the students do better imitating foreign tongues than

standard American (which, they insist, they have been speaking all along).

BSC is regarded as a "study school" in contrast with the University of Alabama, which is sometimes described as the "country club of the South." A typical attitude is expressed by the student who said, "I wouldn't say that I'm an intellectual, but I like the serious atmosphere." A pretty girl said plaintively:

"I was a straight A student in high school back home in Demopolis. I came here and got all B's and C's. I was all tore up."

A fraternity boy remarked: "Study is a norm here. Everybody studies, so it's not hard to do."

The college is on a three-quarter system (three courses a semester, five hours a week for each). This seems to work well for science and mathematics, not so well for the humanities in which time is needed for intellectual gestation. Pre-medical and pre-dental courses are reputed to be the best in the state. For selected students there is available a science major of the most formidable proportions.

At the same time, the college has to fight off pressures toward vocationalism. It divested itself of a weak journalism major, but it still offers secretarial studies for girls, and there are far more courses in business administration (including accounting) than there are in religion. Education courses flourish, particularly for women who are likely to capitulate to their mothers' admonition to provide "insurance for the future." Attached to the college is a conservatory of music, and its major role in the life of the institution probably derives from the Southern tradition of the well-brought-up lady. Challenging also is the fact that BSC offers ballet classes but no modern dance. (Grahamesque contractions and percussive movements are here regarded as neither pretty nor ladylike.)

The college offers an art major and a talented artist-in-residence. Raymond J. MacMahon is a militant abstractionist ("Art is man's invention aimed at changing and improving nature"). "There is no aggressive opposition to modern art," he observed. The trustees, largely other-directed types, dutifully take modern art courses in the evening.



Of course, there are the inevitable threnodies about student listlessness. "Your Brooklyn College students would devour us," a faculty member said enviously to me. A sociology professor observed that Southern students are markedly restrained and non-competitive. He recalls how in his student days in the South if a student left an examination room early, his departure was greeted by the stamping of feet; the folkways had been flouted. Recently, this professor criticized William Graham Sumner's thesis about the ascendancy of *mores* over law. His students, living in one of the chief bastions of segregation, carefully took notes, unmindful of the controversial implications of what they were writing.

I attended an English class concerned with Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*. The professor, an able scholar, talked about "the sacramental unity of the world apprehended through the imagination." The students exhibited a kind of uneasy reverence for this imposing formulation as, heads bent, they piously took their ration of notes. At one point, the instructor asked, "Does anybody know what happens to poets in Plato's *Republic*?" No one responded. At the end of the session, crammed with the big issues of literary criticism, he asked hopefully, "Any questions?" There were none.

A psychology professor, active in counseling, sees BSC students as intellectually capable but academically stunted because of the poor quality of high-school education in the state, particularly in rural areas. (It is possible to negotiate both high school and college in Alabama without any contact with mathematics.)

The Cellar, however, is pointed to as luminously intellectual. "It's our own existentialist bistro," the President said affectionately. The Cellar is a coffee shop in which the walls are lined with paperbacks, the tables cluttered with coffee cups, and the air is thick with talk—bold, fearless, cosmopolitan talk which vaults the narrow barriers of Jones Valley.

The academic community is divided in its view of the cave-dwellers. There is the usual scorn for the sedulous nonconformity of beards, uncombed hair, and shaved heads. A faculty member said sourly: "There's a group here which thinks that if you sit in the Cellar and read the *Manchester Guardian*, you're an intellectual." However, a freshman girl said with awe: "I wouldn't dare go near the Cellar. You've got to be brilliant for them."

It would appear that the South does not provide a congenial atmosphere for rebellion.

There is no student iconoclast, for example, like Richard Wheeler at the University of Wisconsin. The *Hilltop News'* columnist is likely to urge students to be more polite at convocation.

BSC itself has an intimate, familial flavor which dulls the edge of insurgency. There is a pervasive affection, a binding network of relationships that ensnares everybody. The President's wife, for example, takes courses at the college. At a convocation I attended, Dr. Stanford announced genially: "There's someone special in the front row . . . my sweet mother-in-law."

The students laughed appreciatively. At the end of the convocation, which featured a piano recital, a dean said of the girls who performed: "They sounded nice, and they looked real pretty." (This sense of the ubiquitous family may have a good deal to do with the reluctance of Southern liberals to oppose the values of their community on the race issue.)

#### ANGELS IN DISGUISE

WHEN Southern University was planned, the argument advanced in its behalf was that young people sent to college far from home were likely to "imbibe vicious principles." The founders' search for a local habitation with the appropriate trappings of virtue—and without "gambling, loafing, or drinking"—was more successful than they knew. Sinful stirrings are still effectively contained. A faculty member, attending a fraternity party, was dismayed to discover that there were no drinks and that the students were earnestly talking about grades. "When I was at college," he said with some indignation, "it was considered good form for fraternity men to fail their courses."

Certainly in contrast with the aggressive hedonism of the University of Wisconsin, BSC has a thin-lipped gentility. The pleasures of the flesh have only a furtive existence. There is no drinking at all in fraternity houses—there isn't even beer at rush parties. According to one estimate, only about one-quarter of the girls smoke.

"I don't object to girls' smoking on moral grounds," a boy said. "I just think it's unfeminine."

In the uncharted wilderness of sex, the students of BSC are particularly circumspect. "I attended fraternity conventions and talked to boys from other schools," a young man recalled. "The kind of thing they do is just unheard of here." Men and women alike have a sense of being under

stern surveillance. "If a girl has a reputation for being loose and you're seen with her," another fraternity man said, "word gets around. It's like a small Southern town."

The girls openly proclaim their virtue. "I think we stand up for our morals more," a girl said primly. "You know, Northern boys are fascinated by that." And she told of a Harvard boy's bewilderment at her exigent moral code. "If it were known that a girl was having an affair," a sorority member said, "she could hardly exist on campus. It's almost unthinkable."

For many girls, college is a reversal of the usual pattern. It brings not a broadening of personal freedom, or an access of sophistication, but rather the restraints imposed by a community of moral peers. High school, with its conglomerate population, was likely to be a good deal more unbuttoned.

"The boys are very polite," a co-ed remarked. "It takes them about five dates to warm up. In high school I had to act like a prude but not here. Either they can tell by looking at you, or they just don't have it on their mind."

I visited two sororities, where I saw two faces of the South. The Pi Beta Phis, many of whom are ministers' daughters, call themselves "the Bible-carrying Pi Phis," and boast of having the highest scholastic index. One of their songs explains that when a Pi Phi goes walking with her one and only man, she won't let him hold her hand, because a Pi Phi is an angel in disguise. "From the time I came here," a Pi Phi in a simple cotton dress explained, "I never smelled liquor on anyone's breath. I'm a Methodist from head to toe."

Nevertheless some Pi Phis protested, "We're human too," and one girl described a foray into the back country in quest of a drinking place:

"There's this little nothing of a place down nowhere. The atmosphere is so different from the college. You turn off on a gravel road, then you swing into a little mud road, and then you go deep into the woods. The place is just a shack. The paint's peeling off the wall, the bulb flickers, and it's cold near the windows." She paused, then added with a delicious shiver: "But the band's real good."

Alpha Omicron Pi, on the other hand, represents a bold slash of sophistication in the magnolia belt. Instead of frilly frocks, some of the girls wore tight treader pants. There were Picasso prints on the wall and primitive statuary on the shelves. "The Pi Phis are sweet," an AOPi officer said, "but we're more aggressive, more liberal. We pride ourselves on our in-

dividuality." Tolerant about drinking, they expect boys to be moderate about it and to maintain their social standards at all times.

A fraternity boy, a product of the Age of Eisenhower, expressed his preference for "the more liberal of the Pi Phis and the more conservative of the AOPis." His brothers nodded their heads in agreement.

Both sororities have in common an exuberant hospitality. "We're so glad you dropped in," they trilled. After the third or fourth time, it was clear that this was merely a conventional utterance. The Southern college girl is soft, respectful, and artfully feminine, in ironic contrast to the remorseless Momism of the South.



#### THE DUNGAREE CROWD

ONE of the striking features of life at BSC is the deep bow to feminine beauty. Every issue of the school newspaper has some cautious but worshipful cheesecake. Every fraternity has a sweetheart elected with great fanfare. The grand climax of the school year is the selection of Miss Southern Accent. ("The fifteen finalists will appear in white evening gowns accented by delicate orchid nosebags.") This year it was Margie Mills, a lovely, solemn-faced girl, determinedly unglamorous, with none of the postures of the aspiring starlet. How did she feel about winning?

"It made my mother real proud."

One of last year's beauties garnered additional laurels as Miss Alabama and as runner-up in the Atlantic City Beauty Contest. (Miss Alabama, through some clever footwork, seems to have become a special province of BSC.) Willie-Lee Thornberry (she has since dropped the Willie as immitigably provincial) went on to New York and a career, hopefully, in show business. The



school newspaper avidly reported her appearance on the Dave Garroway Show: She did her numbers ("Honey Bun," "Steam Heat," and "Small Hotel") and then exhibited her baseball pitching prowess which had "helped the AOPis in intramurals last year."

The thriving theater group, almost one hundred strong, has watched Miss Thornberry's career with proprietary interest. The North to most of them means freedom . . . the opportunity to experiment . . . exotic people. Like theater kids everywhere, the girls wear paint-smeared dungarees, the boys have an air of almost desperate aestheticism, and there is the usual clatter of hammers and saws. The group, eclectic and unafraid, has produced such plays as "Antigone" and "Playboy of the Western World" as well as lightweight staples like "Harvey." A few years ago they presented "The World of Sholom Aleichem" with the help of people in the community, the Southern drawl temporarily crossed with a Yiddish accent.

The chumminess of college and community extends to other areas as well. It was explained to me that Birmingham is actually like a small Southern town. Strip away the working-class component, which is large, and the Negro community, with which there is no contact, and what is left is a small cultural elite. ("Do you know J. D. Salinger?" someone asked me, projecting his own experience of a small literary coterie onto the vast literary subcontinent of New York City.)

The Birmingham Civic Ballet Company, one of the best community groups in the country, would be helpless without BSC students. "We're not hothouse flowers," a college student in the company remarked. "We're a contributing part of the city. We realize that there is a world outside of ballet." For local businessmen, it was a jolt to discover that the ballet company, originally something of a joke, was getting more publicity than the steel mills. They learned their lesson: Today, half the audience at a ballet performance consists of men.

#### HOW RELIGIOUS IS IT?

**I**N THE old days BSC was a "preachers' college." Daily chapel was mandatory, and the atmosphere was fiercely sacerdotal. Today, one-eighth of the students are preparing for full-time Christian work. (Many of the women will never make it; they will marry ministers en route.) Some students have weekend pastorates. Sons of ordained clergy get a moderate reduction in tuition fees. Nevertheless, Birmingham-

Southern's denominationalism has a modern liberal complexion.

"Here we look at various interpretations of the religious life," a member of the Religion Department stated. "My approach is in the Kantian tradition . . . that the heart of religion is ethics. You might say that our goal is an ethically-oriented theism."

He would like to see the college ally itself to the more progressive elements of the Methodist Church. In any case, he asserted, the tone of BSC is far healthier than the "aggressive secularism" of the state schools.

President Stanford, in acknowledging an obligation to the Church, pointed out that spiritual values can be achieved in many ways. A graduate student told him that the strongest spiritual influence he encountered at BSC was a professor of chemistry with a firm commitment to a moral order in the universe. There is a greater interest in religion today than there was twenty years ago and on a much more sophisticated level.

"When I was a student here," a faculty member recalled, "a boy might be disturbed by the theory of evolution. Now most of our students have resolved that problem in high school."

Both students and faculty have a patronizing attitude toward Howard College, a large Baptist school just outside of town. One professor at BSC sees Howard as "mass-producers of ministers and teachers," and its students as raw bumpkins "who have never been further than the barn." Nor does the pious atmosphere at Howard inspire much respect.

"They pray around a tree over there," a student said maliciously, "and there are signs all over the place saying, 'Have you prayed today?'"

BSC's liberalism expresses itself in providing a haven for the Newman Society as well as for non-Methodist Protestant groups. There are a few Jewish students on campus as well, and it is characteristic of the warm, familial flavor that Jewish students are reluctant to create issues about social exclusion.

"I knew that some of the fraternities couldn't pledge me, while others could," a young man explained. "I decided that I wouldn't pledge at all in order not to embarrass anyone."

Alabama's Birmingham-Southern College is torn between a stubborn regional loyalty and the lure of the sophisticated North. It offers a series of lectures by Distinguished Southern Professors (one of whom is from New Jersey), but the Rushton Lecturers have included such luminaries from the great world as Arnold Toynbee, Howard Mumford Jones, Karl Comp

ton, and Francis Henry Taylor. Among its visiting professors have been Ivy League notables like Harry Carman of Columbia, Henri Peyre of Yale, and Willard Thorp of Princeton. BSC gallantly sends some of its political science majors for a semester to that only vaguely Southern city, Washington, D. C., to catch a glimpse of government in action.

Southernism dies hard. It is part rhetoric, part romantic legend, and part thumbing of the nose at the rich, smug North. A fraternity boy talked with pride of seeing an *original* Ku Klux Klan uniform hanging in his grandfather's closet ("The current Ku Klux doesn't deserve to be mentioned in the same breath"). President Stanford lovingly quotes his granduncle who used to say, "We didn't lose the war; we wore ourselves out whipping the Yankees!"

Southern pique at the facile snobberies of the North was expressed by a boy who declared:

"When my high-school graduating class came to New York, we discovered that Northerners expected us to be barefoot. So we took our shoes off and put our feet out the window of the bus."

But there is also a sense among BSC students that the mystique of the South verges on absurdity. There is always an element of sly burlesque when the Southerner is most Southern. A Confederate flag was flown by a fraternity on Lee's birthday. A wag in a rival fraternity climbed atop an adjoining building and sent a flaming arrow into the flag. A newspaper in town published an account of the desecration, and the local chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy howled.

The South, like New England, has a fondness for its home-bred eccentricities. Faculty members talked with amusement about former President Guy E. Snavely, now the Chancellor. His disapproval of smoking is so thunderous that professors have been known to stub out cigarettes in the palm of their hands when he turns up unexpectedly.

BSC students and faculty are largely gradualists, with a sprinkling of integrationists, and some old-fashioned fire-eating segregationists. But the issue, crucial as it is, seems to provoke more exasperation than troubled concern.

"Northerners are much more interested in integration than we are," a student remarked. "It's the first thing they talk about when they come down here."

He was startled to learn that Rev. Martin Luther King of Montgomery, only one hundred miles away, has heroic dimensions in the North.

The prevailing attitude is one of uneasy stand-

pattism. A not untypical attitude was conveyed by a pre-ministerial student: "In a Christian idealistic way, I am for integration. But on the practical level, I am against it. The Negro is in a lower socio-economic group, and you can't mix with him."

A student leader said thoughtfully: "Intelligent Southerners have gotten over the idea that Negroes are descendants of Ham. Old ideas of racial superiority are going. However, Southerners feel that people in the North have this superior moral attitude. They don't really understand the situation here." Another student shifted the moral burden by saying, "The Yankee traders brought the slaves in, and you can't legislate social differences out." A candid boy said, "Integration doesn't bother me, but I don't want them to stop doing for us."

A lone voice crying out in the wasteland of prudence is that of Tommy Reeves, a BSC student and part-time minister, who was banished by threats of violence from his rural pastorate because of his views on integration. He said earnestly: "Gradualism doesn't obscure the need to do something *now*. In Birmingham schools it's prohibited to discuss race problems. It's a terrible thing when you can't educate people to love."

The college itself likes the idea of a strong moral commitment on the part of its students, but it is also cautious. It wants to become a first-class institution, and, as an administrator remarked, "You can't get too far ahead of your constituency." Birmingham is a center of rabid, strong-arm racism, and most people of good will there have been cowed. There was real eloquence in the gesture of one of the faculty who, soon after I arrived in Birmingham, drove me through a handsome Negro suburban development, full of beautifully-maintained ranch-houses. (The income of Negroes in Birmingham is among the highest of their race in the South; more than half the Negro families own their own homes.) But this display of Negro opulence only heightened the pathos of the voicelessness which separates middle-class white and middle-class Negro.

#### THE MOBILE IVORY TOWER

THE faculty at Birmingham-Southern is pleasant, amiably argumentative, and intellectually alert. "There are few goofers here," a recent addition observed. "I go into the lunchroom, and there's always a lively exchange among people from various disciplines."

Salaries are modest but no lower than in many



schools of its size. With the help of foundations, the average for full professor is \$6,836 (with a top salary of \$8,200 after twenty-two years); for associate professor, \$5,546; for assistant professor, \$4,650; for instructor, \$3,800. (There are relatively few instructors because of the inflationary spiral in personnel recruitment.) Any appraisal of salary has to take into account the housing arrangement on Greensboro Road, where, with loans secured by the college, a member of the faculty can build well and inexpensively.

Recruitment of good people in these days of educational panic is increasingly difficult. In scarcity fields, like the sciences, relatively young men are brought in as associate professors. This generates resentment in less pinched departments where "there are some right good people around." And every year, there is the tense drama of how many people will be snatched away by marauding colleges dangling rank and money in seductive fashion. In the last few years, a history man became dean of Washington and Lee, while another became chairman of the history department at the University of Georgia. This year a psychology professor was lured North to the University of Cincinnati.

BSC has a teaching faculty rather than a research one. The normal teaching load is fifteen hours, a heavy burden which relieves the faculty of any stern obligation to publish. This may very well be unwholesome. There is reason to believe that more members of the faculty would engage in scholarly activity if pressure were ap-



plied. But life for the faculty is probably pleasanter at BSC than at a large university with its cutthroat competition and steady pressures. There is even more scope for a leisurely and dilettante (in the good sense) life of the mind, since there is less urgency to burrow in one's narrow little specialization.

There are also particular virtues in teaching in a small, fluid, unstratified school like BSC. A French professor reported that when there was

demand for only two courses in his field, he introduced a course in Dante and one in Russian literature in translation. The intellectual quickening which this afforded is incalculable. "At the University of North Carolina," he pointed out, "I would have to wait for the Dante man to die." On the other hand, in many of the smaller departments—philosophy and sociology, for example—there is only one teacher with the inevitable loss of that vital cross-fertilization of ideas that comes from having someone else to talk to.

Many windows are kept open on the world of scholarship. With the help of foundation money, the staff gets around to conventions, meetings, and on private research junkets. (The ivory tower has become highly mobile. College professors these days do a great deal of traveling. On a tight salary, life at home may be grubby, but on expense-paid trips, the living is easier.) At BSC the faculty is more inclined to attend Southern regional meetings of scholarly organizations than national conventions, but the Mason and Dixon line is often breached. However, these jaunts into the world outside sometimes exacerbate feelings of inferiority *vis à vis* the North.

Otherwise, life for the faculty is ingrown—they teach next door to each other in Munger or Phillips Hall and then peer at each other over the split-rail fence on Greensboro Road. Dinner parties are the staple entertainment, and, as one faculty wife said, "The art of gossip is kept alive." College politics are held in check by a Southern sense of decorum. Moreover, the school is so small, the President so accessible, that the paranoic *we-they* view of the administrative apparatus is hard to maintain.

There are some minor skirmishes over smoking and drinking. In the old days faculty could smoke only beyond the college rail. Today, the drinkers and smokers outnumber the abstainers. But the fundamentalist ethos dies hard. I attended a dinner party given by a member of the faculty, where cocktails were served. A professor who had promised to show me around a college dance asked me if I still wanted to go.

"You see," he explained, "if I have to go to the dance I can't drink. But if I'm not going, I can have a cocktail or two."

Faculty row is like a small suburban development—the neatly-spaced homes getting more contemporary in design the further down (the lower in rank and age) you go; the carports and the tow-headed children more numerous. Life on a tight budget is reasonably tranquil.

"During the 'thirties," a professor with a long

memory recalled, "there was lots of worrying about Loyalist Spain. Today the faculty is interested in payments on the washing machine and changes in the pension plan."

Sometimes they are interested in each other. A recent arrival, a gifted teacher with a solemn respect for his own crochets, has provoked a good deal of talk, much of it good-natured. This man has been known to have wine parties *cum* discussions with his students. Tame stuff at Harvard, it is bold adventuring at BSC. His home, in particular, has generated furious gossip. A crisis developed when he presented plans for an ultra-modern dwelling, charitably described as "a box-car turned over." The President had a tough decision to make: Should the college impose its tastes on the new faculty member? In the end, the professor's academic prowess won him immunity for his architectural venturesomeness.

"The idea of going to Birmingham-Southern threw me at first," a faculty member said. "Then people where I was teaching began to say nice things about it, and I decided to come. It's an odd situation. We have a nice administration and good students, but we're in Birmingham—a cultural fortress surrounded by a wilderness."

Another professor feels stifled by the all-enveloping decorum. "You don't get the occasional wild woman here you find on other campuses," he observed. "I know they upset things, but they add color—you know, the kind who dresses as if she doesn't care what people think, or who dedicates herself passionately to English madrigals."

The race problem creates a brooding disquietude. Most of BSC's faculty is Southern. The dangers of provincialism are apparent to all. But as long as vast areas of the South are subservient to the White Citizens Councils, it will be difficult to attract able academicians from the North. A professor at the University of Wisconsin said angrily: "Why should I send graduate students to teach in the South and subject them to what's going on there?"

#### SIGHT-LIFTING

DR. Henry King Stanford is that rare phenomenon—a popular college president. Like Birmingham-Southern itself, he represents the mingling of the old and new. Courtly and graceful, he has a sympathetic appreciation of the Southern tradition, but he is shrewdly attuned to current realities. Moreover, he has had his fling beyond the sacred groves. He received his Ph.D. in political science from New York University, worked for a time with the National

Association of Manufacturers, and did a stint in Turkey with a government mission. And he is young—slightly over forty. His description of the faculty—"Southern but urbane"—applies with particular force to him. He drives a gleaming new Cadillac ("one of the advantages of having rich trustees"), dresses jauntily, and has a lively though civilized sense of life's spoils. The day I arrived I was taken to dinner by Dr. Stanford at a private hilltop dining club called with panache *The Club*. (It is inevitable that a peevish member of the faculty would complain about this. "Stanford tries to show his sophistication," he said. "You know, he'll say, 'Yes, you do use vodka in a screwdriver.'")

Skillful in his relations with the college's benefactors, yet genuinely responsive to ideas, Stanford has won a secure place in his short tenure. In fact, there is some anxiety that he will be snapped up by a larger institution and then replaced by "some little old Methodist preacher."

He defined the function of BSC as "a kind of academic conscience for the community." Like college presidents everywhere, Stanford is driving hard toward excellence. Private colleges should be dedicated to quality, he argues. On the other hand, he does not envision Birmingham-Southern merely as a breeding ground for Phi Beta Kappas.

"We want a good sprinkling of C students," he said. "They're the ones who go on to make the money with which to endow new colleges in the future."

BSC has an amicable rivalry with Agnes Scott, Davidson, University of the South, Southwestern at Memphis, and Randolph-Macon. But excellence in this league is not enough, Stanford asserts. "We should now lift our sights to national standards of excellence and exert every effort to achieve them," he declared at his inauguration. A student speaker on the same occasion touched on another reality:

"This hilltop rises above a valley shadowed by fears and ignorance. . . . The people of the earth look to such institutions as Birmingham-Southern College for guidance."

It may well be that until the College exercises that leadership in the current crisis in the South its chances of achieving the excellence it so earnestly desires will remain slender indeed.

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*Next month Mr. Boroff will report on a unique experiment in higher education on the Pacific Coast.*





# THE BLESSING

A Story by Hugh H. Nissenson

Drawings by Harvey Dinnerstein

WHEN Rabbi Levinsky finally left, it was late in the afternoon. Yitshaak went out onto the balcony to watch the old man going home: a solitary, graceless figure, dressed in a long black coat that flapped about his knees as he walked, with one hand thrust behind him, and the other pulling at his beard. The road lined by eucalyptus trees led uphill. From time to time the old man paused to catch his breath. Even on the balcony, the air was stifling, redolent of plaster and the exhaust fumes of cars. The long tapering leaves of the trees, shaped like knife blades, were covered with dust. The heated air shimmered above the red tiled roofs of the houses on top of the hill. Beyond them, to the west, beyond the highway to Haifa, and shining between the gaps in the sand dunes, the inert Mediterranean reflected the pale blue sky.

On the crest of the hill, Levinsky looked back. Yitshaak drew away from the railing, but it was too late: the old man had seen him, and with a gesture that was unmistakable in spite of the distance, he reproved him again with a shake of his head. Then he went on his way. The road turned left. Yitshaak watched until he was hidden by the row of whitewashed houses and the dusty trees.

Standing there, facing the road, Yitshaak could see the grammar school that served the children of the neighborhood. It was here that his son had been enrolled in the fourth grade

before he had been taken ill. Yitshaak put his hand to his forehead, shielding his eyes from the sun, in an effort to see into the classroom where the boy had studied. It was on the first floor, north, in the corner of the building, but there was nothing to be seen inside. The window was dark.

He took a deep breath. Since three-thirty, when he had returned home from the hospital at Petah Tiqva, he had longed only to be left alone with his wife, Nira, who had taken to her bed as soon as she had heard the news. Now, with Levinsky gone, he was frightened at the thought of it. He was grateful that Esther, her aunt, was with her. Not that it really made any difference: he was going to have to tell them both what he had decided. In a way, Esther was responsible. He thought back to earlier in the afternoon and pictured her standing in the doorway when she had first heard about the boy, with one plump arm raised, and those pale, disquieting eyes becoming suddenly brilliant with tears. For an instant, without catching the words, the sound of her voice echoed in his ears. Then there was the silence with a voice of its own—a faint buzzing that oppressed him even more. His gaze returned to the school. A little yellow Arab dog, casting an enormous shadow in the light of the declining sun, was crossing the yard with its nose to the ground.

"Yitshaak?"

It was Esther from the living-room. "Yitshaak? Yitshaak, where are you?" He gave himself a moment more—until the dog reached the corner of the building, and then went to face her in the open door.

"There you are. Where is he? Levinsky's gone?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Without saying good-by?"

**A**S ALWAYS, her glance made him uneasy. He wasn't sure why. Her irises were pale blue, almost colorless, clear and untroubled, like a child's. This afternoon was the first time he had seen her cry. Maybe that was why. She had been in the country for twelve years, the only member of her immediate family to survive the concentration camps. Belsen, a trek across the Alps in winter and on foot, a year's internment on Cyprus, and now the shabby rented room in Ramat Gan with its yellow wallpaper, where she lived alone, without complaint, and supported herself as a dressmaker's assistant—her curious, serene eyes, set in that plump, aging face, revealed nothing of what she had seen.

"What about tomorrow?" she asked. "What time does the service start?"

"Early. Eight-thirty."

"That's a good idea. The earlier the better. Then we'll get Nira back here before it gets too hot."

"I guess so."

"From Petah Tiqva? Why not? It won't take more than a half-hour to get home. If the service starts promptly at eight-thirty, we'll be back here by eleven at the latest. What about the hired cars?"

"What about them?"

"How many are you going to have?"

"One. Why?"

"I thought so. That's not enough. That's only enough for the four of us—Levinsky, you, me, and Nira. What about Zvi and the Rosens?" They were clerks with whom Yitshaak worked in the safe-deposit department of the bank on Allenby Road.

"Zvi'll drive himself," he said.

"Has he got a car?"

"A jeep."

"Wonderful. I didn't know. Who else? What about Lani? What's her name? You know. Nira's friend from school. Oh you know who I mean. The girl who married that doctor in Natanya."

"Goldman."

"That's the one."

"They're away," Yitshaak said. "They went away on vacation."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Nira may know."

"She's sleeping. You can ask her when she gets up. We'll send them a telegram. Would you like me to call the others?"

"If you like."

"I'll call them from the pharmacy when I go shopping. Oh. That reminds me. Something else. It's important. I almost forgot."

"What?"

"If they all go to the cemetery, we'll have to invite them back here afterwards for something to eat."

"Yes," said Yitshaak. "I remember. The meal of condolence . . ." It seemed so remote; all of the random memories of his religious upbringing seemed now to belong to another life: the dark Polish synagogue on Dizengoff Road with its slippery floor, the candles and fish on Friday night, the red velvet *tallis* bag that his father had given him on his thirteenth birthday . . .

"We'll have to give them eggs or lentils to begin with," Esther said. "That's required. After that, you can have whatever you like. Meat if you want. I thought maybe I'd make veal cutlets."

He shrugged; she chattered on, now and again dabbing at the sweat that beaded her upper lip.

"What is it?" she asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"No, no, go on. I'm listening," he said, coming into the room at last and sitting himself down on the sofa with his hands on his knees.

"Did he tell you I knew his wife?"

"Who?"

"Levinsky."

"Yes. He mentioned it."

"It's a small world. I used to make all of her dresses when they lived in Ramat Gan. A lovely person. A lovely couple. I'm glad that he's the one who's going to hold the service."

Again Yitshaak shrugged. The laws of the country forbade secular funerals, and it was simply a matter of convenience to contact Levin-sky who happened to live in the neighborhood.

"He's a fine old man," Esther went on. "Everyone likes him; admires him, I should say. More—depends on him. He was in Auschwitz, did you know that?"

"Yes. He mentioned that too."

"That wasn't easy for a Rabbi. And not only because of the Germans, mind you. Because of our own. You can imagine what sort of a Rabbi he must be if he still managed to command



people's respect in a place where it was impossible to evade answering certain questions that would be asked."

"I understand."

"Do you?"

YITSHAAK gazed about the room. On the coffee table, with its lace doily spread under glass, was a folded newspaper that he had bought on his way to the hospital in the morning. He took it up and began scanning the pages mechanically. It was difficult to concentrate. His eyes burned with sweat, and after a short time, even without looking up, he became aware that Esther was watching him expectantly. Rooted to the same spot in the center of the room, her transparent, inverted image—the white blur of her face and her folded arms—stared up at him from the depths of the glass. He found it impossible to speak. It was the mention of Levinsky again, the possibility that remained of hope and peace, the chance that if he spoke to the bearded old man just once more, one of his phrases, perhaps one final word that he loosed upon the desolation would come back to roost with an olive branch. He raised the paper, frowning, and tried to resume his reading. There was an article about the necessity of conserving water during the *sharav*, the heat wave, and another, a letter to the editor from an engineer living in Jerusalem, about the dangers of exhaust fumes from cars polluting the air.

"... greater volumes of oxides," he read, the words blurring before his eyes. This time he looked up. Quite suddenly, the light in the room seemed to have diminished. Outside, above the red roof of the schoolhouse, the pale blue sky was becoming translucent.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"I don't know. It's getting late. I ought to go. I'll tell Zvi to drive straight to the hospital tomorrow morning. There's no sense in his coming here first."

"I'm not going," Yitshaak said.

"Where?"

"To Petah Tiqva. To the funeral tomorrow. You and Nira will have to go alone."

"I don't understand."

"I'm staying at home."

"*Aber ich kann nicht verstehen*," she repeated, lapsing from Hebrew into German in her astonishment. "Why?"

"It's not your fault. I don't blame you for it."

"For what? What did I do?"

"It was something you said."

"When?"

"When I came back from the hospital."

"I didn't say anything. What did I say?" Her eyes, clouded, suddenly cleared and widened in remembrance. With her left arm raised, unconsciously repeating the gesture she had made in the doorway, she repeated the words in a bewildered voice: the Hebrew phrase that had involuntarily escaped from her when she first heard of her nephew's death—the traditional invocation upon hearing evil news:

"Blessed art Thou O Lord our God who art the true judge in Israel."

"It seemed to me . . . unfair," said Yitshaak. "... An eight-year-old boy. I told Levinsky, but he said they were part of the ritual, too. I'd forgotten. I haven't been to a funeral since Papa died. Levinsky said that the same words, or words very much like them would be repeated tomorrow, over the grave. I told him if that were the case, I wouldn't go."

"But why? Why?"

"Don't you understand? 'A true judge . . .' How can I have any part of that? That boy was—"

"What?"

Yitshaak shook his head. "What was he? What?" Esther repeated, leaning forward, touching the edge of the coffee table with her knees. A drop of sweat trembled from the tip of her nose. From outside, through the open door, could be heard the rumble of a truck on the road, and the faint, high drone of an airplane, coming in, or going out, over the sea.

"What? Tell me," she said, but Yitshaak remained silent. "Innocent," was what he had begun to say. In some way, he wanted to protest that his eight-year-old son who had been condemned to suffer so and to die from cancer of the lymph nodes, had been innocent. But he said nothing because while the explanation was forming on his lips, it had suddenly occurred to him for the first time that, if anything, her own faith, like Levinsky's, had in some manner taken that very thing—the condemnation of innocence, into account. The realization had left him feeling empty and perplexed. Esther's faith, after all, had survived three and a half years in Belsen where her husband, a wealthy furrier from Berlin, had died of typhus, and from which her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen at the time, had been deported to Auschwitz in a sealed boxcar and never seen again.

"No," said Esther. "It's not easy . . . Never think that, not for one moment, that one simply accepts it all once and for all, and that's all there is to it."



"What, then? You tell me that."

"Ah—" She smiled, blinking her eyes rapidly in the gathering darkness. The drop of sweat still trembled from the tip of her nose.

"*Von Tag zu Tag.*"

He stared at her without understanding.

"*Täglich . . . daily,*" she repeated. "*Und jeder Tag . . . One must struggle every day . . .*"

He pressed the heels of his palms into his eyes. No. There was something more. It wasn't simply a matter of acceptance. In time, he would come to accept the death, and even the suffering, of his son. That was only natural, almost instinctive, a process of the mind protecting itself. Even now, amidst the wheeling, fading lights in the darkness behind his tightly shut lids, he found it difficult to summon up the boy's features with exactitude. It required all of his effort just to recall the pinched face that he had seen that very morning, when the doctor had lifted up the sheet on the hospital bed. The snub nose and the wide mouth, like Nira's. The tiny mole—where was it exactly? On the left cheek, beneath the eye . . . No. It wasn't acceptance that he rebelled against. It was something else—something which seemed to him to be monstrously humiliating. Every day, the woman before him was struggling not so much to accept the suffering inflicted upon the innocents in the camp, but to—what? Yitshaak lowered his hands. He scrutinized her; the drop of sweat had gone from her nose. Yes, he thought with astonishment, to sanctify it. She blessed God, her tormentor, and that same degradation would be required of him if he attended the funeral tomorrow. But to what end? Why? What purpose would it serve? He continued to stare at her, and as though in answer, she raised her head, and met his questioning glance with those imperturbable eyes . . . Reconciliation. The promise of peace.

Yitshaak stood up; the springs of the sofa creaked.

"When will you tell Nira?"

"I . . . Now," he said.

**Y**ITSHAAK?" his wife called out in a voice that was muffled by the pillow. "Who is it? Yitshaak? Is that you?"

The room was in semi-darkness. A single, broad ray of sunlight, streaming through a crack in the shutters, lit up the corner of the wall opposite the bed.

"Did I wake you?" he asked.

"No, no; what time is it?"

"Almost six."

"That late? My God. Have you had your dinner?"

"I had a late lunch," he said. "I'm not hungry."

"You mustn't be ashamed to ask Esther to make you something."

"I will, when I get hungry," he said, coming forward, and sitting down as gently as he could on the edge of the bed. His wife gave him a dim smile with her wide, unpretty mouth, and turned her face toward the corner where the dust danced in the light that was turning a deep red. A stray strand of hair, dark and stringy with sweat, lay on her cheek. She breathed deeply. Maybe she wanted to sleep some more. Yitshaak made a motion to rise.

"No, don't," she told him. Her left hand rose and fell. "Stay a little while."

"Esther wants to know if you remember Lani Goldman's address."

"Natanya. Number twelve Weizmann Street."

"I thought she went away on vacation."

"She did. I forgot. They went to Naharia. I think they're staying at the Dolphin House."

"I'll tell Esther."



"Are you going to phone Lani?"

"I thought I'd send a telegram."

"Would you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Call her, would you? Speak to her yourself. I'd like her to be with us tomorrow if she could."

"Nira?"

"What dear?"

He reached out to grasp her left hand, but simultaneously, she had begun a motion of her own, to brush the strand of hair away from her cheek. His empty palm fell on the bedcovers by her side.

"Where are you going?" she asked him.

"Can I get you something? A cup of tea?"

"No, no, that's all right. But you go ahead. Get yourself something to eat. You won't forget to call Lani."

"If that's what you want."

"Yes. Do," she said. "Please. Get her to come."

ESTHER was waiting for him on the balcony, motionless against the rail. Yitshaak stood near the wall while she finished reciting the evening prayer.

"... and arranges in order the stars in their watches in the firmament according to His will ..."

A breeze, imperceptible at the height of the balcony, stirred the dusty leaves of the eucalyptus trees, and their dry rustling, merging now and again with her murmuring voice, was the only sound to be heard.

"... and the darkness ..."

The breeze died away. "... for ever and ever. Blessed art Thou O Lord our God who brings on the evening twilight. Amen."

Yitshaak was looking at the sky which was paler than the afternoon, and even more luminous. A mass of dark clouds blown in from the sea had settled above the southern horizon, and although the sun had been gone for some minutes at least, a fiery streak of opaque light lingered over the waves.

"Was Nira awake?" Esther asked.

"She wants me to call Lani."

"Did you tell her you weren't going?"

"I will. Later."

"When?"

In the last few moments, it had grown much darker still. The contours of the school and all of the houses on top of the hill had become indistinct. Here and there a pale electric light shone in a window, suspended in the dark air. The sky too, still blue, was softly lit as though

from within, but the redness had faded from the clouds. Their black ragged masses drifted slowly to the east.

"When?"

The first star of the evening gleamed in the southern sky, directly above a telephone pole on the road. The drift of the clouds in the opposite direction made it appear to be racing west. Another one, much dimmer, more distant, infinitely farther away in space, appeared beneath the first, and that too, because of the drift of the clouds, seemed to be racing out to sea. Yitshaak clung with both hands to the railing for support while the stars reeled above his head, and yet remained where they were, inextricably bound together above the telephone pole and the road.

"Well?"

"I . . ." Someone whistled tunelessly in the shadows beneath him. A dog barked. Soft laughter, the clatter of supper dishes drifted to him from open windows.

"Then don't tell her," Esther whispered. "Don't say anything."

"I must."

"Not if you go."

"I can't."

"Go."

"I can't," he said. "Don't you think I would if I could?"

He had turned to face her. With her head raised and partly hidden in the shadow of the wall to her right, she answered without looking at him,

"Yes."

More and more stars were flickering through the thinning clouds.

"Yes," she said. "I know. The final humiliation . . . You think I don't remember? How many times at the camp didn't I think: ah curse Him. Curse Him. Curse Him and have done with it. Still—" She pressed her palms together. "Still, one must live."

He nodded, and in order to calm himself, tried to identify the few constellations that he knew: the Milky Way, the Big Dipper, in Hebrew, the Great Wagon, that was just visible in the north.

"What is it?" Esther asked him. "What's the matter?"

He was weeping. With one hand, he gestured toward the sky. All the clouds had gone, and all motion had ceased. In its place, from horizon to horizon, countless stars were shining, arranged in a vast, quiescent, and eternal order that Esther had blessed, and from which he was excluded by the tumult in his rebellious heart.



By H. S. WEICHSEL, M. D.

*Drawings by Stanley Wyatt*

## FASHIONS IN MEDICINE

Bleeding, acupuncture, cupping, and monkey glands are no longer stylish. Yet doctors and patients are both chasing after other fads just as silly—at considerable expense, and sometimes with serious danger.

**D**ID you take a tranquilizer today? Did you take benzedrine to pep you up or an antihistamine for a cold? If you did, your doctor may be following a medical fashion. By medical fashions, I mean things that doctors do or advise because these things happen to be popular. Consider the fashion of prescribing tranquilizers. How many people who take them really need them? What about "pepper-uppers" by day and sedatives by night? Is this good? Such fashions are not necessarily harmless.

You might ask how fashions can arise in a science. Medicine is not a science. The only true doctor-scientists are the laboratory research men. The rest of us are not scientists but rather practitioners of a craft, the "art of medicine." Fashions in pure science are inconceivable, but fashions in an art or a craft—but of course!

I recall the great diathermy vogue of the 1920s. This treatment is supposed to heat tissues more deeply than externally applied heat. Diathermy has its uses, if applied expertly and for a suf-

ficient time. Otherwise, the actual penetration of heat is negligible. In any event, many doctors bought diathermy machines. So did I. We used them with *élan* and gusto for many conditions, some of which they may actually have helped.

Now, it is a curious facet of human nature that belief is at least half the cure. Warmth is soothing and pleasant. Doctors were enthusiastic. Articles in the lay press helped. The public, too, became sold on diathermy. Then some enterprising hucksters got busy renting diathermy machines direct to the public, and no questions asked. People rented machines for anything and everything. If they were lucky enough to hire weak, inefficient machines (and that's what they got, all too often) they stood less chance of getting burned—literally. The old long-wave generators could cause serious burns if the electrodes were improperly applied to the skin.

For a while, the racket flourished unchecked. Then local and state authorities began to crack down on the fast-buck promoters. Suits were filed against them. But what really polished off the home-rental diathermy racket was the threat of war. The federal government called a halt because diathermy was a menace—not to health—but to military and maritime communications. The old machines generated wave lengths which interfered with radio reception.

Newer and better diathermy machines have since been designed. Diathermy is still popular



even though experts in physical medicine find it of very limited value. Medical fashions die hard.

Just how long-lived they can be was brought home to me the other day when an old German lady asked me if I would be so kind as to bleed her—as her late physician, a German, had done periodically. I tried, most patiently, to explain why it would be kinder not to, but she left unconvinced and not at all happy with “modern” doctors. Bloodletting is no longer *comme il faut*. At best, it is a temporary expedient to reduce dangerously high blood pressure.

#### “BLEED HIM WHITE”

WE DON'T know exactly when it began; we do know it was popular for centuries. Archaeologists have found Sumerian bloodletting lancets and records 5,000 years old. In medieval manuscripts there are quaint illustrations indicating the areas of man ruled by the various signs of the Zodiac. Only certain veins might properly be bled, and only at certain times. (Rases of Baghdad, in 890 A.D., had warned against cutting the member in whose sign the moon hangs.) A vein in the head was propitious for “complayntes, and passiounes of ye heart.” A vein in the crook of the elbow was variously considered suitable for “spirituall membres,” for “spleen,” for “paynes of ye lowere membres,” and for “passiounes of ye entrayles.”

Barber-surgeons, who did most of the bloodletting, had only to learn the twenty points where blood might be drawn from veins, the accepted vein for each disease, and the hour of the day when bloodletting might be performed according to the accepted Table of the Signs of the Zodiac. A medical day-book of 1750 is quoted to the effect that “A well-known Baronet of Kent, his Lady and all the servants, both male and female, underwent this supposed sanitary operation of bleeding in the spring and summer. . . .” This was followed the next day by routine purgation, another practice no longer fashionable; rather more drastic but still reminiscent of the sulfur and molasses of our youth.

During the Renaissance patients were bled freely and often. Jean-Baptiste Denis, physician to Louis XIV, is credited with the first successful blood transfusion in a human. He reportedly injected nine ounces of sheep's blood into a young man who had been bled excessively. How he managed this without killing his patient is beyond me, but that was his story and he stuck to it. As late as 1816 a famous French physician advised, “Bleed the patient until he is white!”

This sort of attitude doubtless contributed to the frightful mortality among French soldiers and colonists in Algeria in the 1830s. At Bône, 1,100 of 5,000 men died—two out of seven. A Dr. Maillat, being put in charge, was revolted at such slaughter and substituted quinine for bleeding. The death rate dropped to one in forty-six. Obviously, malaria was rife and the quinine helped control it. Malaria destroys blood. Add excessive bloodletting and it's murder!

One wonders whether the eclipse of bloodletting might have been further hastened by beliefs such as that of one Dr. Sleight of Philadelphia, who said in 1849 that “five-sixths of the blood is superfluous, loaded with the seeds of disease, and best discharged from the body.” Gradually, it became evident that bloodletting was killing too many people. I don't recall seeing it done in over thirty years, but it remained popular in Europe longer than in this country, as did water cures.



#### THE MAGIC SPRINGS

EVERYBODY knows that water flows downhill. But to see it bubbling up out of the earth—out of nowhere—must seem magical to simple folk. And how much more fascinating if the water is hot, or spurts or stinks! And the worse the stench, the greater the magic and the greater the value of dunking or drinking. The ancient Greeks believed that leprosy could be washed away in the Anigrus in Elis and that gout could be cured by bathing in the Cydnus at Tarsus. According to Vitruvius, in the first century A.D., certain waters in Italy could dissolve

bladder stones. Pausanias, in the second century, recorded that "the water of the Selemnus in Achaia is cure for love in man and woman, for they wash in the river and forget their love. If there is any truth in this story, great riches are less precious to mankind than the water of Selemnus."

The Romans, not content with simple things, built their baths over the springs or piped the water to their buildings, which were complex, often luxurious. A ritual of the bath developed which is still followed in today's establishments. The Roman bather disrobed in the "apodyterium," got himself progressively cooked in the "tepidarium" and the "caldarium." After sweating it out in the "sudorium," he was massaged and smeared with ointments in the "unctorium." Bathing outgrew its purely hygienic function and became a social occasion with entertainments and feasting. I have heard of luxury baths in New York which serve meals but of none that provide dancing girls. As Roman civilization declined, so did bathing, and filth became the order of the day until well after the Renaissance.

Our generic name for watering places derives from Spa, a village in Belgium, where mineral springs were discovered in 1326. By the eighteenth century, Spa had become the most fashionable watering place in Europe—one of many. Various waters are renowned for certain ailments—Vichy for liver disorders, Evian for high blood pressure, Hot Springs (Arkansas) for arthritis.

In contrast to the hundreds of spas in Europe, we have few in America. American physicians have been generally inclined to regard water cures as effete, ineffectual—and foreign to boot! (We concede that it was a good idea for nineteenth-century gluttons, damaged by Gargantuan meals washed down with quarts of claret, to visit Karlsbad or Marienbad, to eat simple foods, and to flush their ailing systems out with mineral waters. No wonder their gout was eased.) American spas range from the very plush White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia to some pretty shoddy places. During the war, I was hospitalized at Hot Springs, Arkansas, for arthritis. My own limited experience with the spa routine has left me without any wild enthusiasm for it—and I would be willing to bet that most of the visitors to American spas are not sent there by their physicians. Spa therapy is not fashionable among American doctors.

We concede the benefits to be expected from a restful, simple routine, but we are skeptical of the special claims made for the waters. Until

recently, there were no scientific tests by which such claims could be evaluated. Through developments in nuclear chemistry, radioisotopes are now being used to trace the various elements through the body's metabolic processes. Although no earth-shaking discoveries have been announced, there is some evidence that there may be, after all, something to the water cures.

In passing, it is interesting to observe the increase in popularity of spas in Europe since the end of the war. Physicians, encouraged by the governments, are prescribing water cures increasingly. American physicians have been guests of the German, Austrian and Italian governments on tours of spas. Spas are being featured prominently in travel magazines. It would seem that the big sell is on and that spa therapy could be on its way to becoming high fashion again.



#### NOT-SO-MAGIC MOUNTAINS

OUR first knowledge of mineral springs came from ancient Greece and we are indebted to the Greeks for many other things in medicine, including Hippocrates' classic description of pulmonary tuberculosis ("consumption"). However, 2,300 years were to elapse before Robert Koch identified the germ of TB in 1882. Soon afterward, alert physicians began to develop clinics and sanatoria for the isolation and treatment of TB patients. Many of these, especially in Switzerland, were in the mountains.



Patients were put to bed, fed well, and exposed to the sun—heliotherapy for TB.

For some years, as soon as a doctor made the diagnosis (or suspected TB) his immediate reaction was to send the patient to a sanatorium, preferably in the mountains. So ingrained and widespread was this fashion that, when I was about ten, children were singing a gruesome little ditty which began,

Oh, we are three jolly consumptives,  
Cough! Cough! Cough!  
We get a free ticket to Denver,  
Cough! Cough! Cough!

Some physicians were so taken with the idea of heliotherapy that they devised complicated mechanisms with series of prisms to concentrate sunlight on the patient, clock-actuated to rotate with the sun. Considering that any person can absorb just so much ultraviolet radiation without harm, this seems a bit complicated (and maybe amusing) but the basic germ of truth is there. Sunlight has a beneficial effect on calcium metabolism and lime salts help in walling off tuberculous infection.

But what about altitude? In treating TB, an important part of the therapy is to put the sick lung as nearly at rest as possible. Putting the patient at the altitude of Denver or Davos, a mile above sea level, makes him breathe more deeply and more often in order to get the necessary oxygen out of the thinner air.

The benefits of sanatorium treatment were obvious enough—and the mountains are so beautiful! But it developed that patients who could not go to the mountains got well just as fast in hospitals at sea level. And, after all, sunshine is by no means the entire treatment. Gradually, mountain sanatoria became less fashionable. Many have closed down. With their passing, the milieu of the sanatorium novel also has all but disappeared.

About the time when the TB sanatorium was at the peak of its vogue, other medical fashions were waning. Counter-irritation, an old favorite, was going out. The most familiar example is the mustard plaster which draws blood to the surface—countering an internal irritation with an external one. Cupping, an ancient practice, was still fashionable. A glass or metal cup was swabbed with alcohol, ignited, and applied to the skin. As oxygen was used up, suction drew blood to the surface. I can still remember a pneumonia patient admitted to hospital in 1927 whose chest and back were covered with dollar-sized red-brown marks, the result of cupping by an elderly European-trained physician.

Blistering was also practiced, either by direct heat or by strongly irritant substances. Stroking the skin with a red-hot cautery, like a soldering iron, was still used as late as 1925. The late and great Sir William Osler advocated acupuncture (still a favorite in Chinese medicine) for sore backs.

"For lumbago," says the 1918 edition of his *Principles and Practice of Medicine*, "acupuncture is, in acute cases, the most efficient treatment. Needles of from three to four inches in length (ordinary bonnet-needles, sterilized, will do) are thrust into the lumbar muscles at the seat of pain and withdrawn after five to ten minutes. In many instances the relief is immediate, and I can corroborate fully the statements of Ringer, who taught me this practice, as to its extraordinary and prompt efficacy in many cases."

Now, if you had a backache and your doctor wanted to stick you full of hatpins, what would you do?

If you are middle-aged, like me, you may remember Antiphlogistine. "Chest colds" were treated by plastering this hot mud over the chest. It was applied to sore joints and to swollen cheeks for toothache. It was probably no better than any other poultice but it was very extensively prescribed. My pharmacist tells me that it is still on the market, but that he has not had a physician's call for it in years.

Do you remember the jars of leeches prominently displayed in old-fashioned drug stores along with the big jars of colored water? For all their efficacy in sucking blood out of bruises and black eyes, these loathsome monsters are hard to find now. If you want a leech, you will have to look in a foreign neighborhood or down on the Bowery.

Odd as all these doings may seem today, they all had some merit—but, like the beard, the bonnet and the bustle, they have simply gone out of fashion.

#### FROM GREASE TO GREASE

**I**N MY lifetime, as student, intern, and surgeon, I have gone full cycle in the treatment of burns, from grease to grease. Small burns are not serious but, if large areas are blistered, excessive loss of vital fluids can kill. Apart from infection, this is the greatest danger in burns.

When I was a child, burns were treated with oil or grease. Cooking oils, lard, butter, vaseline were all used, even axle grease. "Carron oil," a messy mixture of linseed oil and lime water,

originated at the Carron iron works in Scotland, was still found in pharmacies and hospital emergency rooms. Doctors were usually a bit fussier and used vaseline. During the first world war, various wax mixtures were developed, to be painted or sprayed onto burns. This was neater than grease, but far from perfect. Then, Army surgeons began using Dakin's solution which was good for cleaning up dead tissue and controlling infection but did nothing to control fluid loss. It was irritating and needed constant replacement as it gave off the chlorine which was its active component. Everything about the patient got wet—patient in a puddle, nurse in a sweat. We still had no “wonder drugs.” Control of infection was still difficult and we lost patients from infection as well as from massive fluid loss. With the methods we had then, we could not make up the lost fluids. Blood banks and plasma were still to come.

Some time later, some bright lad remembered that his grandmother had used strong tea on burns. Somebody else's grandmother had used ink. Both were time-honored folk remedies and depended on their tannic content. Lots of papers were published and various preparations of tannic acid became fashionable. The idea was to tan the burn, covering the burned area with impenetrable leather, reducing fluid loss. This could be a mixed blessing, for the coating was rigid, which made motion painful and impaired the circulation of extremities as it contracted. If infection occurred under the tanned area, the surgeon had to hack away chunks of leather to permit escape of pus—a procedure most distressing to patient and surgeon alike.

In time, human leather went out of fashion and the period of “open” treatment began. After clean-up of burns in the operating room, patients were put to bed under cradles or tents warmed by electric lights to conserve body heat. Dressings were avoided. Thermostats were needed to keep even temperatures. The whole thing was rather complicated and some of us felt that our patients were less comfortable. Lately, improved temperature controls in hospital rooms have made it possible to discard the tents. Some surgeons still prefer the open treatment, but I have the impression that most of us think otherwise.

Even before the second world war we had sulfonamides to fight infection, blood banks and plasma to fight fluid loss. Then the Navy medical department went back to grease, but with a difference. After operating-room clean-up, the burns are covered with strips of gauze

saturated with vaseline or a bland ointment. Over these, pads of gauze and cotton are held in place with elastic bandages, creating firm pressure which tends to reduce fluid loss. Most of us like this method. Patients are more comfortable. We are saving more lives. It looks as if grease for burns, back in fashion, is here to stay a while.



#### “MONKEY GLANDS”

IF YOU are too fat, you expect your doctor to do something about it. Public and doctors alike accept glandular therapy as a matter of course. We revamp fat little girls into svelte young women. We ease stormy “change of life” with glandular extracts. We speed sluggish metabolism with thyroid and control diabetes with insulin. Not so long ago, we could do none of these, and pioneers in glandular therapy were ridiculed. When the great French physiologist, Brown-Sequard announced, in 1889, the rejuvenating effects on aging men of testicular extracts from young animals, he was laughed at. Unfortunately, he was seventy-two years old and his enthusiasm was misinterpreted. It remained for Serge Voronoff to make glandular transplants fashionable. For a while, early in this century, Voronoff enjoyed a great vogue. Aging men came to him from all over the world for “monkey gland” transplants. “Rejuvenation” became very fashionable and many doctors started doing transplants. The price of young male monkeys skyrocketed. The idea created a deal of comment and commotion. The press had a field day and



flocks of jokes were born. "Monkey glands" became part of the American language. Novelists, exploiting the idea of rejuvenation, turned out some pretty weird tales. Gertrude Atherton's *Black Oxen* was a particularly purple bit of fantasy.

The awakening was tough. Tissues of one species do not survive in the body of another. Whatever the immediate effects of testicular transplants may (or may not) have been, physical or psychic, they were bound to fail as the transplants died. The jokes changed from ribald to bitter. Voronoff was ridiculed—then forgotten.

The fashion faded away, but the solid researches of Brown-Sequard and many others on glandular secretions have profoundly influenced the practice of medicine. Doctors do not expect to produce miracles of rejuvenation—nor do they hawk such treatments in the public press—but, with the glandular medications now available, they do a lot to ease those who suffer from glandular imbalances.

Today's young surgeon seldom sees the huge diabetic carbuncles that were common when I was young. These abscesses were sometimes the size of footballs, full of foul pus and dead flesh, frequently fatal. "Blood poisoning" (systemic spread of infection) was universally dreaded. In 1925, one of my friends died of sepsis after pricking his finger while doing a chest tap. There was nothing which could have saved him. A year later, I sweated out a week of terror after a similar accident while doing an autopsy. Skillful as our surgeons were, they had much need of prayer. We did, of course, practice rigid asepsis (avoidance of infection) but septic surgery could be a nightmare. The death rate from pneumonias, peritonitis, and other infections was high. We had always in our women's wards agonized females with gonorrheal "pus tubes." On a sixty-bed surgical service, we averaged one or more deaths per week from peritonitis.

The sulfonamides changed that, dramatically. With sulfathiazole our peritonitis mortality dropped remarkably. "Pus tubes" became less frequent. Pneumonia mortality dropped. Surgery was still no bed of roses, but things were better.

#### DANGEROUS FASHIONS

**F**ASHION unfortunately upset the apple cart. Doctors started prescribing small doses of sulfonamides indiscriminately for minor ailments. Just as some strains of insects developed resistance to DDT, certain germs developed a tolerance for sulfonamides because they had not

been hit hard enough to destroy them. Against these resistant germs, the sulfas were no longer effective. Inevitably, the sulfas became less useful and less fashionable.

Penicillin was our next "wonder drug" fashion. It has saved countless lives. It has limitations which we had to find out the hard way, but we did find out that, to be effective, it must be given in massive doses, enough to overwhelm the infectious invaders—a therapeutic blitzkrieg. Properly used, it is a valuable tool. It can cure even that hardy perennial, syphilis.

What has happened to penicillin? Why have we had to develop so many other antibiotics? Penicillin became so fashionable that it too was given for minor ailments, even for the common cold. Much too frequent prescribing, in inadequate dosage, has produced many strains of resistant germs, exactly as happened with the sulfas. So we have to keep searching for new antibiotics, more and more.

What is going to happen to the corticosteroids (cortisone and its cousins)? Are we going to do as we did with the sulfas and with penicillin? And by we, I mean all of us, public and physicians alike. Of all the wonderful medical discoveries so far, the corticosteroids are probably the greatest. They will not cure cancer nor tuberculosis nor bunions, but the relief they afford in ever so many conditions, from skin disorders to crippling arthritis is almost miraculous. So much has been published that cortisone has become a household word. We are far from knowing all the answers. Unwisely used, steroids can be dangerous. Let us hope that we will use them wisely and that the fashion of using them will not degenerate into feeding them like aspirin.

How do medical fashions start? It used to be entirely the doctors' doing. Now the press and the public have got into the act. We are bombarded constantly with medical information. Take a look at any newspaper or magazine. How often do you find one *without* some medical article or reference? All too many new discoveries are proclaimed as miracles. People read all this, avidly. They acquire a little knowledge. They press their demands on their doctors. Not all doctors are as pig-headed as I and not all will say, bluntly: "No, you don't need it and you won't get it from me."

We all share the responsibility. It is about time we all took stock. There is such a thing as the natural tendency to recovery. Doctors might do well to remember this again. And the patients might do well to stop trying to practice medicine.

# THE MAROONED

ROBERT HILLYER

I SHOULD have been prepared that solemn morning  
If God had given me sufficient warning  
Such as He gave, I now surmise, to those  
Far less deserving people. Well, God knows.  
I told my wife, "There's thunder, the rain's coming."  
And the rain fell and all day slanted drumming  
Up the wide valley, such a plunging rain  
As I have never seen and sha'n't again.

That night I played the prophet. "The wind's dropping,  
The stars will soon be out, the rain is stopping.  
Tomorrow all our fruit trees and our wheat  
Will stand up fresh and glistening in the heat."  
But I was no true prophet. Far from ceasing  
The rain fell straight down steadily increasing  
And day by day increased. Like spears it struck  
My shattered fields and churned them into muck  
And then a lake that drowned the orchard. Still,  
We did not dream that it would reach our hill.

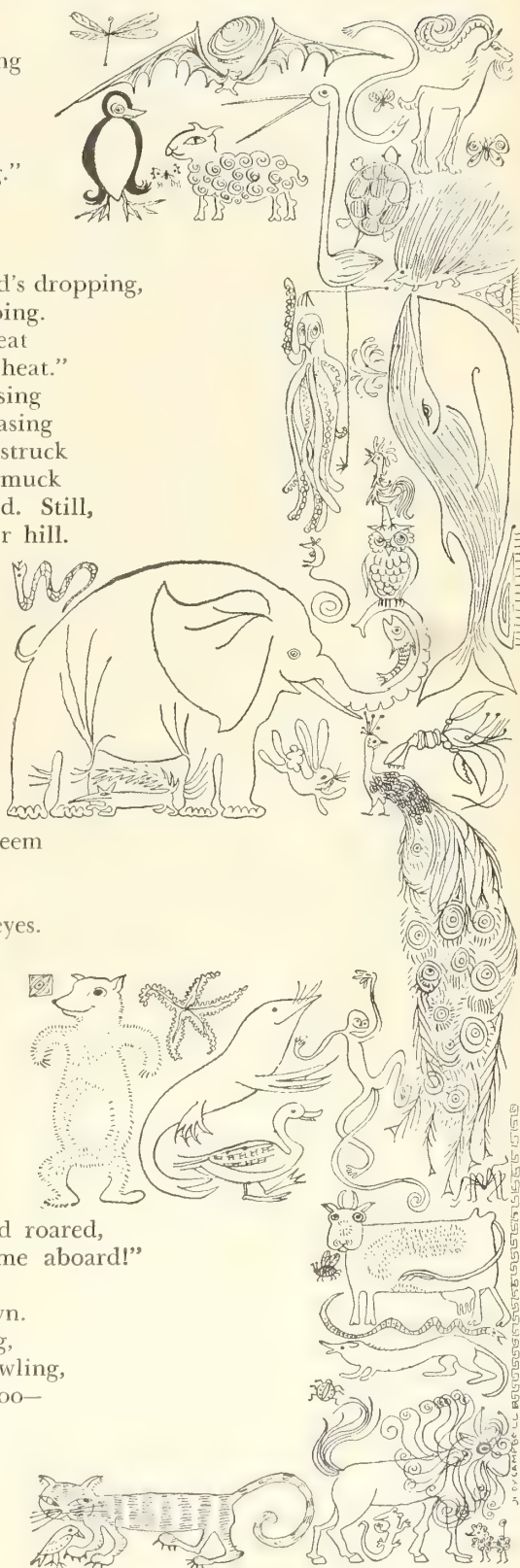
But as the days passed and it did not stop  
At last we climbed up to the mountain top  
With all provisions we could carry, while  
Our house went floating past our little isle,  
From which across the waters we could see  
Dim shapes that sheltered others such as we.  
But day by day they vanished, till our own  
Amid the waste of waters stood alone,  
A hundred feet by fifty, I should guess,  
Though now it's less and hourly growing less.

And what I have to tell you next would seem  
A mad mirage or a delirious dream,  
Except that we both saw it. Otherwise,  
We neither would have trusted our own eyes.

It was a huge, unwieldy barge that passed  
So close we saw the knotholes in the mast,  
A jerry-built affair, the shapeless sort  
Of craft that children might have built in sport.  
At first it seemed there was no crew at all,  
But just a crowd of every animal  
And bird you can imagine. One old man  
Stood by the railing drinking from a can,  
And when he saw us paused, and in a voice  
Of thunder bawled, "O righteous men, rejoice!"

Then, when we shouted, shook his fist and roared,  
"But you're not righteous! You can't come aboard!"  
He danced a caper like a drunken clown,  
Oblivious of the rain that hammered down.  
Meanwhile, the animals all started yowling,  
Grunting and snarling, whinnying and howling,  
Bow-wow, miaou, chirp-chirp, and cockle-doo—  
A crazy skipper and a floating zoo.

And when she got to windward—well, I wouldn't  
Describe the smell, and anyway, I couldn't.  
However, when we cursed, we cursed not that,  
But being left to drown on Ararat.







# WHY TODAY'S TEEN-AGERS SEEM SO DIFFERENT

EUGENE GILBERT

A fifteen-year study of adolescents shows that the gap between generations is widening . . . and that both juveniles and parents are often baffled by the others' behavior.

**I**F YOU believe your teen-age son and daughter are causing you a good deal more trouble than you ever gave your parents, you are probably right. On the other hand, if you are under twenty, there may be good reason for you to regard your elders as a peculiarly insensitive, outmoded, and irrational tribe.

The rift between the generations, in our time, is puzzling because the age gap between them is relatively small. Many of the parents of today's high-school set were teen-agers themselves when they married during the war and have, in effect, "grown up with their children."

Perhaps this is part of the trouble. There are other elements—a few of which I have tried to sort out in the hope that this might help the generations to put up with each other more happily.

I am not a teacher or a sociologist; I am not even the parent of a teen-ager. (I am bracing myself for this event—my son, Howard, has just passed Gesell's "golden age" of ten.) But for some fifteen years I have been carrying on an intensive study of the adolescent in a role where he is most distinctly himself—as a consumer. In 1945, when I was a college student myself, I was struck with the notion that stores and manufacturers were losing a lot of money because they were largely blind to my contemporaries' real tastes and habits. I started then to become a market researcher in a virtually unexplored field. I have been at it ever since. Today the company I head is regularly called on to probe, describe, and analyze the ways of teen-age consumers and has completed more than six million interviews with them. What kind of name, we are asked, will attract the young to a new ice-cream bar? What newspapers, magazines, TV and radio programs do they prefer and why? What makes them like or dislike a particular watch, soft drink, candy, comic book, typewriter, or jacket?

In our hunt for practical, dollars-and-cents answers to such questions we inevitably find out a good deal more. For our information, we not only interview young people—we also use them to ask the questions. We have a nationwide network of some five thousand young poll-takers.

They represent all social strata—children of business and professional men, farmers, white collar and manual workers. They are sharp observers and we use the techniques of opinion and market research to interpret their findings.

Our salient discovery is that within the past decade the teen-agers have become a separate and distinct group in our society. Psychologists and social scientists underline their separateness. Advertisers and merchants cater to their whims. Newspapers devote special sections to the interests of the teen-age reader, who is accepted as a special kind of customer along with the housewife and the adult sports fan. And the response of the teen-ager has been, characteristically, to match the image. I am not speaking here—or elsewhere—of the youngsters who get into trouble. Despite newspaper headlines and our well-founded concern with their problems, delinquents represent only a minute percentage of our teen-age population. I am concerned here not with why a handful of boys and girls behave badly, but with exploring why the great majority seem to their elders so odd. How different are they really?

Adolescents, ever since anyone has observed them, have been rebelling—openly or secretly—against their elders. At the same time they have always been desperately eager to keep in step with their crowd—known to the social scientists today as the peer group. Never before, however, have these phases of human development been given so much public and formal recognition. And never before has quite so young a group exercised the same kind of power—for good or ill. Today's teen-ager is a remarkably independent character. The fact is, he can afford to be.

The high-school boys and girls of 1959 are likely to have about four times as much money to spend as their counterparts in 1945—the individual average is \$10 a week compared with \$2.50 fifteen years ago. Two-thirds of this is a parental dole—the allowance. But the balance is earned income. Today's teen-agers—despite contrary views from some of their teachers—are an industrious lot.

#### THE EAGER BEAVERS

**W**ITHIN a decade, the number of teen-agers holding steady year-round jobs has doubled—reaching a total of 800,000 in 1956. Some of these youngsters have left school to go to work, but many manage to hold down lucrative jobs after school hours as delivery boys, newspaper route boys, baby-sitters, soda jerks. About

four million spend their vacations working and some 4.5 million do part-time work or odd jobs throughout the year.

Typical of most American youngsters today are the students and graduates of the Pearl River High School in Rockland County, New York. Their guidance director circulated a questionnaire last August and found that 90 per cent of the 1959 graduates had found summer jobs in fields which they hoped to pursue in college. Thirty out of seventy-five boys and girls earned more than \$400 during the summer at such jobs as clerk, camp counselor, kitchen worker, stock boy, photo-offset press loader, caddie, carpenter, car-pool attendant, church organist, laboratory assistant, salesgirl, and road-maintenance worker. Sixty-five out of seventy-five of the junior class also found summer jobs and earned an average of \$250 apiece.

A good slice of such earnings is saved for college expenses. But a considerable part is also spent. Last year teen-agers had purchasing power amounting to an estimated \$9.5 billion—enough to cause some major merchandising and fashion upheavals.

The high-school set makes its own decisions about what to buy and where to buy it, often dragging their parents along in their wake. Thus teen-age boys have created the vogue for button-down collars, Bermuda shorts, cashmere sweaters, sport shirts, "Ivy League" jackets and loafers. And the junior miss (who has her own sanctuary in any up-and-coming specialty shop known as the "Young Sophisticates," "Telephone Set Shop," etc.) leads the way in endorsing "separates," "man-tailored" shirts, ballet slippers, and skintight "stem" skirts or ballooning layers of petticoats. She has, over the past few years, built seamless leotard tights (not long ago known merely as a professional dancer's uniform) into a multi-million-dollar industry. One manufacturer of girls' clothing who started out eighteen years ago with a \$4,000 investment has, by concentrating on teen-age preferences, blossomed into a \$30 million business with six factories around the country and a listing on the American Stock Exchange. This company's brochure—a kind of capsule course in teen-age psychology for retailers—indicates that the junior miss is a shrewd—if impulsive—buyer: she prefers a well-turned seam and pre-shrunk color-fast fabrics.

For her style ideas, she may lean on one of the half-dozen fashion and service magazines which cater exclusively to the teen-age girl or her married sister (known in the trade as a young



adults. But by and large it is some mysterious form of communication within their own age group which dictates high-school and college vogues. Parents, in any event, have little to say about what is bought and where. This is not entirely because the youngster has his own money in his jeans. Indeed in other times and other societies, earning power did not spell independence. Working children were expected to contribute to the family budget—the need for strong backs on the family farm has, for instance, been a classic pretext of the Irish matriarch for preventing her sons from marrying.

But today's young mother—who probably buys her own clothes in the college shop—is no matriarch. Neither she nor Daddy has ever wielded much authority over the youngsters, and both parents tend to be uncertain in matters of taste, confused about values, and all too ready to abdicate decisions—whether about cereals, car colors, furniture, or clothing—to sons and daughters who have definite preferences, shared with large numbers of their contemporaries. In similar fashion, immigrant parents used to lean on their children as arbiters of taste and interpreters of the American way.

Today's teen-agers play a dominant role in the making of family decisions at a remarkably early age. The process of growing up, it seems, has been telescoped. In this precocity, TV and radio have certainly played a part. Today's teen-agers may suffer from overexposure to Westerns and gangster movies. But many have also kept the set turned on for newscasts and during childhood have achieved at least a nodding acquaintance with the wide adult world. The thirteen-year-old boy now does (or expects to do) what was reserved for the fifteen-year-old of the recent past. (Learning to drive a car, for instance.) A thirteen-year-old girl wants "sophisticated" party dresses, high-heeled shoes, and make-up. (Eye shadow rather than lipstick is today's badge of womanhood.) Fifteen years ago less than half of one per cent of thirteen- and fourteen-year-old girls were "going steady" with one boy. Today this number has increased twenty-fold. And, as a not surprising corollary, the peak year for marriage of women is now eighteen.

The prospect of early marriage does not, however, necessarily mean a full severing of the useful bonds of home. Seventy per cent of the boys and girls between thirteen and seventeen whom we questioned on the subject said they would not object if their parents supported them for a while after marriage.

"It is the obligation of the older generation,"

said one boy, "to provide for the younger until they are able to provide for themselves." Many parents might agree but find it something of a shock to have their duties spelled out so bluntly—particularly if they disapproved of the marriage in the first place.

#### CRAZY MIXED-UP PARENTS

**B**RASH as their behavior may seem at times, the youngsters themselves are not too comfortable in simultaneously defying and exploiting their elders. Their mixed—or perhaps suppressed—guilt feelings about their parents are revealed in teen-age humor. Much of it seems to express a burgeoning disrespect for the adult world and for at least one aspect of the character of Mommy and Daddy. The currently popular "sick jokes" may be a significant case in point:

"Daddy, why can't I go out and play like the other kids?"

"Shut up, son, and drink your beer." . . .

"But Mommy, I don't want to go to Europe."

"Shut up, darling, and keep on swimming." . . .

"I don't care who you are, fat man, get those reindeer off my roof." . . .

For most teen-agers quips like these have the same charm as their own jargon. Said one, "I think we like those jokes because they make us feel like important individuals. Those jokes are our own, and adults can't really understand them or laugh about them. We feel superior when adults can't understand something we are doing."

Another youngster said, "We are a new generation, and we want to make our mark as an individual generation. These jokes are one way of doing it."

Few teen-agers can bring themselves to criticize their parents directly. Most of them—though their conduct may belie their words—say they think Mother and Dad are just as smart as they are. And hardly any dare suggest that their own parents are a bad thing—this came out in a survey which asked young people to list the "worst influence" in their lives. Ninety-one per cent cited bad companions or the evil example of adults outside their families. On the other hand, teen-agers blame the parents (of others) for most juvenile delinquency. Parental love, interest, and understanding are the best anti-

dotes, they say. (Authority is not mentioned.) However, the boys and girls don't hand their parents much on the positive side. They were listed as "best influences" by only 20 per cent of the group questioned. Good companions and inspiring non-relative adults were the choice of the majority.

When pressed to list negative traits of their parents, one boy said of his father, "He's neurotic." The vast majority, however, said in various ways that Mother and Dad are old-fashioned—particularly in matters of courtship and sex.

Paradoxically, many parents find their children too conventional. They wish their daughters would have a few romantic flings before settling down with the boys they were going steady with in junior high. And they would like—or think they would like—to see their sons dreaming of adventuresome careers rather than steady jobs with dependable pension plans.

There are signs that some of the young people themselves are beginning to doubt the wisdom of teen-age marriages—including their own which show an alarming fragility.

On the other hand, conservatism and conformity are clearly on the increase, at least in the more tangible aspects of life. For example, in 1946 a large group of thirteen- to nineteen-year-olds were queried about whether they would like to wear something different from their contemporaries. A third said they would. But in the past year, in response to the same question, 95 per cent chose a leveling sameness.

This is, of course, no different from the imitative drive which sent earlier generations into yellow slickers and raccoon coats. It is just that the odd balls are becoming so scarce. Surprising too were the results of a survey for the Armed Forces which have traditionally attracted the restless youngster who wanted to "join the Navy and see the world." He is, it was found, a vanishing species. So the Army adopted a brand new slogan: "Retire at thirty-seven." It was highly effective.

#### THEIR BRAND OF IDEALISM

**T**ODAY'S teen-ager is a very practical youth. For example, the problem of getting good marks places higher on the list of most youngsters' conscious worries than dating, money, or parent-child problems. This is not because mother nags about homework, but because the teen-ager knows he must meet stiff competition from his peers and needs a college degree if

he is to get on in the world, which he fully intends to do.

That world, however, is very different from the one in which his parents lived as children and young adults. And herein may lie an important clue to the gap between the generations. For people in their late thirties, forties, and fifties today, the two overwhelming experiences of life were the Depression and World War II. Far more than they realize, the impressions and standards formed in those days have shaped their present attitudes and thinking. But to the teen-ager these are dim, irrelevant periods.

"My, I'm tired of hearing about all those noble causes my mother worked for when she was in college," said one high-school girl. "I don't believe they were all that noble. And who cares now, anyhow?"

The difficulty, it would seem, is global.

"Today's young people don't speak the same language as we do," a middle-aged Yugoslav Communist complained the other day. "They don't feel as we do about things."

Parents from Chattanooga to China would probably agree. Possibly, however, it is the "things" as much as the "feelings" that have changed. And it may well be that today's teen-agers are adapting, in their own way, to a situation very different from what any prior generation of adolescents has experienced.

Is there not, for example, a certain crude logic in hastening the growing up process in the shadow of the atom and hydrogen bomb? What meaning have "patriotism," "peace," and the other slogans of a bygone idealism when the dilemma that faces us is not a matter of winning a war but survival? To lose one's identity within the pattern of one's contemporaries, to seek the haven of a steady job rather than personal achievement, to prize material possessions above abstract principles—these may be the best available safety rafts in an insecure world.

The wiser of our politicians are learning gradually that one cannot use the old stock-in-trade of the past twenty years to appeal to young voters. Many of them have scarcely heard of the New Deal. They are not veterans of any war and don't hope to be. New issues must be defined though just what they are no one has yet figured out.

Possibly it is time that parents, too, started shifting their sights. Instead of bemoaning the queer ways of their young, it might be more useful to take a hard look at the society in which they are growing up. After all, we made it for them.



# REBUILDING THE FOREIGN SERVICE

Unbelievable as it sounds, we now have nobody especially chosen and trained for the job of figuring out a long-range foreign policy.

The new Secretary of State has a chance to make history by creating a new elite corps to fill this gap in our first line of defense.

WHEN he became Secretary of State, Mr. Christian A. Herter told the press that he was pretty much of a team man. He meant presumably, that unlike the late John Foster Dulles, he would rely upon the permanent non-partisan officers of the State Department for collective advice on foreign policy.

By this time, Mr. Herter has had a chance to take a hard look at his team. I suspect he has found that he needs to hire some experts. For the United States in these years of anxiety has no staff specially chosen, trained, and experienced in long-range foreign policy.

For a brief time we had policy thinkers in the State Department. Most were amateurs—adaptable laymen of good sense who had come to the department in its great wartime expansion. A few career men who had shown uncommonly broad interests joined them.

Then something happened to the State Department on its way into the Eisenhower Administration. The Foreign Service (recruited for overseas duty) was integrated with the Departmental Service (men hired to work only in Washington). Henry M. Wriston, then president of Brown University, was chairman of a committee that recommended the merger which became known as Wristonization. The result was that a man in the old Departmental Service had to join the

Foreign Service to keep a good job. He was Wristonized, and became known as a Wristonee. Mr. Wriston's name thus contributed three new words to government argot. It was a questionable honor.

The reasoning behind integration seemed theoretically sound. If an officer could be assigned either to Washington or abroad, talent could be used more flexibly. More men could come back to be re-Americanized, as Departmental prose has it, and long periods of exile could be offset by duty tours at home. Most countries handle their foreign office people in this way. For example, the Hoover Commission in 1947 found that of thirty-nine nations only the United States, the Netherlands, New Zealand, and Peru had separate home and overseas diplomatic staffs. For a good many years, Democratic Administrations had talked about ending the peculiar—and rather haughty—isolation of Foreign Service officers from the rest of the Department. Prodded by Dr. Wriston, the Republicans took the plunge in 1954.

The change came at a time when American foreign policy ominously resembled a classic cowboy description of a flat biscuit: "It squatted to rise and baked on the squat." Wristonization made matters worse, for its result was to spread, rather than cure, the chronic ailment of the Foreign Service, which can be defined as a kind of narrow professionalism.

To a degree, the Departmental Service had been different. Amateur and wildly uncoordinated though it was, it produced ideas such as the Containment policy and economic aid. With a few exceptions, the career men abroad did no more than carry out the Department's policies and report the consequences. For the Foreign Service has never seen policy-making as its function. Since integration, this restricted view prevails in Washington as well as abroad; the net

result has been to tidy up the Department's personnel administration at the price of seriously lowering the quality of thinking that goes into our foreign policy. For everyone seeking a career concerned with policy in the State Department must now enter via the Foreign Service examinations. These are peculiarly inept instruments for discovering men with talent for policy.

#### HOW NOT TO FIND TALENT

FOR illustration, take the case of a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin I shall call Wendell Holmes. His goal was to help make foreign policy and he was both idealistic and practical. He hoped for a better world but he could work with reality. His patriotism was mature, not maudlin. And he could think big—perceiving the pattern of international relations beyond the clutter of current events. He was thorough, disciplined, and did not live by slogans. He could study and think. In addition, he had an attractive personality, good manners, good looks, and an ideal wife. For four years I watched the growth of his interest in foreign policy and his skill at analysis and conclusion. As I expected, he passed the Foreign Service examinations with ease. But this was in spite of rather than because of his broad knowledge of foreign policy.

The written examinations consist of three parts (four, if the candidate is ready with a language). The first set of questions, counting for half the grade, is a test of "general background," knowledge ranging from the ports on the Great Lakes to philosophical pragmatism. Of twenty-four sample questions at hand, only two are about foreign policy—one on the Monroe Doctrine and another about UN trusteeships. The rest of the written exam tests ability to read and write.

Mr. Holmes next took the oral exams. These are conducted by a board of three Foreign Service people who are quite naturally seeking recruits to do the same kind of work that they do. It is so well known that the Foreign Service frowns on thinking in terms of large policy that any bright young man will prudently conceal his possible interest in big questions from examiners looking for men to write reports, issue visas, replace lost passports, check ships' papers, answer questions, and otherwise serve American citizens who turn to our consulates and embassies for help.

The board, in fact, has no mandate to hunt for future policy-makers. It is directed simply to find "the kind of person who can reasonably be expected to become a useful member of the For-

eign Service." It is expected to choose those endowed with attractive personality, quickness to understand people of different backgrounds, eagerness to learn, sense of humor, ability to concentrate, ability to use the English language, integrity, steadiness, sincerity, and modesty.

Here are paraphrased samples of some of the questions the board investigates:

Does the candidate know as much as he should know in the fields in which he has studied most?

Does he know enough about the United States?

Can he express himself competently?

Will he serve well under pressure?

Why does he want to become a Foreign Service officer?

Is he mature enough for his age?

Will he make a good impression as a representative of the United States?

Will he get along well with others on the job?

Is his horizon limited by the environment from which he comes?

Does he have "good, normal habits"?

Only if some board member introduces the subject, by departure from his instructions, will interest and competence in foreign policy be raised in the interview.

Mr. Holmes gave the right answers, had the right manners, showed poise, intelligence, energy, responsibility, diligence, and all the other desired traits. Fortunately he also wore the right suit—for the Foreign Service of every country, like advertising, finance, and the ministry, has its uniform. (Another young man I know barely squeaked through because there were nonconformist silver threads among the blue of his Sunday suit.)

Enrolled on duty, Mr. Holmes next entered the Foreign Service Institute in Arlington, Virginia, across the Potomac from the main State Department Building. There he listened for twelve weeks to lectures of numbing dullness about the routine work of the Foreign Service, the organization and functions of the Department, inter-agency relations, procedures of reporting, trade promotion and protection, consular services, and administration. This is the kind of information which can best be learned on the job.

Nearly all beginners go to posts abroad immediately after this course. Some return to the Institute later in their careers; they will then be offered courses in administration, international labor affairs, effective speaking, the economics of national security, immigration, and areas and languages. One course among these, given for mid-career officers, deals imaginatively with the problems of the Foreign Service at work. It in-



cludes such topics as human behavior in administration, the pressures in America, and problems of the executive, and it presents outsiders to lecture and conduct seminars.

Out of fifteen topics in the 1959 curriculum only three could be called relevant to broad foreign policy. One was a two-weeks course in "Communist Strategy: Its Basis in Theory and Practice." The second consisted of six two-hour sessions on "Political Stability and Economic Development." (A university would, of course, be stripped of its accreditation if it attempted this kind of skimming—but the Institute sees its task as different from that of graduate education.) The third course, started in September 1958, holds the chief promise; it provides a full year of study of American foreign policy in broad terms. However, only ten senior officers a year may take it, and—even if the results are educationally brilliant—we will need many more foreign-policy experts. Unfortunately for Mr. Holmes and others whose gifts we should develop, no beginners are eligible for this training.

During the oral examination, one member of the board asked Mr. Holmes, "Do you realize that for the first six years you will do nothing more important than screw in light bulbs around the office?" This was a fair way to test a young man's reaction to starting out with lowly routine jobs. It does not, however, warn him that for most of his career he will probably do nothing more than routine work.

Only by the rarest accident will an officer reach a position from which he can influence policy. If this should happen he will be in a precarious spot. Whatever capacity he has to think in long-range terms he will have developed on his own, with no help from his colleagues or superiors. And he may be forced to recommend policies or take positions which may or may not be popular. There has been little in his training to foster such audacity. What is likely to happen is illustrated by the performance of two career officers still alive who did in fact become policy-makers: Robert Murphy and George Kennan.

#### LEARNING TO TAKE THE SHORT VIEW

FOR many years Mr. Murphy has been a reliable man for upper-echelon State Department routine. He reports well, delivers messages to other nations with grace and firmness, beams charm, talks fluently, has a steady nerve and sure footwork. He is a very model of a Foreign Service officer. Mr. Murphy is now as high as a career

man is ever likely to go: Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs. In this position he still does the routine work of foreign relations, now at the level immediately below the Secretary of State. Although he has played a part in events of high drama and importance (notably in wartime North Africa, postwar Germany, and revolt-torn Lebanon) Mr. Murphy has never been identified as the chief author of any policy that would extend beyond the next move.

Mr. Kennan, in contrast, was a career officer who somehow, in the midst of routine, managed to think analytically. And he was bold enough to go on record with what he found. In 1945, after years of coping with the gnats of daily events (chiefly in Germany and the Soviet Union) he was able to focus on a pattern instead of incidents. He wrote a paper (later published under the pseudonym, Mr. X) which predicted precisely what the Soviet Union would want after the war and estimated accurately the motives and methods of Communism. The paper was the germ of the policy of Containment, one of our two basic foreign policies since 1945. (The other is American economic aid.)

Mr. Kennan's performance was nearly unique for a career officer. He was respected and heeded during the Truman Administration as the "chief architect of the Containment policy." He served as Ambassador to the Soviet Union, but was recalled because he irked the Russians. When the Eisenhower Administration took office, new symbols were needed to provide the illusion of a changed foreign policy. Massive Retaliation swept away Containment and the man who had devised it along with the word. In 1953 Mr. Kennan left the Department. He has since been writing history and lecturing while Mr. Murphy has a durable foothold on a high rung of the bureaucratic ladder.

My ex-student, Mr. Holmes, is a younger George Kennan, and he is doomed to one of two fates. If he learns to excel in reporting, in routine service to American citizens and interests, in negotiating piecemeal matters, he may hope to follow Robert Murphy—perhaps not quite as high, but to the level of Ambassador, Assistant Secretary of State, or chief of a division. Or he can start now, in his middle twenties and on his first assignment, to write uninvited policy papers. His superiors will be bothered by such a different young man in the fold. If they sympathize, they will recommend that he be transferred from immigration work to political affairs. This is not policy planning but merely reporting and negotiation. On the other hand it is much more likely

that his bosses will not sympathize with his gratuitous efforts and will tell him to stop wasting time and dig into that visa file.

Promotions are based upon performance as reporter, negotiator, and executive, plus the impression a man leaves as a representative of the United States. It is dangerous to become identified as a policy-maker. Mr. Holmes, who has watched and admired Mr. Kennan from a distance, knows a hack from a handsaw. The lesson will not be lost on him. He had better concentrate on the intricate and delicate routines of foreign *relations*. Unquestionably this is work that requires intelligence and poise, for a stupid or reckless man can cause untold damage by a wrong move. But the tasks involved are only remotely related to long-range goals, and the career men produced by this system do not become experts in foreign policy. How, then, are we to develop such specialists?

#### TAILOR-MADE POLICY EXPERTS

**B**UT you can't make foreign policy except as incidents arise," a group of Foreign Service officers once told me in Washington. My answer to this is "Nonsense." The United States had long-range foreign policies in the past. One was the Monroe Doctrine. More recent examples are Containment and economic aid. Within such basic policy a course of action can be shaped to meet specific events such as European interference in the Western hemisphere, an invasion of South Korea, or a wheat surplus in America which could be shipped to hungry lands.

Basic policies, of course, may have faults and may need to be changed in part or whole. But the faults will be fewer if far-sighted experts have done thorough research and analysis before a basic policy is adopted. One could wish right now that some first-rate minds were at work on the big questions we must answer to shape new basic policies. What pattern, for instance, should we adopt for Africa south of the Sahara? For the Asian neutrals? For the Far East including Red China? For the other American Republics? What plans can we make now to adjust to the oncoming development of underdeveloped countries? What should we anticipate from future years of accelerated technical change in all fields, from space travel to entomology? How should we prepare for the time when the flood of population in the Far East breaks out of present national boundaries? Will the chance come soon to include the Soviet Union in an alliance of the West against

China, as some laymen speculate? What will we do about it?

Such questions have to be faced if we are to stop fighting gnats. And they can be answered—if not definitely—far better than we now do, which is not at all.

Along with most of my academic colleagues in the field of foreign affairs, I get from my seniors and graduate students more comprehensive solutions of current problems in American foreign policy than ever reach the light in Washington. Likewise at conferences of interested and informed citizens, I hear broader, more far-sighted, and more common-sense talk about foreign policy than I ever hear from officials who are so pre-occupied with the last thing that happened that they cannot get ready for the next. If laymen can think in larger terms, so can government specialists, provided we hire them for this purpose and give them a chance.

The way to overcome institutional myopia, I believe, is to correct for distant vision. Here is one way we might go about it:

Let the government start out by hiring about four hundred specialists in foreign policy. Three hundred and twenty of them might be assigned to our missions abroad, and twenty to the State Department in Washington. Sixty would be in training at regular intervals throughout their careers.

The first recruits will be found right in the State Department. They are the Mr. Holmeses of all ages who are potentially competent for work on large policy. It would be a good idea to let any interested officers apply for the new corps and then to have them screened by people who have no commitment to the present service and its habits. Very likely they will use the technique which teachers have developed for making students think in alternatives and consequences. Problems are presented for which there are no

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#### *Battle Hymn of the State Department*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

—Bishop Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.



black and white answers and the student is forced to analyze goals, facts, choices, and consequences, and then justify a conclusion. This is the very essence of foreign-policy-making. This technique was used for several years after World War II by the Brookings Institution at its annual conference on foreign policy. For several years the Midwest Universities Seminar for Citizens has done the same, and so has the State Department in dealing with smaller questions. This seems the ideal way for Foreign Service officers to prove their worth for the foreign-policy corps.

A different procedure would be needed to choose brand-new recruits, perhaps just out of college. They might spend two or three days on a written examination testing ability to understand, to analyze, and to think creatively. Then, instead of the present board interview, candidates would spend about a week in a "house party"—a system the British have used for some time in choosing their Foreign Office men. Its main purpose is to disclose what kind of person each candidate is and how well he can handle a problem, such as one of the large unanswered foreign-policy questions I have mentioned earlier. Each candidate would write a paper on some phase of the problem, economic, military, political, or cultural. Working with these papers, in question and answer, in check and balance, small groups of five or six candidates would present recommendations of policy. A dissenter, who might have a good idea, should be allowed to submit separate recommendations and so avoid being smothered by consensus.

Elders with experience in diplomacy, drawn from government and from outside, would listen to these group reports and would read all the papers. Any older man who has been through the mill should be willing for the sake of his country to spend a week in this testing of beginners. He can do nothing more important in his life.

All through the week the candidates will have eaten meals and talked with the senior hosts, in as natural a meeting as can be arranged, without strain and speed. An older man of good sense and full experience should be able to size up a younger man under such conditions much more accurately than any tests yet devised.

Ratings will be necessary, of course. Here another heresy will help. Instead of measuring each candidate against one set of criteria, ranging from "no good" at the bottom to "outstanding" at the top, let each candidate be analyzed in terms of his own performance as a professor grades an essay paper and not as a machine grades

"multiple choices." The evaluating will first be done by the candidates themselves—each rating other members of his own group; then an elder will write his report on each candidate.

Thus chosen, the future Mr. Holmes is ready to go to work. He will need about two weeks to find out how the government is organized and what its various units do. Then set him to work as soon as possible, to learn on the job. Assign him to the State Department in Washington for a year, and then send him to an overseas post for three years. Let his assignments be varied so that he will get the full feel of working abroad. His supervisors will be able to watch him so that if a mistake was made in his admission to the corps it can be corrected. However, the personnel office must remember that he is destined to be a policy-maker and not just another member of the Foreign Service. It must move him around during these first years so that he gets broad experience.

After four years of such learning, he is ready for assignment to the new policy-making service. This should not be a replica of the division now called Political Affairs, where he would be swamped with the routine of reporting and negotiating on minor matters. This must be a separate planning and advising staff which has access to anything wanted from other parts of the organization but will be free of routine work. Overseas, members of this same staff will assess everything happening in America's relations with the host country and say what it means for total policy. In Washington they will do the same for regions and for the world.

The remaining problem is to see that the fruit of all this effort somehow gets translated into government action. This involves more than a blueprint for reorganization.

#### WHO WILL LISTEN?

A PLAN for an organization is like a plan for a house. Neither the planner nor the architect can predict how people will behave inside the structure. A free-wheeling executive can ignore and thereby discard in effect a unit that reports directly to him according to the chart, just as an eccentric home-owner can use the dining-room for an aviary and fill the bath tub with alligators. An executive's work only starts when the organization chart is settled. Afterward he must be brave and vigilant, judicious, decisive, and a mean, suspicious fellow who will never hesitate to bull-whip dissidents into line so that the new organization will work as intended.

We have not had a suc- (Continued on p. 89)





*Henry VII, Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots are buried in this chapel.*

## Tread softly past the long, long sleep of kings

**T**HIS IS Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey. These windows have filtered the sunlight of five centuries. They have also seen the crowning of twenty-two kings.

Three monarchs rest here now. Henry, Elizabeth and Mary. Such are their names in sleep. No titles. No trumpets. The banners hang battle-

heavy and becalmed. But still the royal crown remains. *Hon soit qui mal y pense.*

When you go to Britain, make yourself this promise. Visit at least *one* of the thirty great cathedrals. Their famous names thunder! Durham and Armagh. Or they chime! Lincoln and Canterbury. And sometimes they *whisper*. Winchester, Norwich, Salisbury and

Wells. Get a map and make your choice.

Each cathedral transcends the noblest single work of art. It is a pinnacle of faith and an act of centuries. It is an offering of human hands as close to Abraham as it is to Bach. Listen to the soaring choirs at evensong. And, if you can, go at Christmas.

You will rejoice that you did.

*For free color booklet, "Cathedrals in Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 172, British Travel Association, In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 So. Hill St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto*







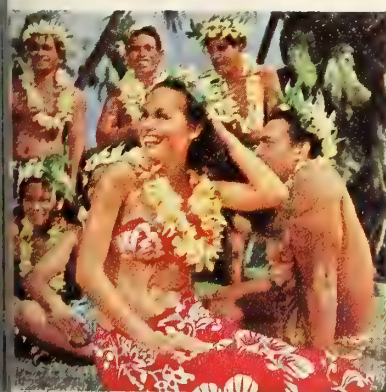
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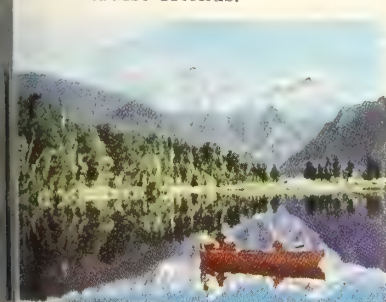
Dream a stately ship, whiter than white on the cobalt Pacific...hear the indolent whisper of wind in the rigging...now feel the sudden surge of excitement as Treasure Islands rise green on the rim of the sea!

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Your ship is a marvel of good living float: All staterooms with private bath, temperature control and hi-fi...attractive lounges, clubrooms, a theater, for gala nights at sea...sunny decks for athletes—for deck-chair loafers, too...a splendid pool and terrace! You'll find that every meal is a masterpiece—that Matson service never sleeps...this is your kingdom for 6 golden weeks, your hotel in port for the day's treasure hunt!



You'll love your first island, Tahiti—Polynesia's "Paris in bare feet." It's a assured tale by Stevenson, a canvas by Gauguin—an adventure to share with new cruise friends.



Your next landfall is New Zealand, famed for scenic wonder and sportsmen's treasure. Game fish abound, deer hunting is the year 'round. Skiing in mountains can add the glow of winter to tropic-tanned cheeks!



Australia, land of the Koala bear, offers a bounty of wonders—from the vast "Outback," a frontier as dramatic as our pioneering West, to modern cities such as Sydney. Shop and explore this fabulous city, and enjoy swimming and surfing at a nearby beach.



You'll enjoy tropic Fiji, where the jungle rises like a green tide at the very outskirts of the neat city. Browse the native market; shop for tortoise shell jewelry and madras cloth in Indian bazaars.



At Pago Pago you're welcomed with the same friendliness and ceremony you've encountered everywhere. Here your handsome hosts are pure Polynesian; here again the shopping treasure is plentiful.



In Hawaii "Aloha!" welcomes you to the new 50th State... "Aloha!" bids you farewell and a return one day again to Paradise. You sail homeward with a cargo of treasure—a new zest for life!

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*Santa Domingo, Santa Maria and San Antonio. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*

## Puerto Rico: civilized a hundred years before the pilgrims landed

**T**HESE ANCIENT figures are Puerto Rican carvings of the saints. They are only eight inches tall and they are made of wood.

Yet, as they stand gravely in the Caribbean sun, they seem to possess an inner serenity that is uncanny.

The earliest Puerto Rican santos were carved by Spanish missionaries. The art survives. Humble. Sometimes almost naive. But it is an immemorial

link with that lovely old culture that flourished in Puerto Rico over a hundred years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

Today you can see many beautiful santos, new as well as old, in Puerto Rican galleries. Look especially for the figures of the Magi. They are usually on horseback and have a quiet charm that is all their own.

Isn't it pleasing to know that the

graceful traditions of Old Spain still pervade this lovely island? You may read about hotels and factories going up by the dozen. And they are. But you can still find tranquility in shaded patios—and the hush of devotion in cellar-cool churches.

The friendly people of this sunny land intend that you always shall.

© 1959 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico,  
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

cessful reorganization of the State Department since 1836, or of the Foreign Service since 1924. No Secretary of State has been tough enough and skillful enough to fight his way against dangerous subordinates in territory they know best.

And I cannot tell Secretary Herter exactly how to make the new corps work. I can warn him about where to watch for trouble. But only he can kill his own snakes. If he drops the new corps into the present hierarchy, it may be throttled at birth by the old Foreign Service men who will outnumber the new group ten to one. They can strangle it through the devices well known in bureaucracy, such as control of office space, transportation, personnel, and budget. One way to temper hostilities will be to give the new corps no special privileges, no higher place on the protocol list, no better quarters, no inside track to top positions. The new corps will still have more prestige than the rest of the service because it will be recommending the policy that will govern the work of others.

Even more menacing than jealousy to the new corps will be the weight of administrative habit in the present career service, which is celebrated throughout the federal government for its archaic ways. It is noted particularly for cumbersome, slow, inaccurate, and inept handling of budget, personnel, and facilities. Why expect it to change in order to accommodate a new service? It has never accepted any innovation with good spirit and enthusiasm. It will not do so now, unless Mr. Herter makes it.

He alone can save it from the fate which befell the Policy Planning Staff set up in the Department in 1947. It still exists, but only in a few spurts did it ever get much done.

Consistent policy planning, in fact, was never accepted. The staff was not regarded as a career in itself, hence its expertness could not be established from long performance. Though its members were competent, they were no different in experience from dozens of others who did not happen to be assigned to this work. Another weakness was the fact that the staff has had to rely on routine reports from abroad and upon the advice of men in Washington who are swamped with routine work.

The new corps I have proposed here would get around these difficulties by making policy-planning a career and by providing policy analysts in the missions abroad to work with those in Washington.

Assuming that the problems of organization are solved, the biggest question will remain: will the top policy-makers listen to the experts? There

is no way in our political system to make sure that only the highest quality listener is elected or appointed to public office. I do not, of course, mean that a political chief should necessarily take the expert's advice. But he should listen to facts and conclusions before he decides policies. "Experts should be kept on tap, not on top," is an adage of American public administration. But this does not mean that the tap should be kept turned off, as it often has been in the past.

What political chiefs do depends upon their personalities. Mr. Herter has promised to listen. He now needs experts who will assemble something really worth hearing on the large questions of the future. Given a chance they should be able to prove their worth, as experts have done in other fields.

Right now it is up to Mr. Herter. It is his chance, quite literally, to make history.

---

SAMUEL MENASHE

### THREE POEMS

●

MORNINGS it was like a blue wind  
From a mountain of ice cutting  
Its circuit through his heart  
So keen he could almost see it—  
Finger to the chestbone touching  
The impossible place

●

WHEN I was a young man  
Back from the War  
I opened the door of the house  
I was born in and shouted *I will*  
I will marry—to live, to live  
Above all to live—my flag unfurled . . .  
I have seen more of this world since  
If my eyes be sad, yet I've less woe  
For now at last I know  
Sometimes it is better  
To die than to live

●

VOYAGES I'll never make  
Islands I shall not see  
Hover on the green wake  
Of a ship now passing me



BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



## Medicine Man from Alabama

You may be one of the millions who owe their health to the political skills of Senator Lister Hill—a Southerner who fits none of the stereotypes . . . and has his troubles with liberals and conservatives alike.

WASHINGTON—It is an undeniable fact that Lister Hill comes from the Deep South. Once you have said that about a man, many people seem to feel that you have said everything—all of it unappealing.

So I may be writing only for practice in trying to suggest that there is something else that needs to be said about Senator Hill of Alabama. All the same it is worth a trial; maybe somebody here and there will listen.

For countless millions owe their health to this spare, tall, gray-faced Alabaman, and thousands even owe their lives. He has done more for the public's health than any American in history. A master politician, he has accomplished all this because he is aware of the following:

(1) That certain public welfare matters are too important for the playing of strictly ordinary politics. (Though he plays good, pragmatic politics in this field within these limitations.)

(2) That meaningful Reform is too important to be left to the Reformers, whose moistly excessive good will and innocence of common sense have so often paved that well-known road to Hell.

(3) That medicine in bulk is too important to be left to the too-relaxed attentions of the American Medical Association.

Hill, that is to say, is a rare, walking compendium of practical and intuitive skills of a special kind. These he applies with devotion—but with an unterrified sense of humor—to a peculiarly sensitive place in public affairs. This is the point where the area of public health joins the political interests of men who are placed (like himself) in the hard framework of political realities.

Considering certain intractable facts of life, including the fact that conservatives control most of the powerful committee posts in Congress, Lister Hill is the indispensable man. He makes welfare innovations—even those which may look awfully like “socialized medicine”—politically respectable and, far more important, politically viable. A hundred times and more in his long career, he has caused the United States government to play a genuine (and ever-increasing) part in the war against disease of all kinds. (More or less with his left hand he has done much, too, for both education and public power; but these have been mere subsidiary efforts.)

You do not pass the clutch of expensive health bills that Hill has shepherded through Congress simply by being aware that there is great need among the sick and the suffering. You do not pass them merely by proclaiming your liberalism. You pass them only if, first of all, you truly *know* your profession (politics) and your troops (your colleagues). In the second place, you maintain the requisite alliances of convenience and necessity with other legislators, who have other dominant interests and other itching backs to be scratched.

In the third place, you must so conduct yourself over a long and painful period as to convince other men—who, after all, have their own designs upon the federal Treasury—that you will never call upon them to support programs that are (a) demonstrably extreme and silly or (b) demonstrably destructive to a politician's natural hope of re-election. All this is peculiarly true in taking the lead for social legislation, for



Efficient handling is essential to the economic processing of low-grade ore. This new conveyor hauls ore out of the Berkeley Pit at the rate of 33 tons a minute.

## How new methods yield new treasure from "the richest hill on earth"

From Anaconda's famous Butte Hill in Montana has come more than *three billion dollars* of mineral wealth — copper, zinc, manganese, lead, silver and gold. Its fabulous output of copper — more than has been produced by any other district in the world — has given impetus to hundreds of new products and new jobs, and contributed to progress in many fields.

The ever-increasing demand for copper is a perpetual challenge to mining engineers who must devise ways and means to handle larger quantities of lower grade ores with ever-higher efficiency. An example of how these challenges are being met by Anaconda is seen at Berkeley Pit, at the eastern end of "the richest hill on earth" in Butte. Here, by open-pit methods, Anaconda is obtaining low-grade copper ores that could not be economically mined by conventional underground methods.

These ores occur beneath 250 feet of waste overburden, two tons of which must be removed for each ton of ore recovered. And more than *150 tons* of ore must be hauled and processed to produce *a single ton* of copper.

Newest advanced facility at Berkeley Pit is the conveyor system shown above. Six separate belt conveyors provide a flexible flow of ore from the primary crusher in the Pit to storage and loading bins. The system is now moving more than 28,000 tons of ore a day, and is designed to handle substantially larger tonnages.

The new facilities at Berkeley Pit are just a part of the program in which Anaconda is continually applying more than 60 years' experience, not only to the development of new copper sources, but to meeting the expanding needs of industry for more and better products in the entire nonferrous metal field.

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the idealists who are most interested in it often tend to look down their noses at crass "political" motives.

What you require to be so effective as Hill for years has been, as the untitled Leader for the Public's Health, is to be *wisely* obsessed with your mandate and flexible enough to carry on a prolonged, genial conspiracy to push that mandate through. It also helps, of course, to be in the right places of power at the right times. Hill is not merely chairman of the large and quarrelsome entity known as the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. He is also—and not by accident—head of the Appropriations subcommittee that must in the end allocate the hundreds of millions of dollars annually dished out to programs first approved, as to policy, by Chairman Hill under his Labor and Public Welfare hat. If one is in charge of recommending a project it does no harm to the cause if he is also in charge of whatever outfit must provide the money.

In his early days in the House of Representatives, Hill's legislative interest was principally in the armed services; he was long an active member of the old House Military Affairs Committee. A hangover of that period is still with him. In moments of joviality (and these are rather overpowering in decibel count, for Hill is at heart a quiet, sensitive man who sometimes feels obliged to go through the motions of the loud, extrovert politician) he will call a civilian friend "colonel," or, perhaps, "my favorite of *all* the field marshals."

The earnest and sometimes vindictive squabbles among the braid and brass for the Congressional ear and funds long since ceased, however, to enchant him. Basically a man of constructive motives, he found military legislation no longer to his taste, and so turned his exertions elsewhere. Moreover, he has the rather special and perhaps somewhat exaggerated father-admiration of many of his age and class in the South. His father was a physician—as was, of course, the man whose last name was given to the Senator, Dr. Joseph Lister. Thus Senator Lister Hill found himself required, to justify both his own heritage and a Christian name that had come from a famous medico.

This sort of drive could have had very sticky results. It is dangerous to mix political operations and purposes—even those in aid of indisputably "good" objectives—with motives of any precious or strongly "moral" kind. Hill, by the grace of God and his own choice, is no Puritan or professional mankind-saver, so he has entirely avoided the sugary approach.

He is a member in good standing of the Society of the Practical. And this is most fortunate for the country, for he has been intermittently pressed hard by various professional Southerners who felt they would like to take away his Senate seat.

That this national disaster has not occurred—and it would be nothing less than that, in sober truth—is attributable primarily to Hill's ability to avoid confusing the theoretically desirable with the patently possible. He has never acted so as mortally to threaten either his own head or the heads of his friends.

He is, I believe, as truly liberal a man as sits in our national councils; for decades he has been *performing* liberally for the millions who need public help, while more frenetic "liberals" have been parading purposes that never reached performance. But he has never seceded from his home region, never righteously fouled the Southern nest from which he sprang. He has, for example, remained in the Senate's unofficial but very real "Southern caucus," and he has borne his filibuster burdens even when they were less than welcome to him. He has borne them as his duty and without apology. He is, however, at least one Deep Southerner whose continued service is manifestly needed by the whole country, even though the right-minded will surely say he is very "wrong" on civil rights.

**T**HIS has not been an easy thing for him. For while Northern liberal colleagues endlessly push at him from the leftward side, he is one of many courageous Southern politicians who have had far more trouble fighting off the rightward side at home. Alabama politics has of late years sometimes seemed to be almost as determined as is the politics of South Carolina to retire from this century. It is amazing that Hill has survived in a state which has so yearned for the past. The "mules"—Hill's term for the wealthy political contributors who are in other areas called "fat-cats"—have been trying to beat him off and on for a long time, though with diminishing enthusiasm every time he comes up for re-election. So far as I can make out from Alabama friends he has accomplished the small miracle of political longevity simply because he is a virtuoso politician.

The fundamental characteristics of this odd and exclusive breed are the same in the Senate as on the stump down home—though of course different scenes require different tactics. In the scenes with which I am reasonably familiar, the Senate scenes, Hill's behavior pattern (as his sociologist friends would call it) is deceptively



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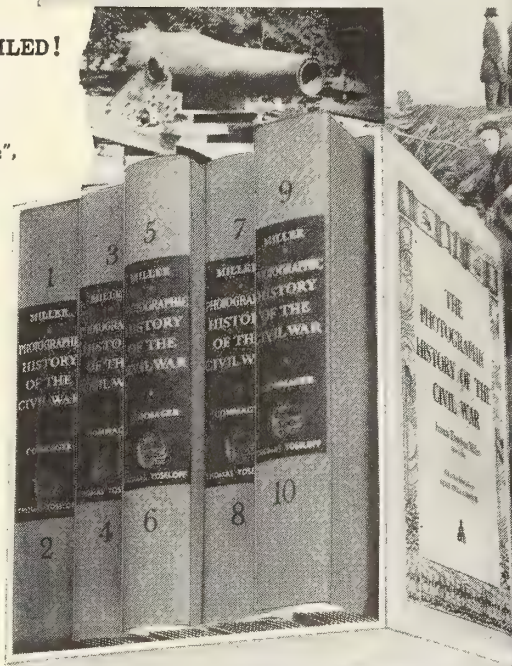
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simple. He never forgets that the real purpose of debate and maneuver is political *action*, and that successful action cannot be had unless one has enough votes or the means to scare up enough. Thus upon any of his enterprises—whether it be the providing of 4,000 hospitals and health centers in the country in a single bill or some comparatively small matter like increased cancer research—he does not move until he has counted up the prospective ballots. His rare floor speeches are urgent and thunderous; but of course even he himself pays no real attention to them. He actually works with a blander kind of power than the alleged persuasion of Senate oratory.

The nature of his legislative career has thrown him into perpetual contact with what are to most of Capitol Hill a disturbingly alien folk, the earnest uplifters. These usually want much more than any politician could possibly get for them; and they want it much quicker than the physical law of politics could possibly allow. But, on the other side, the present Administration often asks, in this field, for a good deal *less* than it really ought to have and is prepared to accept more delay than it really ought to contemplate.

Hill, therefore, sits at the confluence of these two main pressures—to go very far and too fast, or to go not far enough and too slow—and uses his Southern vocal cords to spectacular advantage. His soft, lulling voice warms and calms the do-gooders in spite of themselves. They *do* know, after all, that his *bona fides* in welfare work is matchless and that when he tells them to slow down it is in their interest and not in his own. And this same voice, though now pitched in quite a different tone, jollies and hectors and spurs the over-cautious Administration people who would dearly love not to be so timid but are understandably afraid that the Budget men will get them if they don't watch out.

ONCE at a dinner party I heard Senator Hill operating in this way on an able young official of the Eisenhower Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in behalf of a medical bill. Congress under Hill's leadership had passed it over Presidential objection that it would cost too much.

"Now boy," boomed Hill, as he reached into his vest pocket for a ball-point. "Now boy, you take this little *ole* pen and go down there to the White House and persuade your President to sign this little *ole* bill that we have got up to protect him in spite of himself. You just tell him this little *ole* bill won't hurt anybody. You

just do that for me—and you can't tell . . . that department of yours needs a lot of things, doesn't it, now? And I don't know why, but somehow or another those fellows up there in the Senate will listen pretty well to me sometimes when I am up there really trying to get the things you fellows down there really need."

This small, amiable offensive of nerves was conducted with the grace and charm of an old-fashioned gentleman complimenting a lady on her frock—and with the smiling touch of steel that a good politician can put even into a comment about the weather. My friend from the Administration grinned wryly and a little nervously; he knew he had been just pinked by a powerful Senatorial sword but he was left unclear as to just where the weapon had entered and how best to withdraw it to the advantage of his department and of himself.

At this point it might be well to heave in an armful of statistics. Senator Hill has been responsible for, among other things:

(1) The hospital and health construction act, which has brought new medical care to countless communities.

(2) Hundreds of millions of dollars worth of research into cause, cure and prevention of cancer, mental illness, heart disease, arthritis, rheumatism and the other killing and crippling diseases.

(3) Training and education programs for thousands of medical people.

(4) Preventive medicine all over the country in state and county units.

The last Congress alone enacted into law more than twenty "Hill bills" affecting the public health. These impressive data please but do not enchant Hill. Neither the odor of a thousand beloved hospitals nor the keen, inspiriting scent of the political chase is *always* in his nostrils. He is so serious underneath that he can be gay, almost flippant, on the outside. Even in his private conversation he is apt (with those he does not know well) to adopt rather the manner of Joel Chandler Harris speaking of the exploits of Uncle Remus.

This he does because of the immense, innate courtesy of his kind and generation. Most people will expect "Southern stories"; by God, then, "Southern stories" they shall have. But beneath all this agreeable nonsense, this social refusal *ever* to be solemn in a social occasion, is another man entirely: a deeply educated and cultivated mind; an awareness of the interests of the intellectual man; a special, even delicate, sense that every page in the unfolding book of history is every man's true and final concern.



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\* \* \*

Meanwhile, in the United States, with the most efficient railroads on the globe, the picture is far less bright.

Here, railroads suffer from restrictive public policies. They are burdened with discriminatory taxation — while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government. They are frequently denied the right to make competitive rates, or to provide a complete transportation service.

Why this extraordinary contrast? In Russia, railroads are recognized as the most productive form of mass transportation, with the lowest true costs. In America, public policies ignore this basic truth.

\* \* \*

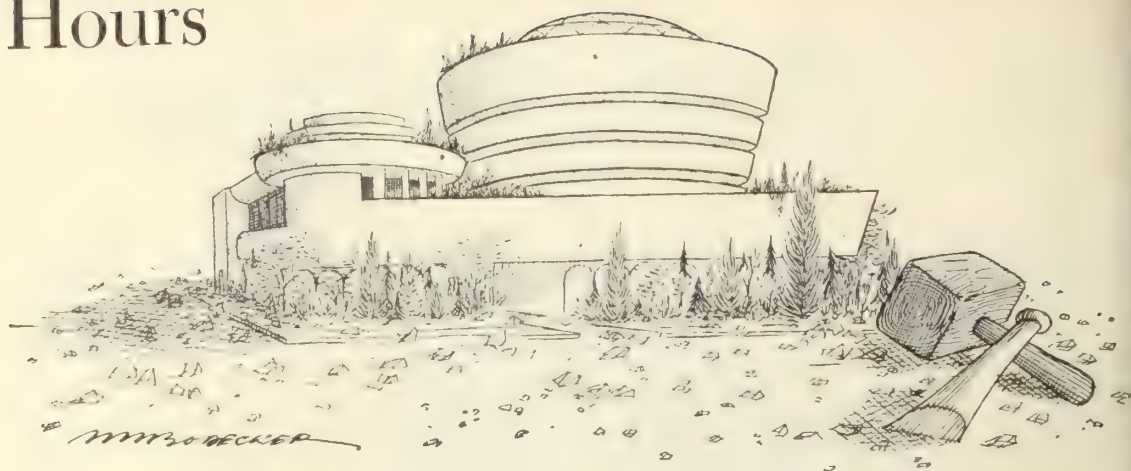
American railroads ask no special or favored treatment, nor do they have any quarrel with their competition. All they ask are fair play and *equality of treatment*. Earnings could then be sufficient to enable the railroads to provide the traveling and shipping public with the benefits of free and equal competition.

When America's railroads are free from the strangling grip of the restrictions that now bind them, we, too, will make the best use of our railroads — our nation's greatest transportation asset.

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# After Hours



## MR. WRIGHT'S MUSEUM

**F**OURTEEN years ago last month the Personal & Otherwise column of this magazine reported on a remarkable luncheon conference at the Hotel Plaza in New York. Frank Lloyd Wright met with the proprietor of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum of Non-objective Painting to celebrate in the presence of some reporters the completion of Mr. Wright's designs for that remarkable museum. In the intervening years the building (of which Mr. Wright said in 1945 that it marked "the first time that a true logarithmic spiral has been worked out as a complete building") has gone through many vicissitudes. There was a protracted row with the City Fathers, who objected to Mr. Wright's spiral, which widens as it rises, sticking out over Fifth Avenue at 89th Street, and somewhere along the line the museum dropped "of Non-objective Painting" from its name. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum opened in late October and comments about it are likely to be highly subjective or, to put it another way, non-objective. This is not a building to which anyone can be indifferent.

A few weeks ago I had business with Mr. James Johnson Sweeney, the director of the museum. It was a very hot and humid day and I went to the north, or office, end of the building and entered through a glass door that had a long vertical copper rod for a handle. It didn't say push or pull, so I pushed when I should

have pulled. Inside, seated at a desk was an uncommonly good-looking young woman, who called Mr. Sweeney's secretary and announced my arrival.

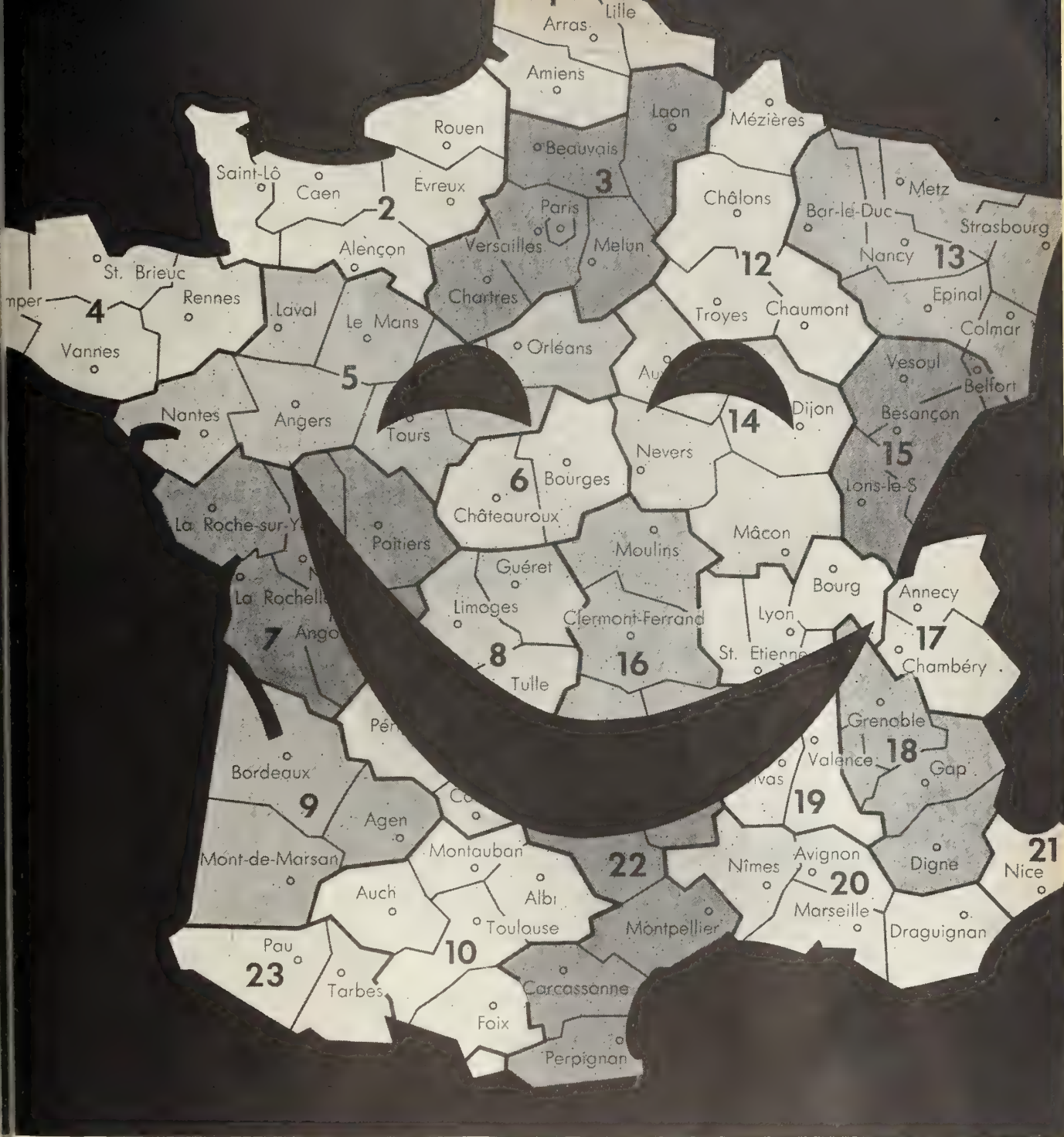
The carpets on the first floor were covered with paper to protect them from the dust of construction which was still in progress. There were desks on a series of semi-circular balconies rising above the receptionist, who invited me to take the elevator to the fourth floor where I would find Mr. Sweeney. The elevator, which was pink and a trapezoid, had a sign in it that said, "Capacity 12 persons." It would not have held more than four of me or three of Mr. Sweeney at most, and when I got to the fourth floor I didn't find Mr. Sweeney; he found me. I had started around the glassed-in circle the wrong way. He ducked out of a passage and said, "Come this way."

Mr. Sweeney's office, which was white, had one glass wall that looked to the east on a narrow terrace set about with tubs of ivy. Beyond it was a view of an apartment house. The west wall of the office was pierced with large porthole windows through which one could see the tops of the trees in Central Park, though the park itself was largely and, I thought, unnecessarily obscured by a parapet. When we had done our business I asked Mr. Sweeney if I might see the main gallery. He explained that it was not yet complete. I assured him I would publish nothing on it until it was.

Access from Mr. Sweeney's office to the logarithmic spiral was, it

turned out, through a freight elevator. He pushed a button, a large elevator arrived, and we walked in one door of it and out the other onto what would be, if there were floors, the fourth floor of the spiral. But a spiral ramp cannot be divided into floors. It rises, widening gradually around a central court. It has some of the qualities of a spiral staircase and some of a snail shell, though neither describes it. It is crowned with a glass roof which is not properly a dome, though it has dome-like qualities, and is supported by arches that look like enormous hairpins. I asked Mr. Sweeney if there were anything above the glass and he said "Only blue sky . . ."

We walked up the ramp to its top and Mr. Sweeney explained to me how he hoped to show the painting in the museum's collection. You would think this would be a simple enough matter, but Mr. Wright's spiral has walls that slope out, so that pictures hung against them would be in a somewhat reclining position. After a series of experiments in ways to get the pictures up right and properly lighted, Mr. Sweeney arrived at a method in which steel rods will project straight out from the sloping walls for about four feet. Each picture will then be attached to a rod so that it will seem to float. Lighting is an even more complicated problem. Mr. Wright had a continuous narrow skylight above the sloping walls of the spiral which meant that, even with the pictures projected on rods, there would be a light shining in the spiral.



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## AFTER HOURS

tator's eyes. Mr. Sweeney has had  
soft artificial light put in the sky-  
lights which will make a sort of cur-  
tain of even light behind the pic-  
tures. The pictures themselves will  
be lighted from in front by troughs  
fixed to the ceiling.

When we got to the very top of the  
ramp, I went to the edge and looked  
over, down about ten stories to the  
circular courtyard below. The para-  
pet of the ramp, which is about four  
feet high, slopes slightly toward the  
court. Only once before can I re-  
member having so sharp a sense of  
vertigo. The other time was look-  
ing over the edge of Boulder Dam.  
As we walked down I found myself  
keeping away from the edge until we  
got back to about the fifth-floor level  
where it ceased to be frightening.

Mr. Wright said at the lunch at  
the Plaza in 1945 that the building  
was designed in conformity with the  
human figure and embodied "one of  
the secrets of organic architecture." Curiously he has left spaces on his  
wide ramps where only two human  
organisms are going to be able to  
pass abreast, for the ramp is inter-  
rupted on one side by circular  
rooms housing lavatories. He has  
also created a perfect echo chamber,  
and when the gallery is full, as it is  
likely to be on the opening nights of  
special exhibitions, it is going to re-  
semble Brueghel's "Tower of Babel"  
(also a spiral, but decreasing rather  
than increasing as it goes up). There  
is a hidden (from the spiral) stair-  
case on the north side up which peo-  
ple can go, but the single public  
elevator which most people will use  
to get to the top of the ramp will  
hold only about eighteen people.  
This one is not a trapezoid, but it  
is pink and is shaped like the moon  
on a fingernail.

It is a simple enough matter to  
go on reciting the shortcomings of  
Mr. Wright's museum as a place in  
which to show pictures or to look at  
them. But as a structure this is a  
building that has virtues that no one,  
however hardened a Philistine, can  
toss aside as inconsequential. I would  
like to suggest—and at the risk of  
getting my block knocked off by Mr.  
Wright's many ardent followers—that the Guggenheim Museum is not  
architecture at all but sculpture. It  
denies, and I think quite intention-  
ally, the first quality of architecture

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## AFTER HOURS

which is "commodity" . . . or, to use a more recent word, "function." It has nothing whatsoever to do with the function of looking at works of art; it seems to have no consideration for the comfort or convenience of the people who are to use the building as museum-goers, though I may be wrong. It deliberately sets out to take rectangular paintings contrived by artists to be looked at straight on and forces them into a reclining position where they can only be distorted. Mr. Wright said in an interview in 1957 that the pictures would be at the same angle as they were when the artists painted them on their easels. But artists do not use reclining easels; they use perpendicular ones and usually lean the pictures toward themselves and not away. The color that Wright specified for both the interior and exterior of the building (a sort of beige putty) could not be more ingeniously contrived to show off modern paintings at their very worst. Behind the area in which sculpture is shown he has a background of glass, stucco, and plants which can swallow and dwarf sculpture of even heroic scale.

But that is not to say that anything can swallow or dwarf Mr. Wright's own piece of sculpture, this building which I contend is not architecture but no less important or impressive for that. It is an extraordinary shape and the volumes of space that it contains are extraordinarily interesting. It is a work of originality, vision, and undeniable candor of concept.

In 1953 Mr. Wright published an essay about "The Future of Architecture," and in it he said what he thought of painting. In speaking of Japanese architecture he said that "it was never in any phase of its history ruined by the picture." And then he warmed to his subject to say, "Let us dispose of the insufferable subordination of the picture. Summarily, if need be. I should like to strike the pictorial death blow. Let us henceforth consider literature and the picture as one, eliminating both from the horizon of our art and architecture and for all time."

In creating the Guggenheim Museum he may not have struck the death blow to painting, but he has left it sagging on the ropes. Unlike most museums which are known al-



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# LIANG MEI NEEDS A GLASS SLIPPER

An orphan, Liang Mei lives with a widowed stepmother in a squatter's hut, 12 x 12 feet in size, in which three other families exist. This is in a section of Hong Kong where three to five people sleep to a bed, with a population of 2,000 to the acre, where 80% have TB, 95% need dental care and 75,000 children are unable to attend school. Liang Mei begs for and collects garbage ten hours a day and acts as a baby sitter for two or three extra hours after she gets to what she calls home. It is true that she is not quite as bad off as some refugee children because she gets first pick of the garbage which is really pretty much what she lives on.

But she deserves a glass slipper because she is by nature a sweet, bright and interesting child. It would not be difficult to make a fine lady out of this little garbage collector. A month in a CCF Home and she would be transformed into "a beautiful princess."

Hong Kong, a British possession adjacent to Communist China, in 1947 had a population of 1,800,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has increased the population to approximately 4,000,000. The Hong Kong Government is doing a noble work in



Liang Mei

trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers but the task is gigantic. Children like Liang Mei can be "adopted" and admitted to the nine CCF Homes in Hong Kong, which include Children's Garden, the largest cottage-plan Home in the Far East. The cost is the same in Hong Kong as in all the countries listed—\$10 a month.

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## AFTER HOURS

most entirely for the treasures the contain, the Guggenheim Museum will always be known as Wright's gigantic shell. Mr. Wright would have wanted it this way and, as usual, he came out way ahead of the competition.

As I was walking away from the building, looking up at its remarkable and, to me, pleasing shape, a young man stopped me.

"Hey, mister," he said, "what's the building?"

I said it was a new museum.

"It's beautiful," he said, and then on further reflection, "It must have cost an awful lot of money."

I have no idea how much.

—Russell Lyne



## DAMP STAMPS

IN Brooksville, Florida, the local post-office people are very nice about the rainy season stamp problem. If you buy flat stamps to take out, whether five or a hundred in number, the ladies at the window carefully wrap your purchase in wax paper. If you buy a roll of stamps they test the roll before they give it to you. They do this by working the stamps up and down to see if they are free.

Twice I've witnessed a roll of three-centers turned back into the bin because the stamps were stuck together, a monolith of stamps, protective paper, and mucilage. I have heard the word "redeemable" mentioned by the ladies, and presumed that these stamps must be returned to Washington.

The question I ask is, Why? Is it impossible to produce a postage stamp that won't stick until the user is ready to send his mail? If it isn't impossible, why hasn't it been done

## AFTER HOURS

ask these questions from a back-  
and of annoyance. A seafaring  
during a good part of my life, I  
nd it a smart practice to carry  
merican postage stamps on voyages  
various parts of the world. The  
ons were simple:

you had stamps, you could usu-  
leave your last mail with the  
t boat without imposing on the  
t by asking him to stamp-shop or  
ip-stick for you. Arriving in the  
es, you could often get off your  
l immediately when the ship hap-  
ped to be detained by immigration  
other matters.

early found that American post-  
stamps were poor travelers. Ad-  
edly, I gave them some rough  
kouts—India when the rains  
e, up the Amazon when the  
m rose like a cloud from the  
gles, and along our own long,  
ding Ole Miss when the weather  
soggy and hot. I backed my  
ps with wax paper but made it  
actice to carry a bottle of muc-  
so I could renew what heat and  
idity had spoiled.

ere in Florida, in the rainy sea-  
it is taken for granted that  
ps will foul up. Unofficially, the  
post-office ladies advise, "The  
thing is to put them into the re-  
erator as soon as you get home."  
kay, I've done that. It is an im-  
ement, but even in the refriger-  
with wax paper, they are a sorry  
when you take them out. The  
l post office says sympathetically,  
they get real bad, you can soak  
n in water, dry them out, and  
on your own glue."

s an old glue-your-own man, I  
Why all this nonsense about  
ps? Why should these nice  
ida people and millions of other  
merican citizens who live in humid  
ons of the United States be so  
assed? All that is required is a  
e American ingenuity.

s things stand now, with our  
s about blasting off to other  
ets, we are going to be an em-  
assed people. For we shall have  
nter the strange off-Earth mists  
miasmas lugging a gluepot for  
u mail back—because we have  
id to produce a postage stamp  
can stand up to Earth weather,  
lone the climatic vicissitudes of  
r worlds.

—Victor H. Johnson

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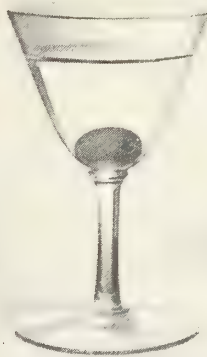
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# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## Faulkner, Nabokov, Hersey, Shirley Jackson, and Some Newcomers

WITH publication of *The Mansion* (Random House, \$4.75) William Faulkner has completed his trilogy devoted to the House of Snopes. In a rather testy note prefatory to this final volume Faulkner points out that he is fully aware of discrepancies and contradictions that have crept into the chronicle in the course of the thirty-four years since he started working on it, but most readers will be less distressed by inconsistencies in the details than by the diminution in imaginative power, comic invention, and intensity of feeling in the narrative as a whole.

The first volume of the Snopes epic, *The Hamlet* (published in 1940 and a year or two ago very freely translated to the screen under the title *Long Hot Summer*), is surely one of the best books Faulkner ever wrote. In one brilliant chapter after another (the chapters are more or less independent short stories), with wonderful, often ribald humor, he tells of various members of the Snopes clan, the poorest and trashiest of poor white trash, who, with almost nothing on their side, leave their exhausted tenant farms to make their way in a Mississippi hamlet called Frenchman's Bend.

The central figure in *The Hamlet* is Flem Snopes, a wiry little impotent money-hungry rascal with a certain low cunning and no morality whatever. He gets his hoof in the trough partly by making himself indispensable to Will Varner, the richest man in Frenchman's Bend, and partly by marrying Varner's daughter Eula when she finds herself needing a husband in a hurry.

In the second volume of the trilogy, *The Town* (published in 1957), Flem and Eula move to Jefferson, the county seat of Yoknapatawpha County, and Flem becomes rich, important, and—he hopes—respectable.

The final volume, now published, *The Mansion*, takes its name from the fine house, once the possession of a leading family in the region, where Flem finally moves after he replaces his dead wife's lover as president of the bank. But in fact Flem hardly appears in the book, and the trouble with *The Mansion* is that for too much of the time the Snopeses are crowded from

the stage in the final scenes of their story by characters who are a good deal more admirable, morally and socially, but vastly less interesting to read about.

Most of the action (what there is of it) is seen through the eyes of the Jefferson lawyer Gavin Stevens, his nephew Charles Mallison, and their old friend the sewing-machine salesman V. K. Ratliff. On his first appearance Ratliff was a fine character, but for him as for many of us the passage of the years has brought a relaxation of intellectual tension and an increase in pointless garrulity. Gavin Stevens and Charles Mallison have become more and more important in Faulkner's later work; in fact they are probably the biggest blight that has hit Yoknapatawpha County since the boll weevil. They are talkers, not doers, endlessly licking their chops over events of the past and speculating with ponderous coyness on the present and future. Their conversation is like wallpaper; it can be unrolled in almost any length and the patterns recur with predictable frequency. By the end of *The Mansion* both Flem and Eula are dead of boredom, and the reader has an uneasy suspicion that he may be next.

But fortunately one Snopes is left, and whenever he appears in *The Mansion* it comes to life with all the old power. This saving remnant is Mink Snopes, possibly the poorest of all the Snopeses, who long ago (in *The Hamlet*) murdered his unbearably rich and arrogant neighbor Jack Houston. When he was brought to trial he assumed that his well-connected cousin Flem would come to his aid in some way, but Flem did not come, and Mink never forgave him. Patiently he serves out his thirty-eight years at the state penitentiary, waiting for the day when he can revenge himself on Flem.

In the complication of his attitude toward Mink and in the richness with which he imagines Mink's plight, Faulkner shows why, in spite of everything that can be said in criticism of his book, he is a great novelist. Mink is almost illiterate, abysmally ignorant, in some ways hardly to be distinguished from the varmint whose name he bears. Yet he is a man; he has a profound if inarticulate sense that either the





universe contains some kind of justice or that it is not worth living in. There is an absurd yet wonderful heroism in his total dedication to the task of making his sense of justice (his revenge on Flem) prevail, whatever the odds.

The passages that describe Mink's solitary return to a half-remembered Memphis and to the Yoknapatawpha County of his youth after his thirty-eight years' imprisonment are extremely fine. The terror that strikes Mink when he sees how the prices of even the most everyday things have risen, the disorientation he feels when the numbers along the side of the road do not decrease (milestones have been replaced by route-markers)—such details are imagined so beautifully that they should perhaps silence criticism of the tedium that marks much of the book.

#### VINTAGE NABOKOV

THE immense success of *Lolita* was almost certain to increase interest in the other works of Vladimir Nabokov, and that interest is now rather generously rewarded with the republication of **The Real Life of Sebastian Knight**, Nabokov's first novel in English, originally published in 1941 (New Directions, \$3.50), and the first translation of a book by Nabokov from the Russian, **Invitation to a Beheading**, originally written a quarter-century ago and now rendered into English by the author's son and revised by the author himself (Putnam, \$3.75).

It is unlikely that either book will win anything like the audience that has responded to *Lolita*, chiefly because neither has the sexual interest it has, though one of them, the *Invitation*, has an engaging nymphet in a minor role. But in fact neither book has the richness of invention or the wonderful comedy of *Lolita*.

But the books have a fascination beyond the fact that they illustrate earlier phases of an important writer's work, at least for anyone who takes the art of fiction seriously, for they show Nabokov almost as much a theorizer of fiction as a practitioner. In the *Invitation* the young man who is to be beheaded attempts to while away his time in prison by reading an interminable novel called *Quercus*, which is written from the point of view of an oak tree; it tells of all the conversations that take place under the tree through the centuries, and when nothing else is happening pads out the interstices with accounts of various sciences dealing with trees.

Presumably *Quercus* is exactly the kind of novel that Nabokov finds unbearable; certainly it is the very opposite of the kind of novel he likes to write. With its emphasis on external detail, its slow, meticulous, and mechanical account of the passage of time, its preference for literal-minded reporting to the imagination's bolder flights, its tendency to take itself seriously, *Quercus* obviously stands for the stolid, well-made

book, and Nabokov's impatience with it recalls Virginia Woolf's impatience with the novels of Arnold Bennett. Not that Nabokov and Virginia Woolf have much in common (I cannot imagine that they would even care to read each other's books), but they share the opinion that the writing of fiction requires more than conscientious hard work.

*Invitation to a Beheading* can perhaps be best described as a surrealist novel. It pays no attention to any probability except the psychological; the most unlikely events occur—the setting changes itself, when a man starts undressing he does not stop with his clothes but takes off his shoulder-blades and ribs and other parts as well, another man sometimes goes out leaving his beard and hair behind, etc., etc. Some of this is delightful, some of it seems simply willful, and a little of it goes a long way. One difficulty with the book is that a reader does not always know where the Russian setting leaves off and the surrealism begins; in older Russian fiction there are often details that seem to the Western reader surrealist but probably are not—the character in one of Turgenev's stories who wears two neckties, for instance, or the dish of radishes stewed in honey that is served somewhere in Gogol.

The "story" in *Invitation to a Beheading* concerns a young man who is sentenced to die for an obscure crime (presumably the crime of being alive) but does not know when the execution is to take place. After he has been in prison alone for a time, another prisoner, M'sieur Pierre, arrives and attempts to win him over as a friend. But M'sieur Pierre is really the executioner in disguise; he is also in a sense dead. Finally the execution takes place and the young man is at last free.

*The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* is much more like a conventional novel, though it too is a book much concerned with the art of fiction. The Sebastian Knight of the title was a novelist when he was alive, and in the course of the book his various novels are described. They are wonderful books, quite impossible to write, but wildly inventive, turning the novel form upside down and inside out in all sorts of unlikely ways.

The narrator of *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* is Knight's half-brother. He is a Russian, though Knight himself was half-English and wrote in the language and under the surname of his English mother. The action concerns the young Russian's efforts to discover the true character of his late half-brother, whom he had admired immensely but had scarcely seen since boyhood. He attempts to get at the identity of his brother through his books, his possessions, his old friends and former mistresses. He has one wonderful interview with his late brother's secretary—one Mr. Goodman—who himself has written an account of the "real" Sebastian

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All of the above are books that Rinehart & Company has had the privilege of publishing — but we would also like to call your attention to the widespread acclaim for Dr. Fromm's new book, *Sigmund Freud's Mission*, published by Harper's. You will find all of his works at most bookstores.

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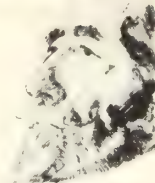


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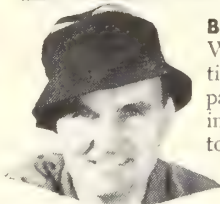
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Knight. The quotations from M Goodman's book are a masterly take off on the affectations of vapid literary biography.

*The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* has wit and style; the theme of the ambiguity of identity—by this time not the most original of themes in modern fiction—is extremely well handled.

### A REPORTER'S NOVEL

AS a novelist John Hersey is almost exactly the antithesis of Nabokov; he could probably write a novel like the hypothetical *Quercus* with the greatest of ease, and get everything right too, from the sound of a halberd when it strikes against the bark of an oak to the more obscure facts of dendrology. His gifts are diligence and conscientiousness; he is limited by circumscribed imagination.

Consequently Hersey's new book *The War Lover* (Knopf, \$5), a story about the Air Force in the second world war, must be looked at in two ways. As an account of the crew of a Flying Fortress based on England attacking various Continental targets it must be the result of many hours of dedicated research. Every detail of equipment, training, housing, weather, etc., is as lovingly reconstructed as Colonial Williamsburg, and perhaps more convincing. Even the slang and pin-up girls of fifteen years ago are carefully disinterred. Though I cannot say so with any authority, I suspect a historian of the future will want to know what the life of a flier was like in the second world war; I turn to Hersey's book with confidence.

All this is a very considerable feat, and for many readers—especially readers who think that the first and perhaps the whole duty of a novelist is to get the facts straight—it will be enough to convince them that *The War Lover* is a great novel.

But the narrative thread that strings together all this aeronautical archaeology is both slender and obvious. Here it is: the narrator, Lieutenant Boman, is copilot of a Flying Fortress called *The Body*. His close friend and greatest hero is the pilot Buzz Marrow. Gradually he realizes that Marrow is not the wholesome American boy he had seemed to be; that he is fundamentally pervers and that all his superb gifts as a flier





# The Swivel Chair

Now, while the pre-Christmas peace still lingers, consider selfishly the book to be bought for yourself, bought perhaps because the author is known and trusted and it is a book that has been impatiently awaited. Six such books are these:

**Pursuit of the Prodigal** by **Louis Auchincloss** (\$3.75). A great charm of Mr. Auchincloss' books is that they are about people you believe, and here they are seen not darkly, through a cocktail glass, but fixed by the revealing conversation, the discovered truth. *The Atlantic* says of his new novel, "Mr. Auchincloss' novels are usually referred to as an insider's subtle indictments of the upper class, but this seems to me a misreading of his intentions. (Incidentally, he has not confined himself to upper-class terrain, and some of his major characters are of modest origin.) Auchincloss' primary interests are those of the psychological novelist rather than the social critic . . . The people and the settings are admirably drawn, and the story is engrossing."

**John Kieran** must have more professional hats than anyone writing today. Some people know him as a great sports writer, some as an encyclopedic naturalist, some as an archetype of the newspaper pro, a few millions as the quiet, wholly endearing wit of "Information Please." **The Natural History of New York City** (\$5.75) is the product of all of these careers. Illustrated by Henry B. Kane it is a book for sidewalk naturalists everywhere. *Brooks Atkinson* who numbers among his specialties not only the Broadway stage but Henry David Thoreau and American writing a natural history generally, says, "It is a classic that will live long as city people use their eyes, ears, and minds . . . has an incredible amount of factual information . . . told with friendly charm . . . everything the author has seen, learned and done since boyhood is here." *Rachel Carson* says, "Reading John Kieran on the amazing natural history of New York is almost like an actual excursion afield, with the excitement of discovery on every page. Apart from its astonishing revelation of wild nature in a great city one of the best features of the book is that it explains and illuminates much that we see in other regions."

**Dance Back the Buffalo** (\$4.50) is only the second book by **Milton Lott**, but the impact of his first — *The Last Hunt* — is as sharp as he took claim to a sizeable literary territory with that alone. This second book is another exploration of the borderland between Indian and white cultures in the West. Based on the awesome and infinitely touching history of the Sioux Ghost Dances this is a symbolic, mystical, yet profoundly simple story of the Indian's last attempt to restore a way of life that was fast receding into dreams.

It is our claim that the best writing by reviewers last year was in celebration of **The Rainbow Comes and Goes** by **Lady Diana Cooper**. *Time* states that, "Lady Diana Duff Cooper is able to evoke a world as fragile and opulent as an Edwardian conservatory filled with orchids, and still face the time when the class broke in 1914 and the killing four-year frost came. Her personal story is romantic enough to make

Ouida — lady laureate of the plush paradise — blush for modesty. It is offset by the tough self-knowledge of an aristocracy that called a pretty fast tune, but was prepared to pay a stiff price for the 'piper.'" *Enid Bagnold* says, "This was a girl lit like a bonfire for spoiling — her mother's darling, God's darling, feted beyond dreams, of whom her mother said 'Nothing less than the Prince of Wales!' And forty years later she is, to those who know her, Diana the Unmatchable, one of whom nothing is unforgivable, still spirited, more brilliant, perhaps more beautiful; still at a maximum as dispenser of an extra dose of life." If they care to top their own words there is **The Light of Common Day** to challenge them. This volume moves the enchanting Diana Manners to America to Hollywood in its orgy era, to the Broadway lit up by the SRO signs of "The Miracle" and then to the yacht Nahlin with an American woman who was to alter the royal succession in Britain. Always beyond actress **Diana Manners** was **Diana Cooper**, wife of the diplomat whose prediction of war was all too soon fulfilled.



**George Stewart** has needed no introduction since the year of *Storm's* bestseller-dom; and just the whisper in print of a Civil war battleground is echoed with a full throated rebel yell as both blue and grey buffs converge on the bookstore. **Pickett's Charge** (\$5.00) is a fresh interpretation for the military experts, for the more pacific reader it is a record of fifteen hours in the lives of men who did, or died doing, the incredible. *Virginia Kirkus* says, "...superbly documented. Drawing on more than 450 sources, smashing established myth with authenticated fact and quoting records with humor, an unbiased viewpoint and refreshing skepticism, the author, telling little of the events preceding Gettysburg, limits himself to the day of the Charge, July 3, 1863. Illumined by scholarship and complete with explanatory appendices and notes, this amazing book should find an audience even among readers surfeited with the Civil War. *Harper's* says, "...utterly fascinating... as arresting and moving as a bugle call."

**Garrett Mattingly** wrote *Catherine of Aragon* for a market the width of the Literary Guild, he wrote *Renaissance Diplomacy* for a small and devout circle of scholars. Now he has written for both his finest book **The Armada**. An early English review by *J. H. Plumb* for *The Bookman* contains one of the most eloquent of tributes. "Professor Mattingly is one of the most gifted of living historians; an artist as well as a scholar. He has worked in the Spanish archives, in the French, the British, the Dutch. And he commands far more than learning. He can read characters as easily as documents and he writes with urbanity, with wisdom and with exceptional literary skill. And as is to be expected in historical writing of the finest quality, the underlying issues are as clear and as easy to grasp as the events. And finally the book is studded with vivid portraits that carry conviction and deepen understanding. Indeed this is a faultless book; and one which most historians would have given half their working lives to have written. It is by far the most exciting book that I have read for a very long time."



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his wonderful courage, are directed toward destruction and annihilation.

There is hardly enough material in this situation for a novel, though it has been used effectively in short stories (Sherwood Anderson's "I Want to Know Why" is an example). The character of Marrow is not subtle or complex, and the reader either knows or, with the help of Hersey's broad and repeated hints, can guess virtually about all there is to know about Marrow early in the book. The hook that is supposed to make the reader go on with the story is the promise, heavily iterated, that some shocking revelation of Marrow's sexual perversity will be made in time. When it comes (about page 370), this revelation is hardly a surprise (Marrow thinks it is more fun to fly planes than sleep with girls), but it is made with such painstaking elaboration of detail, such embarrassing and tautological completeness, that the reader lured onward by a promise of something naughty to come has no legitimate cause for complaint.

Judgment of Hersey's accomplishment in *The War Lover* depends on what one is looking for in a novel. The careful research that lies behind it and the lucid reporting of Air Force life are not insignificant accomplishments, but the more specifically fictional aspect of the book is less satisfactory. (A Book-of-the-Month-Club selection.)

#### TWO NOVELS BY WOMEN

Mavis Gallant's *Green Water, Green Sky* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3) is a first novel and a much slighter book than those previously discussed, or at least it has fewer pages (only 154 of them). At times it comes perilously close to the sensitive female school of fiction, and I find myself a little troubled to say just what it is all about; yet it is obviously the work of a highly gifted, intelligent, witty, perceptive writer. Miss Gallant can catch more of a character in a phrase than many writers can in a chapter. Here, for instance, is a description of the education of one of her minor characters (it is not quite Miss Gallant at her best, because it is a little too self-consciously witty, a little too much a set piece, but these qualities make it more quotable than some better passages): "Doris was proud of

her education—a bundle of notion she trundled before her like a pram containing twins. She could not have told you that the shortest distance between two points was a straight line, but she did know that 'hostility' was the key word in human relations and that a man with an abscessed tooth was only punishing himself."

The main character in *Green Water, Green Sky* is Bonnie, a middle-aged woman of good family but limited resources, financial and otherwise. In New York, before the story opens, she has been caught by her husband in a meaningless love affair and divorced; she feels that the disgrace is so unbearable that she must always live in Europe, and with her daughter Florence she moves from one resort to another, using Florence to fill the emptiness of her life and at the same time looking for a son-in-law who will be both socially acceptable and solvent enough to support them. Florence finally marries, to get her mother off her back, but the strain of her marriage and of her mother's continued demands is too much for her; rootless, isolated, she withdraws more and more into herself and finally loses her mind. The narrative is framed by visits from an American cousin of Florence's—George, an almost aggressively decent representative of the proper branch of the family back in New York, the Fairlies, whose scandal has never driven into exile.

Miss Gallant's view of life is not cheering. Except for Florence, each of her characters makes perfect sense to himself, but they are selfish, capricious, paced, exploitative, foolish, and damned; they cannot or will not help one another. Yet they are not consciously wicked; they hardly have the stamina for sin on any impressive scale; their lives are empty because they are empty people: characterless. Probably no reader will want to believe that the portraits she has drawn exhaust the possibilities of human nature, nor does she pretend that they do, but they have an authenticity all too hard to deny.

*The Haunting of Hill House*, Shirley Jackson's new novel (Viking \$3.95), is an undertaking of a rather uncommon sort these days; it is full-length ghost story.

A scientist interested in psych

## A Psychiatrist's World

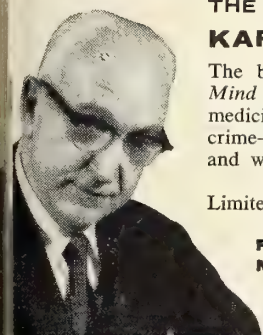
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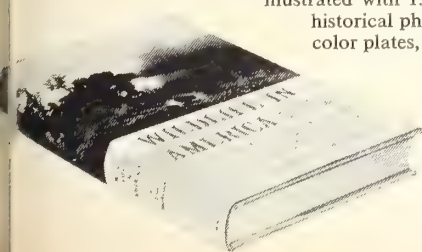
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phenomena, a Dr. Montague, rents a large and isolated house that has long enjoyed the reputation for being haunted, and invites a couple of young women who have been previously mixed up in apparently genuine parapsychological experiences to stay in the house with him. They are joined by a rather disreputable young man related to the owner of the house, and served by a hard-bitten farm woman who ostentatiously goes home at night.

Once this motley group has been assembled the haunting proceeds to take place. It would not be fair to describe just what happens, even if it were possible, or to reveal the highly dramatic ending, but the action is brilliantly devised.

Miss Jackson's writing is occasionally mannered. She is overfond of describing "little" things, especially tiny old women with cats. The complete absence of physical description of the main characters leads to misapprehensions about them, and the character of Mrs. Montague, who arrives at the end of the book, is so crudely conceived as to be a blemish. Yet for the most part the writing is extremely good, alive with wit and intelligence, and Miss Jackson has the power to make the strange events at Hill House exciting.

I am puzzled by Miss Jackson's attitude toward her story. At times she offers a rational explanation for what happens—the doors of Hill House, for instance, have a way of swinging shut when nobody is looking, but that is because they are hung off-balance. Sometimes, too, apparently mysterious events are really the projections of minds made unsteady by a strange and perverse environment. But there remain certain goings-on that can be accepted only if one is willing to believe that haunted houses are really haunted. I find this a difficult task, even under the influence of Miss Jackson's persuasive writing, but readers who do not suffer from such a handicap are almost certain to be entertained.

### NO HIDING PLACE

IN *Half Moon Haven* (Rinehart, \$3) Martin Russ describes a domicile even less inviting than Hill House, for the "haven" of the title is a home for the mentally retarded.

Russ is the young man who a few years ago wrote a remarkable and much-admired book about his experiences in the Korean War, *The Last Parallel*. His new book is in almost every way a less ambitious undertaking, and in most ways a less successful one, but its excellence is of the same sort: its fine portrait of a young man trying to keep his balance in an unpredictable and often ugly world. The young man is called Delaney. *Half Moon Haven*, and the book itself is called a novel, but Delaney bears a striking resemblance to the young man who was Martin Russ in *The Last Parallel*, and the book has much the same quality of autobiography.

Delaney is only moderately employable, and after several jobs has turned sour on him, or the reverse, he undertakes to make a living as attendant in a cottage for feeble-minded boys at Half Moon Haven. The other attendants enforce discipline by knocking the boys around and the boys expect it, but Delaney hopes and tries to do the job without physical violence.

*Half Moon Haven* is not an exposé or a reformer's pamphlet. Conditions at the home are far from pleasant, but it is not easy to see how they could be greatly improved, given such facts of life as the tendency of the human race to produce a certain number of their kind who are not intelligent enough to live at large in the world and the generally unsavory nature of the work of taking care of them.

What puzzles Delaney is how to reconcile such harsh facts with his own impulses to be decent. The result could be some dreary moralizing, but Delaney is too sardonic, too distrustful of the nobility of his motives, too much aware of his own desire to get by with as little trouble as possible to get solemn about it. His moral sense is too lively to permit him to moralize.

The dust jacket carries a picture of Russ that is an interesting commentary on the book, almost an illustration. The face that looks out at you is handsome and trying for an expression a little tougher than he longs on it; the mouth is sullen, pulled down to prevent a smile. It looks like the face of a basket player a few years out of college who



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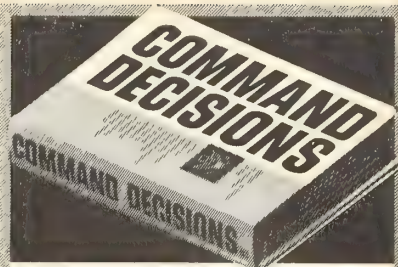
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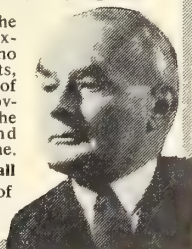
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would be beat if he weren't afraid he would burst out laughing.

*Half Moon Haven* has little to recommend it except the spirit of its author, but that spirit is peculiarly ingratiating.

### LOST AND FOUND

*Hidden America* by Roland Wells Robbins and Evan Jones (Knopf, \$5) has a title that promises too much, but the book itself is a thoroughly pleasant and unpretentious introduction to practical archaeology in America. Robbins, whose experience forms the basis of the book (Jones is a professional journalist who presumably did most of the actual writing), started out as a house painter and handyman. With only a very sketchy formal education, he first became interested in the past when he discovered that there were unanswered questions about Daniel Chester French's statue of the Minute Man in Concord, near his home in Massachusetts, and his first piece of digging was undertaken in an attempt, ultimately successful, to find the exact location of Thoreau's house on Walden Pond.

From these beginnings Robbins has gone on to work at many sites—the Saugus Iron Works, now handsomely reconstructed; the Philipse Manor, home of a rich Dutch settler in early New York; Jefferson's birthplace, etc. He is interested in pre-Columbian remains too, both of the Indians and of alleged forerunners of Columbus from Europe. (He cannot take very seriously any of the latter that he has examined.)

Robbins' enthusiasm for his work is contagious, and he makes it clear that the opportunities for archaeological research in America are far richer than I had supposed. A chapter devoted to telling the amateur how to go about digging for himself should prevent a good deal of innocent vandalism that sometimes passes for archaeology.

Oddly enough, according to Robbins, America has some claim to having produced the first scientific archaeologist in the person of Thomas Jefferson. That remarkable man investigated an Indian mound on his estate entirely for love of knowledge (earlier diggers there had been, but they were looking for loot), and his

technique of removing the soil an examining remains still apparent commands respect.

*Hidden America* is amply illustrated. Though it is not a boy's book many a boy would find it exciting reading.

*The Lost Cities of Africa* by Bas Davidson (Little, Brown, \$6) is a book that uses the results of archaeological research, as well as traveler tales and many other sources of knowledge, to sketch the history of Africa south of the Sahara in ancient and medieval times.

Probably for most Americans, reading *The Lost Cities of Africa* will be a little like reading a history of ancient and medieval Europe without being quite sure who Charlemagne was, whether Rome was north or south of the Alps or whether Poppo was a family name, a given name, a title, or an office. But Davidson is clear writer on the whole; he tackles his subject by regions—the ancient kingdom of Kush, south of Egypt; the city-states of West Africa (one of them, Ghana, is now beginning modern history); the medieval trading centers of the east coast, etc. Certain large themes emerge—the effects of the desiccation of the Sahara limiting intercourse in some directions; the generally widespread cultural diffusion; the penetration of Islam; the relative gentleness of African societies before the Europeans arrived; the terrible effects of four centuries of slavery not only on the Africans who were taken away from Africa but also on those who stayed behind.

In general Davidson's theme is that Africa has a long and distinguished past, which, if it did not produce high civilization by European standards, did produce a group of cultures that were far from primitive and that were distinctly African. He particularly derides those who find so much outside influence, often vaguely specified, to account for any African accomplishment.

Davidson does not pretend to be more than a conscientious popularizer, but he has obviously read a lot, traveled and corresponded widely. There are inevitably many gaps in his story. Some will never be filled, but others only require more digging at the sites. African archaeology

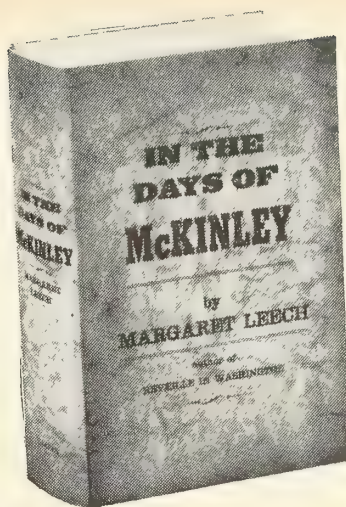
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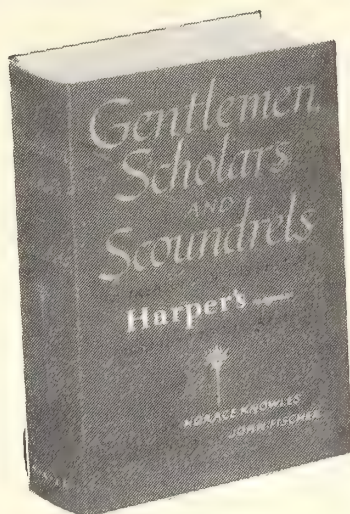
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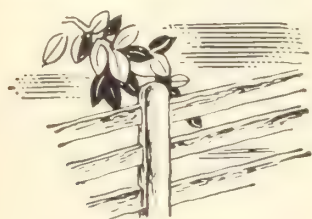
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south of the Sahara has not attracted the financial support that it has in Egypt, because there is not the same promise of treasure to sell to museums, but archaeological knowledge is nonetheless expanding.

**IN The New Shape of American Religion** (Harper, \$3.50) Martin E. Marty has written an assessment—not, as he is well aware, the first—of the recent religious revival in America, which he believes reached its peak in 1957. By comparing it with earlier revivals and examining the utterances of some of its spokesmen, he comes to the conclusion that it was a revival of "religion-in-general," of religious sentiment or vague piety, stiffened by very little doctrinal or theological backbone, and therefore a further erosion of American Protestantism.

But Marty goes beyond criticism of the religious revival; his book is a chapter in the great debate between unity and particularity in American society. Obviously social institutions will work only if there is enough agreement among their members to

enable them to get along together but, just as obviously, agreement for the sake of agreement can destroy the very purposes for which the institutions exist. The problem is especially acute for churches, since they are both social institutions fighting for survival and growth like any other, and at the same time the carriers of a message that reaches beyond society.

Marty is very strongly committed to institutionalized religion, but he believes that the Protestant churches are now sacrificing too much to make themselves socially acceptable, that they need a stiffening of doctrine and he makes some suggestions for the reforms of parish life to improve the situation.

Probably there has never been a time when the Christian churches were *not* accused by their critics of being too much like the secular society around them, and probably there has never been a time when the critics were wrong. Yet to say that Marty's argument is neither altogether new nor always happily phrased is not to deny its cogence

## BOOKS in brief

RAE BROOKS

### FICTION

**Pursuit of the Prodigal**, by Louis Auchincloss.

It is disconcerting not only to the reader but to most of the other characters in this fine novel to encounter Reese Parmalee, whose every word and act are dictated by what he conceives to be the truth. The others, moved by social expedience, acquisitiveness, possessive love, and financial opportunism, at various times react to Reese with love, hate, envy, despair, and plain exasperation. In the tradition of Auchincloss heroes, Reese comes from an aristocratic family, lives on Long Island's North Shore, and works in a Wall Street law firm. When he realizes he has allowed himself to be swept into the conventional Parmalee pattern (schools, family firm, a proper marriage), he walks out on all of it

to start over on his own. The problems that beset him then—romantic, legal, and moral—show him that there are as many pitfalls in the new life as the old. Scorning dragged-dramatics, the author lets Reese's problems grow naturally out of his environment and character, and as a result the reader is able to make up his own mind as to whether Reese is a hero or a heel, and perhaps to re-evaluate some of his own views of contemporary life. The book gleams with style and polish and the intelligence that went into its making is everywhere evident.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.

**The Rescuers**, by Margery Sharp. Illustrated by Garth Williams.

Here is a delightful little fairy tale for children and those of the elders who are not proof against whimsy. It tells of three intrep-

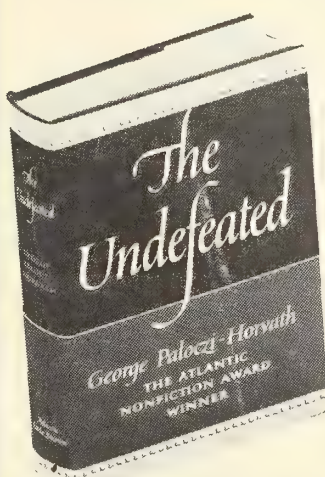
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By George Palocz-Horvath



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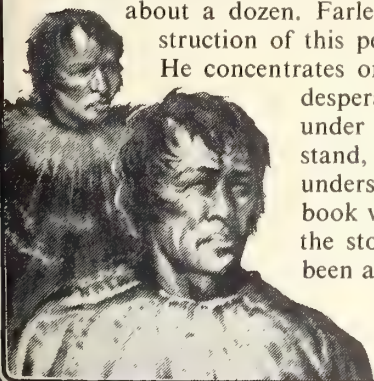
# Farley Mowat's

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### BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Little, Brown, \$4

### The Riddle of the Fly and Other Stories, by Elizabeth Enright.

I have a suspicion that Miss Enright could do almost anything she wanted with a story and still leave the reader convinced of its rightness. The characters in her newest collection range from the world of small fry to that of discontented middle age, and the settings from small towns to summer resorts to great cities and even to an imaginary place that might be anywhere or nowhere. The style is always suited to the situation; the descriptions are spare and sharp. With the possible exception of the title story, each one has an acrid aftertaste, a sort of bittersweet twist, which I think of as Miss Enright's signature.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75

### Best Short Stories from the Paris Review. Introduction by William Styron.

If there is anyone who doubts the current vitality, health, and originality of the art of the short story, let him read this collection from that successful young magazine the *Paris Review*. Each of the fourteen stories has its own impact; each author has a different theme, and its expression has complete individuality. It is a joy to sense the discipline with which most of these writers went to work. They do not reach tenuously for a shimmering subjective illusion. They employ thoughtful intelligent approaches to carefully chosen subjects. They communicate clearly and simply but not without subtlety. It will be hard to forget, for example, the unearthly howl of misery and pain issuing from the fisherman from Chihuahua in Evan Connell's story; or the humor and pathos in Philip Roth's "The Conversion of

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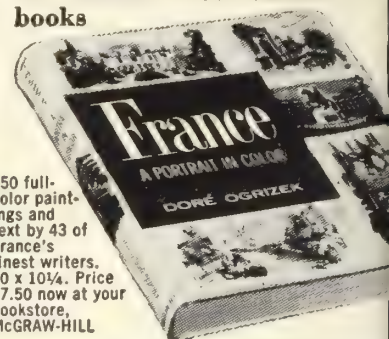
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Dutton, \$4

## NON-FICTION

**Wildlife in America**, by Peter Matthiessen. Illustrations by Bob Hines. Introduction by Richard Pough.

After reading this wonderful book on wildlife in America, no one could be indifferent to the subject. One is moved by the author's genuine love for every creature he writes about, by his sorrow at the loss of one, or his joy at the sight of another. His intense feeling for our country, his pride in it, and his anger when our resources are wasted come across to the reader as vividly as his awe before its wonders. The book is a history of the continent from its earliest beginnings to the present in terms of its wildlife. But the author is, first of all, a novelist, and though the amount of well-documented research here is phenomenal, he writes with grace and sureness always, often with wry humor; and a deep understanding of man and beast illuminates every page.

Viking, \$10

**Diplomat**, by Charles W. Thayer.

The experienced diplomat and writer, Charles Thayer (*Bears in the Caviar*, *Hands Across the Caviar*, etc.) has undertaken to give us the entire low-down on diplomacy in his new book, an excerpt from which appeared in September *Harper's*. It is a very ambitious book, packed with all kinds of information. It tells the inside story of the diplomatic crisis in Lebanon last year (what a ludicrous and dangerous affair that appears to have been!); it presents the history of Western diplomacy from early Greek times; it gives a summary of the Byzantine method, which developed into the current Soviet approach. There is also a complete picture of how embassies work; a look at the operation of consulates; and an analysis of older espionage techniques as contrasted with modern ones. Even protocol and

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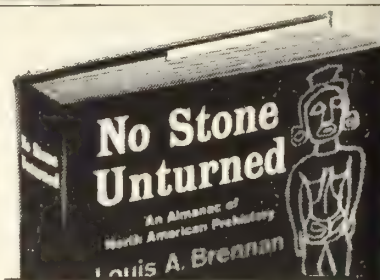
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Sloane, \$6

**Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences.** Translated with an introduction by David Magarshack. Prefatory essay by Edmund Wilson.

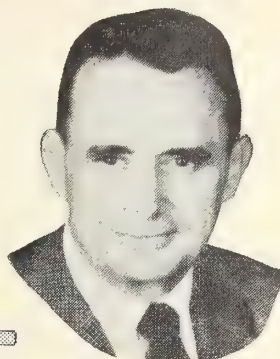
Just in case any admirer of Turgenev missed this most interesting book the first time around (it was published in 1957 by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy), I would like to call attention to it as it now appears in a handsome reprint. Turgenev was provoked into writing these pieces, at least the literary ones, by the need to pull himself out of his despondency over the vicious attacks on him following the publication of *Fathers and Sons*. In his impassioned defense of that novel he sets down a good deal of his credo of writing and provides a unique insight into the hysteria of those times in Russia, when literature was—as indeed, in an even unhappier way, it is now—inextricably bound up with politics. Other pieces, particularly the autobiographical ones added later, are more objective and remind us that Turgenev also had a gift for literary journalism. . . . Edmund Wilson's

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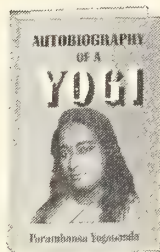
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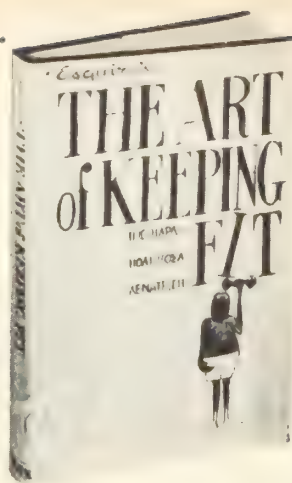
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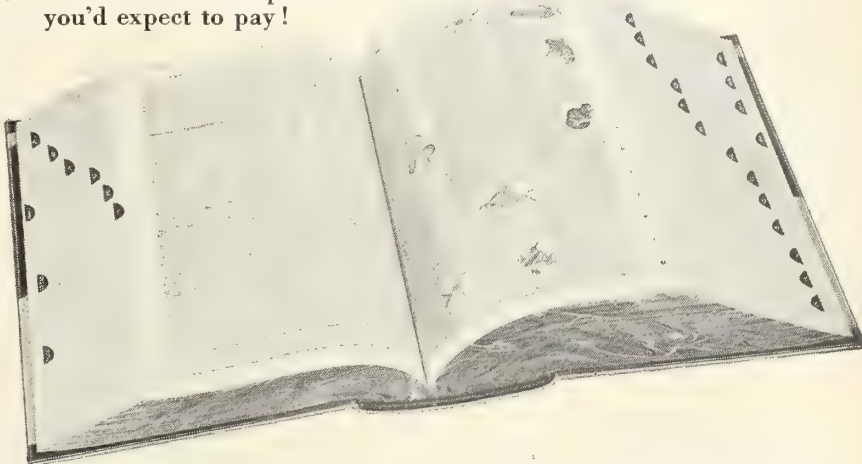
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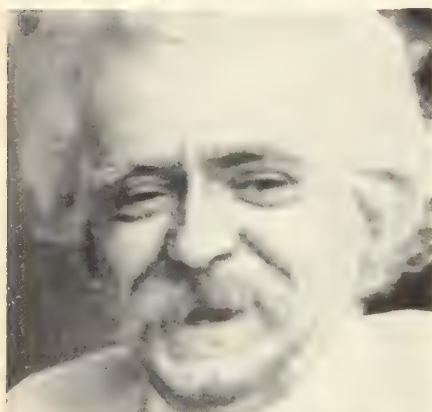
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# MUSIC in the round

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Stravinsky wades into the twelve-tone technique with powerful effect—but it's an open question whether his new style will make him popular.

Listening to the most recent Stravinsky recording, his *Threni* (Columbia MS 6055, stereophonic), I was set off on a train of thought concerning Stravinsky and his music in general. The chances are that nobody is going to put up too much of a fight if you call Stravinsky the world's greatest living composer. He is the darling of the intellectuals, the delight of the *avant-garde*. Whenever he has a *première* it is news, and critics from all over the world flock to write dissertations according to their ability.

Whatever he composes immediately gets recorded and published, and his opinions are listened to with great respect (all the more in that sometimes, as in his *Poetics of Music*, they are unintelligible). Up to the last decade he was the most influential composer of the twentieth century and his "Sacre du Printemps" the most influential individual piece. "Sacre's" impact upon the world of music was epical, and for a

generation afterwards one was hearing echoes of its polytonality and polirhythms not only in all of the minor figures but also in major composers like Vaughan Williams, Bartók and, really, about everybody but the strict academicians and the twelve-tone monks. It can still cause a sensation, as Leonard Bernstein recently demonstrated in Moscow.

Yet despite all this there is a *Stravinsky*, and there are many puzzling aspects to his post-"Sacre" career. The publicity he has received and the veneration in which he is held in many music circles are paralleled only by the indifference to his recent music of the public and by the infrequency of performance he receives once the furor over his late work has died away. How often in concert does one hear the "Symphonies of Wind Instruments," his orchestral suite his "Symphony in C" and "Symphony of Three Movements"? There has been a great rush by conductors to program his "Agon" and "Orpheus" ballet scores. His "Rake's Progress" held the stage of the Metropolitan Opera for two seasons playing to diminishing houses, and he probably disappeared from there for good. His recently-composed "Canticum Sacrum" shows no signs of getting a foot

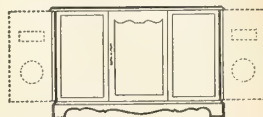


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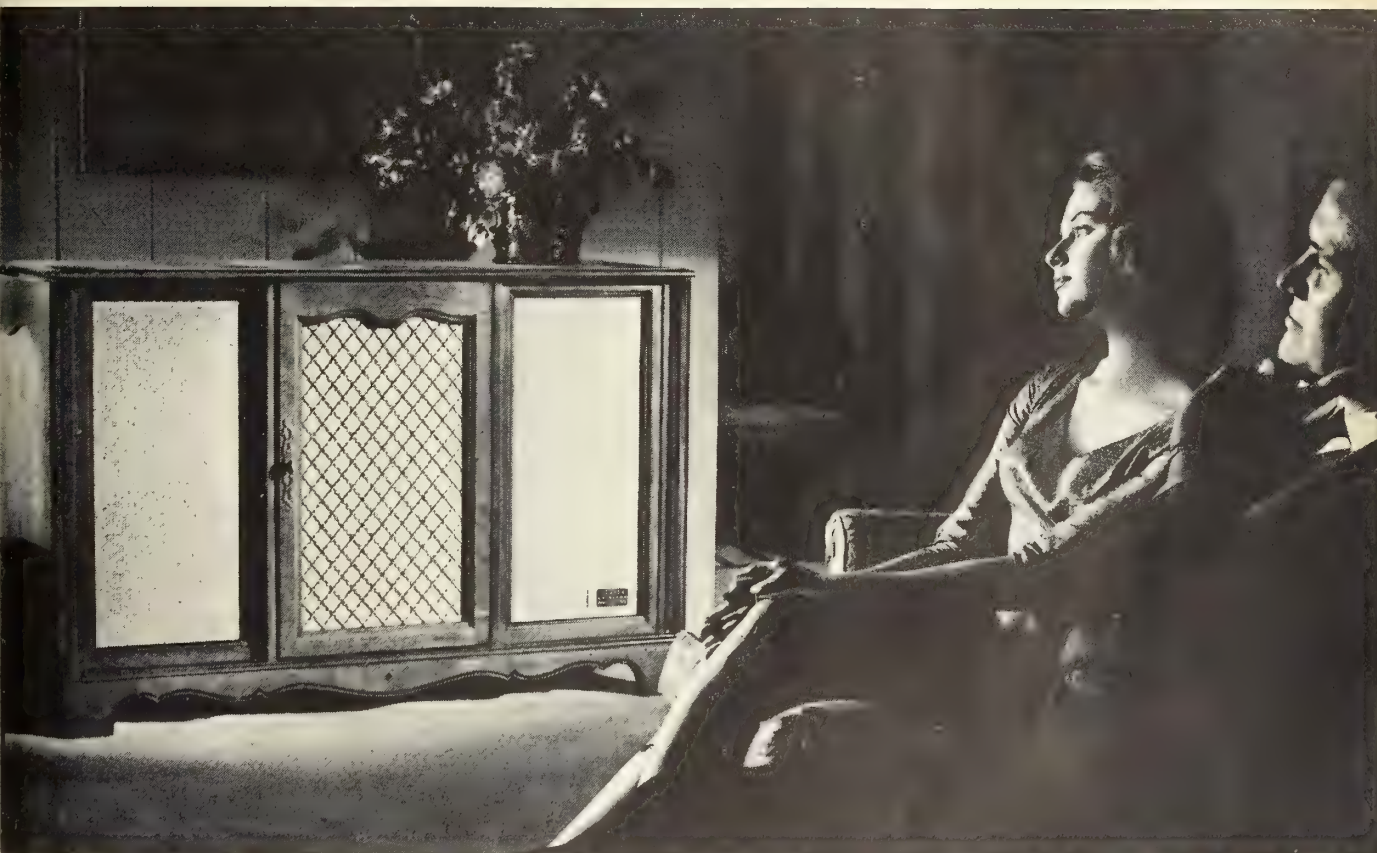
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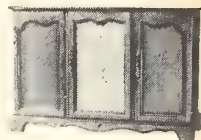
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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

hold in the American repertory. Only his Big Three—"Firebird," "Petrouchka," and "Le Sacre du Printemps," his three earliest works (forgetting some student exercises)—are permanently with us. The rest of his music—barring occasional performances of things like the "Symphony of Psalms," "Histoire du Soldat," and "Oedipus Rex"—is literally unknown to much of the concert-going audience.

And while anything that Stravinsky writes fascinates the professionals, he has founded no school and has had very few imitators. One reason, of course, is that his style is much too strong and individual. Copied by anybody else it would be caricature. Of course, many of Stravinsky's harmonic and rhythmic innovations have passed into the vocabulary, but that is a different matter; diffusion is not the same thing as paternity.

Why the frantic admiration of the professionals and the ho-hum or active dislike of the public? It might be that the situation is inherent in the very nature of Stravinsky's writing and musical philosophy. He (with perhaps Hindemith the only serious challenger) is the most complete technician of twentieth-century composers. He is not a strong melodist, but professionals are far less interested in melody than in technique. The public operates on the opposite premise. Nor does the public like dissonance, though their tolerance is slowly increasing; and even for an age of dissonance Stravinsky can be uncompromisingly dissonant. Too, the strict organization of his material, its quasi-mathematical relationships, its lack of sensuous contour, its over-riding intellectuality, its occasional preciosity, its automatic *avant-gardism*, its Picasso-like purposeful distortions—all these make for concentrated and difficult listening: a type of listening to which the average music lover will not subject himself.

### The Twelve-tone Plunge

Thus, one is certain, Stravinsky in most of his music will remain the musicians' musician, especially in a work like "Threni." This was commissioned by the North German Radio of Hamburg and first performed at the 1958 Venice Festival, the composer conducting. It is a work entirely in the twelve-tone idiom. Up to "Threni," Stravinsky had, in "Agon" and the "Canticum Sacrum," waded a little into the dodecaphonic ocean. Having gotten his toes wet, now he has taken the plunge entire.

And this in a way is ironical. It was only a short time ago that those two giants of music, Stravinsky and Schoenberg, lived close together on the West Coast and acted as though one were on Venus, the other Mars. They had nothing in common, they did not meet, they



## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

had no love for each other's music. Stravinsky himself has never made any major pronouncement on Schoenberg. The twelve-tone composer who interests him is Schoenberg's pupil Webern, and Stravinsky has made a thorough study of Webern's music, with loud cries of admiration. (Among the younger set these days it is Webern who has usurped Stravinsky's former place as the Messiah.)

And thus it is Webern one detects in "Threni"—that is, up to a point. For Stravinsky, twelve-tone or not, always writes like Stravinsky, and whatever technique he adopts comes out strained through the Stravinskyan mesh. In the "Threni" (= Threnodies; subtitled *id est Lamentationes Jeremiae Prophetarum*) he presents all twelve notes within the first five bars, and it is from this that the entire composition is built. The soprano entry in measure 5 presents a tone-row unadorned, in two balanced periods of six notes each (some of the notes are repeated). The alto entry, also in bar 5 in a duet with the soprano, introduces the row in a different arrangement, also in two balanced periods.

Within the thirty minutes of the score one can detect, and rather disconcertingly so, a few moments of international twelve-tone technique, where Stravinsky as we have known him since 1909 is smoothed out into a pure algebra. Elsewhere it is Stravinsky who speaks—the Stravinsky of the "Symphony of Psalms" and the "Canticum Sacrum." Like it or not, and the guess is that most will not, "Threni" is stark and powerful. With its economy of means (the full orchestra seldom used), its whispered choruses and Gothic ecclesiasticism, its highly stylized melodic line and the few choral consonances that relieve the texture, its typical polyrhythms and the evocation of old church chant, it is a unique score. Hearing it, one thinks of Giotto and Cimabue, and of hooded priests screaming into the Duomo. The Stravinsky who almost single-handedly invented neo-Classicism has not deserted his philosophy, and he uses the twelve-tone technique in a neo-Classic manner. Only here, as in so many of his late works, he also invokes the spirit of a period long before the Classicists. Neo-Renaissance might be a better term.

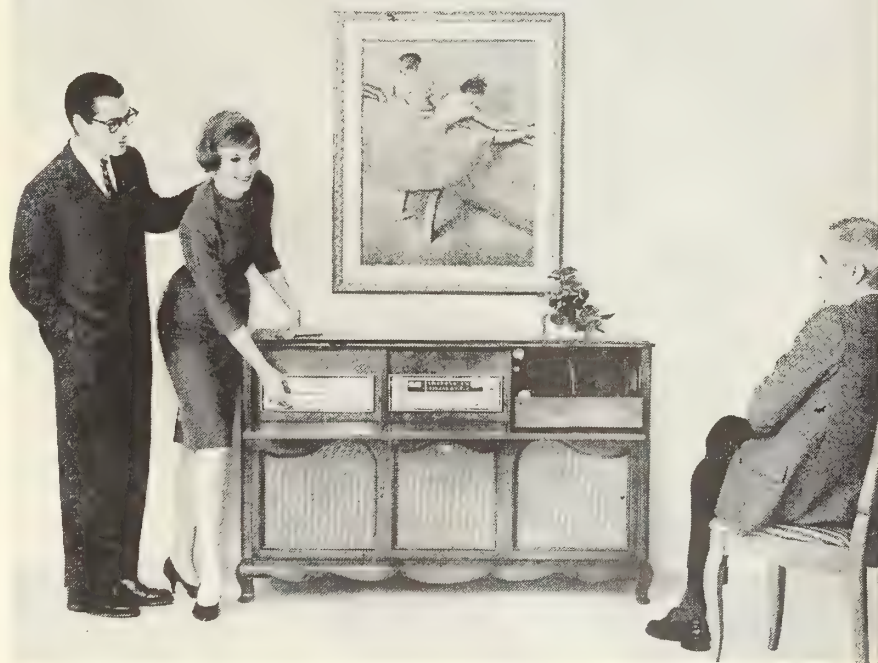
### Stravinsky by Stravinsky

Stravinsky himself conducts this recording, with the Schola Cantorum and an expert group of singers—Bethany Eardslee, Beatrice Krebs, William Lewis, James Wainner, Mac Morgan, and Robert Oliver. Presumably the results are definitive. By now Stravinsky has turned into a proficient conductor, something that could not be said of him when he made his early recordings. Humor has it that he would like to

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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

record all of his own music, and re-record certain works he made some time ago, because he claims to be distressed by what he considers musical misrepresentations from other conductors.

One wonders what the future of "Threni" will be. Average church musicians will no more be able to handle it than to handle the mathematics of symbolic logic. Only expert musicians, abetted by rehearsal after rehearsal, will be able to present "Threni" with any degree of success. Nor will the score be a repertory piece, in our own time, at any rate. It is too specialized. It will always have its admirers, and professionals will study it with fascination. It has a certain amount of passion, but it is too intellectual and severe to be loved. And thus it will follow the fate of the other products of Stravinsky's late years. It will be a church in which only a few people worship, but those who do really have religion.

At least the record collector, if not the concert-goer, has the chance to sample almost all of Stravinsky's creative output. The composer's long association with Columbia Records has led to his participation in a very large number of recordings, and there is an articulate school that maintains no other conductor can match him in his own music. Stravinsky, they say, purges his music of all romanticism. He alone has the secret of bringing the elements into proportion, and his dry, unsentimental approach is exactly what the music needs. After all, is he not the composer? And who but the composer is in a better position to know how the music should sound? So runs the argument.

Those who would like to examine Stravinsky-conducted-by-Stravinsky have a large number of works to choose from. These include *Agon*, *Baiser de la Fée*, the *Cantata* (1952), *Canticum Sacrum*, *Dances Concertantes*, *Firebird Suite*, *Fireworks*, *Ode*, *Russian Maiden's Song*, *Ebony Concerto*, *Norwegian Moods*, *Circus Polka*, *Histoire du Soldat*, *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas*, the *Octet* and *Septet*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Perséphone*, *Pulcinella*, *The Rake's Progress*, *Le Sacre du Printemps*, the *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, the *Symphony in C*, the *Symphony in Three Movements*, and *Three Shakespeare Songs*. Not a bad representation, and one for which future ages will be grateful, both to the composer and to Columbia for making it all possible.

### Done Well By

But some of the great Stravinsky performances on records do not come from the composer. The only *Firebird* really worth owning, for example, is that of Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London). He conducts not the suite but the entire ballet, and is

the only conductor in history to have done so for the gramophone. The best *Petrouchka* comes from Monteux and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (Victor). And, with all due respect to Stravinsky, he gets nowhere near the excitement from *Le Sacre* that Fricsay (Decca) or Markevitch (Angel) gets. Ansermet is responsible for a beautiful *Symphony of Psalms*, one less angular than Stravinsky's own reading. It can be argued that angularity is exactly the quality that should be present in the score; but music does deal with sound, and sound does have a certain sensuous appeal, and a great conductor like Ansermet (with much greater control over his orchestra than Stravinsky ever had or will have) is perfectly able to get what the composer is driving at without sacrificing tonal appeal. Or so it appears in the corner.

One little-known disc, from Vox, brings together the *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra* and the *Concerto for Two Solo Pianos*, a pair of Stravinsky's most fluent and immediately attractive works. Charlotte Zelka and Alfred Brendel are the pianists.

A fine, and also not too well known disc, this one from Decca, presents the *Duo Concertant for Violin and Piano* smoothly played by Joseph Fuchs and Leo Smit, two of America's best instrumentalists. The finest recording of one of Stravinsky's most important early works, *Les Noces*, is on a Vanguard disc as conducted by Mario Rossi. Another brilliant early work, *Renard*, is joined by *Apollon Musagète* on a London disc conducted by Ansermet, who also has brilliant recording of the 1919 *Chant de Rossignol*. There are few composers well represented on records as Stravinsky. His own age has done well by him.

## AND ALSO . . .

**Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5.** Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinon. Victor LM 2272 (mono), L 2272 (stereo).

A muscular reading of Prokofiev's most popular symphony. The French have always responded to Russian music, and Martinon leads the score with considerable drive and insight.

**Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor.** Vladimir Horowitz, piano and NBC Symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini. Victor LM 2500 (mono).

Exciting, propulsive, with virtuosity plus: that sums up this disc, made from the broadcast of April 25, 1943. Aside from a temporary bobble in the slow movement, which is of no great importance, this performance is guaranteed to raise your blood pressure.

Eric Larrabee

## GARNER

Errol Garner comes at a piano with some of the old-time enthusiasm, as though—like Harpo Marx—he were going to beat it down to the floor. He is a strong rhythmic player, which put me off him for some time (I couldn't see how much more there was to it than that), and he punctuates his performances with short, rasping grunts that indicate both involvement in what he is doing and a certain dispassionate objectivity about it.

Garner has managed to make his way in a world that doesn't always score high points for naturalness, which is his strength, and he has done it without diminishing (quite the opposite) in individuality. Winner of innumerable polls and awards, he has become the first jazz artist to be taken under the wing of S. Hurok, the classical impresario, who is a tidy man with box-office figures and does not deal in minor musicians. Garner can draw the crowds, both here and abroad, merely by being Garner.

His style is said to be immediately recognizable, but aside from the powerful rhythm I suspect what makes it easy for most people is a set of idiosyncrasies: twiddling octaves, tight flourishes, and nice big ham-handed chords. His reputation is for being a very "happy" pianist and his legend, above and beyond his legendary inability to read music, is already made up of recording sessions in which there was never a single retake.

Garner's recordings raise the long-debated question of whether reviewers should—as they are always being urged—hear musicians in the flesh. The argument against this is that whoever buys the record is going to hear only the record, not something else you are telling him about. The argument for it is someone like Garner, who is several times life-size in life, and teaches you how to listen as you watch. The records are that much better thereafter.

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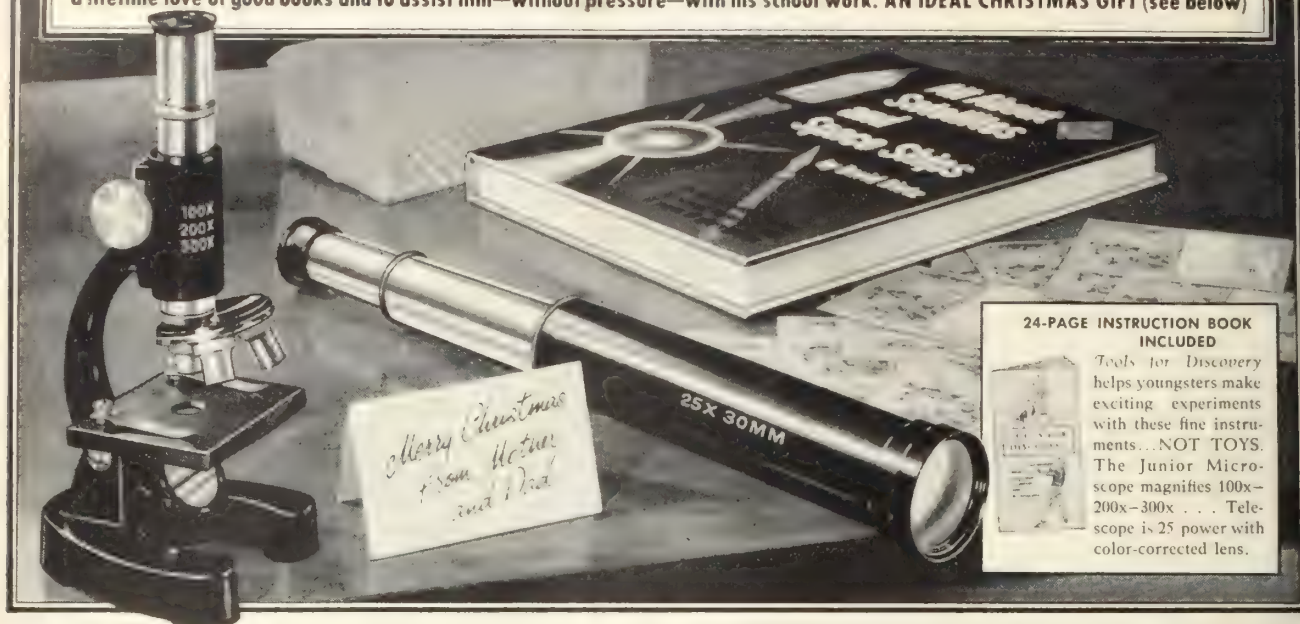
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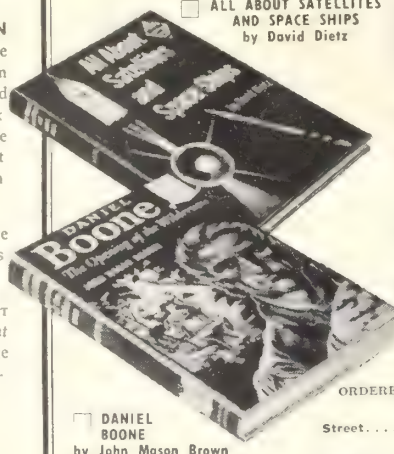
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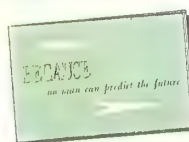
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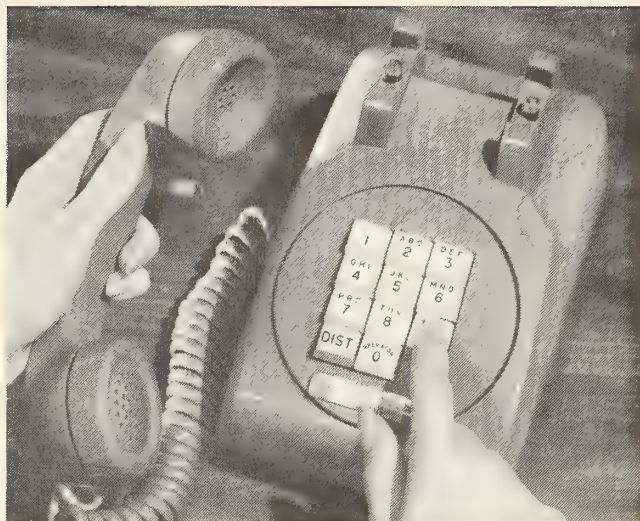
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# SIC TRANSIT

It saddens us to hear that Latin—never a dead language in spite of all the efforts to kill it—is fast disappearing from school curricula everywhere, that even Oxford and Cambridge, those citadels of classical education, are thinking about dropping Latin from their list of entrance requirements.

No more will schoolboys learn to decline *hic haec hoc* and conjugate *fero ferre tuli latius*. No more will they conquer the Gauls with Caesar, prosecute Catiline with Cicero, escape from burning Troy with Virgil's Aeneas. It begins to look as if future generations won't even know the meaning of *tempus fugit* and *e pluribus unum*, of *semper paratus* and *veni vidi vici*—let alone the footnoters' favorites, i.e., e.g., and *ibid.* A sad state of affairs indeed!

If there is a moral here, it is probably something about the law of supply and demand in action. Latin is something like the companies of a half century ago that manufactured trolley cars and buttonhooks, kerosene lamps and ladies' bustles. They went out of business eventually because no one wanted what they made.

History repeats itself all the time. There are companies in business today whose products, however high in quality, will not always be in demand, companies that will some day go out of business because of their failure to develop new products and new markets. There's a lesson here for investors: Be sure the companies in which you own stock are managed by men who are alert and aggressive and forward-looking.

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# LETTERS

## Writing in America

TO THE EDITORS:

I have been idly wondering how you came to allow a piece as inchoate as Alfred Kazin's "The Alone Generation" to sabotage an otherwise excellent supplement [October]. Mr. Kazin's article with its armchair petulance, its lack of humor, its tendency to begin sentences with such exhausted phrases as "In our mass age" and "Our culture is stuporously without support from tradition," its obligatory reference to Tocqueville, its sighing for the good old days, its waspish wrist-slapping of writers who aren't writing the kind of good old-fashioned novel he and Mr. Maugham used to love so much, its final vague admonition to the young folks "not to invent human values but only to rediscover them" (whatever that means), is the very model of academic fustiness . . .

ELAINE DUNDY  
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Kazin's analysis of the ills of fiction in the 'fifties should be a real challenge to young writers. Thought-provoking, it has shed new light on what not to do with themes and style. . . . I quite agree that a major fallacy in today's fiction is the misdirected and unsound search for emotional identity. There is yet room, though, for a deeply searching novel from this alone generation, and for characters who can testify for themselves as they search diligently for an identity of the spirit of man in a confused and troubled time.

EDWARD DICKSON  
Atlanta, Ga.

It is hard to tell whether the editors or Elizabeth Hardwick added the note at the end of her excellent article. . . . To invite "letters presenting a different evaluation from hers" is a nice piece of irony. One of the few editorial inanities she neglected to mention is the literary editor's version of the Eisenhower ploy: If one can't prevent a definite opinion from being expressed, one solicits a contradictory opinion, calls the void between them "fair-mindedness," and forgets the matter as soon as possible.

ROBERT FRWIN  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

It is shocking that *Harper's* should find space for an article so uninformed and so absurd as Elizabeth Hardwick's ["The Decline of Book Reviewing"]. As television comedians take personal insult for humor, she takes it for criticism. It is possible to find much fault with book reviewing in America; but *Harper's* should know, even if Miss Hardwick does not, that *argumentum ad hominem* is a fallacy.

GEORGE P. BROCKWAY  
President, W. W. Norton & Co.  
New York, N. Y.

The unpardonable sin of the publications Elizabeth Hardwick names and the reviewers who appear in them seems to be their common lack of drama of opinion. There is no quarrel with this view. But what if switching from cool to hot . . . as she suggests, should produce a stereotype of the unpleasant in place of the stereotype of the vacuous? What if instead of the "simple coverage" or the "sweet bland commendations" or the dizzy inflation of "the value and importance of individual books" . . . reviewers should revert to ideological pronouncements, social arrogations, and esoteric prepossessions? . . .

Also the accommodation against which she inveighs is not necessarily the baby of those she blames. They are but the midwives. . . . Today's circumspection in reviewing is an element of that dialect of doubt which holds us all in thrall . . . in a world in which everything from the course of nature to the course of man has become ambiguous and provisional. . . . The reviewer's day of preaching damnation or assuming the role of a hanging judge is over. He must come to a more contemporary relationship with the Common Reader.

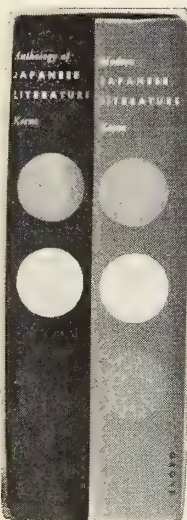
MAX COSMAN  
Brooklyn, New York

We owe a debt to Miss Hardwick for her splendid job of reporting on the decline of honest criticism by American book reviewers. Strangely enough, but a few pages away are to be found three pages wasted on the glorification of the greatest literary fraud practiced on the American people since James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* . . . Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent*. William S. White and the other men of the Washington press corps call it a first-rate novel and . . . point to the more than one hundred characters, the time element, the issues involved. I call to their

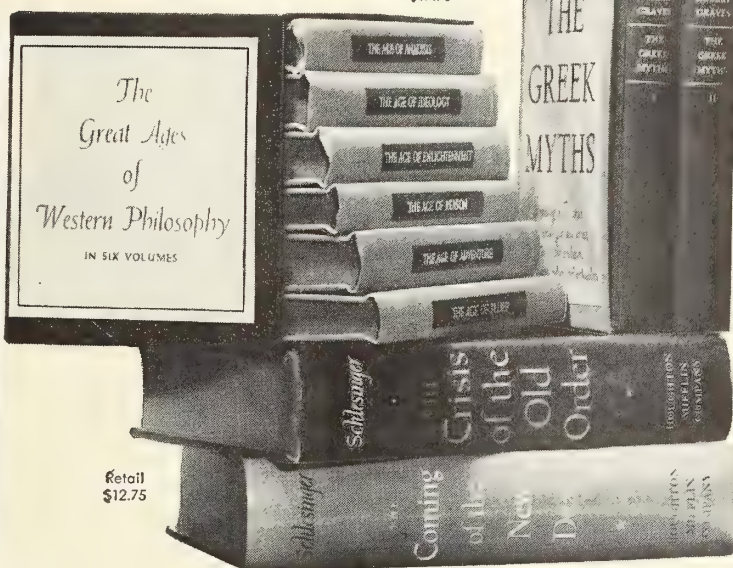


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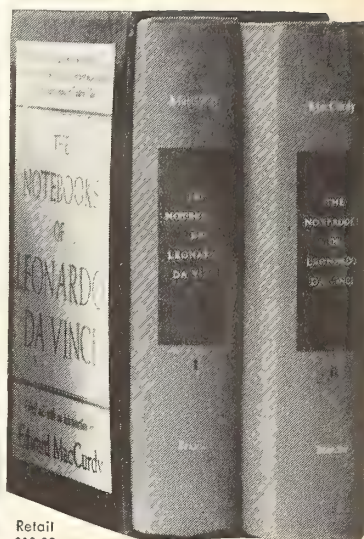


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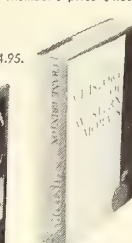
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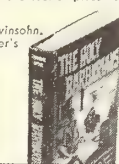
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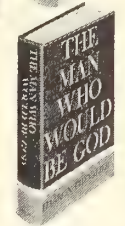
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## LETTERS

attention *The Four Georges* by William M. Thackeray. . . . In less than one-fourth the pages used by Mr. Drury and one-sixth the number of words, Mr. Thackeray created hundreds of characters whom the reader can see, hear, and communicate with. . . . Mr. Drury may have written a book but he did not write a novel. . . .

DAN H. MCCUTTUGH  
Toledo, O.

Miss Hardwick's article ends with a request for comments. For five years I have been the producer-moderator of "New Books of Significance," a weekly televised discussion program sponsored by Franklin and Marshall College, presented as a public-service feature over WGAL-TV-Lancaster as part of their College-of-the-Air. Working away, virtually unheard of in the metropolitan centers, we've created something that I think is significant, and something that, imitated elsewhere, might lend new life to book reviewing and book coverage. . . .

Network TV will not (or cannot) support adequate book-review facilities; but working on a regional basis, using free time that local stations could contribute, perhaps the book scene could be better covered. . . .

We have no budget; we have to rely on the generosity of those passing through or visiting Lancaster who are willing to tape a half-hour with us. In the absence of a visiting celebrity we use a panel of college professors. . . . The presence of an author on such a panel usually promotes rather than hinders criticism and we end up damning as much as praising.

The survey people tell us that 38,500 people are likely to watch our Thursday 9:00 A.M. show. . . . Where network TV can't be controversial or can't go beyond Dave Garroway's five minutes with an author, we can explore in considerable depth. We've discussed birth control and population pressures, involved Loren Eiseley in discussions on evolution, and generally lived as dangerously as one can in the world of ideas on one of the mass media. [Possibly] others might want to work in the same direction.

RICHARD J. STONESIEFF  
Asst. to the Dean  
Franklin and Marshall College  
Lancaster, Pa.

What was that merchandise-sales pitch by Frank Yerby ["How and Why I Write the Costume Novel"] doing in your wonderful supplement on writing. . . . In Mr. Yerby's view the reading public is apparently a tightly shut mouth which has to be wheedled open. Yerby Brand slides down un-noticed! No chewing! No swallowing! And along with this insidious advice to young writers he

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## LETTERS

offers his product as the trick to make the public forget the "vast morose eye" of television. People who don't read his sort of stuff don't watch that kind of television either. . . .

MRS. SIMON RUBIN  
North Bedford, Mass.

One of the mysteries I shall never solve is the tendency of successful authors who undertake a chore of teaching for a bit of extra money to protest to anyone who catches them at it that they really aren't teaching and that, in fact, creative writing can't be taught. They will do this even while they give evidence, as Archibald MacLeish does ["On the Teaching of Writing"] that they are excellent teachers. . . .

Mr. MacLeish gives his pupils wise advice about learning from their reading, strives himself to grasp his pupil's intent before appraising his performance, encourages him to learn how to criticize his own work, see subjects in the life around him, and applauds every evidence of sincerity. . . . Anyone can understand Mr. MacLeish's regret that all his pupils haven't the genius of a John Keats. Our teacher seems to forget that the essence of genius is a supreme capacity for learning. . . .

For these cleverly written denigrations of teachers of writing by authors in the headlines I can summon only one explanation—a perhaps unconscious impulse to promote the theory of the divine ordination or Delphic origin of letters.

THOMAS H. UZZELL  
Stillwater, Okla.

Vance Bourjaily's "The Lost Art of Writing for Television" was very pertinent at a time when one of the finest original plays ever presented on TV was being stamped on by such esteemed critics as the *New York Times'* Jack Gould. I am referring to "People Kill People. Sometimes," the first offering of a new Sunday dramatic series patterned somewhat after the old Philco Playhouse (except, so far there have been too few original plays). It seemed to me . . . noble, lyrical, and beautifully acted. Mr. Bourjaily is quite right when he says that television needs "one eloquent critic concerned with and able to recognize literature."

Trouble is, such a fellow wouldn't really have much to do.

AL SHEARMAN  
Ardley, N. Y.

## Inscrutable Dag

TO THE EDITORS:

The article by Joseph Lash ["The Man on the 38th Floor," October] is the

ray of light that Americans need to interpret the mysterious and uncanny effectiveness of the UN Chief. For the many avid *Harper's* readers and for the thousands of students that will read and reread this interpretative biographical sketch of Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld—thanks.

O. K. CALDWELL, Principal  
Fostoria High School  
Fostoria, O.



TO THE EDITORS:

Charles Schaeffer and Art Cosing ["How Much Poison Are You Breathing," October] are to be congratulated for assimilating a great deal of data on automotive exhaust and presenting it in a readable, informative way.

The last paragraph gives the impression that nothing can be done by the layman at this point and that all of us must await the Detroit research. It is true that the final answer will come from research but [meanwhile] the layman can cut down on visible smoke and even carbon monoxide by seeing to it that his vehicle is properly maintained and kept in good repair. . . . We will be happy to send to *Harper's* readers our short easy-to-follow pamphlet on this subject.

LEONARD GREENBERG, M.D.  
Commissioner  
Dept. of Air Pollution Control  
New York, N. Y.

*Part of the pamphlet is reproduced above. Copies may be obtained by writing to Publications, Department of Air Pollution Control, 15 Park Row, New York 38, N. Y.*

## The Steam of Yesteryear

TO THE EDITORS:

I enjoyed "The Steaming Stanley Twins" by Dr. Howard D. Fabing [October] perhaps because my first car was a steamer, a Toledo, which I drove in 1899. It was a much more substantial car than the Locomobile which followed it, with the boiler under the seat. I was not as lively as the Stanley as it carried about 100 pounds steam pressure against the Stanley's 600.

I knew both the Stanleys in their West Newton shop. I saw them wrapping layers of piano wire around their boiler and soldering it at several points. I never knew one to blow up. . . . I also

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## What does Kee Begay see in the mirror?

Does he see a lonely little Indian boy far from home and family or does Kee Begay see himself as *a new kind of American*? At school he is learning to speak English and become proficient in skills that will help him to a place in the outside world. Kee Begay often wonders: what is the outside world like? During his few short years, he has known only extreme poverty at home and a feeling of not belonging at public school.

Unlike most of his non-Indian classmates, Kee Begay has only the bare necessities which the school provides. His family can give him nothing. His father's income depends on occasional employment in a sawmill or temporary work on a vegetable farm off the reservation.

Must Kee Begay return to hopeless poverty?

### Encouragement for Kee Begay

Save the Children Federation's Indian Sponsorship Program aims to

give such Indian children a more nearly normal social and educational experience. It encourages and aids them to fulfill their roles as useful citizens of our nation. Your sponsorship means direct help to an individual child for such items as clothes, shoes, new books and a little spending money to buy toothpaste, soap—perhaps a class year-book. But most important, your correspondence gives the child spiritual values beyond calculation—hope, encouragement, aspiration, morale. For a child like Kee Begay, finding his place in school is the first important step toward becoming a useful citizen.

Won't you help a little Indian child to join the main stream of American life? These children with their great cultural heritage, their talents and skills can contribute to a stronger America—if you care enough to be a friend. Use the coupon now to befriend an Indian child.

SCF works through Tribal authorities among the Apache, Pima, Navajo, Papago, Mojave, and Pueblo Indians.

**SCF National Sponsors include:** Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry Luce, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.

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HR 12-9

knew the White brothers and their car which was well designed and built. . . .

Dr. Fabing, in common with many others, does not touch on the real reason for the passing of steam. It was not danger from fire but the effect of water on the boiler tubes. The same reason is behind the passing of steam locomotives. Hard water bakes a heat-resisting coating on the tubes; acid water eats them away. Limited fireboxes also affected their utility for long runs. After about 150 miles they needed a new fire. Diesels can run coast to coast by changing engine crews.

The simplicity of the steam engine gives it great appeal, after you get up steam, but the space needed to carry water is a great drawback. . . . Although I fear they have gone forever, steam cars will never be forgotten as long as old-timers [like the undersigned who is 92] talk about them to their children and grandchildren.

FRED H. COLVIN  
Point Pleasant Beach, N. J.

## Sex and Sanskrit

TO THE EDITORS:

In "On Wisconsin" [October] David Boroff depreciates elementary school teaching, calling it only a "modest goal for an intelligent girl." Why does a State Department typist have a more "glamorous" job? Apparently Boroff considers any subject, such as Advanced Sanskrit, which adds nothing to a student's earning ability as "magnificently useless." And where did he ever get the idea that a university's greatness depends on its "Ph.D. production rate"? When such confusion about education's true values exists, there can be little hope for improvement.

MAG E. BARRICK  
Univ. of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pa.

The proportion of "On Wisconsin" devoted to social life leads me to suspect that if Mr. Boroff were asked to report on the research activities of a chemical corporation's laboratories, he would busily gather information on the cock-tails the workers drank, the country clubs they belonged to, and the coital positions they preferred. Interesting, perhaps, but apropos? . . .

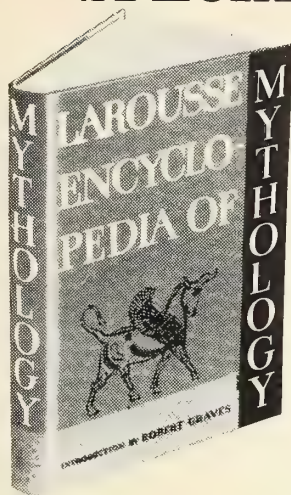
W. J. BONK  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Any similarity between the University of Wisconsin of Mr. Boroff's article and the university I attended for five years is purely nominative. . . .

NANCY REYNOLDS VAN NORTON  
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# *the editor's* EASY CHAIR

## *Christmas List*

**S**PECIAL Christmas greetings to a list of remarkable people, whose deeds—splendid, eccentric, or merely outrageous—have not received the attention they deserve:

*1. To Judge Samuel Simon Leibowitz, for blurting out the unpopular truth about his city.* He suggested that New York should discourage newcomers, until it could begin to absorb the flood of immigrants who have swamped it during the last two decades.

Naturally this jagged bit of common sense scandalized the politicians, slum landlords, and a good many Negroes and Puerto Ricans who thought (mistakenly) that the judge was asking for discrimination against them. He was denounced from pulpit, press, and the U. S. Senate, and at this writing a police guard is protecting him from anonymous threats of violence.

What he should have is a nationwide TV and radio hookup to trumpet his message. The glaring truth—which nobody else had dared say out loud—is that his stricken city simply cannot cope with its present overcrowding. Its housing, traffic, schools, water supply, police, and municipal finance are all strained to the danger point—or beyond. Millions of its people live in squalor and walk its streets in fear. Anybody thinking of moving to New York should be warned to keep away.

For the city's only visible hope is to slow down the flow of immigrants till it can provide decent living conditions for those who already jam its slums. It is true that most of these are Puerto Ricans and Negroes; nearly 650,000 of them have poured into the city since 1950. As a result they fill 70 per cent of the school seats in Manhattan. A quarter of the city's elementary school pupils speak no English, and 30 per cent of the juvenile delinquency cases involve Puerto Ricans. The two groups together account for an overwhelming share of the city's \$175-million annual relief bill.

Yet the Negroes and Puerto Ricans cannot fairly be blamed for the city's woes. They are no worse (and no better) than the earlier waves

of immigrants from Ireland, Italy, and Central Europe. The great majority are peaceable, hard-working citizens. (The really serious delinquents come from "problem families" which make up only about 2 per cent of the entire population; and among Puerto Rican families the record is, in fact, slightly better than average.) Their troubles are the same that poor, unskilled families from strange cultures have always encountered in New York—and the same that await newcomers from, say, the Southern Appalachians. But today too many people, of whatever origin, are coming too fast into a city no longer capable of assimilating them as it did in earlier generations, when the Bronx was pasture and Brooklyn a country village.

God knows it has tried. In the last twenty years New York has put up a half-million homes—100,000 of them in subsidized public-housing projects. It has built 300 new schools. It has borrowed every penny the state constitution will permit, and has tried without success to get an amendment to let it borrow an additional half-billion for more schools. It has levied taxes on everything in sight, from martinis to cab fares, so that its annual budget towers above, not only those of every other city, but of every state.

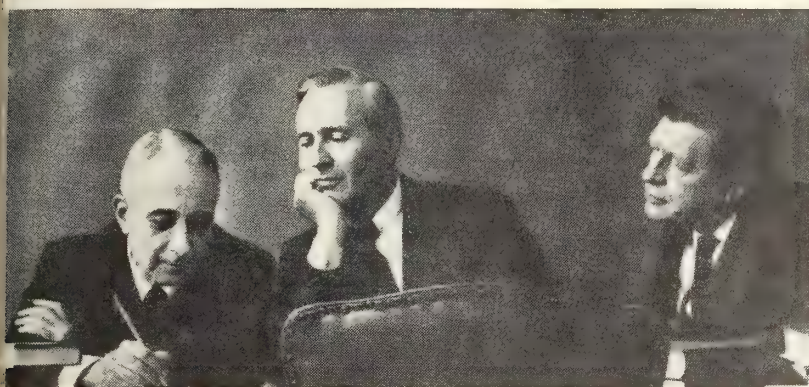
Yet all this money—more than two billion a year—is not enough to cover the housekeeping bills. New York's subway system is the most ramshackle in the world; its streets are dirty, its rivers polluted, its air laden with soot; much needed sanitation and health facilities (such as incinerators and hospitals) have had to be dropped from next year's budget. For all the effort that has gone into housing, new slums are spreading faster than the old ones can be cleaned up. As a consequence, thousands of families are living in filthy, rat-infested fire traps, for which they pay outrageous rentals—and the city can't hire enough inspectors even to enforce the rent laws and safety regulations.

As everybody now recognizes, such slums breed crime. Senator Thomas Hennings recently disclosed that his subcommittee investigating juvenile delinquency had found that many New

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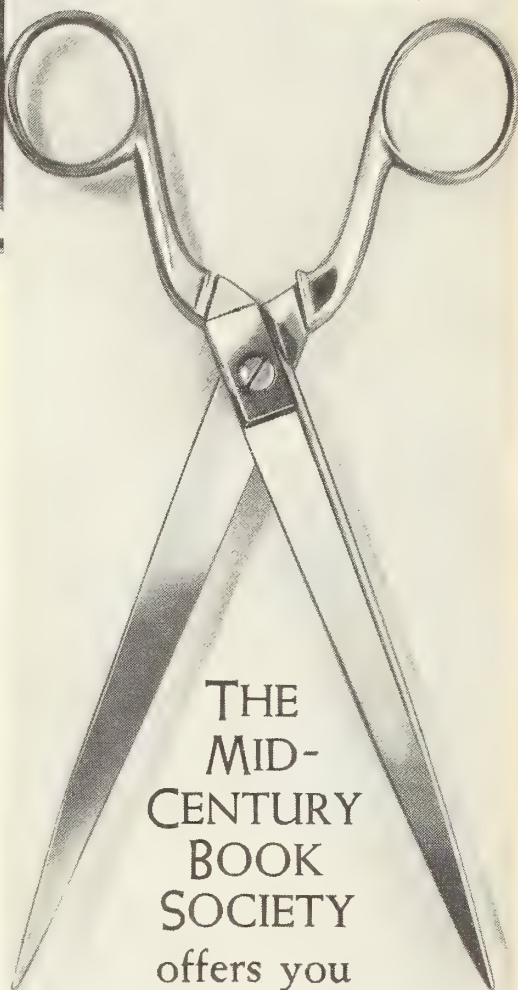
**THE SEESAW LOG** by William Gibson. This book about the theater has a cultural meaning that extends far beyond the stage. It is the first account of its kind to take the general reader behind the scenes as a play is wrenched from the writer's control and re-fashioned by many hands, including the applauding hands of the audience, into a Broadway "hit". The book also includes Gibson's preferred version of his play, Two For the Seesaw. \$3.95.

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York youngsters grow up "surrounded by every type of vice known to man, including illegal alcohol, narcotics, sexual promiscuity, and neighborhoods saturated with all types of weapons." No wonder then that the police have lost control, to the point where juvenile gangsters are being shot down on school-building steps and teachers robbed at knife-point in their own classrooms.

One result is that those who can afford it are fleeing to the outer suburbs—a hundred thousand families in the last five years—and many of those remaining (including Negroes) are making painful efforts to send their children to private schools. And increasing numbers of business firms, plagued by high taxes, clogged traffic, and the exorbitant cost of operating in New York, are looking for locations elsewhere.

The natural reluctance of politicians to admit failure, plus the misguided Chamber of Commerce spirit of New York's business leaders, has kept the city from drawing the inevitable conclusion from these facts. Instead of ignoring the ugly truth, it should be publicizing it—to its own citizens and the rest of the country—by every means at its command. Publicity is its only defense, since there is no legal way to bar newcomers. But it could launch a nationwide advertising campaign (preferably in charge of someone with a less abrasive personality than Judge Leibowitz) to let the world know that:

(a) If a Puerto Rican or anybody else finds life intolerable where he is, he should move somewhere else—not to New York. Life is likely to be even more intolerable here. (Puerto Ricans already are learning this lesson. About 95 per cent of those leaving the island used to head for New York; now the figure is only 60 per cent—but they are still streaming in at the rate of about 46,000 a year.) New York cannot solve Puerto Rico's population problems, nor offer refuge to all the Negro refugees from the South.

(b) New York has no moral obligation to provide subsidized housing for every poor family that takes a notion to move to the Big City. Nor can it possibly do so. Neither can it offer them jobs which will support them in decency and enable them to pay commercial rents. For New York is a low-wage city, with average rates of pay well below most metropolitan areas; and even at these rates, there aren't enough jobs to go around. (It's a different story, of course, for many salaried people. New York can still be an enchanting place for a person with enough money.)

(c) The bigger a city gets, the more it costs to run *per person*. A metropolis of four million may need a budget ten times as high as a city of two million. And when it passes the ten-million mark, there probably is no way it can *ever* raise enough money to pay for the housing, schools, transport, and innumerable other public

services it ought to have. Like the Brontosaurus, New York already has reached unmanageable size; and like the Brontosaurus, further growth can only mean disaster.

These are the ABCs of New York life, and Judge Leibowitz should be thanked for beginning to spell them out.

2. *To George Lavery, physical instructor and masseur aboard the American Export liner Constitution, who has adopted the orphanage of Maria Immacolata in Naples.* When his ship docks there on each voyage, he delivers to the orphans all the tips he has collected en route. He has also written (in his best Brooklynese) a pamphlet about it—illustrated by the ship's photographer—which he slips into the hands of prosperous-looking passengers. Their contributions and his own are now covering a large part of the operating costs of the orphanage, which shelters eighty children—some of them fathered by American troops during World War II. Readers overflowing with Christmas spirit might send their greetings to the orphans in care of Mr. Lavery, S. S. *Constitution*, Pier 84, North River, New York, N. Y.

3. *To the villagers of Longford, England, for demonstrating that the ordinary citizen is not really as helpless against bureaucratic high-handedness as we usually assume.*

Pan American had scheduled a regular 1:30 A.M. flight from an airfield so close to Longford that the jet take-offs would have awakened everybody in town. So these Englishmen (who never, never will be slaves) organized a telephone campaign. Their strategy was to make protest calls, every time the jets roared overhead, to airline officials and the top brass of the Ministry of Transport. Each conversation was to be opened with a cheery: "Good morning. Did I wake you up?"

The Ministry and the airline promptly discovered that the flights could just as well start at a more civilized hour.

4. *To Arnold Maremont, Chicago industrialist, for his courage in challenging the policy of many big corporations which are now urging their executives to plunge into politics, in hopes of balancing the leverage of the unions.*

"For its own good," Mr. Maremont argued, business ought "to stay out of politics, period." In three eras of our history, he pointed out, business went into politics in a big way—and each time it "wound up paying a heavy price."

"I am profoundly convinced," he said, "that this present campaign to inject business—as business—into politics is ill-conceived, extremely dangerous, a violation of our sound democratic system. . . . I favor the widest possible participation in politics on an *individual* basis; it is


# Trouble-maker

*He is the silent one.* He never speaks up on issues. He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper. He never writes his Congressman. He is quiet as a clam. And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy. How could Democracy succeed...if all of us, like this one, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticisms? Voting on election day is only part of a citizen's duty. Active, day-by-day participation in government, in society, in business associations, is a responsibility for each and every one of us. The *silent* trouble-maker fails to understand this. In his worship of "law and order," he never dares to question an oppressive law, never distinguishes "order" from stagnation. He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy.



P.S. *Democracy begins at home.* NATIONWIDE, in a unique experiment in economic democracy, seeks the counsel of its many policyholder-citizens by bringing them together with top management each Spring for a round-table discussion on personal, financial and insurance affairs. For more information on NATIONWIDE's Advisory Committee of Policyholders, ask your neighborhood NATIONWIDE agent.



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when politics becomes the province of the elite few that I fear for the safety of our system. It is when corporations begin running political classes, conducting political schools, and urging their executives to enter the political arena to expound the corporation viewpoint that I become deeply fearful of the consequences."

He added that such activity would simply confirm what the Communists have been saying all along about the domination of American society by The Big Money, thus "playing directly into the hands of economic determinism" and bringing a strong reaction against the business community.

5. To Frank Gibney and Peter Deriabin, authors of *The Secret World* (Doubleday, \$1.50), for adding a volume to the very small shelf of first-rate books about the intelligence business.

Deriabin was an officer of the Kremlin Guard, who served on the Moscow headquarters staff of State Security—Russia's combined secret police and intelligence service—and later as a spy-master in Vienna. He defected to the West in 1954; worked quietly for five years with Americans who have a professional interest in the Soviet Union; and later collaborated with Gibney (a veteran war correspondent) in the writing of his memoirs.

This is a remarkable adventure story; but, more importantly, it is the first inside account ever published of the Communist espionage and terror organization. In addition it contributes fresh information on Soviet history—particularly for the period just before and just after Stalin's death, when the rivalry among the lesser Kremlin bosses reached its climax.

Books about spies and counter-spies are almost as plentiful as West-erns. The FBI publicity machine alone has fathered a whole string of them. But for obvious reasons, good accounts—those which disclose something new about this dismal and over-romanticized craft—are rare. *The Secret World* ranks with such classics as Herbert O. Yardley's *The American Black Chamber*, Franz von Rintelen's *Dark Invader*, H. C. Hoy's *40 O.B.*, and Fletcher Pratt's *Secret and Urgent*.

6. To Francis P. Dunn of Great Neck, Long Island, for demonstrating so graphically that sense of values which makes the American way of life invincible, maybe.

Mr. Dunn is New York's race-track steward—and the highest paid appointive official in the state. His job is to watch horse races, make sure there is no cheating, enforce the rules of the state racing commission and keep a stern eye on the behavior of the sporting fraternity. For this chore he collected \$38,431 last year—plus \$10,000 in Florida, where he served as racing secretary for the Tropical Park track during those drear winter days when the bang tails don't run up North. A tidy total of \$48,431.

This is well over twice the pay of most state department heads, and a significant cut above the \$39,000 salary of the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. The presidents of publicly-supported colleges usually get \$25,000, and for the last two years the College of the City of New York has been trying unsuccessfully to hire a chancellor at the same figure.

For any ambitious youth, the moral is plain. Only a dope would waste his time on law, the art of government, or scholarly studies when he can spend it more profitably at the race tracks. That is what his society values most, as it certifies by its own official system of rewards.

If he is haunted by any doubts left over from a Puritanical past, he can dispel them by a visit to the newly-opened Aqueduct track—probably the most luxurious horse palace and sucker-fleecer ever built. There eighty thousand gamblers can put their money down in surrounding sybaritic enough to make Caligula envious. (In fact, its closest relative is the great Hippodrome which Rome built shortly before its fall.) Costing \$33 million, it offers an instructive contrast with the crummy, long obsolete school buildings which New York can't afford to replace.

The classic defense for these goings-on is, of course, that racing improves the breed of horses, so desperately needed by our farmers and our cavalry.

7. To end on a cheerier note, we might all drink a toast in wassail to three public men who have in recent



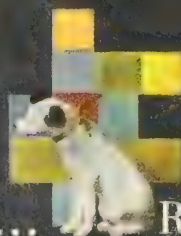
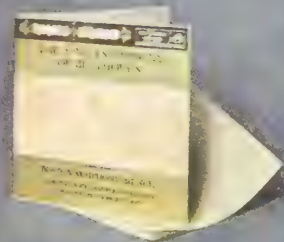


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months set quiet examples of honorable behavior:

(A) Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio sold his stock in three companies shortly after he took his seat in Congress, in order to avoid any possible conflict of interest. His holdings in two sugar firms, he felt, might conflict with his duties as a member of the Senate Agricultural Committee, while owning shares in an airline might be inconsistent with his work on the Aeronautical-Space Committee.

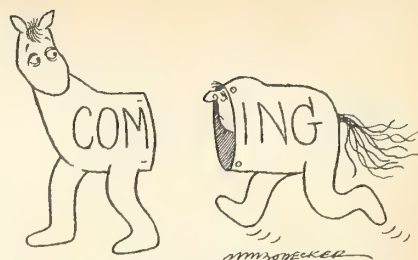
Senator Young also set a precedent by giving the Secretary of the Senate a complete listing of his other securities, so they could be scrutinized by his constituents. Although Congress has imposed rigid (indeed, onerous) rules against conflict of interest on officials in the executive departments, it has never required anything of the kind of its own members. So far, the Senator's colleagues in both houses have conspicuously failed to follow his example in voluntarily freeing themselves of any suspicion of selfish interest in pending legislation.

(The next time you see your Congressman, would you like to ask him why not?)

(B) Alexander A. Falk, Democrat and president of the New York State Civil Service Commission, refused to reclassify some fifty Democratic patronage appointees so that they might hold onto their jobs after the new Rockefeller administration took office. He noted that he had opposed—unsuccessfully—a similar maneuver when the outgoing Dewey administration froze some of its Republican job-holders into permanent positions, and that he thought it would be equally indecorous for Democrats to jigger the civil-service rules in their favor.

(C) David Irons, a member of the Texas State Insurance Board. After that state had been embarrassed by a series of insurance scandals, it passed a law forbidding members and employees of the regulating board to accept anything of value from the insurance industry. So when Mr. Irons spoke before a convention of insurance men in Houston, he bought his own lunch.

May he enjoy his Christmas turkey.



## NEXT MONTH

### THE MANY FACES OF COMMUNISM

A report on an eye-opening, uncomfortable and frustrating visit to the U. S. S. R. . . . Poland . . . and Yugoslavia . . . by a team of top-flight American intellectuals.

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

### EVELYN WAUGH RUNS A FAIR

How a young Bostonian's literary pilgrimage turned into a weekend of mad and memorable eccentricity.

By Edward R. F. Sheehan

### THE JOB OUR LAWYERS SHIRK

Counselors-at-law are reminded that divorces, lawsuits . . . and even wills and contracts . . . require insight into human beings as well as legal technicalities.

By Harriet F. Pilpel

### MR. NIXON'S REMEDY FOR INFLATION

A Harvard economist—and active Democrat—takes a hard look at our No. 1 economic problem.

By John Kenneth Galbraith

ALSO: Public Women, by William S. White; The Passing of the Paris Flea Market, by Pierre Schneider.



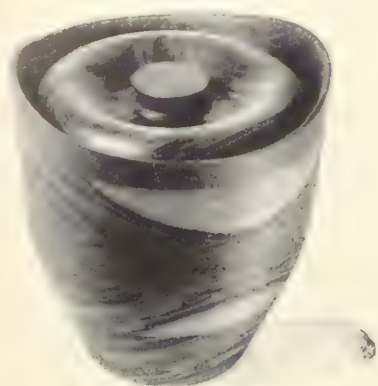
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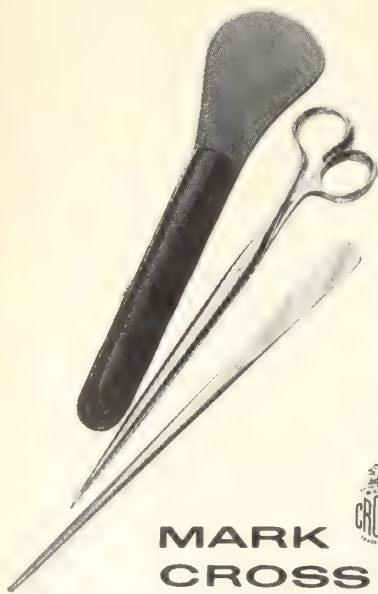
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# PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

### DANGLING MAN

Dr. Karl Menninger's "Verdict Guilty—Now What?" on the need for more intelligent treatment of convicted criminals (which was republished by Reader's Digest from the August issue of Harper's) has had a strong response from the public and from professionals in psychiatry and criminology. One poignant episode was reported by Dr. Menninger himself in a letter from the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, where he is Chief of Staff:

Yesterday morning I received a telephone call asking if I would be willing to accept a call from a prisoner at the penitentiary who was to be executed in a few hours. Of course I said I would, but I decided to talk first to his physician. I called the prison psychiatrist then, who told me that the man had been dangling, legally, for eight years since the original sentence, which was for a murder committed more than eight years ago in Korea. He was only 21 at that time, but had matured, the psychiatrist said, and been a model prisoner during these years of suspense. The doctor recommended that I talk with him.

And so the prisoner came on the phone, gave me his name, told me that he had seen my article in *Reader's Digest* the day before. "But," he said, "people won't listen. They won't do anything about it. Nothing will happen to change the present system until people realize how futile it is. Here is an opportunity to dramatize that fact if you would help. Would you appeal to the President?"

Because I am unreservedly opposed to capital punishment for any prisoner, I said I would make an effort to reach the President about this case. I did so in the way directed by the lawyers I consulted. The answer came from the White House that this was a matter for the Army.

I then called the Secretary of the Army and was told it was a matter for the courts.

I then called the federal court and talked to a most courteous judge, who explained to me why he had declined to issue an order of *habeas corpus*.

Meanwhile, my young psychiatrist friend was sitting with his patient, who was waiting to hear from us. It seemed that the prisoner had the good will of many prisoners and prison officials. He had no recollection whatsoever of the crime he was supposed to have committed. He had a definite record of convulsive seizures (epilepsy) prior to the alleged crime and his psychiatrist was distressed because the possible connections of this syndrome with his criminal act may not have been thoroughly explored.

Late last night I had a call from the attorney in Washington who had worked five years on the case (without compensation) in conjunction with an equally dedicated attorney near the prison. They had tried hard to get the sentence modified since the order for execution in 1954. As he spoke I reflected how many hundreds of thousands of dollars it had cost the people of the United States to try to decide whether or not we could officially kill this young man with a clear legal conscience.

But we did, early this morning. It is nearly noon now. I have just telephoned the prison psychiatrist. He sat with the prisoner until 10:30 last night, discussing whether or not our appeal to the President would be heard and whether or not the idea in "Verdict Guilty—Now What?" would ever be accepted by those who are in a position to correct misdirected and crippled lives. The prisoner's psychiatrist friend accompanied him to the gallows. The sentence was formally read out to him for the second time. He was led up the steps, the noose adjusted, and the trap sprung. The young psychiatrist was ordered to listen with his stethoscope to hear if there was still a heartbeat in the man he had so recently sat beside and counseled. He could hear none. So the physician-in-chief pro-

nounced the man dead. The little party of officers and workmen trooped back to their quarters.

—Karl Menninger, M.D.

... Ken W. Purdy, whose canny survey of "Best Buys in Small Cars" (p. 27) gives the prospective customer a reasonable guide in a new and confusing market, is the author of the first best seller among books about autos. *Kings of the Road*, published by Atlantic-Little Brown in 1952, has sold some 400,000 copies. Mr. Purdy, now a free lance, was a newspaper and magazine editor from the time he was twenty, and at various times has been editor-in-chief of *Victory* (published by OWI during the war), *True*, *Argosy*, and *Parade*. His third book about cars will be published by Crowell in the spring of 1960: *The Wonderful World of the Automobile*.

Besides Mrs. Purdy's Lark, mentioned in the article, the Purdy family takes care of another set of motors. Mr. Purdy owns three Bugattis (made in France by an Italian who died in 1947), and he confesses that this is a symptom of the most serious phase of the auto disease.

... The portfolio of "American Natives" (p. 32) is by Erich Sokol of Chicago, a young Viennese caricaturist and painter. He contributed anti-Communist cartoons regularly to the Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung* from 1954 to 1957, when he came to America on a scholarship to the Institute of Design in Chicago. His caricatures—political and non-political—have appeared in major papers in Austria and Germany and in *Punch* and *Playboy*. The "American Natives" will eventually be part of a book.

... George Feifer, who reports on what he saw, said, heard, and did in Moscow (p. 38), is a 24-year-old American from Passaic, New Jersey, who learned to speak Russian as an ensign in the U. S. Navy. After graduation from Harvard in 1956, he spent two years in service on a destroyer and at the Naval Language School in Washington. When he began the course, he didn't even know "da"—let alone "nyet."

Mr. Feifer got his job as an interpreter at the U. S. Fair in Moscow last summer in a State Department



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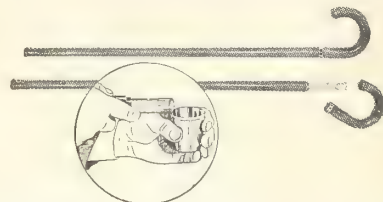
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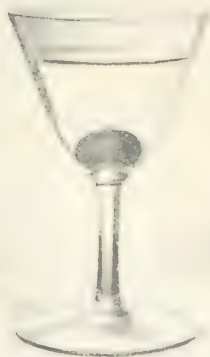
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P & O

competition, one of 75 chosen from among 800 applicants. He is now studying Russian government, as a Woodrow Wilson fellow, at the Russian Institute at Columbia University.

Besides the interpreters at the Fair in Moscow, another group of young Americans were trying out their Russian on the natives last summer. Under the sponsorship of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, twenty college students from Bryn Mawr, Dartmouth, Haverford, Stanford, and Swarthmore—along with three Russian-speaking teacher-chaperones—spent five weeks in the Soviet Union under a pledge of "No English Spoken Here." Their training ranged from one year of studying Russian in college plus an intensive eight-week program at Indiana University, to two years of the language plus six weeks at Middlebury College.

After the rugged workout of traveling in Leningrad, Moscow, Stalingrad, Kiev, and Rostov—and getting by as best they could in Russian—the group sat down on their arrival in New York to intensive language tests at Columbia University. Another examination was scheduled for this winter.

Their experience is supposed to test whether a language "crash program" succeeds well enough so that students who travel abroad in the summer can learn foreign languages—even Russian—without interrupting their other academic studies.

The experiment looks promising. Failing that, the example of Mr. Feifer suggests, they might try joining the Navy.

... Among the four poets this month, only James L. Montague ("Fall Morning," p. 56) is new to *Harper's*. He is a painter whose work has been widely exhibited in New England, and he is director of the Sharon Arts Center in New Hampshire.

W. S. Merwin ("Winter Evening: London," p. 40) is a young American living in London who has had three books of poems published. The latest was *Green with Beasts*, brought out by Knopf in 1956. His verse translation of *The Cid* was published last spring.

Gwendolyn Brooks's "For Clarice"

(p. 69) will be part of her new book, *The Bean Eaters*, which Harper & Brothers will publish this spring. She has written several books of verse and a novel, and won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1950.

**Donald Justice** ("To My Father," p. 77) will have his first volume of poems published this spring: *The Summer Anniversaries* (Wesleyan University Press).

... **William Barry Furlong's** portrait of "The Wizard of Ooze" (p. 44) is based on a political reporter's observations over some years both in Washington and in Senator Everett Dirksen's home state of Illinois. Mr. Furlong was in the Chicago bureau of *Newsweek* in 1951-52 and for the next three years "covered everything" in *Newsweek's* Washington bureau.

Born and raised in Chicago, Mr. Furlong got a degree in aeronautical engineering from the Illinois Institute of Technology. He is now a sports columnist for the *Chicago Daily News* and writes for many magazines.

... "The Left Fielders" (p. 50) is **Dr. Theodore Jacobs'** second story in *Harper's*. Dr. Jacobs is a resident in psychiatry at the Albert Einstein Medical Center in the Bronx. He is working on a novel.

... American doctors have a high stake in the efficiency of American cars. According to a recent survey of some 600 doctors made by *Medical Economics*, 61 per cent said they would consider buying one of the new compact cars. But one grumpy surgeon in Muskegon, Michigan, expressed the dissatisfaction of many Americans when he remarked: "If, as in present U. S. cars, the workmanship is poor and the price too high, the only new feature in a compact car will be an aching back."

Actually there's nothing new about the aching back—as **Howard Simons** shows in "The Pain in Everybody's Back" (p. 58). It is one of man's oldest and most intimate ailments and may or may not be connected with the vehicle he rides in. Mr. Simons is a free-lance writer, not a back patient, and a former news editor of Science Service in Washington. He has an M.A. in journalism



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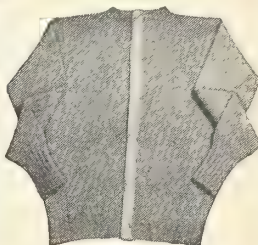
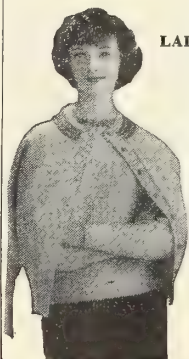
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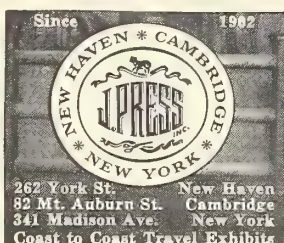
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P & O

from Columbia University, served in the Army for two years, and was a Nicman Fellow at Harvard last year.

The skeleton showing man's backbone is from the World Publishing Company's 1950 edition of the illustrations from the works of Andreas Vesalius, the famous sixteenth-century doctor. According to the editors, the pictures were probably made in Titian's studio, but some of the plates were the work of Vesalius himself. The original wood blocks survived until our century in various print shops and libraries of Europe, but they were destroyed in the bombing of Munich.

. . . Elizabeth Hardwick's "Boston: The Lost Ideal" (p. 64) suggests that the Boston State House is no longer the Hub of the Solar System (as Oliver Wendell Holmes said it was in the 1850s). But, oddly enough, the old city has renewed its claim in recent years in a special up-to-the-minute sense. Strung along the new expressway half-encircling Boston are the angular buildings of the research laboratories and space-age manufacturers that give Boston the "most highly developed research climate in the United States." In a *Wall Street Journal* dispatch, Paul Lancaster recently listed some of the 250 companies chiefly in the fields of electronics, nucleonics, and precision instrumentation that draw on the brains of MIT and Harvard for executives, employees, and consultants.

But even in this intellectual and industrial revival, a vestige of the old Boston unworldliness (or stuffiness, if you prefer) remains. The *Wall Street Journal* quoted one executive who found a "negative frame of mind" among laboratory engineers and in local community attitudes. Speaking of Lexington and Concord, where many scientists and engineers now live, he commented: "There's a kind of reverse materialism in these towns. If you buy a new car, you apologize to your neighbors."

Elizabeth Hardwick has lived in Boston since her marriage to the poet Robert Lowell. She was born in Lexington, Kentucky, and attended the University of Kentucky and Columbia; she has taught and done editorial work, and lived in New



P & O

York for ten years. Her novels (*The Ghostly Lover* and *The Simple Truth*) were published in 1945 and 1955, and she has had criticism published in the *Partisan Review*, the *New Yorker*, and other magazines. Her article on "The Decline of Book Reviewing" was one of the most controversial in the *Harper's* October literary supplement.

... **David Boroff** traveled from his home in Brooklyn Heights to see and report on "California's Five-college Experiment" (p. 70). He teaches English at Brooklyn College and writes articles and reviews for *Commentary*, the *Saturday Review*, and other magazines.

... **William S. White**, *Harper's* Washington Correspondent since August 1958, this month contributes a profile of the Secretary of the Treasury (p. 79). Former Capitol correspondent for the *New York Times*, Mr. White is the author of a Pulitzer Prize biography of the late Senator Robert A. Taft and of *Citadel: The Story of the U. S. Senate*. A Texan by birth, Mr. White began newspaper work while in college and was a combat correspondent for AP in Europe in World War II. He writes a syndicated column for United Features and is working on a book about FDR called *When the Great Man Died*, to be published by McGraw-Hill.

AWARDS

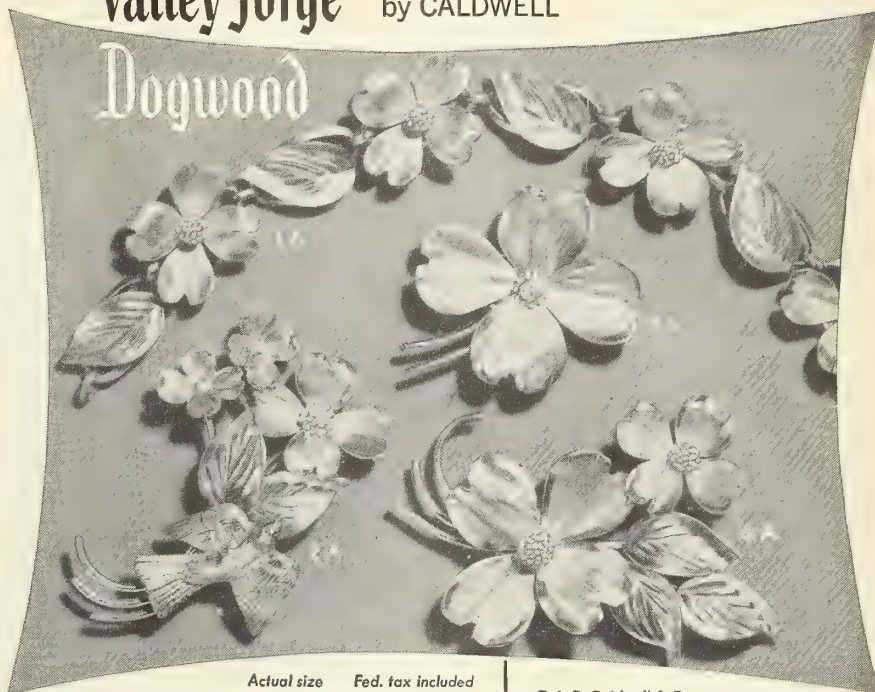
... *Harper's* authors, as always, have been winning recognition for their work published in this magazine.

In *Prize Stories 1959: The O. Henry Awards* (selected and edited by Paul Engle) William Eastlake's "Flight of the Circle Heart" was republished for its excellence, fun, and satire-with-excitement. *The Best American Short Stories 1959* (edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett) included "The Iowan's Curse" by Charles G. Finney and "The Guy in Ward 4" by Leo Rosten.

Polly Praeger received a Ted V. Rodgers Journalism Award from the American Trucking Association Foundation for her article, "Extinction by Thruway," in the December 1958 issue.

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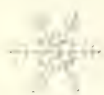






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## Best Buys in Small Cars

### *American and Foreign*

KEN W. PURDY

A leading independent authority on automobiles gives the facts you need to make an intelligent choice—in a market suddenly crowded with a bewildering array of really fresh and varied products.

I HAVE been interested in small automobiles, almost obsessively so, for the past fourteen years. In 1949 I became convinced that an irreversible trend toward the small automobile had begun in this country.

I hadn't much company in the conviction at that time, for the standard Detroit-built car of 1949 was big and obviously destined to grow much bigger. Few Detroit executives recalled early straws in the wind such as Kettering's remarks, in 1924, that "The wanton consumption of horsepower in propelling heavy motor vehicles portends disaster. Investigations have shown that the average automobile carries on its everyday travels the equivalent of only one and a half persons. The streets of our large cities are absurdly congested with these great empty vehicles. The wise automobile manufacturer reads, along the

road of progress, signs that point the way to a smaller, lighter, less expensive car."

Today, with five\* small or "compact" U. S.-built cars on the roads (and more on the way) and the importers of foreign cars talking confidently of 500,000-unit years, what was a trend has become a fact. In the next few months a good many tens of thousands of us are going shopping for small cars, and the wide choice now offered is sure to cause a certain amount of confusion. I have driven all of the American cars, and most of the imported models, and what follows is an attempt to offer some guidance. My opinions are necessarily arbitrary and personal, for the choice of an automobile, like the choice of a home, depends upon many factors besides the character of the product—notably cost, special purpose, and taste.

For example, I am about to buy a Studebaker Lark station wagon. Some of my acquaintances, knowing that my interest in automobiles has brought me special information, will conclude that I think the Lark the best car on the market. This is not true. In the first place, there is no such thing as an all-around "best" automobile, any more than there is an all-around "best" boat, or bicycle, or watch. There is a "best" split-second stop watch, a "best" ship's chronometer,

\*The five are Lark (Studebaker), Rambler (American), Corvair (General Motors), Falcon (Ford), and Valiant (Chrysler).



and a "best" automatic wrist watch. It happens that the Lark VIII station wagon is the "best" buy for my particular present purpose.

The Lark is going to be my wife's car. She wants a station wagon because she is interested in gardening and often transports large quantities of potted or bagged plants. Too, life in a suburban community often requires moving about with six or seven children, and a wagon is most convenient for that purpose.

Like nearly all women who have been long exposed to small cars, my wife dislikes big ones, on the ground that they are hard to park, awkward to drive, and outrageously uneconomic. And, again, like nearly all women, she prefers automatic transmissions, power brakes, and power steering. The first requirement (smallness) eliminates the conventional wagons, the second (automatic features) eliminates most of the imported models. My wife also likes big engines, engines which produce a lot of torque throughout their speed range. This requirement goes against many imported automobiles, with engines that develop maximum power only in the higher ranges of revolutions per minute. Even the six-cylinder Lark is deficient here, in my wife's view.

The American Motors Corporation's *Rambler* meets these specifications. Why not a Rambler, then? Well, my wife prefers the appearance of the Lark. Therefore, we'll get a Lark VIII, with radio and heater and power-everything, a two-door model for safety in carting children about. And painted red. At the moment, and for these personal reasons, the Lark is the best car on the market for her.

The Rambler Rebel V-8 is competitive with the Lark VIII, and will appear an equally obvious choice to many people. It has a side-hinged rear door instead of a tail-gate, which some may prefer. I happen to think that the Lark is better-looking and I enjoy driving it more, but these are wholly personal matters.

American Motors can claim a giant share in what has been called the small-car revolution, since it was committed to the so-called "compact" automobile long before any other big firm. ("Compact" has come to mean a car smaller than, say, a standard Ford and bigger than a Volkswagen.) American Motors offers an unusual range of models: from the 85-inch wheel-base 55-horsepower *Metropolitan*, the 100-inch *American*, the 108-inch Rambler, to the 117-inch *Ambassador*, with a 250 horsepower engine.

I have owned three Ramblers during the past ten years or so and I have liked all of them. It's

an honest automobile. It was the first American production car to adopt the so-called unitized form of construction popularized by the French *Citroën* in 1932 in which the car is built without separate body and frame. Properly made, a unitized car is squeak- and rattle-free.

#### THE BIG THREE'S NEW ENTRIES

THE Rambler and the Lark have been on the market for comparatively a long time, but what of the three brand-new cars, the Corvair, Falcon, and Valiant?

The *Corvair* is a striking departure from conventional Detroit practice. For about thirty years American cars have tended to become more and more alike. In the mid-1950s they were so similar in ride and performance that only an expert could demonstrate essential differences. Differences in "styling" counted much; mechanical differences, little.

Chevrolet, in laying out the Corvair, decided to take advantage of the appeal of the novel, thought by many authorities to have influenced a big segment of the foreign-car market. Chevrolet elected to put into the Corvair the first U. S. air-cooled engine since the Franklin's, the first rear-mounted engine since the abortive Tucker. (Although we've built many rear-engine buses.)

Much fuss has been made about these decisions, and the layman might be justified in concluding that Chevrolet had originated the air-cooled, rear-mounted engine. In fact the pioneering was done many years ago. The Czechoslovakian *Tatra* has had a similar engine set-up for years, and a V-8 at that. The Volkswagen, world-wide the most sought-after automobile, uses a flat-four, air-cooled engine in the back (Corvair's is a six) and so does the *Porsche*, one of the great contemporary high-performance automobiles. The Corvair's engine clearly shows the influence of the VW designer, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche. The new engine has run millions of miles.

#### *Corvair's Rear Engine*

Rear engine placement is not controversial, as some of the "counterselling" against Corvair has argued. ("Counterselling" is Detroit's polite term for adverse propaganda.)

A rear-mounted engine offers known advantages and disadvantages. It eliminates the space-grabbing transmission tunnel on the car's floor. It makes independent suspension of the rear wheels easy. (Corvair is the first U. S. production car to offer four-wheel independent suspension,

well known in Europe.) It puts the smell and the noise and the heat behind the passengers. By heavily loading the driven wheels, it increases traction. (So does front-wheel drive in a front-engine car.)

On the other hand, the rear-mounted engine lessens luggage space. If it's air-cooled it must be a bit noisier than a conventional engine surrounded by its blanket of liquid. It requires closer attention to tire pressures than most American owners are used to giving. And all rear-engined, independently-suspended automobiles must, by the nature of things, be inherent over-steerers. (Over-steer is the tendency of an automobile to appear to go more sharply into a corner than the angle of the front wheels would seem to indicate; under-steer is the tendency to go *less* sharply into the corner. Of the two, under-steer is much to be preferred.)

Corvair's approach to these problems has been bold, intelligent, and successful. The front luggage compartment of the Corvair may not take a side of beef, but it's wide enough for a golf bag and deep enough for any ordinary assortment of suitcases. Chevrolet engineers have turned out a remarkably quiet engine. Standing beside the car (incidentally, if you're five feet tall you can look down at the top, it's that low) you find the engine noisier than standard, but to driver and passengers it's virtually silent. As for tire pressures (26 rear, 15 front) obviously nothing can be done but exhortation. And while the car does over-steer, the characteristic is not dangerous, and most drivers will never notice it.

Ford set up strong counterselling against Corvair on the ground of over-steer, arguing, for example, that one might as well shoot an arrow with the head in the rear as drive a car with the engine so placed. The argument is specious, if only because a car does not function in free air, but is guided along the ground by the friction of its wheels against the road surface. I think that the Corvair over-steers less than any other first-model, rear-engine car I've ever driven. The early Porsches, for example, over-steered wickedly and could not be driven really fast until a modified technique had been learned. Minor design changes largely corrected the fault, and there are few cars in the world in which the driver feels so secure as in a contemporary Porsche. Corvair appears to have made the modifications before release of the automobile, not after—and, of course, with the benefit of full knowledge of the Porsche experience. I think that the over-steering characteristic of the Corvair amounts to this: If you take the car into a bend at very high speed the

rear end will begin to break loose before the front; if you reduce the throttle opening in time it will get back in line where it belongs.

Air-cooled engines are poor sources of heat for passengers. The Corvair uses a gasoline heater that will deliver really hot air quicker than is possible for any hot-water type.

Powered by an 80-horsepower engine, the Corvair will do an honest 85 miles an hour. In ordinary usage it will probably deliver around 25 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Despite its low height (52.8 inches) it's easy to get in and out of and there's plenty of passenger room. The manual-shift version has the stick where it belongs—on the floor—and when three people are carried in front this can be a minor inconvenience. The back seat folds down to make additional luggage room, and there is a well under the rear window. (A good idea. The custom of carrying loose objects on the flat rear-window deck is dangerous. People have been killed by a box of cigars flying forward in a collision.)

I think the Corvair will sell like peanuts on circus day. If you like that which is novel, if you are willing to pay in lessened luggage space (most of which you never use) for such advantages as superior traction and freedom from freeze-up worries, the Corvair will please you.

### *The Middle-of-the-Road Ford*

The Ford *Falcon* arose out of a different conception from that which produced the Corvair. Ford elected to build a wholly conventional automobile that would be simple, trouble-free, and still not make an impression of smallness or starkness on buyers making the transition from big cars. The Ford people appear to have been as successful in implementing their ideas as the Chevrolet designers were in theirs.

The Falcon is an inch or so bigger than the Corvair in every dimension (it's three inches higher) although it weighs less. Its six-cylinder water-cooled engine produces five more horsepower, but is expected to deliver about the same mileage as the Corvair. It's easy to get in and out of—Ford has abandoned the wrap-around windshield with its projecting dog-leg. Once inside, the Falcon makes rather a big-car impression. Indeed, a driver coming to it from some weeks of use of a Renault Dauphine or a Fiat would feel that it was really big.

While Ford intended the Falcon to be a simple car—for instance, it has single headlights instead of the absurd dual-type now almost standard—there's nothing austere about it. The ride is



smooth and comfortable and six passengers do not crowd it. One notable blessing: the fenders bolt on, they are separate from the body panels, so if you crumple one of them you can face the repair bill without flinching.

In sum, the Falcon is for people who want a car smaller than the standard size, but prefer the conventional approach. The Falcon doesn't offer the mechanical innovation of the Corvair or the exotic styling of the Valiant. It's a middle-of-the-road conception.

### *Chrysler's Small Status Symbol*

Chrysler's *Valiant* is longer over-all than the Falcon (184 as against 181 inches; a Volkswagen is 160) and is farthest from the "little-car" ideal. It has a 100-horsepower engine and is the fastest of the three, both in top speed and acceleration. A driver coming to the Valiant from the Corvair and the Falcon finds it much "quicker." It is the only one of the three to offer power steering and power brakes. (Power steering is pointless in a rear-engine car like the Corvair since the load on the front wheels is light; because of questions of weight-transfer, standard brakes are more effective in a rear-engine car, too.)

Virgil Exner of Chrysler is one of the industry's most admired stylists, and Chrysler products under his aegis have been notable for originality and taste. The Valiant clearly shows his manner. It has remarkable *brio*. When it was unveiled before a group of automobile writers they broke into spontaneous applause, no common occurrence. It has the clean, sculptured look that has characterized the postwar Italian school of design, but it's not slavishly derivative. It achieves a low hood line by tipping the six-cylinder engine on its side, as Mercedes-Benz did with the precedent-breaking 300SL model. A simulated spare-wheel cover bulges the rear deck and adds to the "dash" of the car.

The Valiant makes no major concessions in the direction of the "economy" car. It is smart-looking, almost luxurious in tone. It's the heaviest of the three. The Valiant is for the buyer who wants a smaller car but who is earnest about his conviction that his automobile is a status symbol. In my view, this attitude is on the wane in America, but certainly there are buyers enough who maintain it to insure a handsome sale for the Valiant.

These three automobiles are the ground breakers, but there are others on the way: Buick, Pontiac, and Oldsmobile are yet to be heard from, and there is reason to believe that a "compact" Cadillac will be on the market in 1961.

### *Checker Cab's Eight-seater*

A late entrant in the field is the *Superba* made by the Checker Cab Company. Bigger than the compacts, with 120 inches of wheel base and 200 inches over-all, it is still smaller than the regular Big Three lines and it will seat eight people comfortably. It has been designed for longevity—something about which the Checker people have learned a great deal in forty years of taxi building—and will sell for \$2,542.

### PICK OF THE IMPORTS

THE effect of these cars on the foreign-car market? Most import specialists think that they will not affect the major makes in a serious way. Most dealers take the view that the new cars are not competitive with the imported models, but rather with U. S. big cars;\* that they will not satisfy the customers' wish for the cachet that goes with driving an imported model, and that Detroit wage levels will not allow production standards competitive with the best foreign cars. I agree, but I think that some of the "fringe" makes among the imported cars, the higher-priced models, will suffer.

There are not many foreign-made cars which are clearly comparable and competitive with the five U. S.-built "compacts." Foreign cars offering comparable size, for example, cannot compete in price. Conversely, the American cars cannot compete with those imports that specialize in economy of operation or real nimbleness of handling. Rigid, parallel comparison, therefore, is impossible.

For example, an imported automobile fitting into the U. S. "compact" category is the British *Rover*, with a 111-inch wheelbase and a 104-horsepower engine. The Rover is probably the most luxurious small car in the world, notable as well for longevity. Its price, however, is about \$1,500 over the basic \$2,000 target-figure of the Americans.

The French *Citroën* model ID-19 is another novel importation, big by European standards, "compact" by ours at 123 inches and 75 horsepower. Citroën body-styling is genuinely radical, and its oil-air suspension system is considered by some authorities the most advanced in the world, giving a ride unsurpassed for comfort by any automobile in the world. It is in the \$2,800 price range.

The German *Mercedes-Benz* 190D diesel-en-

\*First reports showed that GM was selling one Corvair to every three Chevrolets. The company had hoped for a one-to-five ratio.

gine sedan is both small and unique. In it, the old problems of hard starting and rough running that used to characterize diesels have been almost completely overcome, and the 190D will deliver 40 miles to the gallon of cheap diesel fuel—or No. 2 furnace oil if you wish to risk the wrath of the federal authorities. Owned a long time, it would save enough on fuel to lessen the impact of its \$4,000 price.

Closer to competitive status is the *Peugeot 403*, product of an old-line French house and often cited as one of the best-made automobiles. The 403 is a conventionally handsome car running a 65-horsepower engine and selling at a top price of about \$2,500. It is not a common car: probably fewer than 10,000 will be sold in the United States in 1959.

The British *Hillman* and *Vauxhall* are conventional, solid small automobiles, under the "compacts" in size, weight, horsepower—and price. But they are complete automobiles, with nothing tinny, under-cut, or austere about them. They don't attempt to be "compact"; they are small cars and they utilize to the fullest the advantages of smallness.

The three best sellers among all imported cars are of course the *Volkswagen*, the *Renault Dauphine*, and the *English Ford*. The VW is a phenomenon. Designed before World War II, aesthetically unlovely, to be kind about it, it has been for years now under heavy demand in fifty-five countries. Maintained "by the book" in the German fashion a VW may run for 100,000 trouble-free miles. Lately the Renault, a much better-looking car, has been pushing it hard. Both VW and Renault are rear-engine cars; the VW's engine is cooled by air, the Renault's by water. The English Ford is wholly conventional.

It comes as a surprise to most Americans to know that the French *Panhard*, a fast, five-passenger sedan, is powered by a two-cylinder engine; or that the Swedish *SAAB* and the German *DKW* have three-cylinder engines driving the front, not the rear wheels, as does the Citroën. *SAAB* makes a dual-purpose car: a sedan designed for sports-car competition, complete with wood-rimmed racing steering wheel, a Halda average-speed indicator, over-the-shoulder seatbelts, and an open exhaust pipe. *Fiat* includes in its wide range of models a really tiny coupe that will do 112 miles an hour, and a novelty called the "Jolly" which is a cane-seated open-side surrey with a fringed top, intended for beach and resort use and costing about \$1,750. Any one of these may be a "best buy" if it happens to fit your special, personal needs.

## Thirty-four Small Cars Compared

This listing is intended only as an introductory guide; it is not definitive and it is arbitrary in that a few makes have been omitted, but it still offers a wider range than the average buyer will be concerned with. The horsepower, mileage, and speed figures are in most instances those of the smallest model of the make cited.

	HP	M/gal	mph	Price
UNITED STATES				
Corvair	80	25	85	\$2,000-2,500
Falcon	85	25	80	2,000-2,500
Lark	90	21	85	1,976-2,756
Metropolitan	55	32	80	1,673-1,696
Rambler Amer.	90	21	85	1,900-2,225
Valiant	100	24	100	2,000-2,500
GERMANY				
Borgward	65	30	83	2,495-3,750
DKW	50	35	84	1,995-2,321
Goliath	40	37	86	1,949-2,568
Lloyd	24	43	65	1,395-1,895
Opel	51	30	75	1,958-2,263
Taunus	67	30	80	2,030-2,385
Volkswagen	36	35	70	1,565-2,695
SWEDEN				
SAAB	50	34	76	1,895-2,568
Volvo	85	29	93	2,330-2,795
JAPAN				
Datsun	37	37	75	1,616-1,675
Toyopet	60	33	75	2,000-3,650
FRANCE				
Citroën	75	29	85	2,545-3,245
Panhard	50	37	82	1,695-1,795
Peugeot	65	27	80	2,250-2,495
Renault	34	32	70	1,345-1,725
Simca	50	30	80	1,698-3,160
GREAT BRITAIN				
Austin	53	30	65	1,795-3,375
Eng. Ford	36	41	60	1,561-2,865
Hillman	51	31	68	1,699-2,299
MG	68	30	72	2,444-3,263
Morris	37	40	65	1,495-2,259
Riley	68	35	70	1,395-1,895
Singer	60	32	75	2,095-2,425
Sunbeam	73	32	86	2,500-2,649
Triumph	67	32	86	1,699-2,835
Vauxhall	55	36	73	1,958-2,263
ITALY				
Fiat	43	37	73	1,098-3,498
CZECHOSLOVAKIA				
Skoda	46	32	80	1,687-2,395





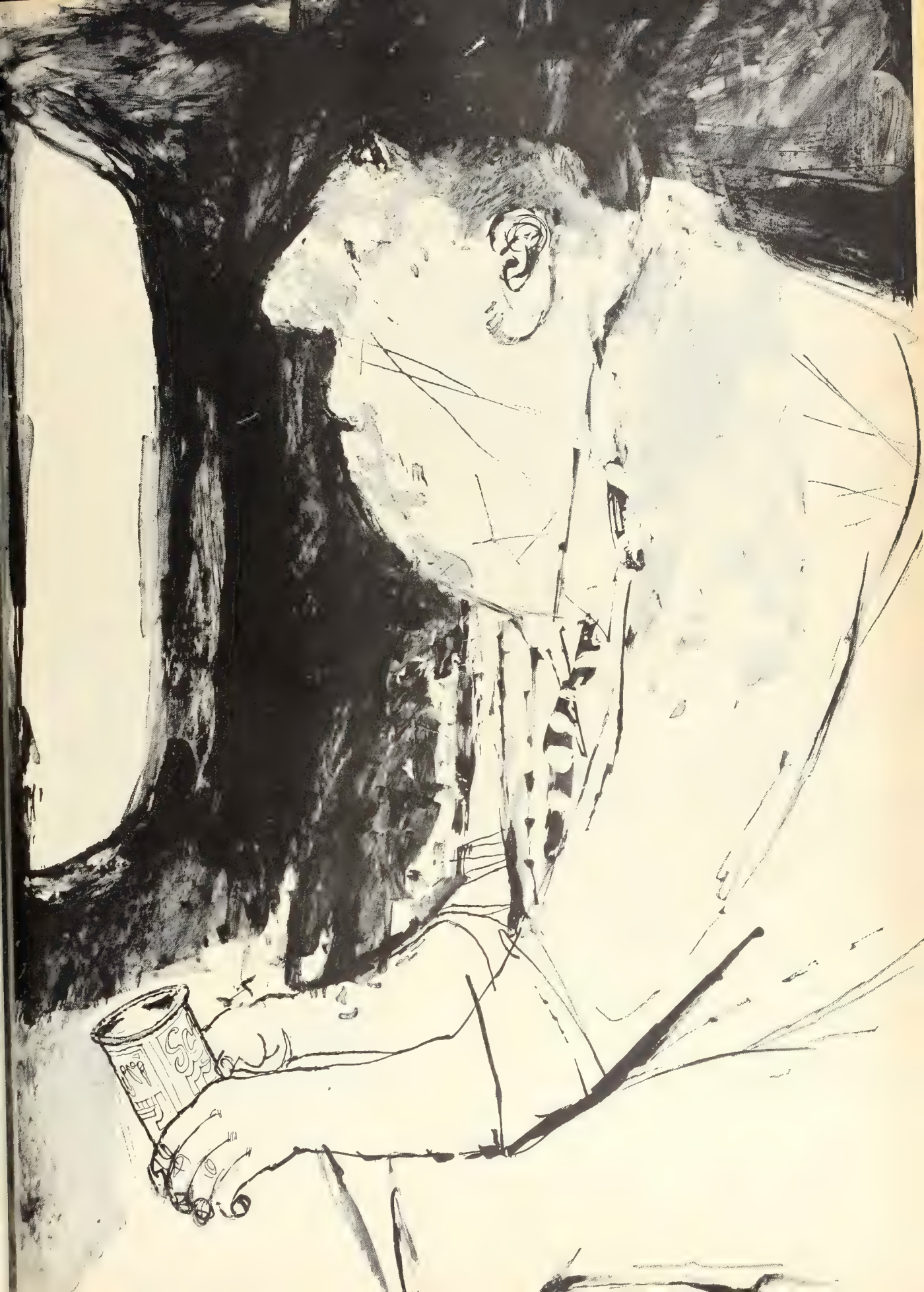
## AMERICAN NATIVES by Erich Sokol

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"It is the intention of these drawings," Erich Sokol wrote to *Harper's*, "to show that normal people, in their normal environment, engaged in the normal routine of their everyday lives, involuntarily are tragically ludicrous and ludicrously tragic. This truth is the simple 'gag' in all my pictures."

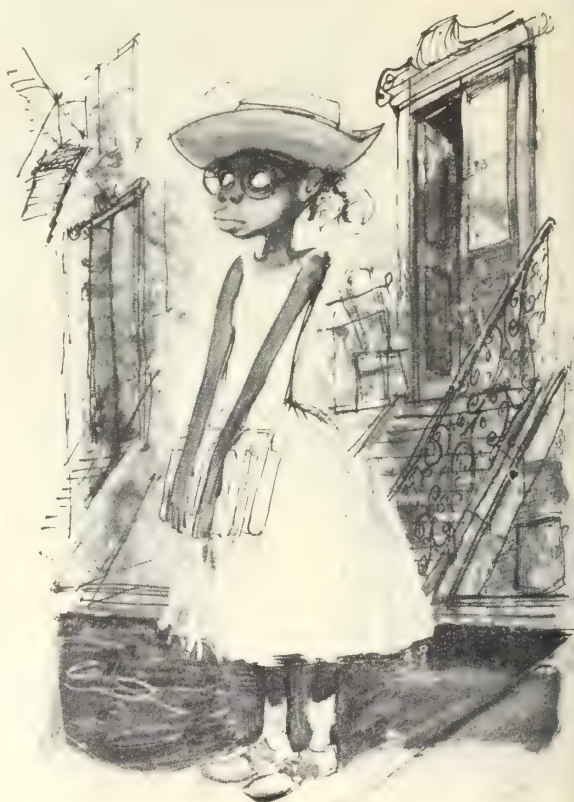
Erich Sokol is a young Viennese artist who came to the United States on a scholarship to the Institute of Design in Chicago in 1957.





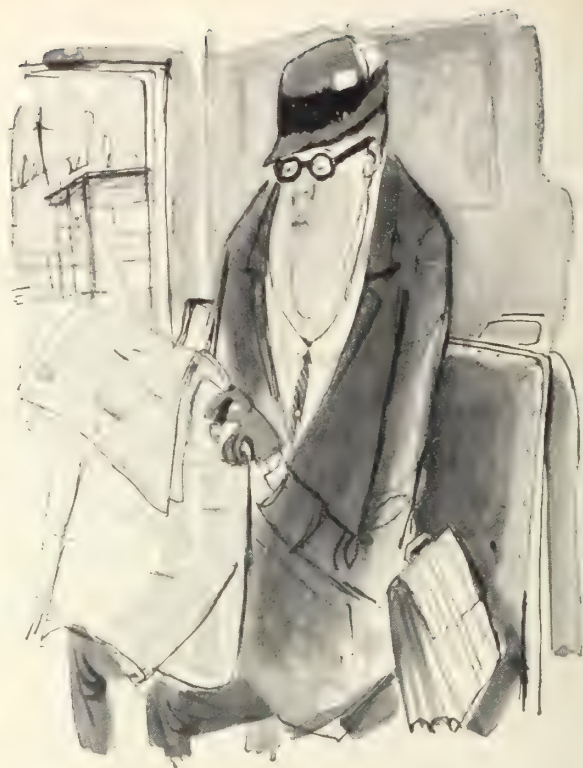


AMERICAN NATIVES...Erich Sokol









AMERICAN NATIVES...Erich Sokol







# in their summer dresses IN MOSCOW

A guide at the American Exhibition tells why he found the Russians (especially the girls) so charming . . . why their questions were so hard to answer . . . and what surprised him most in the Soviet Union.

THE girls in Moscow wear very little make-up. Many of them none whatsoever. A cute young salesgirl in GUM, herself interested in not much more than foreign clothes and getting herself up well, and therefore not very happy with the regime, once told me disgustedly that they wear little make-up because there is little make-up to be had. That's entirely unimportant to me. I am pleased when young women use a minimum of preparations on themselves, and I was pleased in Moscow, whatever the reasons for the custom are. Not as many girls were at first glance as attractive as in New York, where everyone seems at least to try to decorate her face. Still, when you saw a pretty *Moscovitchka* she was apt to be really beautiful: natural, feminine, and unpretentious. She was apt to have long braids and an air of having worried about something other than the length of Bermuda shorts that season. For me, this was a very attractive look.

There are other likable characteristics about the girls in the Soviet capital. In the European manner, they hold hands or link arms when together in the street and parks, in the metro, or on the site of the American National Exhibition. Around my stand at the Exhibition I would see great numbers of them every day, crowded together arm around waist, reaffirming, it seemed, their friendship to the others with these small, unself-conscious gestures.

This kind of physical contact is not limited to the girls. Men, walking, take each other's arms, occasionally kiss; fathers hold hands with adolescent sons or daughters; mothers are followed closely by the children, whatever their age. In short, there is little embarrassment about a demonstration of non-romantic closeness or affection. From what I observed, the parent-child relationship, again as in Europe, was rather clear to both parties: strong and disciplining, yet protecting and loving, the guidance flowed from the older members. It is a shame that in the great majority of cases, since both parents must work to support the family, the young children spend most of the week in a state-run kindergarten. Nevertheless, when I saw them together, children usually had hold of their parents in some manner, quite aware that the parents were aware that they were there, amused, contented, and if waiting, waiting patiently. From the young there was a remarkable lack of bawling and nagging.

All of this I liked. I liked also the extent to which people spent their free time reading. Several times Soviet citizens hinted to me that there is so much reading because other entertainment is either lacking or expensive. Again, unimportant: the people read. And I liked the Moscow metro. Many people—Russians—complained in private that the cost was staggering, borne in the end by the unskilled workers who earn 350 rubles a month, and in fact the newer stations are considerably less grandiose. But I'm not an economist and I don't know whether or not it is the greatest bomb shelter in the world. For me, although there were too few stations, the metro was fast, clean, efficient, comfortable, and better-to-look-at than any other I've seen.

And the cleanliness of the streets too, I liked,

even though it was not pleasant to see the teams of old shabby women bent over short-handled brooms made of twigs tied together working away at them. But the city, particularly downtown, was neat, and there were lots of flowers everywhere.

#### THE IMPOSSIBLE QUESTION

I AM trying to answer carefully the question, "How do you like Moscow?" This question (or, "What's your personal impression of Russia? the Soviet Union?") was put to me at least twenty times a day in my work as a guide at the American Exhibition. For the Soviet people, far more than even the American it seems, want to be liked or at least approved of by foreigners—especially Americans. "How do you like Moscow?" someone would ask, and then all the listeners would tense slightly and smile to hide their anxiousness. And I would see manifested in one small way the massive national inferiority complex which must have been developing in Russia for hundreds of years.

"How do you like Moscow?" is a very difficult question to answer, and far more so in the presence of a crowd of five hundred or so Moscovites. (I used a microphone.) For one thing, the Russian people are highly sensitive to criticism. This is no doubt due in part to the lack of it in general use; from the highest questions of national policy to the level of personal taste in everyday living, criticism is insignificant in Soviet society. The emphasis there is overwhelmingly positive, *i.e.*, how good so-and-so or such-and-such is, how great the progress has been, how many tons of steel and wheat, electro-power stations, and apartments have been built and will be built under the Socialist order.

This is understandable of course as the official policy in a one-party state, but it was disconcerting to me to see how much it is the common experience. The critical ability in Russia, if it was ever well developed, seems to have seriously atrophied. In any case, if I should mention, only after carefully emphasizing that the ballet of the Bolshoi Theatre was the finest classical ballet that I had seen, that I did not particularly care for the opera of the Bolshoi Theatre, there was always a strong reaction of hurt and disappointment in the audience.

For another thing it was difficult to answer because of my position at the Fair. I looked at my job as one of making as many friends as possible and explaining what I knew of

America, not as a critic of another way of life. Therefore I too found myself emphasizing the positive features of Soviet life. Finally there was the related, delicate problem—often discussed among the guides—of not reinforcing the official Pollyanish Soviet evaluation of Soviet life. Moscow is a depressing city whose architecture, new and old (with exceptions, of course) is ugly and poorly made. If, out of politeness or fear of giving offense, I were to say it was pretty, I could imagine Ivan Ivanovitch saying to himself: "There, you see? This American who has seen much of the world thinks our capital is beautiful. Beautiful it must be." In light of the Russians' painfully limited knowledge of Paris, London, and Washington, and of the official belief that beauty (or at least new, realistic, scientific beauty) is exclusively Soviet, it would have been very wrong for me to have buttressed their ignorance.

And so a good way out, I found, was to say that I liked Leningrad better. Or simply that Moscow was an interesting city. Interesting it certainly was.

And about their life in general, I am afraid that I gave them no startling revelations. The business of the Fair was showing off the United States; there were yards of ignorance and misinformation about us that I would have liked to correct. Given the Soviet environment, however, only a few inches (very worthwhile progress, nonetheless) could be accomplished in one summer. Most of those few inches was taken up with making friends and talking about my own life in America. It would have served no purpose to point out to the Soviet citizens what they are missing of the Western heritage—most of which is not understandable to them anyway.

Thus I talked mostly of the Bolshoi Ballet, the metro, the Leningrad Ballet, the new Moscow University, the Lenin sports stadium, and the extent of housing construction everywhere. Things, I know, which were very well known to them anyway, and which they wanted to hear. Or I would talk about how well I liked the people and how gratifying it was to be so hospitably received. Often I said that I was enjoying my visit immensely, and that this was what was important to me in my individual appraisal. All of these comments were honest.

Not once did I ask if it weren't strange that the metro was better made than anything above ground, or why it was that although everyone boasted that it surpassed New York's subway, no one knew that in terms of construction practi-



cally everything else was superior in New York. Nor did I say that I thought it unfortunate that it was still common for several families to share one apartment, or ask why they themselves never mentioned this fact in print or in conversation. When asked specifically to mention what I did not like, I would always say that I would rather see more before commenting; if really pressed, I would mention that I was unhappy that 95 per cent of what was printed about the United States concerned the worst 5 per cent of American life. "If we are really to make friends," I said, "you must know something of how we are attacking our problems as well as about the problems themselves." But in general, during the six or seven hours each day at the Fair, my critical ability suffered too.

Sometimes I would look into the Sunday-best dressed crowd, find a shy but smiling young woman in her summer dress and say that it was clear that each year Soviet industry turned out a large number of good-looking girls. Since I am twenty-four and often repeated that I was unmarried, this invariably drew a big laugh.

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W. S. MERWIN

## WINTER EVENING: LONDON

From walking dogs  
And drunks on benches bawling to the fog  
The furry carols drift  
Frail as the light

Which fades early  
Behind the day like a drawn blind patterned  
With boughs and pigeons draped  
In muffled flight

And the chill comes  
Fluting to us from the throats of children  
Hooting across the hill  
Into the dark

With rarer notes  
Informing us of nightfall finally  
And the lapse of voices  
Until only

From the locked zoo  
Clambering those cold cries long weaned of light  
Heave still their moonless tides  
Around our sleep.

An overwhelming majority of the people were very eager in any case to hear a friendly, funny word from an American. And although at these times I was something of a clown, I could usually win the confidence of the listeners to the point where I could risk a few words—beyond the cost of a Thunderbird, the maximum road speeds, or the hourly industrial wage—on the subject of what I really loved about America. I say risk because these thoughts invariably implied an indictment of the Soviet system.

## WHAT DISAPPOINTED ME MOST

HOW do you like Moscow?" Now, home, my friends again bombard me with this. Here it's an impossible question too. Usually I say simply that the two months in the Soviet Union was the most fascinating experience of my life.

But I do want to crystallize some of my thoughts before they slip away. I want especially to criticize—to let loose some of the major impressions which for eight weeks I held back in Sokolniki Park while talking about the metro and the ballet and the braids.

In this respect I am afraid that I am bucking the current of the main stream of reporting that has come from the Soviet Union in the five or so years since *The Thaw*. The major emphasis of this reporting, it seems, has been an appreciation of the technological, industrial, and educational progress—and the progress in living standards—that the Soviet Union has accomplished since the end of the war. These advances, I feel, have been adequately treated in the reputable American newspapers.

For me, however, a non-scientist who has trouble understanding the relative value of space rockets, theirs or ours (among the people, theirs, typically, occupy ten times as much national consciousness and personal association), this is not the central issue. I suppose that an American physician visiting in the Soviet Union and seeing there a new valuable operating technique would have a different feeling about the country than I. I am a student of political science. For me, the major impression of the Soviet Union was one of great shock and disappointment. It was a shock, for example, not to find there one person who would criticize the Sputnik program aloud; it was Party policy, it was National policy, it must be every Soviet citizen's policy.

I am not talking about the terribly depressing

first impression Moscow, the city, made on me. I have seen poor, shabby cities before, and even if this is the capital of the second richest nation in the world, even if the new buildings follow the established tradition of monotony and shoddy construction, this is really not important. Besides, in time I grew accustomed to the sights, and the city improved by evening, especially on the warm summer evenings of this unusually warm summer.

Nor am I talking of the standard of living which was generally lower than I had expected from reading the *New York Times*. I have seen poverty before, and if the Party has decided that it is still necessary to concentrate the country's Gross National Product of more than \$200 billion on heavy industry—if the steel issuing from plants is to be used for making new steel plants—this is in the end a Soviet affair. Besides, the stores do have some consumer goods (behind windows which frequently display good-looking products for display only) even if they are very expensive, and, I am told, the queues are getting shorter and shorter. And, as has been reported here frequently, the people are adequately, if monotonously and unfashionably clothed.

More important, Soviet living standards will continue to improve along with those of the Western nations. And in any case, it makes no sense to criticize a people for being poor. Some of those poor people, after all, handed me books, theatre tickets, and souvenirs while I was working at the microphone, and at those moments of very real, warm friendship I could not have cared less about what they knew of Christian Dior. Fat middle-aged women, dressed as crazily as I have ever seen, would hug me, grab the microphone from my hand (I would never know until after they spoke whether or not they would be one of the professional agitators sent by the Party specifically to disrupt the exhibition) and shout, "Give my regards to all of the American people, and tell them we want to live with them in peace!" If we are to judge the quality of a society principally by how much coal it digs and cast iron it pours, or even how many cars it drives, we are accepting the ugly, materialistic, nonsensical standard of Premier Khrushchev. For me it is only incidental and ironic that even this standard puts us very far ahead.

What I *am* talking about is the system of government. It is a police-state totalitarianism. I guess that I have no right to have been surprised since I am supposedly a student of political science and of the Soviet Union, and have been

reading about Soviet totalitarianism for years. Still, I had the suspicion that our writers were somewhat carried along by their own momentum. When I saw totalitarianism this summer with my own eyes, I was shocked, and this, in spite of the many good times and good qualities I found, remains my major impression. The American image of the Soviet Union is not always a fair one, but when it is said here that the fate of that country is in the hands of a small, self-perpetuating group which decides not only what is to be done, but also what is to be published and read, this is an accurate description.

#### WHAT IS NEWS?

I FIND it difficult to describe what the effects of a totalitarian, one-party government are. Perhaps the press can serve as an example. There, every column is an advertisement for the Communist Party and the Socialist system. Facts are valueless. Only that which is or can be distorted to appear as praise for the Party or the Great Soviet People is printed. A clever Georgian friend of mine once whispered to me his favorite story about the Soviet press. He inquired of his co-worker one morning before the eight o'clock bell what was new in the paper. "The date," was the reply.

A sign prominently displayed at the government-run newsstand in a downtown Moscow hotel reads:

A NEWSPAPER IS NOT ONLY A COLLECTIVE PROPAGANDIST AND A COLLECTIVE AGITATOR, BUT A COLLECTIVE ORGANIZER AS WELL.

These are the functions, then, of a newspaper. But to get the full feeling of what one-party totalitarianism means, one must multiply the newspaper many times. For Party activities reach every facet of life which they can. There is an official definition of art, an official policy on God, and an official history which has made Trotsky an unperson. During the first weeks in Moscow my head was spinning under the impact of the massive campaign to prove Communist-Russian superiority.

Perhaps I am speaking of a situation that could be summed up simply as an innate difference between East and West. I confess that my point of view is distorted with the prejudice of a Western student who is leery of absolutes. I had a long talk at the exhibition with another guide who—although as personally upset as I about the fact that every article in every news-



paper, every newscast and newsreel, every banner in the street, every magazine, every public demonstration carries the same set of messages—felt that we must try to look at Soviet rule from the Soviet point of view. To the factory worker there, just as to the factory worker here, he reasoned, what is in the newspaper makes very little difference. What interests him, particularly since he never had a free press, is that Soviet authority has improved his wages and hours and chances of getting a private kitchen and bath.

To this, I lamely answered that *I* felt it was important that the small percentage of people who are actually interested in poking about for their own truths be encouraged to do so. But in the course of the summer, it developed that there were Soviet citizens who felt this way too. There was an engineer who whispered that records were kept when he applied for foreign books even on technical subjects; there was a student who begged me to tell him everything I could about *Doctor Zhivago*; there was a young man studying voice who dreamed futilely of working in Italy; there was another student who wanted to know what Western economists wrote about Marxian economics; and a young woman who begged for a copy of the *New York Times*. With all of these people I spoke carefully in private. And at the Fair when in public I said mildly that I thought it would be useful for the Soviet people to be able to read our newspapers in full, rather than the few articles about unemployment and race conflicts, doctored and reprinted out of context in Pravda, 80 per cent of the listeners nodded "yes" or lowered their faces in embarrassment.

I no longer think it immodest to say that things are not right with the Soviet system. Some Party members shouted to me at the Exhibition that censorship of non-Communist newspapers is justified because they would be harmful to "the people." But I have met some of these people.

#### HOW DEEP IS THE CHANGE?

**Y**OU can meet now with some Moscow citizens quite openly in a public place. I myself saw one young *Moscvitchka* whom I first met at the Fair ten or twelve times about town. (I was never invited to her home.) We had a very good time. (Other young Russians told me, though, that they thought it better not to be seen with an American again; who could pull it off remained a mystery to us Americans.)

This new freedom to meet foreigners, as well as certain other relaxations of police-state measures, is what Western correspondents have lately been emphasizing.

I met my Georgian friend several times. The first, incidentally, was while waiting in line to be seated in a Moscow restaurant. We told him how much we enjoyed a certain Georgian wine; when we were seated there was a bottle of it at our table. Four years before, this man, an architect, had been in Moscow on an assignment similar to the one he was given this past summer. At that time he spoke to an American for about ten minutes in a railroad station waiting-room—about sports. When he returned to Tbilisi he was apprehended by the secret police, questioned, and made to sign a statement about the details of his conversation. This year we met whenever we had time, and he poured out his heart to me. (He hated the regime and, like most Georgians, the Russians. He yearned for contact with the West and for Georgia to be independent.) He was still untouched, if apprehensive, when we said good-by at the fountain in Sverdlova Square, me promising that I would write in America about his discontent.

Many times someone said to me, "I wouldn't have dreamed of meeting you this way five years ago." And yet if you are not accustomed to peeking over your shoulder while talking to an acquaintance in a hushed voice, this takes some getting used to. I became good at it during my furtive private conversations which were so different from the Party-line give-and-take at the microphone.

Nor are these improvements in personal liberty a change in the system, which remains one-party totalitarianism. However welcomed, these are handouts, not a reformation of the system of government. When I asked a successful young engineer (who said about the standard of living, "We have desires which aren't even yet expressed") if he weren't happy with the changes and sure that things would be better, he answered straight off—it was obvious that he had thought of this a great deal—that there could be no real change without a change in the internal system of power. "I mean by change," he said, "the chance to express my opinion. If someone overheard me now I would be in jail within the hour."

This, then—the manner in which the Soviet people are controlled—is my major criticism, and because of my background, my major impression of the Soviet Union. What is wrong there for Ivan, for Nicholas, or Vladimir cannot

be publicized or acted upon by them. Instead it is proved to them that things are worse in other parts of the world.

Here in New York as my critical ability swings back into action I find a great deal that I do not like. There are the Ninth Avenue slums, the ugly, junky highways leading out of town, and the high cost of medical care. After all, the difference between our slums and theirs is only one of degree. (I have never heard here, "I would consider myself the happiest man in the world if I owned my own room.") Nor am I convinced that we as a nation spend *our* money properly. But the overriding consideration is this: Soviet slums are never mentioned in the Soviet Union. Only American slums. *Pravda* and *Izvestia*—ever burning to demonstrate the failure of capitalism—feature stories about Harlem and reprint New York *Post* articles on substandard Puerto Rican housing. But not a word about the pitiful Moscow conditions. This my Western mind found so unpalatable that it made the problem of housing secondary. First is the right to criticize.

It is nicely ironic that I won the greatest confidence among visitors to the American Exhibition talking about America's problems. The people were invariably surprised and the agitators disarmed to hear a representative of the United States say that our country faces many serious difficulties. I would say, "America is not a paradise," and then talk about the shortcomings and the efforts and the progress of the postwar years. I am sure that this approach won more understanding than all my talk about six million private automobiles a year.

#### THE VIEW FROM AMERICA

I AM not suggesting that the United States has cause to go smug and cease battling for improvements. On the contrary, I returned from Moscow more convinced than ever that American society must be flexible to the demands of progress. Indeed, half of what I found myself describing to the Soviet people about America (about most of which they had no idea) was the gains of the last years: social security, scholarship programs, unemployment compensation, and recent progress in racial integration. It is clear to me now that we must extend these gains if we are to stay in the running as a twentieth-century society. Among other things, many more scholarships must be awarded bright youths who now cannot pay.

But it is also clear to me that it is inconceivable that we should do these things *à la Soviet*. In the area of education, for example, it is claimed there that every capable Soviet youth is paid while studying at an institution of higher learning. This is so great an exaggeration that like all Soviet claims it should be examined carefully.

First, the competition is so great—sometimes twenty or thirty to one—that few attain the prize. Second, a student is permitted application to only one school in a given year; if refused, he is assigned work by the government. I met several high-school pupils who were highly doubtful of their chances of admission to the school of their choice and had no idea of where they would be sent or what kind of work they would be doing. Third, the exam for a given institution (the most popular are in Leningrad and Moscow) is taken in that city. An applicant must pay his own way there, and if he fails the test, back. Many are eliminated in this way. And fourth, I was told many times that the right word from the right people can do the trick if the examinee fails the test.

But again, it is not these procedural characteristics of the system which surprised me, nor even the tiny stipend or the fact that a student, having graduated, must repay the government by working three years at its disposal. What I remember most vividly is the content of education. History, economics, political science, philosophy—these are taught from one overwhelming point of view: the current Soviet interpretation of Marx. Not only in grammar and high schools are social-science courses organized by Marxist labels (*i.e.*, "Feudalism," "Capitalism," "Imperialism"; and my high-school friends told me that Finland attacked the Soviet Union in 1939) but in the universities too, studying history means studying Marx and Lenin. No one I met had ever heard of Max Weber or John Stuart Mill; these books are simply not available. For the Soviet student, from the beginning of his education, it is largely a question of committing to memory a single answer to the world's social problems (albeit made more and more sophisticated as he advances). He has no contact with other interpretations.

To me, this kind of learning, no matter how many scholarships are offered, is indoctrination, not education. Often when I was asked, "How do you like Moscow?" and was fumbling with my Russian to answer pleasantly, I involuntarily thought to myself how much I had come to appreciate America.



# *The Senate's Wizard of Ooze*

## Dirksen of Illinois

The most flexible of politicians, he turns up  
on both sides of most issues . . . spouts  
oratory like a ham actor . . . irritates both  
liberals and conservatives . . . and as the  
Republican leader of the Senate often proves  
remarkably useful to the White House.

EVERETT MCKINLEY DIRKSEN is a moist, able, unctuous individual who has achieved influence through the use of what a newspaperman has described as "tonsils marinated in honey," plus a remarkable flexibility. As the junior Senator from Illinois, he has survived the two-edged attacks of both the *Chicago Tribune* and the aggressively liberal Independent Voters of Illinois. ("No matter what he says, he sounds like a snake-oil salesman," said an IVI official.) As Republican leader in the Senate, he has brought to the Administration's Congressional relations a flaccidity which bends easily—double if necessary—in the winds of political fortune.

His rise to the GOP leadership is all the more stunning for the contrast with his predecessors. Senators Robert A. Taft and William Knowland were blunt, direct, rigidly principled, impatient with Senate protocol, fairly inadequate in floor debate, and scornful of all posturing. Senator Dirksen, on the other hand, seems vaguely underdressed on the Senate floor without a toga. He is at once grandiloquent, sanctimonious, priggish, and earnestly earnest. As a young man, when he was seeking a way to *be* somebody, he wrote several plays and took the lead in them with dramatic groups back home in Pekin, Illinois. Today, at sixty-three, he still has some of

the elegant bearing—and some of the contradictions—of the successful old actor. His build is trim, his expensive clothes invariably disarranged. The fingernails on his large "farmer's hands" are neatly manicured. And his white hair is artfully rumpled. Since he shed forty pounds last year, his face has lost much of its pinkish roundness; now it is burdened with folds of flesh, particularly under the eyes. In the Senate, his style is Barrymorean. His every scene is overplayed and rich in rhetoric. His face set in spaniel-like sadness, his stance that of the dramatically beleaguered, Dirksen likes to ramble oratorically from the craggy coast of rockbound Maine to the broad bosom of the proud Pacific. His trembling organ tones can be:

*Scriptural:* "Like Moses in the Wilderness, I feel like looking up and saying, 'Lord, they would stone me . . .'"

*Paternal:* "How many times has any member of this Senate sat down with Senator [Joseph R.] McCarthy and said to him, 'Sonny boy, your language, your language is a little bit rugged?'"

*Dramatic:* When Senator McCarthy was hospitalized with bursitis during his censure hearings (an ailment many thought spurious) Dirksen rose to cry out: "There is fever! There is pain!"

*Pharisaical:* When campaigning against "Democratic Wars" (a Republican euphemism for World War II and the Korean War), he lowers his voice to a hushed and hallowed tone and confides: "I have seen my share of dead men."

At times, he clearly gets carried away by the opulence of his own oratory. At a very combustible moment during the 1952 Republican convention, he pointed a limp but articulate finger at Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York and thundered, "We followed you before"—pause—"and you took us down the road to

defeat." That one statement triggered a near-riotous reaction on the convention floor; while the anger and the boos welled up from both the Taft and the Eisenhower-Dewey forces, Dirksen looked around, as if a little surprised that so many should object to his amiable little pleasantry. He sipped a glass of water daintily—pinkly neatly curved—and said with prim precision: "I did not mean to precipitate a controversy."

A more recent example of his tongue running away with his head came last April when, in the Senate debate over Clare Boothe Luce's appointment as Ambassador to Brazil, he pleaded, "Why thresh old hay or beat an old bag of bones?" Incidents like these contributed enormously—and slightly inaccurately—to the image of Dirksen as being considerably more verbal than cerebral.

What is usually overlooked in this flummery is that Dirksen is a skilled parliamentarian, a wily legislator, an effective if oleaginous floor speaker, and an able advocate of whatever cause he is currently pleading. "He delivered the best speech *in favor* of foreign aid and the best speech *against* foreign aid that I've ever heard," said an editorial writer for a Chicago newspaper. Dirksen has, in fact, an alert, retentive mind that can perceive, and usually adopt, many sides of an issue. He works hard; usually he awakens about 5:30 A.M. and begins studying reports and dictating letters and memos to his wife.

As a Senate leader he has tact, patience, and an ability to get along with people for whom he has little respect—and *vice versa*. He also owns a formidable treasury of political debts—in 1958 he campaigned for Republican candidates in fourteen states; in 1954, as chairman of the GOP Senate Campaign Committee, he delivered more than forty speeches for colleagues. And he has a good grasp of his job.

"Bill Knowland saw the leadership primarily as a matter of stating a principle and standing on it," says one Republican Senator. "Dirksen doesn't stand on principle so much; he gets on the phone and lines up the votes for our side."

He is, in short, probably the best technician the Senate Republicans could have advanced to the leadership—even in the view of many of the GOP liberals who tried hard to defeat him.

At the White House, Dirksen's rise to the leadership was accepted with gratitude and relief. For the first time in President Eisenhower's Administration, the White House enjoys more stature in traditionally Republican circles than its Senate leader. Lacking the towering party

prestige of Senators Taft and Knowland, Dirksen cannot compete with the President for public or party attention.

As far as the President and his aides are concerned, Dirksen will do what they want, not what *he* wants. "He was one of the few men up there who stood by us all through the Dixon-Yates affair—and those were pretty rough days around here," says one White House aide. They take comfort also from his flexibility. "You know that old saying: 'Give a liberal some responsibility and he becomes conservative.' Well, maybe it works the other way around: give a conservative responsibility and he becomes liberal." Or, it might be said, give a minority leader the chore of building a coalition out of the current crop of Senate Republicans and he takes on the complexion of the coalition. Dirksen has, by the book, 34 Republican votes. Of these he can count with certainty on only 20; for the 14 liberal Republicans will frequently be with him only when they can exact concessions from him. "When your caucus is split 20-14, you have to be mighty attentive to the wishes of the 14," says one GOP liberal.



#### VIRTUOSO OF THE SWITCH

**D**IRKSEN has no trouble understanding the aims of both sides. He has—at one time or another—shared them, along with most political views in the Republican spectrum. The Chicago *Sun-Times* once reported that in sixteen years in the House of Representatives, Dirksen changed his mind sixty-two times on foreign-



policy matters, thirty-one times on military affairs, and seventy times on agriculture. "Every man must change his views as times change and events change," Dirksen says. "Change is an inherent way of life." Here is a brief summary of his positions on several issues:

**Foreign policy:** In Dirksen's first eight years in the House (Franklin Roosevelt's first two terms) he was a militant isolationist. He voted against reciprocal trade, against U. S. participation in the International Labor Organization, against Lend-Lease. Then in September 1941 he delivered a speech in the House that was said to mark his reincarnation. He called for a "moratorium on hate" and said that he was satisfied "now that the President means to keep us out of war if he can." He championed aid to Great Britain and other anti-Axis countries but two months later he voted against a proposal to allow U. S. vessels to enter combat zones or belligerent ports.

Early in 1945, Dirksen returned from a twenty-one-nation overseas tour. He then voted for U. S. participation in the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank, supported President Truman's policies in Iran, Turkey, and Greece, and even envisioned the "development of a United States of Europe." He hailed the Marshall Plan and talked enthusiastically of making it a \$19 billion program, much larger than it eventually became.

But by 1949, when he was campaigning for the Senate, Dirksen was describing the Marshall Plan as "Operation Rathole" in which valuable American dollars were being thrown down a "bottomless pit." (The *Chicago Tribune* clucked approvingly of his new "clarity of perception.")

As a Senator, Dirksen in 1953 opposed President Eisenhower on three key foreign-policy votes. He voted for the Bricker Amendment, for a \$1 billion cut in foreign aid, and against the confirmation of Charles Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia. But in 1958 he was with the President on all foreign-policy issues. At last reading, Dirksen again seems to be for foreign aid and against cuts in our aid program—though he is not too heavily committed.

**Defense spending:** Early in his Congressional career, Dirksen argued that U. S. military expenditures must be curtailed for economy's sake and because "great force and such large armaments . . . will be the inspiration for another war." By 1936 he'd changed his mind to the extent of saying that "a large Navy is not a cause for war any more than a police force is a cause of crime." By 1937 he had reversed himself again and demanded that no money be spent on naval

supplies for maneuvers more than 300 miles off the continental U. S. shoreline.

In 1937 and 1938 he backed the Ludlow Amendment, which would have required a national referendum before a declaration of war. In 1939 he voted against the fortification of Guam and the construction of 1,283 war planes. But by 1940, he was saying, "Thank God there is a national defense program under way." He then voted against the draft act.

As a Senator, Dirksen has generally been against increased military spending. In 1953, for instance, he was still for cutting our air power; he opposed a measure to restore some \$400 million from the seriously hacked-up Air Force budget—which had been cut \$5 billion by President Eisenhower—to build B-47 jet bombers.

#### FLEXIBLE CONSERVATISM

ON DOMESTIC issues Dirksen has been consistently anti-labor and pro-business. For this reason he has been blackballed by the labor organizations and has created the impression that, no matter how he shifts on other matters, he is at heart a conservative. His one aberration on labor bills came in 1933—long enough ago to be forgotten—when he voted in favor of the original National Labor Relations Act. (He redeemed himself later by voting to water down the whole act and by voting to investigate the NLRB.) He has been a long-term opponent of economic controls and even opposed President Eisenhower's request in 1954 for stand-by authority to impose wage, price, and rent controls in case of emergency.

On candidates, Dirksen has been invincibly plastic. He was a Taft man in 1940, for Dewey in 1944 and 1948 (even gaining mention as a potential Secretary of Agriculture under Dewey in 1948), for Taft in 1952, and for Eisenhower in 1956. He achieved a climax during the 1952 Republican convention where, according to perhaps apocryphal reports, he was said to have been after the Vice Presidential nomination on both the Taft and Eisenhower tickets at the same time.

Behind Dirksen's ductility is more than an amiable lack of conviction; rather it is a near-genius for political survival, for ferreting out and accommodating to the focus of political power. Dirksen faces one of the ulcerous political burdens of our times: he is an ambitious Midwestern Republican. Because he is ambitious, he cannot dedicate himself to Illinois GOP conservatism and ignore the occasionally conflict-

ing views of the national party. But because he is a Midwestern Republican, he cannot wholly forsake isolationism and follow the rising star of "modern" Republicanism. He is caught between the two Republican poles, and it has become, over the years, an increasingly awkward perch.

In the 1930s, for instance, it was perfectly safe to be an isolationist conservative from downstate Illinois. But as the national party swung liberal (behind Willkie and Dewey) and his own ambitions expanded, Dirksen saw the focus of power swinging away from him—and he chased it. The *Chicago Tribune* thought his change of September 1941 was due to an ambition to dislodge the *Tribune's* favorite Senator, C. Wayland "Curly" Brooks. Actually Dirksen plunged instead into Presidential politics, organizing and carrying out an abortive campaign for himself to gain the 1944 Republican nomination. Before his "liberalism" expired, Dirksen was talked of as a potential Cabinet member under Dewey. But when Dewey lost in 1948, Dirksen saw it was time to re-embrace Illinois Republicanism. Once again an isolationist conservative, backed by the *Chicago Tribune*, he won a Senate seat in 1950. This time his "conservatism" lasted until Eisenhower won. Dirksen's Republicanism grew more "modern" as his need for Ike became more and more acute. Approaching re-election in 1956, Dirksen saw that Taft was dead, McCarthyism was dead, Colonel Robert R. McCormick was dead, and the circulation of his *Chicago Tribune* was waning. Ike, on the other hand, was as popular as ever. By election time, he was an ardent Ike-man. Again it was the right choice. Ike carried Illinois by almost 850,000 votes, an astonishing plurality. Dirksen—aided by Ike—won by 357,000 votes. The Republican Governor, aided directly by the *Tribune*, indirectly by the President, and hobbled by a multi-million-dollar scandal in the state administration, won by less than 37,000 votes.

It is a mark of Dirksen's supple genius that he has thus far out-manuevered the *Tribune* all along the line. He has been with it when it could help him, against it—or indifferent to it—when it couldn't. And the *Tribune* has not yet been able to wreak any revenge upon him; indeed, it has repeatedly fallen into line with him whenever he indicates an appropriate change of heart. Just after the 1958 elections, the *Tribune* made a feeble retaliatory gesture at blocking Dirksen's ascendancy to the Senate GOP leadership by running page-one stories about the massive sentiment building up for right-wing Senator Barry Goldwater for the post. It was a sentiment

perceptible only to the *Tribune*; within a few days it was clear that it was the left-wing GOP, not the right-wing, that was organizing a drive for the leadership. To stave off this threat to the republic, the *Tribune* again backed reluctantly into Dirksen's corner, though it grumbled editorially that he "leaves something to be desired as an exponent of right-wing political gospel."

#### THE MANTLE OF TAFT AND KNOWLAND

THE intra-party leadership fight of last December was the third phase of a series of maneuvers engineered by Senators Knowland and Bridges to put Dirksen in the Senate leadership. More than two years ago, when he decided to retire from the Senate to run for Governor in California, Knowland sought to leave the leadership in competent hands. Bridges didn't want the job; temperamentally he prefers the less arduous task of heading the Republican policy committee. Dirksen did want the job. The first step in getting it for him was to elect him party whip. This was done by sidetracking Leverett Saltonstall (the incumbent whip) to the post of head of the Republican Conference (or caucus) and voting down the other aspirant, then-Senator Edward Thye of Minnesota in party caucus. After serving two years as whip, Dirksen was ready to become leader. But he found himself challenged by the liberal Republican Senators.

Basing their case on the 1958 elections which showed a pronounced disaffection for hard right-wing policy, they backed Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky. "We chose him as a symbol, maybe as a symbol most deeply in contrast to Dirksen," explains a liberal GOP Senator. The contrast was a trifle too sweeping; Cooper is a man of principle and courage but he lacks Dirksen's flair, his floor manner, his parliamentary skill. "Lyndon Johnson would have eaten him up," conceded one of his supporters sadly.

While the liberals were issuing public statements, Dirksen was phoning Republican Senators all over the nation, reminding them of past political favors, and rounding up votes. To undercut the liberal position, he announced that he would reverse his 1957 position and would now vote for a change in the Senate rules to break filibusters, a proposal then being pushed by Democratic liberals. (After the leadership fight was over, he voted against the three rule changes proposed by the liberals before turning up as a backer of Lyndon Johnson's watered-down proposal to allow two-thirds of the mem-



bers in attendance to break a filibuster.) Dirksen also claimed that he had supported President Eisenhower 88 per cent of the time in the last Congress while Senator Cooper had supported him only 76 per cent of the time. (Actually the 12 per cent difference reflected a conservative, not a liberal, cast. For Dirksen supported, but Cooper did not, the President's "conservative" stands. "Dirksen didn't have to move left; he just waited for the President to move right," says a liberal GOP Senator.) Finally Dirksen won from the White House a subtle though unmistakable embrace. When the intra-party fight broke out, Senator Bridges predicted that Dirksen would win, 20-14. When the votes were in, Dirksen had won, 20-14.

#### MAIN STREET IN THE SADDLE

**D**IRKSEN'S victory, combined with Charles Halleck's upset of Joseph W. Martin in the GOP's House leadership fight, placed the Republicans in Congress under the domination of small-town Midwesterners. Halleck is from Rensselaer, Indiana, population: 4,072. Dirksen was born—on January 4, 1896—and brought up in Pekin, Illinois, a community of about 22,000 some 150 miles southwest of Chicago. His father, a sign painter who took one unsuccessful fling at politics—seeking election as tax collector of Pekin—died when Everett was seven. His mother converted the small house and two acres of land on the outskirts of Pekin into a small farm that could support a family of four (Everett, two brothers, and his mother). The boys rose at 5:00 A.M., worked on the land until school time, then went off laden with produce which they sold or delivered on their way to school. After school, they went back to work on the farm.

Ever since then, Dirksen has never quailed at hard work—but he has learned that, in contrast to the best traditions of small-town America, it will not always bring him success. In college, at the University of Minnesota, he worked six hours a day for twenty-nine days a month taking want-ads for a Minneapolis newspaper and selling patent medicines in South Dakota in the summer. When the U. S. entered World War I, he left college to enter the Army. He saw combat in an artillery unit and was commissioned from the ranks.

After the war he went home to Pekin and entered a dredging business which went bankrupt. He later joined one of his brothers in running a bakery. He was also writing feverishly

—plays, novels, short stories. His hundred or more short stories and five novels went unpublished, but several of his plays were produced by dramatic groups in Pekin. He landed the male lead in some of them. In one, his female lead was Luella Carver, a bright and personable young lady whom Dirksen began taking home after rehearsals. They were married on Christmas Eve, 1927, and now have one married daughter.

All this time, says Dirksen, he had his eye purposefully on politics—national, not state. He served as finance commissioner of Pekin in the 1920s, and then made a bid to run for Congress, but was told to take it easy, to work his way up through the state legislature. Dirksen refused; he wasn't interested in state politics and, he says, "I'd seen a lot of men get sidetracked in the state legislature." In 1930, he bucked the local GOP machine in the primary and lost. In 1932, he bucked it again—accusing the incumbent of being, of all things, a "flip-flop artist" on certain issues—and won. In the fall election of 1932, he carried the district for the Republicans by 23,147 votes; Franklin D. Roosevelt carried it for the Democrats by 22,079 votes.

In sixteen years in the House, Dirksen became one of the few men who could change votes by debate on the floor of the House. His House career came to an end in 1948 because of an eye ailment. He announced his retirement from Congress and resolutely spurned requests by leaders of both parties to reconsider. ("If we must have Republicans in Congress," grumbled Sam Rayburn, who admires political craftsmanship on either side of the aisle, "let's have men like Everett Dirksen.") Even before the end of the 80th Congress, he retired to a house on the Potomac River to relax and to indulge in his favorite recreation, puttering around in the garden. ("He feels he's producing something with his own hands," says his wife.) Eventually he went home to Pekin and his eye trouble was cured.

By midsummer, he was back at work, first as a campaign aide to Vice Presidential candidate Earl Warren, later as a campaign aide to Presidential candidate Tom Dewey. After their defeat, Dirksen retired again to Pekin—for three months. Then he launched a strenuous campaign for the Senate seat of Democratic Leader Scott W. Lucas.

In the 1950 campaign, as in his subsequent ones, Dirksen was as lucky as he was skilled. The Democrats blundered by running Daniel "Tubbo" Gilbert for sheriff of Cook County,

which usually delivers the vote the Democrats need to offset the heavy downstate Republican plurality. In midsummer Senator Estes Kefauver arrived to investigate crime and politics. The Kefauver committee took lurid testimony from Police Captain Gilbert in executive session but a transcript was printed in a Chicago newspaper just before the election. Panic set in among the Democrats as the voters' revulsion to the Cook County sheriff's race spread to the whole Democratic ticket. As a result, Democratic Senator Lucas was swept out and Everett Dirksen was swept into office by 294,000 votes. He even carried Democratic Cook County by 8,145 votes.

Since then, in his "state relations," Dirksen has been oil-smooth. He works amiably with the Illinois GOP but has no strong personal organization within it. He has refrained from challenging the party power of Republican Governor William G. Stratton—though he's being tempted. At times, it appears that Dirksen's lack of intimate identification with the scandal-ridden Illinois GOP has been a help at the polls. Dirksen's relations with Illinois' Democratic Senator, Paul Douglas, are coolly distant. When Douglas began holding up some of Dirksen's postmaster appointments last year Dirksen in turn held up some of Douglas' private bills. Neither man mentioned the controversy to the other; the struggle was waged by their office staffs until a compromise was arranged—a certain number of private bills in exchange for a certain number of postmasters.

#### FINESSE, NOT FIGHT

**T**ODAY in Washington, Dirksen is accepted with anything from disdain (Senator Kerr of Oklahoma calls him "irksome Dirksen") to bemused tolerance. Most of his colleagues look beyond his posturing to his political craft. The Republicans, in particular, find him palatable though sugary. After years of frustration over a leadership that could not fire back at the glib and articulate Democrats in the Senate, the Republicans are delighted to have a man who wallows in the joy of hearing his own voice leading their defense. "Give him two sentences and he'll talk for two hours," says a State Department aide with relief. Moreover, there is a new sense of unity between the White House and the GOP Senate conservatives. If the Republicans frequently don't seem to know where they're going or what they're doing, at least they don't know it together. There is no Knowland or Taft to distress them by suggesting that they do some-

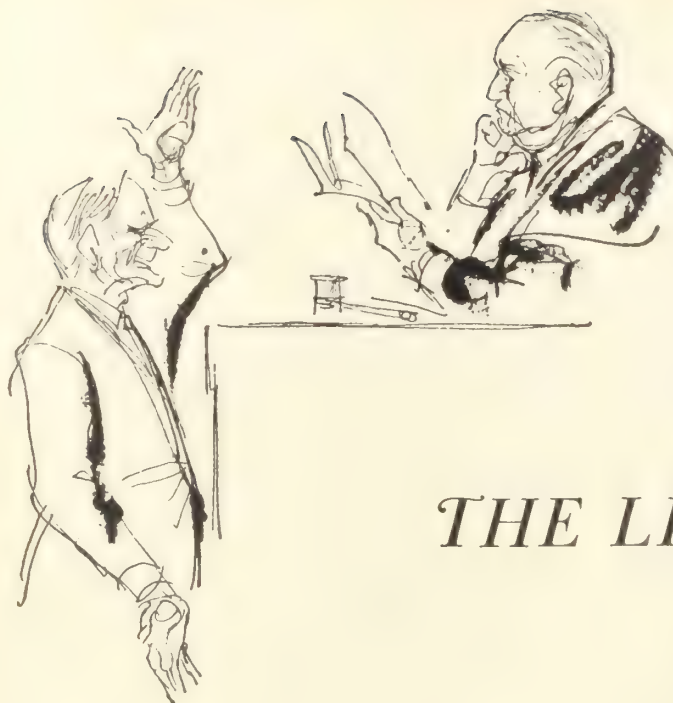
thing else or go in some other direction. For Dirksen is not a leader; he is a follower of the White House and a co-ordinator of White House affairs in the Senate. As such, he has shown an increasing sense of responsibility and loyalty to the President in his current job.

Just where his flexibility will lead Dirksen from here is problematical. In the past, the limit of his ambitions was the Presidency. Even now, Dirksen might see himself, if the 1960 Republican convention is deadlocked, emerging as the candidate who, on his record, has been all things to all Republicans. However, Governor Stratton says succinctly: "The Illinois delegation to the Republican convention will be committed to Illinois' Governor."

Ever since the battle for the leadership, Dirksen has trumpeted his uninterest in the Vice Presidency, which pretty much assured the faithful of his ambitions. Naturally he would like to be in a position to run with either Nixon or Rockefeller, whichever is nominated. But Stratton may have cut him off from Rockefeller in quiet talks with the New York Governor early this year, talks which subsequently brought from Stratton pointed protests that he too had no interest in the Vice Presidential nomination. In any case, the Rockefeller camp perceived, as the Nixon camp must now realize, that Stratton, not Dirksen, will control Illinois' votes in the Republican convention. So it is with Stratton, not Dirksen, that the most fruitful dealing must be done—unless Dirksen opens war on Stratton to seize control of the delegation. That he is being tempted by this alternative was suggested by the zeal with which two of his close friends and aides organized a fund-raising \$100-a-plate "testimonial" dinner for Illinois' GOP secretary of state, who has made an ill-concealed secret of his ambitions to be Governor or to control the Governor. A primary struggle for the Republican nomination for Governor would take place next April, well before the national convention. If Stratton loses the primary, he'll also lose much of his control of the Illinois delegation to the GOP convention.

Ordinarily, open war is not Dirksen's way. It would be "infelicitous." He is a man who relies on finesse, not fight. That is the point of his flexibility. That is what endears him to the Administration. Dirksen's entire career suggests that he believes the first function of a politician is to survive. That he has achieved this ambition so ably and so nimbly for a quarter-century is perhaps the most maddeningly significant of all his accomplishments.





## THE LEFT FIELDERS

A Story by Theodore Jacobs

*Drawings by Leo R. Summers*

**M**Y WORK takes me to Dunham State Hospital on the average of once a year. Each time, before I leave the grounds, I make a point of going to Ward Fourteen to visit Joshua and the Rabbi. Sometimes, it requires a bit of a search to find them, for neither likes to sit quietly among a group of patients, but when I do find them, whether it is in the occupational therapy room, where the Rabbi paints and Joshua kibbitzes, or at a chess table in the far corner of the day room, they are always together, always at each other's throats.

Despite the facts that it has been a long time since I was a part of their lives, and that each is suffering from a little hardening of the cerebral arteries, they always recognize me.

"Hello, Doctor," says Joshua. "It's good to see you again." Then always the same appeal. "Look, Doctor, do me a favor, will you. You've got influence with the chief. Get this religious relic of a Rabbi out of the ward. He's corrupting the atmosphere here."

"From corruption, who should know better than you," says the Rabbi. And they begin. I don't wait for the entire show. Over the years, I've heard their complete repertory of insults.

I give them news of the city, and of our hospital, and I leave, glad to have seen Joshua and the Rabbi, glad that nothing has changed. And each time, after I have left Dunham, on the long drive home, I think for miles of that afternoon when Joshua claimed freedom for them both.

Joshua and the Rabbi were patients of mine when I was taking my training in psychiatry at a city hospital. They came to our wards at about the same time, but it was Joshua whom I met first.

I had been working in the emergency room that day. It had been extremely busy on the psychiatric service with a steady stream of patients coming in from early morning until late in the evening, and when I left the hospital it was after midnight. I was beat, and I headed for my room, trying to blot the psychic miseries of the Bronx and the world from my mind.

My pajamas were half on when Miss Handley, the emergency-room nurse, called me.

"Another one just came in, Doctor."

"For Chris'sake. What's the problem this time?"

"I don't know, but I'm not getting close enough to find out. An old guy. Looks like a real left fielder. The cop with him has him in a hammerlock. It's quite a show. Care for a ring-side table, Doctor? No cover or minimum. It's on the city."

"Save one for me, Miss Handley. And break out plenty of Thorazine. I'm splurging tonight."

When I reached the emergency room, a cordon of curious medical interns and residents were standing at a cautious distance from the psychiatric interviewing room. I broke through and went inside. At first all I could make out was a great blinding screen of blue before me. An enormous, red-faced policeman, sweating and cursing, and half-wrapped in a strait jacket, seemed to fill the small room. Behind him, I could make out gradually, part of a human form. There appeared, like the work of a television cartoonist, first half a head, an arm, legs, and finally the body of a man. Freeing himself with a heroic effort, the prisoner wrenched his arms loose and slid to the floor.

"This psycho's out of his mind," said the policeman, going to his knees to repossess an arm. "I tried to get this here jacket on him, but he's damn assaultive."

"I'll take over, Officer," I said. The policeman was hesitant.

"I don't know, Doc," he said, getting up. "A guy like this is real berserk. I better cover you from the outside."

"Fine, Officer," I said.

Alone with the patient, I surveyed his potential for violence. I was not impressed. He was, I thought, about seventy, perhaps a little older. He was a small man, and though heavy-set, not muscular. Thick strands of hair were scrambled above a white-stubbled face, whose most striking features were prominent gray eyes, and a thick, now bleeding nose.

"So you see it," he said from the floor. "The police state has arrived. The rule of violence. The brown shirts, it's here again. Police brutality, it's the first sign of decadence."

"I'm Dr. Gordon," I said. "Are you hurt?"

"On my body you could see bruises," he said, getting up and sitting on a chair, "and I think there is a little blood coming from my nose, but how I'm hurt, that's something else."

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Liebstine. Joshua Liebstine, chemist. But with myself as an individual right now I'm not so much concerned. Fists beat me in my head, an elbow cracked me in my nose and from the floor I also swallowed filth, but for these things I'm not worried. But what has happened, the meaning of it, this is what frightens me." He looked at the door. Through its plated glass portion the blue of the policeman's uniform was visible.

"Imbecile. *Schlemiel*." Joshua called at the door. "A fool like this wears a uniform. It's an example of the whole decadent legal system." He

held up a fist. "From bums and hoodlums robbing and murdering people all over the city he doesn't protect, but from an old man, near-sighted, and with a heart condition, he runs to protect society."

"You seem a bit excited yourself," I remarked.

"Excited? From my home I'm dragged by a lunatic, a regular madman, also a dumb ox, and I shouldn't get myself excited?" With that Joshua got to his feet and out of a need for sheer motor discharge, began to pace along one side of the room.

"Talk yourself blue about freedom," he went on. "About the American way of life, about dignity. This is the proof. The absolute evidence, bar none. Speak up and you'll find out what kind of freedom you have. Quick you'll find out. You have freedom to let the blood from inside your body run out through your nose."

I listened, and waited to see if this soaring flight would level off, trying in the meantime to make some diagnostic sense out of what this man was saying. What I had heard so far puzzled me. This patient's speech, though pressurized, was not illogical, and there was nothing in it to indicate psychotic thinking. Yet he was certainly peculiar enough. I was annoyed at being unable to fit him into a diagnostic category. Besides, at one o'clock in the morning I was interested in just one thing. Did this man need to be in the hospital, and if not, what would I do with him?

I ASKED Joshua, finally, to be seated, and he sat for a moment or two, but then he was on his feet again.

"You want to know what troubles me, what worries my mind? I'll tell you this. Society already is dead. It's a fact. It's a witch hunt all over again, believe me, only now you don't any more set people on fire. You lock them into mental hospitals. Why? It's the same story. People can't stand a free-thinking brain. It gives them heartburn!"

"But what has that got to do with why you had to come to this hospital?"

"That is just what I'm talking. This is the whole issue. Without reason, the freedom of Joshua Liebstine, a private citizen, is removed."

Joshua returned to his seat, but before I could question him further, the door of the interviewing room was thrust open and three people, two women and a man, pushed their way in. They surrounded Joshua and began to upbraid him.

"So now you'll be satisfied," one woman said, coming very close and making gestures at him. "This is the end of it. Now you'll take your





medicine, now you'll see what will happen to you. You should only be satisfied what you did to us."

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Poppa," said the other woman. "It's a disgrace for the family."

"I warned you this would happen," said the man. "There's nothing we can do now. I warned you."

I interrupted the crossfire and took Joshua's relatives outside. I explained that I was interviewing the patient, and asked that they stay until I had finished. They refused.

"It's been nothing but aggravation with him," said Joshua's wife. "We're through. He nearly gave me a heart attack tonight. Because he gets it into his head he doesn't like the idea my granddaughter should be engaged, so he gives a punch to the future husband, a very nice boy. All night he is talking, he wouldn't let you get a minute's sleep. Tonight the subject is religion, he's got to give a regular lecture versus religion. A man like this, it's a shame, but he just can't live in a normal household. He's mental. Everyone knows it. He's been already in a state hospital. Do what you want with him, Doctor, I just don't know how to deal with him any more."

In a sudden surge the relatives were gone.

"Take my advice," said Mrs. Liebstine as she walked out. "Send him away, he's better off."

I returned to the interviewing room. Joshua was now sitting silently, almost motionless on a wooden chair. He was leaning forward on his hands, and he seemed, sitting there drawn up into himself, somehow older than he had moments before.

"They're gone?" he asked quietly, looking up at me.

"Yes."

"No one stayed?"

"They're all worn out, I guess. It's been quite a night for everyone."

"For them to sleep eight hours is everything. Personally, I think life is better with open eyes."

Joshua sat still then, looking at the floor. He did not speak again. I tried to question him further, but he did not answer other than to look at me once and say, "So what's to be?"

What was to be was exactly my problem at that moment. It was obvious that Joshua had been extremely excited. Whether this was a quick eruption, violent, and now spent, or whether this was the onset of some longer illness, I had no way of knowing. But it was certain that the family would not welcome his return that night. I told him that I would have to admit him to the hospital.

"This I expected," said Joshua. "They'll take me to the psycho ward and the door will be locked once and for all. You express yourself, and this is the end of it."

I called the ward and arranged for Joshua's admission. Two male aides took his clothes and possessions, and after dressing him in the traditional blue hospital pajamas, escorted him to the ward. He did not protest, even when the big key turned in the strong lock.

THE next morning, when I entered the ward, I found Joshua arguing with another patient, a schizophrenic young man who felt pursued by twelve red devils.

"A man like you should be so superstitious, it's disgraceful," said Joshua.

"I get messages," said the young man. "True is true, and I hear the truth. It's the transmission of the senses. They talk to me."

"Let them talk. You don't have to listen. If an ignoramus standing in a pulpit tells me fires from hell are going to burn me in the backside, what do I have to listen?"

"They call me names."

"Call them back. Tell them you ain't giving no costume party for twelve red devils. What are you, the Prince from Monaco?"

"Are you an atheist, sir?"

"To tell the truth, in the matter of red devils, I'm a little on the atheist side."

I interrupted and took Joshua to my office. There for an hour, I tried to piece together the events which led him to the hospital.

"It's a matter for a judge, not a psychiatrist," said Joshua. "It's a question plain and simple of a swindle, a robbery." I asked him to tell me about it.

"What's to tell? I was robbed. I'm a fool.

This head I've got on, for a couple of days I forgot it somewhere."

What I could make finally of Joshua's story was this: He had a granddaughter of twenty who was shy and knew few young men. Determined to improve her social life, Joshua contacted a marriage broker who arranged a date for the girl. The arrangement was a success and after a brief courtship, the girl announced her engagement. It was at this point that Joshua became so perturbed that he was escorted to the hospital, where I came upon him struggling with his civil rights.

"What was it that upset you so much about the engagement?" I asked.

"*Gevalt*. And you are supposed to be a psychiatrist? Understanding you've got about as much as Goldman, the marriage broker, that thief. He advertises scientific introductions. For a scientific introduction I paid and what did I get? An introduction to an anachronism, a man from out of the middle ages, a rabbinical student."

"You didn't care for the young man?"

"That's what I call a wonderful insight! This man not only did I positively dislike, I couldn't sit one minute in the same room. A regular antique. A rabbinical student with sideburns and a black coat. He dyes his beard. I asked him. He doesn't like the color. Also he's already an old man, past thirty."

"And still a student?"

"What, still. Always a student. A character like this, he studies for years how to marry a young girl, she should support him while he reads every day two lines from the Talmud."

"But your granddaughter seemed happy?"

"What she knows from life, I could write everything on the fingernails of one hand. From scientific introductions, I expected she should get a scientist, what else? A man with a little forward look. A chemist, a biologist, a doctor—at worst—a psychiatrist. What did she get? A blue beard, with such a drooping black coat even in front of the Wailing Wall, it would be out of style."

I attempted to obtain an account of Joshua's background and family history, but he ignored most of my questions. However when I inquired about his past hospitalization, he seemed suddenly attentive and embarrassed.

"In a hospital? Once, yes. Nothing serious."

"What was the matter?"

"I tell you it was nothing. I got a little mixed up, that's all."

"In what way?"

"For a while, I got into my head a foolish thought. Would you believe it? I thought my

wife, Esther, was making me horns with another man. I nearly forgot it already, such an idea. My wife was already past fifty then, and throwing no aspersions against her, but she looked like sixty-five."

"How long were you away?"

"I don't know exactly. A few months maybe. Such a rotten place, with bars everywhere, a regular prison. A place like that, you'd think I'd remember every minute of it. Maybe I don't like to remember it. Anyway, it ended up okay, I got back my sense fast. The first visiting day already, when I took a look at my wife's figure, I was cured."

Usually such information would alter considerably my diagnostic impression. Joshua had been in a mental hospital with an apparently bona fide paranoid picture. Nevertheless, despite the history, I was convinced that Joshua was not now psychotic. I decided to keep him in the hospital only until his agitation had completely disappeared.

THE real trouble began the following day, Joshua's second in the hospital. As soon as I entered the ward in the morning, Joshua approached me in a clearly perturbed state.

"If this is your sense of humor, it's not funny," he said angrily. "The joke I can't see. What, are you trying to make me crazy? Is this what satisfies you?"

"What's the trouble, Joshua?"

"You already know what's the trouble. Tricks like this I don't care for."

"I don't know what you mean," I protested.

"The Rabbi, that's what I mean. Last night, they put in my room, he has to sleep right next to me, this Rabbi. I could burst. What is this, a test, a punishment? Probably the only person in the world I absolutely could become insane from living together in the same room with is a Rabbi. So who is my roommate? This Rabbi Fineman, also a little crazy, and a terrible snorer into the bargain. From such a combination, I was up half the night."

"I knew nothing about it, Joshua," I said. "I guess the nurses did not realize how you felt."

"They knew, they knew. If they didn't know, I told them plenty. What is the world already so decayed, there is no religious freedom? I got to live practically right on top of superstition and ignorance, not to mention the music through the nose all night?"

As soon as I could, I spoke to the chief nurse and explained Joshua's case to her. She understood and moved the Rabbi out. In his place she



put a chronic alcoholic who had given up religion long ago.

Still the friction did not disappear. Whenever I came upon Joshua he was in an argument with the Rabbi. On the ward, in the recreation room, at occupational therapy, they seemed always to be in a bitter fight.

Rabbi Fineman was seventy-eight. Retired from the pulpit after fifty years at one synagogue, he had suffered a slight stroke, the residue of which were a mild confusional state and some loss of memory for recent events. Without family and financial resources, he had been placed in a city nursing home. There he had lived for two years. In that time, he had been a model patient, quiet, easily managed. Despite his circumscribed memory deficit, he knew nearly all the prayers he had learned as a rabbinical student, and he regularly conducted services at the home. Recently, however, the Rabbi had been having somewhat greater difficulty following ward routine. He had missed several meals, having forgotten the time, and once or twice he had dressed himself in the middle of the night, believing it was morning. The superintendent of the nursing home, alarmed, had packed him off, promptly, to the hospital. With him had come a brief note stating that the Rabbi had become completely unmanageable, and that city law forbade a nursing home to care for a psychotic patient. It was a case of panic, nothing more. Given the proper medication, the Rabbi would have been able to continue to live comfortably at the home, instead of being imprisoned in a psychiatric ward. But there was no use arguing. I had found that out long ago. I could have argued forever. They would still have said he was out of his mind, and a danger to society.

SO I had Joshua, and I had the Rabbi, and I had endless days and nights of aggravation. Try as I might, it seemed impossible to keep them apart. I warned Joshua away from the Rabbi, pointing out the threat to his ravaged ego of such masochistic behavior, but he dismissed the idea.

"Listen, about me you shouldn't worry. Such crazy ideas like this Rabbi's got, they don't rub off on an educated man in the twentieth century. What, do you think if some lunatic on a wooden box tells me tomorrow is the end of the world, I got to go right away and pack my suitcase?"

Still I was worried. Both men seemed increasingly agitated. In the hall, in the john, during meals, they would assault each other with insults carefully planned and nourished.

"Listen, Rabbi," Joshua would say at dinner, "the kosher food you ate all your life, it kept you sane?"

"To eat such food nourishes not only the body, Mr. Liebstine, but about such things a Philistine from the Bronx wouldn't know."

"So what did it do for you? Instead of being a lunatic, plain and simple, you got a kosher psychosis. *Mazzeltov*. Maybe in the state hospital, I could arrange for you a nice roommate, a crazy fellow I know, a rabbinical student with a blue beard. You could pray for each other."

"But for your disease, there is no hospital at all. Such ignorance is incurable."

"And if you're lucky," said Joshua, "maybe in the state hospital, they'll give you a skull cap. When you forget to put on your clothes, you shouldn't be completely embarrassed."

"Clothes I may forget, true. But without my pants, I'm better off than a man without religion, Mr. Liebstine."

For a month before they left the hospital, the small-arms war continued with attack and counterattack, along the corridors of the ward and on the hospital grounds. Their behavior became disturbing to the ward. Moving their battlefield to the concrete dimensions of the chessboard, they played continually, long into the night, match after bitter match, alternating strategic moves with strategic insults, and ignoring the nurse with her tray of sleeping medication and threats of needles. On recreation walks, they would disappear together, and a search party would have to be organized. We would scour the grounds, finding them at last, the pitch of their voices betraying their presence. Then we would bring them back from the secluded patch of earth to which they had retreated to fight in peace.

The chief of the psychiatric service, receiving word of the administrative problems for which Joshua and the Rabbi were responsible, was anxious to make quick disposition of their cases.

"There's only one spot for old fellows like this," he said. "There's no use trying to find another place for them. They're state hospital material, and the sooner we send them there, the better." As far as the Rabbi was concerned, I could see no alternative but state hospitalization. No nursing home in the city would accept him. Without family or money, there was no hope of a private hospital. He would have to live the remainder of his life in a state mental institution.

But in Joshua's case, the situation was different. He had a family that could take him back. True, he had been through a psychotic break

but this had occurred years before and since there was nothing now to suggest a recurrence of the illness, I felt that with a little patience he could be managed at home.

The family disagreed. Angrily, articulately disagreed. Joshua had visitors just once. On the fourth visiting day, after he had been hospitalized for two weeks, his wife, sister, and brother-in-law came to the ward. They spent a few minutes with him, talking loudly, and then descended on my office.

"What do you plan to do with him, Doctor?" his wife asked. "He can't come home."

"Why is that, Mrs. Liebstine?"

"He's out of his mind, that's why. He needs to be put away."

"Why do you say that?"

"Why? Just live one day with him and soon you'll know why. He talks day and night out of his mind. All the time he's mumbling about freedom. For him in the whole world, there's not enough freedom. Can you imagine? Freedom to think, he complains he's got none, but freedom to sit like a king and make every minute pronouncements, let me tell you he has plenty. Also to eat eight times a day he manages to be free enough, but to do an hour's work, for this he wouldn't move his behind from the chair. All right, he means well, this I know, but what can you do with a man like this? He's a mental case. You'll have to send him away. Let him live in a hospital. It's the best thing."



I told the family that there was no reason medically to send Joshua to a state hospital, but they were adamant.

"No," said Mrs. Liebstine, "I'm finished. He's gotten to be a regular lunatic. My granddaughter's fiancé he nearly scared away with such insults on religion, I thought the poor girl will faint. Me he once already accused I'm taking into my bed a gigolo. Enough is enough. If you don't send him away, I'll get a lawyer."

I tried to explain about Joshua, to show them that his behavior was defensive, that it grew out of fear and loneliness, but it was no use, they demanded that he be hospitalized. Finally I told them that it was their right to petition through the court to have Joshua committed, but that as his doctor, I would oppose it.

THEY went through with it. The family obtained a lawyer, and a court hearing was scheduled for the following week. In the meantime, I had begun the disposition of the Rabbi's case. I explained to him that he would be sent to a state hospital. There was no other alternative. Then I tried to describe the advantages of such an institution, its spacious grounds, its opportunities for recreation, all the things I had been taught to say to patients who were to be committed.

During my speech, the Rabbi said nothing. He sat quietly, watching me, listening. When I had finished he only nodded and walked out of the office. That night, however, when I was making rounds, I heard him in his room talking to Joshua.

"What could I have done?" he said. "It's not the doctor's fault. I understand. The only thing is, I wish there was some other place for me. A place with people more my kind. I don't make friends so easily."

"You're a fool," said Joshua. "I always said it, and now I'll tell you plain. You live in left field, way out by the bleachers. For fifty years you study all kinds of rules and regulations how to get into Heaven, so in the end you end up in Hell."

"Perhaps I did wrong somewhere along the line."

"Did wrong? What did you do? You stole from the congregation? You slept with the cantor's wife? The trouble is you did nothing wrong. You couldn't even have that satisfaction. It's not you, Rabbi. It's the Society. For an old man like you, there's no place. It's plain and simple. You'll go live in a crazy house until you die, and you'll be alone, no matter how many



## FALL MORNING

THIS morning in the shadows there was frost  
 Long after sunny areas had lost  
 All trace of it. Later the warmth got through  
 Into the shadows and turned it to dew;  
 But Winter had made the point it wanted to.

—James L. Montague

patients are jammed together there. And don't worry yourself about God. In the state hospital they don't allow God in, except during visiting hours."

"I'll die soon anyway."

"That's been your attitude your whole life. Do nothing. Let them walk all over you. You've got rights. You've got to make them look out for you. Speak up. Fight the commitment. You can do it. It's the law. You've got a right to speak to the judge."

"You think maybe it will do good?"

"How do I know? The judges are crazier than the psychiatrists. But you've got to try. Tell the doctor you demand a hearing."

The next morning, the Rabbi spoke to me and requested a hearing. I notified the court and the Rabbi's case was placed on the agenda, to be heard on the same day as Joshua's.

It rained the day of the hearings, a steady downpour which let up only late in the afternoon when the court had adjourned. There were perhaps twenty people present, Joshua's relatives and their attorney comprising the largest segment in the small room. The remainder of the group was made up of employees of the court and a handful of doctors. Judge Hornlin, the presiding juror, was a veteran of the bench, who had conducted many commitment hearings. Privately the psychiatric residents had diagnosed him as a case of pathological narcissism. Untrained in psychiatry, he nevertheless fancied himself a psychiatrist, and he routinely conducted what he termed a psychiatric examination of any patient certified for commitment. On the basis of his findings, the judge had sent a good many severely ill schizophrenics home. At other times he had committed individuals who were only mildly disturbed, maintaining that his interview had revealed them to be psychotic and dangerous to the community.

While his decisions regularly frustrated and outraged me to the point of contemplated homicide, I was not unhappy this particular afternoon to see Judge Hornlin take his place on the bench, for I felt that his peculiar nature might favor Joshua's cause.

The Rabbi's case was heard first, and even for Judge Hornlin there could be no question about the decision. I presented the Rabbi's predicament and the judge, after interviewing him briefly, committed him.

"I'm sorry, Rabbi," said the judge. "I join you in wishing that other facilities were available for a case such as yours, but there is clearly no alternative. You are to go to a state hospital."

The Rabbi was led away, and Joshua's case called. Then, for the next hour, I fought with Joshua's family and their lawyer. I presented my report to the court, explaining that after psychiatric examination, I found no reason for commitment. The lawyer, an energetic man with horseshoe baldness and a shining scalp, countered with examples of Joshua's behavior at home, which, he claimed, provided clear evidence of a deranged mind, technicalities be damned. Joshua's relatives testified to the unbearable anguish his bizarre behavior had caused them. The granddaughter was brought in and she testified to the humiliation she had suffered as the result of Joshua's interference in her life. Her fiancé, the rabbinical student, pulled down his trousers to show a bruise inflicted by Joshua's foot. The attorney made much of the last history of mental illness, recounting in detail Joshua's paranoid behavior and thinking. Finally Judge Hornlin called Joshua before him to be examined.

"Mr. Liebstine, how do you feel?" asked the judge.

"Which part of me are you interested in?" said Joshua. "I'm a man of many parts. You heard it. I'm sometimes a ferocious tiger."

"But how do you feel now?"

"Wait. I'll find out. I get messages. True is true, you know, Judge. I hear the truth. It's the transmission of the senses."

"You hear something?"

"Don't you? I'm surprised. I thought you were a member of the club. All right. I'll translate. Today I feel up and down, in and out. That's the latest official report."

"I'm afraid I don't understand." Judge Hornlin looked perturbed.

"Up for commitment, down to Hades. In a prison, out of a prison. Sane or insane, which is which?"

The judge was staring at me. The attorney was smiling.

"Mr. Liebstone," said Judge Hornlin, "I'm having trouble following you."

"Why are you following me? Are you judge or jury, or Mr. Hoover?" Judge Hornlin shifted in his seat. Joshua's wife was smiling faintly. I sat in silence, mesmerized.

"Mr. Liebstone," said the judge, somewhat more sharply. "Your psychiatrist has stated that he believes you sane. Do you agree with him?"

"Sane in an insane land, or insane in a sane world. Choose sides. I'm a man without a home, without a country. Maybe you'll give me a passport?"

"Frankly, you seem quite disturbed to me, Mr. Liebstone. Do you realize where you are?"

"In the space age, the psychiatric age, the regressive age. Which stop do we get off at, Judge?"

"Mr. Liebstone," said Judge Hornlin, "were you thinking this way when you were previously hospitalized?"

"I'm thinking this way all my life. It's a disease I got young."

"I understand you had some disturbing ideas concerning your wife at one time. I'd like to know how you feel about her now."

"How is it you've got such a big interest in my wife? Are you the one who has been carrying on with her? I wouldn't doubt it. I suspected it already when you were so anxious to follow me. Mr. Judge gigolo, eh? Well, you picked a lemon."

Judge Hornlin turned to me. "I think we've heard enough, Doctor," he said. "I don't know what this man was like when you examined him, but it is clear that he is seriously disturbed at this time. He is to be committed to a state hospital."

"And Doctor," the judge added, "please be sure of your facts before you testify before me in the future."

THE next moment the courtroom was empty except for Joshua and the Rabbi and the aides assigned to guard them. Joshua's family had left quickly, talking excitedly with the lawyer. The judge had signed the papers and was gone. I was unable to move. What had happened before my eyes was simply impossible. I was certain of my ground. While I sat there, Joshua came over to me.

"Thanks for everything," he said. "On account of me, maybe they didn't think you were so smart this afternoon. I'm sorry. It's just that

I haven't quite finished converting that numskull of a Rabbi. You understand." I looked at him. He smiled. "For a psychiatrist, you're not half bad," he said. "Maybe some day you'll be boss of the whole hospital. It would make me glad."

The aides escorted Joshua and the Rabbi outside. The door of the courtroom opened and they walked out together. I could hear Joshua's voice in the hall.



"With a genius like you around, Rabbi," he said, "the lunatic asylum is in for a religious revival. Come on, Messiah, I've got you checkmated."

For a long while I remained in the empty room. I wanted to be by myself. I wanted to think things over from the beginning. But somehow, all alone there, I could think of nothing but my own blindness and stupidity. One question repeated itself over and over in my mind. How much more of life would I have to know before I could understand the needs of another human being? Finally, tired of trying to puzzle things out, I walked into the ward. Joshua and the Rabbi were at the chess table in the day room. For a long time I watched them from a distance. They sat in one corner of the room, leaning toward each other, playing and arguing hotly, oblivious of the rest of the world, sheltered behind the strong locked door that guarded their freedom.



# THE PAIN IN EVERYBODY'S BACK

Although the slipped disc is a new fashion,  
it actually is one of the oldest of  
human complaints—and perhaps the most  
frustrating for a doctor to handle.

**B**REATHES there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "My back is killing me." Doctors doubt it.

Low back pain is perhaps the most ubiquitous ailment of mankind. Whenever it is mentioned by a sufferer, it is in painful terms. Whenever it is pondered by a member of the medical profession, it is in frustrated terms. The first surgeon I approached on the subject said, "We might as well discuss the cosmos." A recent medical article referred to it as "that enigma of medicine." And a progress report on orthopedic surgery published a few years ago started out with the observation: "The mists of ignorance still shroud the back-pain problem. . . ."

Pain can, of course, smite any part of the back. However, the lower sectors are particularly vulnerable when measured in number of sufferers. For this reason (and because the woes of the neck, shoulders, and upper arms are another medical story) this report will be limited to the phenomenon known as low back pain.

It is, in fact, a major health problem which besets practically everyone in the course of a lifetime. Nor is it likely to wait until we are bowed with years. A venerable authority on the subject, Dr. Joseph Barr of Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard Medical School, regularly asks his second-year students whether they have spent a day or more in bed because of low back trouble. More than half of them invariably say yes. Doctors are not surprised by this result. Conversely, they tend to be highly

skeptical when a fifty- or sixty-year-old patient claims to have been free from low back pain through life. It's most improbable.

Crippling and distressing though it is, low back pain is seldom fatal; many are only part-time sufferers; infants and children escape it for the most part. In some instances it fills a need, by providing chronic complainers with a socially acceptable, hardy, and mysterious complaint.

"The diagnosis of 'back pain,'" says one surgeon, "is about as specific as 'fits' or 'fever.' Medicine is not in the dark about it—the public is. The public wants a definitive ailment. Often medicine can't give it to them. So they turn to chiropractors and the like. It is hard for the public to grasp how complex the back is."

This widespread bafflement is understandable, for the back is a masterfully engineered conglomerate of bone, nerve, ligament, and muscle. The backbone consists of twenty-four separate vertebrae, including from top to bottom the cervical, thoracic, and lumbar. These are connected to the sacrum which is joined to the coccyx (a vestigial tail). Each vertebra is made up of a solid piece of bone and a spinal arch through which the spinal cord is threaded, much like spun silk through a needle's eye. Each vertebra is separated from the next by a gelatinous disc. From the spinal cord two spinal nerves pass through the arch in each vertebra to serve as communicators between the brain and specific areas of the body. Muscles located on both sides and in front of the spine support the vertebrae when at rest or in motion.

This is a much simplified sketch of the elaborate architecture which holds man erect and makes physical action possible. When the structure is changed by either exterior or interior causes, man feels it. Just how this happens is

obscure, for almost any type of ill or injury can cause low back trouble. Sometimes it is a referred pain masking an ailment at a remote spot. It can be a symptom—to name but a few—of typhoid fever or a short leg; appendicitis or an abscessed tooth; syphilis or a gastric ulcer; tonsillitis or a deformed foot; kidney trouble or a tumor; a skeletal defect or encephalitis; a disturbed endocrine gland or reproductive organs displaced by pregnancy; an injury or bad posture; a ruptured disc or a figment of the imagination. One of the commonest causes is osteoarthritis, for which—like arthritis in general—very little can be done. The most popular cause today is known in medical circles as the posterior protrusion of an intervertebral disc. This is the phenomenon discussed at cocktail parties as a slipped, ruptured, herniated, or protruded disc.

Although “fashionable” at the moment, the slipped disc has plagued man from time immemorial. It is part of the price of evolution. Our ancestors were designed to swing from branch to branch and got around otherwise on all fours. We are still designed this way although we plant our two feet squarely on the ground and stand erect. The consequence is back pain, as well as flat feet and hip trouble. Monkeys, as far as we know, escape these ills but some animals are less fortunate. Low-slung dogs, such as the dachshund, Pekingese, and basset, are victims of poor engineering and overbreeding. Because they are too long for their height, stresses are improperly applied to their weak backs. So their discs slip too.

#### THOSE FRAGILE DISCS

**M**AN suffers not merely from being a misshapen biped but because of other habits. Most animals keep their muscles flexible, live shorter lives, and do not mistreat their backs as we do. Man, on the other hand, is either overprotected or overexercised, is living longer, and abuses his back at work, at play, at rest, and asleep. Animal ailments, of course, are not recorded. But within the last two decades man has statistically discovered the protruded disc as a major contributor to his low back troubles.

For example, out of two thousand persons admitted to the Mayo Clinic over a period of several years with low back ailments, one-half had either a disc protrusion or osteoarthritis. Other recent studies, both here and abroad, confirm the growing medical belief that changes of the lumbar discs together with osteoarthritis

are responsible for most low back and sciatic pain. Lumbago, which plagued our forebears, is seldom mentioned today. It meant literally “a pain in the back” and described rather than diagnosed a variety of aches.

The disc is made up of a circular, tough, fibrous, elastic mass known as the *annulus fibrosus* which houses a fiberless, jelly-like core known as the *nucleus pulposus*. This combination is an excellent shock absorber, cushioning the vertebrae, and preventing the brain from taking a terrible beating with each step. Without discs, it is said, walking would produce a sensation in the brain like cracking stones under water.

Mysteriously, the normal disc is relatively insensitive to pain—insertion of a hypodermic needle into the disc itself produces only mild twinges. But inserted into a ruptured disc, it brings on the full fury of sciatica. Medical researchers believe that when and if they fathom this sensitivity change they will be close to solving the riddle of back pain.

Disc rupture is a problem of aging, though heredity may also play a part. As you grow older, you are more likely to suffer a protrusion. Aging is a local phenomenon, proceeding at different rates in various parts of the anatomy. Since the lower back ages rapidly, the disc, instead of remaining a tough, elastic band, wears out. What happens when it ruptures is analogous to a tire blowout, with the tough, outer *annulus fibrosus* behaving like a well-worn tire, and the jelly-like, inner *nucleus pulposus* like a tube. The *nucleus pulposus* erupts or protrudes, ruptures, slips, or herniates through the weakened wall of the *annulus fibrosus*. Often this is a gradual process. However, it can be hastened by an injury or violent stress, such as lifting a heavy weight. For example, hoisting a 25- to 30-pound weight places about 1,200 to 1,500 pounds per square inch of pressure on the central part of the lumbar discs. Ironically, the stronger you are the more likely you are to suffer a rupture. Weight lifters and other athletes are prime candidates for back trouble, though not necessarily in the line of duty. For example, Rocky Marciano suffered a ruptured disc in 1949 but kept right on winning for the next six years. After his retirement in 1955, he picked up his small daughter one evening, felt a stabbing, violent pain in his back, and had to be rushed to the hospital.

A ruptured, bulging disc is in a position to endanger the two nerve roots near the spinal cord. Soft tissues around the disc often swell up and this inflammatory change irritates the



nerves. Less commonly the rupture itself presses directly on the nerves.

Most disc troubles are in the lumbar region—particularly the lowest two lumbar vertebrae known as L 4 and L 5. There are two reasons for this: this area is subject to the greatest shearing force by the body's movements, and the sciatic nerve roots are anchored here. Ruptured discs are now believed to be the cause of most sciatica, for which the sacroiliac joints were blamed till very recently. Now it is thought that sacroiliac back trouble so popular some years ago accounts for only a very small percentage of all sciatica cases.

Like hernias, most ruptured discs occur in the third and fourth decade of life. Surprisingly, although our discs degenerate rapidly in the fifties and sixties, the aged are little troubled by them. This is because the spine stabilizes after sixty; also the elderly, with dwindling strength, cannot do as much as the young to abuse their spines. But if you have ever thought grandmother was shrinking in size, it was not necessarily an illusion. The young, normal spine is shaped in a gentle S curve. A disease of the aged is osteoporosis, a combination of backbone softening and a hormone imbalance. The spines of osteoporosis sufferers collapse, making the S curve sharper and producing the shortening effect.

#### TO FUSE OR NOT TO FUSE

**T**O DIAGNOSE a disc protrusion, the doctor uses a complete history, physical examination, and X-rays. A more refined technique is myelography, a test made by injecting an opaque dye into the watery fluid surrounding the vertebrae so that a "bump" can be seen under the fluoroscope. Opinions about myelography are divided. Some doctors never use it on the grounds of needless expense and discomfort for the patient, possible complications, and doubtful results. Others who perform it routinely claim that, if properly monitored, it is harmless and valuable.

Precise diagnosis is particularly important in dealing with the spine which, unlike the abdomen, does not tolerate repeated surgery too well. This is why exploratory operations are seldom justified and conservative treatment is usually given a reasonable trial. This means observation during several weeks in bed (preferably in a hospital where the patient can be kept at rest), heat therapy, traction, pain-relieving drugs, and possibly a back support. Often such

mild measures suffice and about half the patients who are helped by conservative treatment are permanently free of pain. The rest, however, suffer recurring attacks. They may lose a week or so of work every year but manage to adjust to their disc trouble as a way of life.

About a third of all disc patients can be helped by surgery alone. (In contrast only about 5 per cent of all back pains, including ruptured discs, are regarded as operable.) However, there is no single clear-cut indication for surgery.

"There are no substitutes for a painstaking diagnostic work-up," say a group of Boston orthopedic specialists. "Every clue to the multitudinous possible causes must be explored. Then there must be a period of observation and conservative treatment as a prelude to surgery if this becomes necessary."

Among the more cogent reasons for operating are: clear and present danger of nerve damage; need of the patient to return to and keep working; failure to respond to conservative treatment and repeated severe attacks of disabling pain. In any event it is a complex decision. At a number of hospitals it is made by a group of specialists including an orthopedic surgeon, a neurosurgeon, and a radiologist, who work together as a low back team. On one such team at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, each of the three members may veto surgery for any case.

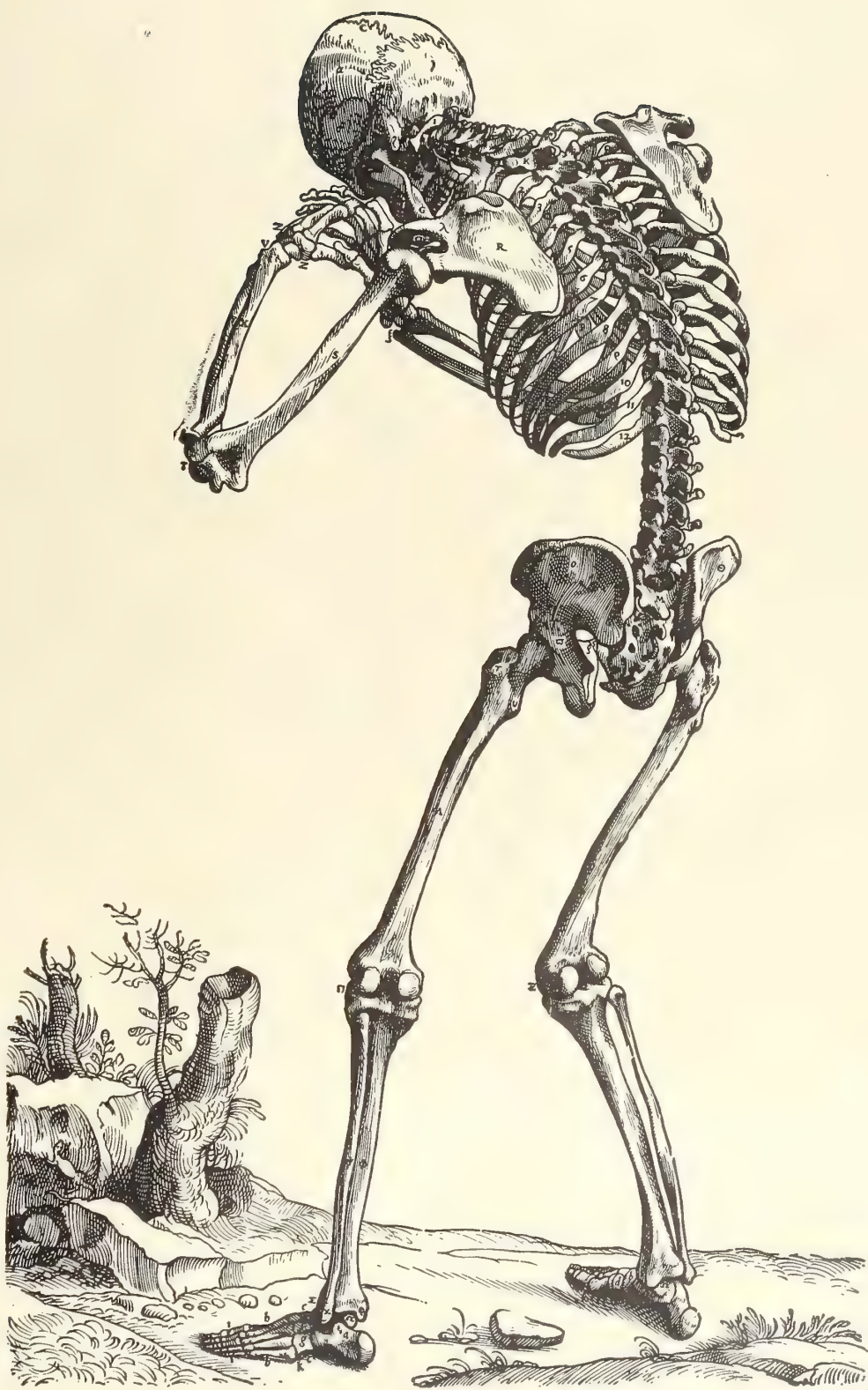
Although orthopedic surgeons can and do operate on ruptured discs, it is done more often by neurosurgeons because nerves are directly involved. The discs usually operated on are several inches below the base of the spinal cord, a fact that is often reassuring to patients. Once surgery has been agreed on, a second decision must be made: should it be just a routine disc operation or is fusion necessary? The former

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*The picture opposite shows "The bones of the human body presented from the posterior aspect." From De Humani Corporis Fabrica (Basel, 1543), the masterpiece of the great physician.*

#### ANDREAS VESALIUS OF BRUSSELS

In preparing his first articulated skeleton Vesalius used the bones of a criminal which he found, picked almost clean by the birds, on the gallows outside the walls of Louvain.





consists in removing the extruded fragment and most of the disc. In many cases scar tissue effectively replaces the disc afterward. In a fusion operation, after the disc material is removed, bone chips taken from the patient's hip are placed between the spinous processes (the bumps you feel if you rub your hand along a back) and facets (the little joints between the vertebrae) to fuse the vertebrae into solid bone. (In rare instances the vertebrae themselves are fused.)

Fusion is a controversial procedure about which orthopedic surgeons differ. One neurosurgeon told me, "I never fuse, but if you interviewed low back men across the country you would find that just about every other one does. It's a fifty-fifty split of opinion."

One of the protagonists is Dr. Barr, the dean of disc surgery in the United States. In my interview with this spry and kindly orthopedic surgeon, he told me, "If you don't do a fusion, over 50 per cent of the patients will have some backache. If you do fuse, around 90 per cent or so will have none. An added advantage is that fusion requires only one operation. Without it, you may have to subject the patient to major surgery a second time."

Dr. Barr and the late Dr. William Jason Mixter of Boston were the first to report fusion operations for a ruptured disc although fusion operations had been performed on the back and other bones before they applied it to disc surgery. On September 30, 1933, they explained: "Though we have done it in only two cases, we believe that it may be advisable to slip bone chips in between the stumps of the laminae before closing the wound, in order to facilitate fusion."

Since then, thousands of patients have had the combined operation. Follow-up surveys indicate that they have fared a little better than those who have undergone disc excision alone. At the Dickson-Diveley Clinic of St. Luke's Hospital in Kansas City, for example, a team of doctors reported: "The percentage of good results following disc surgery and fusion was 10 per cent better than those in whom disc removal alone was done . . . however, notwithstanding the more favorable results obtained in patients on whom the combined operation was done, we believe fusion should not be done unless definite faulty spinal architecture and an unstable back can be shown."

There are a number of reasons for being chary of fusion—it is a longer procedure than the disc operation, with a slower convalescence and additional risks. There is, for instance, the pos-

sibility that the elimination of one joint will put an undue workload on another which may eventually make a second fusion necessary. Although fusion is currently believed necessary in about 25 per cent of the discs that come to surgery, the question of whether or not to fuse will be resolved in the next ten years. Surgeons say that enough cases and follow-up studies are being made so that fusion's value will be statistically decided.

A different approach to the relief of sciatic pain which is not helped by surgery has recently been tried by two University of California Medical School doctors in San Francisco. They have revived a once widely practiced method of stretching the sciatic nerve and have reported success.

#### HEADS VS. BACKS

AS YET no one has found an effective way to cope with two stubborn enemies of the human back—emotional problems and bad health habits (the two often being inter-related). These non-physiological factors have long been recognized. "I believe that much of a man's character will be found betokened in his backbone," wrote Melville in *Moby Dick*. "I would rather feel your spine than your skull, whoever you are."

A unique opportunity, figuratively, to do both was presented to medical researchers during World War II. A study of British tank drivers at a training school provided precise data on how much physical punishment the back can take. Twenty per cent of the drivers regularly developed "tank backs" after driving at high speeds over rough terrain. All of them had typical protruded discs.

In contrast to this neatly somatic finding was the high rate of psychogenic back pains elsewhere. One British researcher did an intensive study of twenty-five aching soldiers who blamed their troubles on exercise, fatigue, and their heavy equipment. Yet when they were relieved of these duties and burdens, they failed to improve. On the contrary, they complained even more and found new reasons wherever they were—rain, fog, and damp in England; sun, dust, and heat in Italy.

Psychogenic pains are not "imaginary" to the patient. His back "really" hurts and resists cure. Stubborn cases of this kind are common when the afflicted individual is engaged in a liability suit or is in a position to collect workmen's compensation or some other kind of

insurance. A team of therapists at Baylor University Hospital in Dallas has found that neurosis definitely slowed the recovery of compensation cases in comparison with the uninsured. These researchers believe that for some patients their back trouble was a way of "getting even" with the employer. Cash settlements often helped to cure them, but if the settlement was made too fast, the patient suspected the insurance company of trying to put something over and tended to cling to his symptoms. Women with compensable back injuries were the most difficult to treat. Apparently they resented the need to work and lacked a motive for returning to the job. They were characterized as "not good candidates for psychotherapy."

A Boston research team which made a psychiatric evaluation of thirty-six patients suffering from low back pain showed that several striking characteristics appeared repeatedly in a number of the patients. These were: a vague history of the illness; an expression of open or veiled resentment toward the doctors and hospital staff; dramatic descriptions of the symptoms; difficulty in describing the site and extent of the pain; failure of usual forms of treatment to bring relief; and accompanying neurotic symptoms.

One conclusion of this study was that if four or more of these characteristics are present in a patient, it is good evidence that psychological factors are complicating the illness. An example of the second characteristic—resentment toward the treaters by the treated—appears in the following patient interview:

I told you, they gave me steam baths—a little steam bath. Then they gave me—they put me in traction which I think was the worst thing they could have done to me. . . . Well, that set me back the whole way. Yes sir—here's this leg that I can't touch, and they are pulling it from the hip yet. I'm all tightened and they put a ten-pound weight on it. I kept telling the doctor to take it off. . . . Dr. C is a terrific doctor, but I would say that hospital over there has got a lot to learn. They don't know how to take care of patients over there. The only thing I could say about over there is they told me I was the worst patient they ever had—that I messed up all their beds on purpose so the nurses would get mad at me. . . . that upset me, but when I was going home, I guess they wanted to smooth it over and they said, "You were the next to the worst patient," and I said, "Now you won't even give me credit for being the worst patient."

Typical of the neurotic's tendency to dramatize his symptoms was the following answer to

a doctor's question, "What was the pain like?":

What was it like? I couldn't explain that pain, doctor, because when I get it I just don't remember nothing. I just go out of my mind. I don't know who is in front of me. All I know, the next thing I am stark naked, running around the house, putting water in the bathtub, grabbing a bottle of alcohol, throwing it around and over me—I do the damndest things you ever heard of. You'd think a man was out of his mind.

This kind of patient is unlikely to respond to any treatment yet devised.

Poor prospects for cure also are backs that hurt because the patients are too soft and too fat. They can be temporarily helped by putting them in stiff corsets from the shoulders to the buttocks and providing them with firm beds. But this creates a secondary problem: how to pry off the store-bought corset and get the patient to develop do-it-yourself muscles. For, alas, the soft and fat are often also lazy. They do not lose weight, despite stern medical orders, and do not do the exercises the doctor prescribes (which differ according to the type of ailment and the patient's age and build). Embarrassed by their own failures they tend to haul their aching backs from one doctor to another, ignoring each one's instructions in turn.

To a degree, of course, we are all guilty of abusing our backs. We tend to use them as cranes rather than elevators (we should bend our knees and squat when lifting heavy objects) and we have been taught very little about how to sit and exercise with due respect for our spinal architecture.

Yet, in the area of prevention, this is our best present hope. Avoidable accidents and defective posture account for an estimated 500,000 damaged American backs annually. The cost in lost time and medical care is believed to exceed \$300 million a year.

Many of these troubles could have been avoided and a large proportion can be helped or cured by medical or surgical treatment. The late Dr. Robert Osgood, one of the great orthopedic surgeons of our time, used to say that back sufferers were his most gratifying patients because no other group improved so much when they followed instructions.

As to those whose troubles are psychosomatic rather than physical, the doctors wearily shake their heads. Although there is little they can do about it, at our present stage of knowledge, they admit that when a man says his back hurts no one in the world can say it doesn't.



ELIZABETH HARDWICK

# BOSTON: THE LOST IDEAL

The legend of high-proof culture and high-minded gentility still lingers—but in fact the pathetic old city is now feeding on its own smugness, snobbery, and wilted traditions and finding the diet pretty thin.

WITH Boston and its mysteriously enduring reputation, "the reverberation is longer than the thunderclap," as Emerson observed about the tenacious fame of certain artists. Boston—wrinkled, spindly-legged, depleted of nearly all her spiritual and cutaneous oils, provincial, self-esteeming—has gone on spending and spending her inflated bills of pure reputation, decade after decade. Now, one supposes it is all over at last. The old jokes embarrass, the anecdotes are so many thrice-squeezed lemons, and no new fruit hangs on the boughs.

All the American regions are breaking up, ground down to a standard American corn meal. And why not Boston, which would have been the most difficult to maintain? There has never been anything quite like Boston as a creation of the American imagination, or perhaps one should say as a creation of the American scene. Some of the legend was once real, surely. Our utilitarian, fluid landscape has produced a handful of regional conceptions, popular images, brief and naked: the conservative Vermonter, the boastful Texan, the honeyed Southerner. "Graciousness is ours," brays a coarsened South; and the sheiks of Texas cruise around their desert.

The Boston image is more complex. The city is felt to have, in the end, a pure and special nature, absurd no doubt but somehow valuable. An author can hardly fail to turn a penny or two on this magical subject. Everyone will consent to be informed on it, to be slyly entertained by it. The image lends itself to exaggerations, to dreams of social and ethnic purity, to notions of grand old families still existing as grand old families are supposed to exist. *Actual* Boston, the living city, is governed largely by people of Irish descent and more and more, recently, by men of Italian descent. Not long ago, the old Yankee, Senator Saltonstall, remarked wistfully that there were still a good many Anglo-Saxons in Massachusetts, his own family among them. Extinction is foreshadowed in the defense.

Plainness and pretension restlessly feud and combining; wealth and respectability and firmness of character ending in the production of a number of diverting individual tics or, at the best, instances of high culture. Something of that sort is the legendary Boston soul or so one supposes without full confidence because the old citizens of Boston vehemently hold to the notion that the city and their character are ineffable, unknowable. When asked for an opinion on the admirable novel, *Boston Adventure*, or even the light social history, *The Proper Bostonians*, the answer invariably comes, "Not Boston." The descriptive intelligence, the speculative mind, the fresh or even the merely open eye are felt to discover nothing but errors here, be they errors of praise or censure. Still, wrong-headedness flourishes, the subject fascinates, and the Athenaeum's list of written productions on this topic is nearly endless.

The best book on Boston is Henry James's novel, *The Bostonians*. By the bald and bold use of the place name, the unity of situation and person is dramatized. But poor James, of course, was roundly and importantly informed by everyone, including his brother William, that this too was "not Boston," and, stricken, he pushed aside a superb creation, and left the impregnable, unfathomable Boston to its mysteries. James's attitude toward the city's intellectual consequence and social charm is one of absolute impiety. A view of the Charles River reveals, "... an horizon indented at empty intervals with wooden spires, the masts of lonely boats, the chimneys of dirty 'works,' over a brackish expanse of anomalous character, which is too big for a river and too small for a bay." A certain house has "a peculiar look of being both new and faded—a

kind of modern fatigue—like certain articles of commerce which are sold at a reduction as shop-worn.” However, there is little natural landscape in James’s novel. The picture is, rather, of the psychological Boston of the 1870s, a confused scene, slightly mad with neurotic repressions, provincialism, and earnestness without intellectual seriousness.

James’s view of Boston is not the usual one, although his irony and dissatisfaction are shared by Henry Adams, who says that “a simpler manner of life and thought could hardly exist, short of cave-dwelling,” and by Santayana who spoke of Boston as a “moral and intellectual nursery, always busy applying first principles to trifles.” The great majority of the writings on Boston are in another spirit altogether—frankly unctuous, for the town has always attracted men of quiet and timid and tasteful opinion, men interested in old families and things, in the charms of times recently past, collectors of anecdotes about those Boston worthies hardly anyone can still clearly identify, men who spoke and preached and whose style and fame deteriorated quickly. Rufus Choate, Dr. Channing, Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, and Theodore Parker: names that remain in one’s mind, without producing an image or a fact, as the marks are left on the wall after the picture has been removed. William Dean Howells held a more usual view than Henry James or Adams or Santayana. Indeed Howells’s original enthusiasm for garden and edifice, person and setting, is more than a little *exalté*. The first sight of the Chapel at Mount Auburn Cemetery moved him more than the “Acropolis, Westminster Abbey, and Santa Croce in one.” The massive, gray stones of “the Public Library and the Athenaeum are hardly eclipsed by the Vatican and the Pitti.” And so on.

The importance of Boston was intellectual and as its intellectual donations to the country have diminished, so it has declined from its lofty symbolic meaning, to become a more lowly image, a sort of farce of conservative exclusiveness and snobbish humor. Marquand’s George Apley is a figure of the decline—fussy, sentimental, farcically mannered, archaic. He cannot be imagined as an Abolitionist, an author, a speaker; he is merely a “character,” a very idiosyncratic and simple-minded one. The old Boston had something of the spirit of Bloomsbury: clannish, worldly, and intellectually serious. About the historian, Prescott, Van Wyck Brooks could say, “. . . for at least ten years, Prescott had been hard at work, harder, perhaps, than any Boston merchant.”

History, indeed, with its long, leisurely, gentle-

manly labors, the books arriving by post, the cards to be kept and filed, the sections to be copied, the documents to be checked, is the ideal pursuit for the New England mind. All the Adamases spent a good deal of their lives on one kind of history or another. The eccentricity, studiousness, and study-window slow pace of life of the historical gentleman lay everywhere about the Boston scene. For money, society, fashion, extravagance, one went to New York. But now, the descendants of the old, intellectual aristocracy live in the respectable suburbs and lead the healthy, restless, outdoor life that atrophies the sedentary nerves of culture. The blue-stocking, the eccentric, the intransigent bring a blush of uncertainty and embarrassment to the healthy young couple’s cheek.

#### BOSTON OR NEW YORK?

**B**OSTON today can still provide a fairly stimulating atmosphere for the banker, the broker, for doctors and lawyers. “Open end” investments prosper, the fish come in at the dock, the wool market continues, and workers are employed in the shoe factories in the nearby towns. For the engineer, the physicist, the industrial designer, for all the highly trained specialists of the electronic age, Boston and its area are of seemingly unlimited promise. Sleek, well-designed factories and research centers pop up everywhere; the companies plead, in the Sunday papers, for more chemists, more engineers, and humbly relate the executive benefits of salary and pension and advancement they are prepared to offer.

But otherwise, for the artist, the architect, the composer, the writer, the philosopher, the historian, for those humane pursuits for which the town was once noted and even for the delights of entertainment, for dancing, acting, cooking, Boston is a bewildering place. There is, first of all, the question of Boston or New York. (The question is not new; indeed it was answered in the last decades of the last century in favor of New York as the cultural center of America.) It is, in our day, only a private and personal question: where or which of the two Eastern cities should one try to live and work in? It is a one-sided problem. For the New Yorker, San Francisco or Florida, perhaps—Boston, never. In Boston, New York tantalizes; one of the advantages of Boston is said, wistfully, to be its nearness to New York. It is a bad sign when a man, who has come to Boston or Cambridge, Massachusetts, from another place begins to show an undivided acceptance of his new town. Smugness is the great



vice of the two places. Between puffy self-satisfaction and the fatiguing wonder if one wouldn't be happier, more productive, more appreciated in New York a thoughtful man makes his choice.

Boston is not a small New York, as they say a child is not a small adult but is, rather, a specially organized small creature with its small-creature's temperature, balance, and distribution of fat. In Boston there is an utter absence of that wild, electric beauty of New York, of the marvelous, excited rush of people in taxicabs at twilight, of the great Avenues and Streets, the restaurants, theatres, bars, hotels, delicatessens, shops. In Boston the night comes down with an incredibly heavy, small-town finality. The cows come home; the chickens go to roost; the meadow is dark. Nearly every Bostonian is in his own house or in someone else's house, dining at the home board, enjoying domestic and social privacy. The "nice, little dinner party"—for this the Bostonian would sell his soul. In the evenings, the old "accommodators" dart about the city, carrying their black uniforms and white aprons in a paper bag. They are on call to go, anywhere, to cook and serve dinners. Many of these women are former cooks and maids, now living on Social Security retirement pensions, supplemented by the fees for these evening "accommodations" to the community. Their style and the bland respectability of their cuisine keep up the social tone of the town. They are like those old slaves who stuck to their places and, even in the greatest deprivation, graciously went on toting things to the Massa.

There is a curious flimsiness and indifference in the commercial life of Boston. The restaurants are, charitably, to be called mediocre; the famous sea food is only palatable when raw. Otherwise it usually has to endure the deep-fry method that makes everything taste like those breaded pork chops of the Middle West, which in turn taste like the fried sole of Boston. Here, French restaurants quickly become tea-roomy, as if some sort of rapid naturalization had taken place. There is not a single attractive eating place on the water front. An old downtown restaurant of considerable celebrity, Locke-Ober's, has been expanded, let out, and "costumed" by one of the American restaurant decorators whose productions have a ready-made look, as if the designs had been chosen from a catalogue. But for the purest eccentricity, there is the "famous" restaurant, Durgin-Park, which is run like a boarding house in a mining town. And so it goes.

Downtown Boston at night is a dreary jungle of honky-tonks for sailors, dreary department-

store windows, Loew's movie houses, hillbilly bands, strippers, parking lots, undistinguished new buildings. Midtown Boston—small, expensive shops, the inevitable Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein "salons," Brooks Brothers—is deserted at night, except for people going in and out of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, the only public place in Boston that could be called "smart." The merchandise in the Newbury Street shops is designed in a high fashion, elaborate, furred and sequined, but it is never seen anywhere. Perhaps it is for out-of-town use, like a traveling man's mistress.

Just as there is no smart life, so there is no Soho, no Greenwich Village. Recently a man was murdered in a parking lot in the Chinatown area. His address was given as the South End, a lower-class section, and he was said to be a free-spender, making enough money as a summer bartender on Cape Cod to lead a free-wheeling life the rest of the year. One paper referred to the unfortunate man as a "member of the Beacon Hill Bohemia set." This designation is of considerable interest because there is no "Bohemia" in Boston, neither upper nor lower; the detergent of bourgeois Boston cleans everything, effortlessly, completely. If there *were* a Bohemia, its members would indeed live on Beacon Hill, the most beautiful part of Boston and, like the older parts of most cities, fundamentally classless, providing space for the rich in the noble mansions and for the people with little money in the run-down alleys. For both of these groups the walled gardens of Beacon Hill, the mews, the coach houses, the river views, the cobble-stone streets are a necessity and the yellow-brick, sensible structures of the Fenway—a plausible but unpoetical residential section near the Art Museum—are poison. Espresso bars have sprung up, or rather dug down in basements, but no summer of wild Bohemia is ushered into town. This reluctance is due to the Boston legend and its endurance as a lost ideal, a romantic quest.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL REMAINS

SOMETHING transcendental is always expected in Boston. There is, one imagines, behind the drapery on Mount Vernon Street a person of democratic curiosity and originality of expression, someone alas—and this is the tiresome Boston note—*well-born*. It is likely to be, even in imagination, a she, since women now and not the men provide the links with the old traditions. Of her, then, one expects a certain unprofessionalism, but it is not expected that she will be

superficial; she is profoundly conventional in manner of life but capable of radical insights. To live in Boston means to seek some connection with this famous local excellence, the regional type and special creation of the city. An angry disappointment attends the romantic soul bent upon this quest. When the archaeological diggings do turn up an authentic specimen it will be someone old, nearly gone, "whom you should have known when she was young"—and still could hear.

The younger Bostonians seem in revolt against the old excellence, with its indulgent, unfettered development of the self. Revolt, however, is too active a word for a passive failure to perpetuate the ideal high-mindedness and intellectual effort. With the fashionable young women of Boston, one might just as well be on Long Island. Only in the nervous, shy, earnest women is there a lingering hint of the peculiar local development. Terrible *faux pas* are constantly being made by this reasonable, honorable person, followed by blushes and more false steps and explanations and the final blinking, retreating blush.

Among the men, the equivalent of the blushing, blurring, sensitive, and often "fine" woman, is a person who exists everywhere perhaps but nowhere else with such elaboration of type, such purity of example. This is the well-born failure, the amateur not by choice but from some fatal reticence of temperament. They are often descendants of intellectual Boston, odd-ball grandsons, charming and sensitive, puzzlingly complicated, living on a "small income." These unhappy men carry on their conscience the weight of unpublished novels, half-finished paintings, impossible historical projects, old-fashioned poems, unproduced plays. Their inevitable "small income" is a sort of dynastic flaw, like hemophilia. Much money seems often to impose obligations of energetic management; from great fortunes the living cells receive the hints of the possibilities of genuine power, enough to make some enormously rich Americans endure the humiliations and fatigues of political office. Only the most decadent and spoiled think of living in idleness on millions; but this notion does occur to the man afflicted with ten thousand a year. He will commit himself with a dreamy courage to whatever traces of talent he may have and live to see himself punished by the New England conscience which demands accomplishments, duties performed, responsibilities noted, and energies sensibly used. The dying will accuses and the result is a queer kind of Boston incoherence. It is literally impossible much of the time to tell what some of the

most attractive men in Boston are talking about. Half-uttered witticisms, grave and fascinating obfuscations, points incredibly qualified, hesitations infinitely refined—one staggers about, charmed and confused, by the twilight.

But this person, with his longings, connects with the old possibilities and, in spite of his practical failure, keeps alive the memory of the best days. He may have a brother who has retained the mercantile robustness of nature and easy capacity for action and yet has lost all belief in anything except money and class, who may practice private charities, but entertain profoundly trivial national and world views. A Roosevelt, Harriman, or Stevenson is impossible to imagine as a member of the Boston aristocracy; in Boston the vein of self-satisfaction and conservatism cuts too deeply.

#### ARROGANCE AND DAZZLE

HARVARD (across the river in Cambridge) and Boston are two ends of one mustache. Harvard is now so large and international it has altogether avoided the whimsical stagnation of Boston. But the two places need each other, as we knowingly say of a mismatched couple. Without the faculty, the visitors, the events that Harvard brings to the life here, Boston would be intolerable to anyone except genealogists, antique dealers, and those who find repletion in a closed local society. Unfortunately, Harvard, like Boston, has "tradition" and in America this always carries with it the risk of a special staleness of attitude, and of pride, incredibly and comically swollen like the traits of hypocrisy, selfishness, or lust in the old dramas. At Harvard some of the vices of "society" exist, of Boston society that is—arrogance and the blinding dazzle of being, *being at Harvard*.

The moral and social temptations of Harvard's unique position in American academic life are great and the pathos is seen in those young faculty members who are presently at Harvard but whose appointments are not permanent and so they may be thrown down, banished from the beatific condition. The young teacher in this position lives in a dazed state of love and hatred, pride and fear; their faces have a look of desperate yearning, for they would rather serve in heaven than reign in hell. For those who are not banished, for the American at least, since the many distinguished foreigners at Harvard need not endure these piercing and fascinating complications, something of Boston seems to seep into their characters. They may come from any-



where in America and yet to be at Harvard unites them with the transcendental, legendary Boston, with New England in flower. They begin to revere the old worthies, the houses, the paths trod by so many before, and they feel a throb of romantic sympathy for the directly-gazing portraits on the walls, for the old graves and old names in the Mount Auburn Cemetery. All of this has charm and may even have a degree of social and intellectual value—and then again it may not. Devious parochialisms, irrelevant snobberies, a bemused exaggeration of one's own productions, pimple the soul of a man upholding tradition in a forest of relaxation, such as most of America is thought to be. Henry James's observation in his book on Hawthorne bears on this:

. . . it is only in a country where newness and change and brevity of tenure are the common substance of life, that the fact of one's ancestors having lived for a hundred and seventy years in a single spot would become an element of one's morality. It is only an imaginative American that would feel urged to keep reverting to this circumstance, to keep analyzing and cunningly considering it.

#### ATTEMPTS TO SPRUCE UP

**I**F THE old things of Boston are too heavy and plushy, the new either hasn't been born or is appallingly shabby and poor. As early as Thanksgiving, Christmas decorations unequaled for cheap ugliness go up in the Public Garden and on the Boston Common. Year after year, the city fathers bring out crèches and camels and Mother and Child so badly made and of such tasteless colors they verge on blasphemy, or would seem to do so if it were not for the equally dismal, although secular, little men blowing horns and the canes of peppermint hanging on the lamps. The shock of the first sight is the most interesting; later the critical senses are stilled as year after year the same bits are brought forth and gradually one realizes that the whole thing is a permanent exhibition.

Recently the dying downtown shopping section of Boston was to be graced with flowers, an idea perhaps in imitation of the charming potted geraniums and tulips along Fifth Avenue in New York. Commercial Boston produced a really amazing display: old, gray square bins, in which were stuck a few bits of yellowing, dying evergreen. It had the look of exhausted greenery thrown out in the garbage and soon the dustbins were full of other bits of junk and discard—people had not realized or recognized the decora-

tive hope and saw only the rubbishy result.

The municipal, civic backwardness of Boston does not seem to bother its more fortunate residents. For them and for the observer, Boston's beauty is serene and private, an enclosed, intense personal life, rich with domestic variation, interesting stuffs and things, showing the hearthside vitality of a Dutch genre painting. Of an evening the spirits quicken, not to public entertainment, but instead to the sights behind the draperies, the glimpses of drawing-rooms on Louisburg Square, paneled walls, and French chandeliers on Commonwealth Avenue, bookshelves and flower-filled bays on Beacon Street. Boston is a winter city. Every apartment has a fireplace. In the town houses, old persons climb steps without complaint, four or five floors of them, cope with the maintenance of roof and gutter, and survive the impractical kitchen and resign themselves to the useless parlors. This is life: the house, the dinner party, the charming gardens, one's high ceilings, fine windows, lacy grillings, magnolia trees, inside shutters, glassed-in studios on the top of what were once stables, outlook on the "river side." Setting is serious.

When it is not serious, when a splendid old private house passes into less dedicated hands, an almost exuberant swiftness of deterioration can be noticed. A rooming house, although privately owned, is no longer in the purest sense a private house and soon it partakes of some of the feckless, ugly municipal neglect. The contrasts are startling. One of two houses of almost identical exterior design will have shining windows, a bright brass door-knocker, and its twin will show a "Rooms" sign peering out of dingy glass, curtained by those lengths of flowered plastic used in the shower bath. Garbage lies about in the alleys behind the rooming houses, discarded furniture blocks old garden gateways. The vulnerability of Boston's way of life, the meanness of most things that fall outside the needs of the upper classes are shown with a bleak and terrible fullness in the rooming houses on Beacon Street. And even some of the best houses show a spirit of mere "maintenance," which, while useful for the individual with money, leads to civic dullness, architectural torpor, and stagnation. In the Back Bay area, a voluntary, casual association of property owners exists for the purpose of trying to keep the alleys clean, the streets lighted beyond their present medieval darkness, and to pursue other worthy items of neighborhood value. And yet this same group will "protest" against the attractive Café Florian on Newbury

Street (smell of coffee too strong!) and against the brilliantly exciting Boston Arts Festival held in the beautiful Public Garden for two weeks in June. The idea that Boston might be a vivacious, convenient place to live in is not uppermost in most residents' thoughts. Trying to buy groceries in the best sections of the Back Bay region is an interesting study in commercial apathy.

#### SECRET APPEAL

A GREAT many of the young Bostonians leave town, often taking off with a sullen demand for a freer, more energetic air. And yet many of them return later, if not to the city itself, to the beautiful sea towns and old villages around it. For the city itself, who will live in it after the present human landmarks are gone? No doubt, some of the young people there at the moment will persevere, and as a reward for their fidelity and endurance will themselves later become monuments, old types interesting to students of what our colleges call American Civilization. Boston is defective, out-of-date, vain, and lazy, but if you're not in a hurry it has a deep, secret appeal. Or, more accurately, those who like it may make of its appeal a secret. The weight of the Boston legend, the tedium of its largely fraudulent posture of traditionalism, the disillusionment of the Boston present as a cultural force, make quick minds hesitate to embrace a region so deeply compromised. They are on their guard against falling for it, but meanwhile

they can enjoy its very defects, its backwardness, its slowness, its position as one of the large, possible cities on the Eastern seacoast, its private, residential charm. They speak of going to New York and yet another season finds them holding back, positively enjoying the Boston life. . . .

. . . Outside it is winter, dark. The curtains are drawn, the wood is on the fire, the table has been checked, and in the stillness one waits for the guests who come stamping in out of the snow. There are lectures in Cambridge, excellent concerts in Symphony Hall, bad plays being tried out for the hungry sheep of Boston before going to the hungry sheep of New York. Arnold Toynbee or T. S. Eliot or Robert Frost or Robert Oppenheimer or Barbara Ward is in town again. The cars are double-parked so thickly along the narrow streets that a moving vehicle can scarcely maneuver; the pedestrians stumble over the cobblestones; in the back alleys a cat cries and the rats, enormously fat, run in front of the car lights creeping into the parking spots. Inside it is cozy, Victorian, and gossipy. Someone else has *not* been kept on at Harvard. The old Irish "accommodator" puffs up stairs she had never seen before a few hours previously and announces that dinner is ready. A Swedish journalist is just getting off the train at the Back Bay Station. He has been exhausted by cocktails, reality, life, taxis, telephones, bad connections in New York and Chicago, pulverized by "a good time." Sighing, he alights, seeking old Boston, a culture that hasn't been alive for a long time . . . and rest.

#### FOR CLARICE by Gwendolyn Brooks

FOR Clarice It Is Terrible Because With This He Takes Away  
All the Popular Songs and the Moonlights and Still Night Hushes  
And the Movies With Star-eyed Girls and Simpering Males

They were going to have so much fun in the summer.  
But winter has come to the edges of his regard.  
Not the lace-ice, but the bleak, the bleak steep sorrow.  
Not the shy snow, not the impermanent icicles but the hard  
The cruel pack and snarl of the unloved cold.

There is nowhere for her to go.  
There is no tenderness on whom she may frankly cry.  
There is no way to unlatch her face  
And show the poor shudder  
Of this hurt hour  
And the desert death of tomorrow.



DAVID BOROFF

# California's Five-college Experiment

A boldly original effort to meet the rocketing demands for higher education—not by swelling the old universities to elephantine size, but by multiplying the high-quality small schools.

**T**O SOME people, Southern California is a neon world of hamburger stands, screw-ball religious sects, used-car lots, and starlets. But tucked away amid the strident tastelessness are tidy little communities more reminiscent of New England than of Southern California. Claremont, thirty-five miles east of Los Angeles, is such a town. Snuggled against the magnificent San Gabriel Mountains, it used to be all sagebrush and rattlesnakes and orange groves. The only concession it makes to the region is the restrained Spanish architecture of its pastel houses sparkling in the sunlight.

California—dizzy with growth and the home of the fresh start—has begotten in Claremont a plan to meet the burgeoning needs of higher education. Its answer is the Associated Colleges at Claremont, a federation of independent colleges grouping together for common advantages. Typically Californian in its confident facing-up to future growth, Claremont is far from worshipping size for its own sake. It is wedded to a New England ideal of quality—to be attained through small schools—and its work ethos is as unsparing as that of Amherst or Harvard.

The Associated Colleges now number five, and

acreage has been earmarked for additional schools. Dr. Robert J. Bernard, who told me the story of the founding of these colleges, a rugged man in his sixties, was named president of Claremont College last July after serving the colleges in various roles since 1925. With a visionary gleam in his eyes and the indomitable energy of a wagon-train leader, Dr. Bernard talks with a robust optimism refreshing in a time of almost universal whimpering in education circles.

"No period in American history has a monopoly on founding," he said vigorously as he pointed out to me acres of sagebrush where new schools will rise. "It's been the thrill of my life to see the birth of new colleges. There is nothing to be undone here; we start from scratch." He recalled that President Lowell of Harvard had said to Dr. James A. Blaisdell, the founder of the Associated Colleges idea: "We can't do it, but you can in California." And in Claremont, with its lush gardens, its broad, calm streets, and the benign sunshine washing over everything, the Earthly Paradise shimmers around the next turn of Highway 66, where only twenty years ago, Okies, sullen with want, went silently past in battered cars.

The Group Plan at Claremont is an arrangement in which a number of colleges share a common campus and certain common facilities—auditorium, library, and health center—and yet maintain their own autonomy. The rationale is that the colleges can remain small and preserve their own peculiar genius. At the same time, the advantages of a university are there at least in germ: the faculties and students can stimulate each other if they like, students can take courses at other schools, and the colleges can do things together they could not do alone, *e.g.*, graduate courses, concert series, etc. (In effect, through their house plans, Harvard and Yale follow this pattern.)

The complex administrative structure has attracted wide interest among professionals; a local joke has it that any student who can explain the *modus operandi* of the Associated Colleges automatically gets a degree. The federation idea smacks of that hopeful American tendency to make the best of two worlds. But it was the example of Oxford University that inspired the experiment. Claremont is sometimes called the Oxford of the Orange Belt, and, appropriately, Honnold Library has the largest collection of Oxfordiana this side of the Atlantic. Pomona's president, a former Rhodes Scholar, is editor of the *American Oxonian*.

The first college of the Claremont group was co-educational Pomona, founded in 1887. By 1925, population pressures forced it to decide whether to limit its enrollment or take in a horde of students clamoring at its gates. The answer was the Group Plan. Claremont College and then Scripps College for women were organized first. A men's school was projected, but the depression and the war intervened. Expansion began in earnest in 1947 with Claremont Men's College; and Harvey Mudd College opened its doors for science and engineering in 1957. The capital in this academic federalism is Claremont College, the graduate and co-ordinating school headed by Dr. Bernard. Faculty from all the schools teach its courses; it administers the common facilities, and is charged with bulldozing new colleges into existence.

#### THE ACADEMIC PENTAGON

THE casual onlooker sees a vast barony of academia at Claremont—500 acres, a mile and a half of academic workshop and bedroom and lounge. This astonishing profusion of building and campus caters to the needs of only 2,000 students in all. Someone from the East can contemplate its sheer spaciousness only with envy. (Brooklyn College, for example, ministers to the needs of 20,000 students on a paltry forty-two acres.) The colleges have total resources, private in origin, of over \$60 million.

The apologetics for the Group Plan is cheerfully contradictory. Each college has its own board of trustees for its special interests, but a central board of trustee presidents assures central control. Deans become as common as gardeners—and no more awesome. "You see, it's the law of diminishing utilities," a political scientist explained. "When there are so many administrators, no single one can be terribly important. It means that all these wretched deans are put in their place."

Under the Group Plan, students in any one college may take some courses offered in the others, and those available are listed in each catalogue. Pomona, the Big Daddy of the group, sometimes shies away from equality with its offspring. It has its own newspaper and news service and used to dominate in athletics. Since the fall of 1958, there have been two organized athletic programs, with the intention of giving more students a chance to play. The first football game between Pomona and the Claremont Men's and Harvey Mudd joint team was a rousing success this fall.

Claremont effectively refutes the glib idea that college students are the same from coast to coast. Each college has its own personality, and students learn early in the game about prevailing stereotypes from their upper-class sponsors. Even the presidents—all Ph.D.'s with a background of college teaching—show these differences too. Pomona has perhaps the most formal head in Dr. E. Wilson Lyon; while at Scripps, Frederick Hard, gracious and courtly in manner, represents the Southern scholarly tradition. The heads of Claremont Men's College and Harvey Mudd are the new breed of college president—determinedly informal, youthful in manner if not in years. Joe Platt of Harvey Mudd—no one above the age of twenty-one calls him anything else—plays the guitar and sings academic ballads for his students. George Benson at CMC has the engaging air of a branch manager of an insurance company and issues epistles to the unconverted full of brisk common sense. ("Does your talk at the family dinner table turn as often to literature as it does to snow in the mountains, Volkswagens, and the price of beef?")

California youth was recently described as "big, bronzed, and beautiful." To this observer they seemed indistinguishable from college students everywhere, who tend to be well-nourished, cheerful, and only passing fair. Despite high academic standards, life is agreeable for Claremont students. The Pacific Ocean is only an hour away, and so is Palm Springs. Male students, out on a tear, will push on to Las Vegas where one proud covey of CMC men were photographed with strip-tease artist Tempest Storm. But the gaudy glories of Hollywood are remote from the even tenor of life at Claremont. Some years ago when Clark Gable, hurtling by on Route 66, stopped at a student eating place to buy cigarettes, the Scripps girls poured out of their dorms.

Informality is an article of faith with California students, strenuously inculcated in high school. "I'm from California, and we're informal," a young man said to me with what amounted to truculence. Students are prone to drop in casually on their professors and perch on their desks. With a few regional variations, dress at Claremont is that of the collegiate mass-man—the boys in crew-cuts and Ivy League clothes, the girls, short-haired and trim, in sensible college garb or Bermudas. At present, they said, there is a big thing with "go-aheads," Japanese sandals which fall off if one walks backwards.

A kind of domesticated beatness prevails. Jazz has many devotees, and *The Associated*, one of the local newspapers, goes in for a curious argot



made up of hipster chatter, local idiom, and adolescent bravado. The report of a recent escapade began: "Herf, the steel baron, and Sheets made it up to watch the sweaty sweet-hearts of Grace Scripps take off a few tons tumbling. Since it was past pad-time, the portals were padlocked. . . ."

But beatness does not connote any flagging of vital energies. I watched an inter-fraternity track meet. The same boys I had seen sitting in class, loutishly uneasy, displayed a heroic energy on the track field. In a bicycle relay, one husky kid took a spill that would have hospitalized a fullback. He rose up out of a cloud of dust and blood and tried to mount the bicycle. It was twisted hopelessly out of shape by the violence of the fall. Little daunted, he picked the bicycle up, tucked it under his arm, and took off in pursuit of the pack on foot.

Slang is Claremont's *lingua franca*. *Jazzed* means feeling good, while *unjazzed* means depressed. *To mouse* is to neck. The Religious Center is *God's Office*, and the area in front of the library is *the park of rest and culture*. A *wimp* is a grind, dismally unathletic. Perhaps the raciest bit of patois is the oft-heard line: "Let's go check the bods in the fishbowl." Translated into more sedate prose it means: "Let's go to the glass-enclosed reference room in Honnold Library and look over the girls." Scripps girls complain that local boys, linguistically stunted, respond to almost anything with, "Were you?" or, "Don't you?" or, "All the time."

The closest thing to a common campus for all the schools is The Wash, forty acres of sagebrush and serpentine dirt road—and, at night, parked cars. It is the unofficial "mousing" and drinking area. "On a busy Saturday night," a wise-guy student remarked, "you need a traffic cop."

#### POMONA'S ARDENT EGGHEADS

POMONA College started in 1887 in the small town of Pomona, then faltered. When a real-estate boom in neighboring Claremont (. . . "the leading town-site on the great Santa Fe route" . . .) fell apart, the Claremont Hotel, small and unfinished, was offered to the struggling school. It is now Sumner Hall.

Pomona was organized as a "Christian college of the New England type" by Congregationalists—the denomination which founded Harvard and worked on west, pulling out when a college was well launched. It has been described as the Swarthmore of the West—or as the best college south of Reed and west of Oberlin. It has a

fistful of distinctions: the third Phi Beta Kappa Chapter in the state; the highest percentage of graduates in *Who's Who in America* in California; second place among colleges in 1945-55 in the winning of Woodrow Wilson Fellowships.

Pomona is a traditional liberal-arts college with 1,000 students and is regarded as the most grimly intellectual of all Claremont's schools. Status, in some measure, is determined by graduate plans (more than 60 per cent do graduate work), and even girls feel pressure to continue. "The real heroes among the students," President Lyon stated, "are those who get the big awards—the National Science, Danforth, and Woodrow Wilson Fellowships." This academic status-seeking has its critics. "You study for grades, not ideas," an articulate girl observed. "Grad schools aren't interested in ideas but in your grades."

Pomona's staff is a good one—so good, in fact, that President Lyon observed: "Between the research grants and the Fulbright Fellowships it's hard to keep our faculty on campus." One industrious statistician came up with the fact that the faculty has studied in, or visited, eighty foreign countries.

Among Pomona's recent innovations are two science buildings that rival any in the nation's liberal-arts colleges, and the student-operated radio station, KSPC, which broadcasts good programs to the whole Los Angeles area.

Pomona is co-ed; its neighbor to the north, Scripps College, is for girls. Pomona boys watch the nervous competition between the two groups of girls with smug pleasure. Folklore has it that Pomona boys date Scrippsies but marry Pomona girls. The standard gag, before students became motorized, was that you dated a Scripps girl because in the tired, stale hours of Sunday morning, all you had to do was roll downhill to get home. The stereotype is that the Scripps has a dainty, ladylike quality, while the Pomona girl is ferociously intellectual, barefoot, even disheveled. A Pomona girl said: "We feel like bulls in a china shop at Scripps. We're large and gross. We knock over vases." But I noticed that the Pomona and Scripps girls have one thing in common: the California girl's firm handshake and the tendency to talk first in social contact.

I attended a reception for graduating seniors. It was all conscientious smiles and talk about future plans. Suddenly, a young man revealed a trustee's boast about having finally hired a political science professor who was a Republican. (They are evidently pretty scarce.) There was a nervous titter, and then President Lyon said somewhat magisterially: "The faculty and adminis-

tration select the faculty—not the trustees.”

Later, I attended an inter-fraternity beer party in one of the canyons. We got into a car and snaked up a mountain road. There were hundreds of students in shaggy outdoor garb, many of them kneeling before beer kegs like supplicants before Druidic gods. Great heaps of food were being dispensed. Here and there a couple had climbed up a ridge and sat quietly in the waning sun, the girl with inclined head as she listened to a boy expostulate bitterly about a classroom injustice, a balky term paper, trouble in the fraternity.

There was one scar in this gentle landscape. A few boys from one fraternity had gotten drunk. Two were rolling on the ground near the rim of the cliff pummeling each other. A third was grandiloquently intoning: “Drunkenness and violence . . . that’s our fraternity . . . drunkenness and violence.” The girl friend of one of these boys turned to me. They were, she explained, really good, warm-hearted boys, with a great joy of life. It was the others—the dour scholars, the grinds—who were destroying them. There was no place at Pomona for them, and this was the only way they could protest. Near us, on the edge of the cliff, the sensitive thugs continued to roll in the dust.

#### GIRLS ON THE GRASS

SCRIPPS College (250 students, faculty of 43) is a kind of cloistered Sarah Lawrence—without the social reformism and the commitment to experience that sends Sarah Lawrence girls pell-mell to field work in Puerto Rico and Canada. (Local students call Scripps “The Monastery” or “The Great White Wall.”) What it has in common with its suburban New York counterpart is a girlish reverence for great works and a serious involvement in the creative arts. “This is not a Saks-Fifth Avenue kind of school,” an administrator remarked. But, in truth, the perfume-laden air of a finishing school does hover faintly over the Scripps campus. This is not to suggest that the girls are empty dolls or vague dilettantes. There are thousands of strenuous hours in the humanities program, and there can be genuine aesthetic fulfillment in a well-wrought urn.

The physical setting is a fantasy of patrician ease—grassy lawns, rows of lemon and orange trees, and even a “cutting garden,” brilliantly abloom, so that the girls can snip fresh flowers for their rooms. There are numerous cool, tree-shaded courts with fountains and statuary. A

high-school senior, out to case the place, was startled to see a bevy of girls, their feet dangling in a fountain, taking an exam under the auspices of the honor code.

The atmosphere is compounded of quiet decorum (the girls dress for dinner) and academic earnestness. It is a gentle place, so gentle that there are two grades of F—a soft F, which can be redeemed into a D after appropriate academic penance, and a despairing FF, which can only be made up by repeating the course.

The heart of Scripps is the humanities program—three years of double courses for all, comprising two-fifths of the student’s work during those years. The first year deals with the ancient world, the second with the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and the third with the modern era. At the very least, the Scripps girl is likely to know a little about a lot. There is even a fighting chance that she will know a lot about a little. During her second year, the student takes an intensive seminar in a limited area. She also does a research paper, which gives her a chance, a Scripps brochure states, “to know this abbot or that artist . . . to put on the bones of any one of a thousand general statements about the past the flesh of the particular.”

In her senior year, each student does a senior thesis or project. An art major did a study of “Ceramics in Medieval England,” which itself looked like a medieval manuscript. She used parchment and India ink and wrote in pseudo-medieval calligraphy. (She was aided by a remarkable collection of medieval manuscripts to which students have easy access.) Some girls go in for a relentless integration of fields. A student interested in French *and* drama chose a one-act play by Anouilh, translated and adapted it, prepared the prompt book, and then, like a latter-day Renaissance man, directed and produced it.

This bearing down on the humanities means a scanting of other things. A girl who wants a mundane course in calculus or economics has to trot off to Pomona. Such a program also slips easily into extravagances. Exam questions are sometimes amusing leaps of the imagination. One quiz opened with this piquant situation:

“You find yourself in the company of the Canterbury pilgrims who, while riding, are discussing symbolism in art . . .”

Another question was steeped in a deep Spenglerian gloom: “You find yourself in heaven at a congress of historians debating whether or not Western civilization has defeated itself . . .”

The Scrippsies are so imbued with passion for the timeless in literature that they scorn the



contemporary (unless it is foreign). Only classics need apply even for informal dorm reading. The college librarian, exhausted by this intellectual mountain climbing, remarked tartly: "I sometimes wish they would join the Book-of-the-Month Club."

Scripps faculty, always first-rate, has been a kind of hatchery for college presidents. Pusey of Harvard, Jordan of Radcliffe, and Havens at Wilson all taught humanities there. There are no departments ("We meet in the corridors"), but faculty interchange is almost continuous. The humanities people meet regularly for discussion ("I got my liberal education at Scripps," a professor remarked). However, determined to escape the taint of the committee, they call their chairman a "convener." Each professor has his own private staff room—a delicious luxury which helps faculty amiability no end.

Endless consorting with students can, of course, be wearing. At Christmas, a faculty member comes as Santa Claus and has to read student messages in verse—"not quatrains but epics," he said grimly. The college runs a Spanish fiesta and barbecue. Getting into the spirit of things, one dignified classicist came as a Mexican cowboy, his unprepossessing shanks encased in tight pants. In the dressing-room, he encountered another professor, equally outlandish in the garb of an Argentine ranch hand. "You know," he said sheepishly, "I always did say you should read the small print in those damn college contracts."

As in any small family, there is a wry pleasure in local idiosyncrasies. Richard Armour, English professor and highly successful author of light verse and satire, is a push-up specialist. A lecturer who gets around the country, he once startled some genteel club ladies in the midst of a lecture by doing push-ups on the arms of a chair.

There are probably more visiting ceramicists debarking at Scripps than at any school in the country. (A guest potter declared sonorously: "T. S. Eliot says, 'Good prose cannot be written without convictions,' and I should like to add, 'nor good pots made either.'") A girl held up a vase for my approval. "This is a hand-thrown pot right from the artsy-craftsy Scrippsy studio," she said with a twinkle.

I attended a rehearsal of "Jeremiah," a stark modern dance composition. Leotard-clad girls moved resolute and strong-thighed across one of the lawns. The lead dancer was a natural—she had a gorgeous dancer's body and superb control, but with just a faint touch of Hollywood she wore dark sunglasses against the ubiquitous California sun.

In a discreet but stubborn way, Scrippsies want to marry. Some attend for two years, then shift to a university where the number of "eligibles" is larger. This would make of Scripps a kind of junior college—or, even worse, a finishing school. The faculty patiently explains that there is no *natural* break in college after two years.

#### ADAM SMITH REVISED

CLAREMONT MEN'S College (370 students and a faculty of 38) is lively and pleasantly brash. Militantly committed to free enterprise and "intelligent conservatism" (the adjective speaks volumes), it is no factory for NAM platitudes. It has an only partly tamed Marxist on its faculty, and academic freedom is untrammelled. CMC is interested in the area where economics and government intersect and has therefore refurbished the archaic term "political economy." The school is designed to train leaders for business and government (and the less government the better!).

President George C. S. Benson argues that the United States has more political science teachers than the rest of the world; yet our political institutions are in sorry shape. He is vexed also by a curious distortion in higher education: by his estimate, political science departments are 90 per cent Democratic in politics, and economics departments run 75 per cent. CMC, therefore, shops around for talented conservatives. "Benson," a professor explained reasonably, "is trying to redress the balance which now favors a soft, conformist liberalism. The school's ideology is a loose one: there is some connection between economic and political freedom; you cannot impair one without peril to the other."

"We're not a business-administration school," Benson said testily. "The Scripps people haven't awakened to that fact yet. We have no professor of salesmanship or advertising. We do *not* belong to the Association of Collegiate Schools of Business. However, we do have economics majors, and we sharpen them up with tool subjects like accounting and statistics."

The quality of the students has picked up since 1947, when CMC began, and most of them currently come from the top quarter of their class. There is some congruence between the students and ethos of the college. Would-be tycoons, future Rotarians—CMC boys are exuberantly extroverted, tireless cheer leaders of fun, and, in their own self-image, mad, bad playboys. "Good dates," said one Scripps girl. "Idiots," said another. They are vociferously phallic, and



"Oh darling..."

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DONALD JUSTICE

## SONNET TO MY FATHER

FATHER, since always now the death to come  
 Looks naked out from your eyes into mine,  
 Almost it seems the death to come is mine  
 And that I also shall be overcome,  
 Father, and call for breath when you succumb,  
 And struggle for your hand as you for mine  
 In hope of comfort that shall not be mine  
 Till for this last of me the angel come.  
 But, father, though with you in part I die  
 And glimpse beforehand that eternal place  
 Where we forget the pain that brought us there,  
 Father, and though you go before me there,  
 Leaving but this poor likeness in your place,  
 Yet while I live, you cannot wholly die.

the section on social life in their last yearbook was introduced by a photo of a handsomely constructed wench, barefoot and crinolined, landing rump-down on the ground.

Benson described them as "... free enterprise types." There is a tangy individualism among them. Beards are not unknown among these students of high finance—nor bathing trunks in class. In a meeting I had with a group of students, the only one decorously dressed—in blue suit, white shirt, and tie—was the son of a trade-union official.

Their antics are legendary. *Item*: A Jaguar was found one morning straddling a small pool. *Item*: As a gag, the president of the sophomore class was shipped to Alaska. *Item*: *The Associated* reported matter-of-factly: "This semester's weenie-bake drew a fair-sized crowd, three police cars, two fire engines, and Dean Alamshah." *Item*: A youthful buccaneer in Honnold Library calmly took an electric shaver out of his attaché case, plugged it in, and began to shave. When he was sent on his way, he announced the date for an even bolder escapade. On the appointed date, before an immense audience, he pulled an electric iron out of his case, removed his pants, and began to iron them with impressive aplomb. (He was wearing bright red shorts.) Police were summoned, and in the ensuing commotion, the boy fled down the back stairs where he stumbled on the officers. "Go right up," he shouted. "There's a crazy guy loose up there who's ironing

his pants." The story has a melancholy ending. He was put on conduct probation and became a good, gray citizen—even on Student Council.

CMC's program is rigorous: four years of humanities, senior thesis and comprehensive exam, summer internship in government or industry. However, the grinds of Pomona are so odious to the CMC boys that they would prefer to disguise their intellectual status than be tarred with the image of the *wimp*. "We study in our closets," a CMC wag remarked.

President Benson spoke bluntly about academic standards: "CMC doesn't subsidize students; we attract them. We're now rejecting boys who would have been admitted to Pomona five years ago. We are in the top fifty or sixty colleges in the country admitting men—to judge by the College Board aptitude scores—but of course some students don't pan out."

Benson is admired by his faculty. And a visiting professor from another campus declared after talking with him: "My God! A college president who knows something!"

The danger in a new school is callowness, but CMC's staff consists of seasoned pros. The college has no beginning instructors, and as a result the faculty is more stable and mature than the average. In hiring faculty, CMC behaves with businesslike dispatch. "They made a direct offer fast," a professor recalled. "In other places, there's usually a lot of stalling on both sides."

The college makes a neat distinction between itself and the University of California. CMC's goal is that of the teacher-scholar; at Berkeley, it is the scholar-teacher. It believes that twenty young men well-taught are worth more than a minor research paper. On the other hand, a good teacher is expected to do some research—"solitary confinement at hard labor." But as one man said, "You don't worry about how many pounds you published this year." In any case, CMC has lured faculty away from such modish places as Harvard, Michigan, and Chicago.

Teaching at CMC is often an intellectual brawl. "The students," said Benson, "are basically conservative, but they get unsettled. Even when they're not bright, they give you a fight." Professors tease these paladins of free enterprise with Keynesian economics ("It kind of breaks them up a little"). But the faculty takes mundane pleasure in the success stories among alumni, some of whom are already heads of companies or big-time executives. A Pomona professor boasted about the Ph. D.'s his students would achieve. "But our students will hire them," a CMC teacher snapped.



## SLIDE-RULE COWBOYS

THE baby-brother of the Associated Colleges is Harvey Mudd College of Science and Engineering. Under way in 1957, it now has 160 students, including a few girls, and a faculty of 27. Last June it held its first commencement exercises for two lonely graduates (transfer students). Designed ultimately for 375 students, the program at Harvey Mudd is geared to the needs of generalists in engineering or science rather than specialists. The college proceeds from the recognition that there is a new social dimension in the enormous power wielded by science. Formerly, the question was: what *can* we do? Today it is: what *should* we do? Accordingly, one-third of the curricular time is devoted to the humanities and the social sciences. (Some students are seduced by the humanities and abandon science.) In graduate school, Harvey Mudd products are likely to be a little ahead in science, a good deal ahead in the humanities, and slightly lagging in engineering.

The academic scrimmage at Harvey Mudd is bruising. Ten per cent of the first class, which was carefully selected, flunked out. The usual explanation is that California high schools, in the fell clutch of Life Adjustment, are too easy. At Harvey Mudd, classes are small, the tone intimate. "They have a distinguished faculty at Caltech," President Joseph Platt remarked, "but who teaches their freshman courses?"

Young as it is, the college has already spawned its student stereotype: precocious, addicted to hi-fi, home chemistry, and studies, unfrenzied socially. They see themselves as "the slide-rule cowboys from the North Campus." In the boy-girl department, they do all right. "Most of the Scrippsies are thinking of marriage," a boy observed, "and an engineer or scientist these days is a gilt-edged security." Moreover, the emphasis on humanities at Harvey Mudd narrows the interest gap between them and the Scripps girls. A professor remarked: "Few are now intimidated by the Scripps girls, traditionally bluestockings, who two years ago seemed to our students to be intellectual snobs."

There is a good deal of excitement about getting a new college started. For one thing, it's no closet drama; lots of people—particularly the foundations—get in on the act. The faculty was given money to enable them to survey other programs before the college opened, and there was a six-week curriculum conference to which top-drawer educators from all over the country were invited. Two million words were recorded "to

perpetuate our inconclusions." An authority on verbiage estimates that the Fund for the Advancement of Education got more words per dollar out of this grant than ever before. Some of these words were an indigestible farrago of pedagogy and engineering:

"Devising a curriculum is itself an engineering problem, involving definition of purpose, boundary conditions, and the optimization of the many possible solutions against an acceptable payoff function."

Far more attractive was a modest diary of the early days kept by Dr. George Wickes of Harvey Mudd's English Department. These are some entries:

*September 26, 1957:* After Chaplain Rankin had pronounced the benediction, we marched into the sun again, feeling a little solemn and a little gay, and altogether pleased that our college was now properly launched.

*October 8:* General alarm as Bill Davenport reported that some of our students are discouraged about their studies, a few to the point of being panic-stricken, one even ready to bolt. Probably they suffer only from a routine case of freshman blues, but without upper-classmen to diagnose their ailment, they are understandably demoralized.

*December 2:* We lost our first student today.

*February 4, 1958:* With so many non-smokers on the faculty, Gray has been offering lollipops in lieu of cigars. Too bad the Ford Foundation couldn't see us at faculty seminar this evening, sitting around in a circle sucking lollipops while dreaming up a scheme for the advancement of education.

The Associated Colleges are an upbeat academia. Robustly Californian, Claremont triumphs over problems which harass the rest of the country. The Group Plan adroitly combines the irresistible principle of growth in higher education with individuality. To the paleface Easterner, there is an overpowering impression of energy, money, and will. He hears talk in Claremont of a social-science college for women, another co-ed school, and a school of creative writing. But even in California, amid the fury of planning and building, basic questions about higher education remain finally unresolved. For whom? Toward what end?

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*In a later issue, David Boroff will look back at the six colleges he has described in this series and—including several others—will draw up some basic questions and answers about higher education in America.—The Editors*

BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Arnold Newman

# THE NEW POWER

## behind Eisenhower's throne

Robert B. Anderson has inherited much of the influence once wielded by both Dulles and Humphrey . . . he is now setting the intellectual tone for the whole Administration . . . and he is both the most unexpected character in the Cabinet and the least known.

WASHINGTON—Where stands the Treasury stands the mind and heart, the locus of power, and the source of ultimate philosophy, of this and all other Republican Administrations. And over the present Treasury stands surely the most extraordinary chief it has known in many decades—a budget-balancer who reads more than bond market reports, a billion-pincher who writes blank verse and values the literary supplements more than anything else in the Sunday papers.

Secretary of the Treasury Robert Bernerd Anderson is the improbable but real powerhouse of the Eisenhower regime in these, its final dwindling months. His personal career is so lacking in plausibility that its script could only have been written by a hybrid who in common sense could never have existed at all—that is, by a craftsman made up of one part Proust and one part soap-opera scenarist.

Whatever in this Administration is clear and coherent—and free of traces of Madison Avenue and unthink—usually comes from R. B. Ander-

son. He is the only classical conservative of the White House group and he is also the only one likely in his heart to prefer the National Art Gallery to that Valhalla of a middle-class Administration, the Burning Tree golf club.

This is the man—tall, quiet, sensitive, slightly stooped, neither aggressive nor shy but simply indifferent to both attitudes—who has been running the store domestically for this whole country since 1957.

It had long been a cherished theory of mine, sometimes brought out late at night to annoy friends who want to be *both* Republican and “modern,” that *every* Republican Secretary of the Treasury was really the same man. The names and faces would of course change from Administration to Administration and, sometimes, even from year to year. But in the deeper sense, whether it was Ogden Reid or Andrew Mellon or George Humphrey, it was still the same man sitting down there in the mellowed Treasury Building (a structure faintly and attractively dirty from time's passage) at Pennsylvania Avenue and Fifteenth Street.

About all these sturdy gents was an identical blend of essential characteristics completely overshadowing the superficial differences. They were gracefully elderly. They were dryly sophisticated, in the Union League Club manner. They were responsible—always this, like them or not. They were men of substance and of poise. In a word, they were “safe.” And this four-letter word told you all there really was to tell. (You



know: always Homburghs for the evening, and those gray whatyoucallem hats that are the day-time equivalents of Homburghs.)

Anderson, however, has forced me to qualify this generalization that all GOP Secretaries of the Treasury spring from one human mold. This is not because he is so clearly out of the pattern in small ways—such as the fact that at forty-nine he is nearly a generation younger than the common run of his predecessors, including his immediate predecessor, George Humphrey.

For Anderson's divergences are both fundamental and uncommon. He is, quintessentially, the non-organization man in a regime formidably made up of organization types. What to me is the most striking single proof of this will not, perhaps, appeal to all in quite so sure a light: Here is a native Texan who has not merely left the party of his inheritance, the Democrats, but has officially left Texas itself. He is a voluntary and official expatriate now happily moored, as to home post office, in the town of Greenwich, Connecticut. He is also a registered Republican. To shift from one party to another is no longer rare. But for a native Texan to admit formally and publicly that he is now only an ex-Texan—even though he might actually have been twenty years resident elsewhere—is simply not done except in the oddest of cases.

When I asked Anderson why he made this switch, he only looked at me through his glistening rimless glasses; said that after all he had been working in New York and living in Connecticut at the time—and, anyway, why not? The transplanting process, at any rate, really began just after the 1952 Presidential campaign.

Anderson was then running the Waggoner cattle and oil interests, as general counsel and general manager, from his original base in Vernon, Texas. He had before this been much in Texas politics (but not quite of it) as a member of the state legislature, an assistant state attorney general, and state tax commissioner.

But, in common with many others, he had felt in 1952 that it was already past "time for a change." Accordingly, he went into the "Democrats for Eisenhower" organization—though not, I gather, with an uncontrollable passion. He thinks, but does not *feel*, in political or partisan terms.

When the Great Crusade had driven the Democratic Turks and Saracens and other such infidels out of Washington, Anderson, to his total surprise, was offered the job of Secretary of the Navy under old "Engine Charlie" Wilson, Mr. Eisenhower's first Secretary of Defense.

(This should not be seen sentimentally as a wonderful, wonderful break for a simple barefooted country boy. Anderson at the time was earning \$60,000 a year.) Anderson was chosen because he had already run up a considerable record, in a calm way, as an administrator and man of affairs.

Once he had helped to put in a Republican Administration and had entered it himself, he felt it would be a little precious to go on calling himself a Democrat, even an "Eisenhower Democrat." In consequence, he took the GOP vows; but, again, not so much in the tremulous spirit of the True Believer as in the spirit of a man coolly convinced that he had been in the wrong party for his mind and taste.

Anderson (who still frugally carries an old-fashioned pot-bellied briefcase with the legend "R. B. A., Vernon, Tex.," stamped upon it) went into the Pentagon with some private sense of humor. He thought it strange that he had been called so far from the baked aridity of West Texas, to oversee all the fleets of all the blue waters. But he also went in with an arresting talent for managing all kinds of affairs, from a posture of seemingly profound relaxation.

#### HIS FRESH PAINT POLICY

THE first thing he did—and for him it was automatic—was to skip all the charts, papers, and other impersonal data in the Navy office and to read up, instead, with great care on the lives and careers and records of all the Navy's senior officers. To operate any kind of enterprise, he remarks, is simply first to know and to measure and then to deal with the men in it. And if he were not sparing of quasi-swear words, he would undoubtedly add: "And to hell with the mere *things* in it."

He was a great success at once. In part this was due to one of his earliest decisions. This one (a) took the new Administration off an immediate hook and (b) also perfectly and succinctly expressed the general view of the civil-rights issue which was later to permeate the President's whole handling of it. Without asking anybody and without telling anybody, then or later, about it, Anderson ended segregation in the Navy by an action of spectacular common sense.

As a Southerner by birth, he knew perfectly well that the average Navy line officer was, to say the least, not eager for Service integration. So he simply sent down through channels a routine order, deliberately put in a low key. This order observed that SecNav had noted that all bases and quarters and installations could

do a little refurbishing. It directed that this refurbishing should consist solely of painting all buildings, at once. (That way, it would not cost much.) The old signs which had marked off "colored" areas from "white" areas thus were blotted out. And that was the end of it all. Integration had come by way of paint buckets.

To ask Anderson about this matter in detail is not too profitable. Though a religious man (Methodist), he does not like to speak in directly religious or moral terms. He likes even less to speak much of the whole complex issue of civil rights. He believes, as do many others, that the best thing is to reform steadily but slowly and to talk about it all as little as possible.

Thus, his explanation of his paint policy is clipped: After all, he says, the U. S. Navy is a federal institution, and men are brought into it without their consent. It occupies federal property. The federal government had long had regulations against segregation in employment. Thus, no more segregation in the Navy.

#### INHERITOR OF POWER

THE Pentagon months, for Anderson, were months of swift progress. Within a year he had become Deputy Secretary of Defense. There he served until his resignation in 1955 to go back to private business and officially to adopt Connecticut residence. His return in 1957 to the Administration, this time to head the Treasury, was as great a surprise to him as had been his initial appointment back in 1953.

His enormous success as Secretary of the Treasury—and this success is attested by the fact that Mr. Eisenhower thinks Anderson would make an ideal President himself—is due to several factors. There is the basic fact (another generalization from which, this time, there will be no retreat) that *all* Republican Presidents listen carefully to *all* Republican Secretaries of the Treasury. Men are not put this close to the national cash register in GOP Administrations unless they are most highly regarded to start with.

Then there were the circumstances of the death of John Foster Dulles and the departure from government of George Humphrey. Dulles had been the "strong man" of the Administration in the headlines; Humphrey had been the strong man in fact. In the absence of both, Anderson to a degree inherited the powerful position theretofore held by each. But there are more subtle explanations for his eminence with the President. Anderson emanates an immense *suitability* and

a kind of restrained, and thus respectable, brilliance of mind.

He is, in this sense alone, remindful of the late Senator Robert A. Taft. He throws off an aura of a special, but unpushy, competence. And he has been *proved* right in two matters which, to the President, are of capital importance. He showed that he could deal ably with an opposition Congress. And he outguessed the Recession of 1957-58.

The moment he decided to pitch in with the Eisenhower campaign in 1952, Anderson made an honorable and forthright disclosure of intention to the Democratic leaders of Congress—both of whom, of course, are Texans. He went to "Mr. Sam" Rayburn in Dallas, while Rayburn was setting up Stevenson headquarters in the Adolphus Hotel, to say plainly that he was leaving the Democratic lodge. Senator Lyndon B. Johnson got the message at the same time. That Johnson was forgiving is not surprising; he is not a very partisan man, and never was.

But that the Speaker allowed this young upstart, from the Speaker's own part of Texas, to do this incredible thing can only be put down to Anderson's special qualities as a man. For Speaker Rayburn is the archetype of the brass-collar, all-the-way Democrat. While he has a grudging tolerance for those who were born Republicans, and thus really cannot help it, he simply cannot bear Democratic bolters. Anderson's own notion is that he got away with it with Rayburn because he went early and openly to proclaim his apostasy and to give, as honestly as he knew how, his reasons why.

At any rate, Anderson from the start got along with the Texan leadership of Congress. This he did so well that in 1958 the three of them—Rayburn and Johnson, the Democrats, and Anderson, the neo-Republican—made and kept an unexampled gentleman's agreement not to play partisan politics by proposing tax cuts which they all felt would be irresponsible.

Some look upon this Anderson-Rayburn-Johnson friendship (which became a bit strained in the last session of Congress but still survived) as sinister. This is an unnecessarily melodramatic view. The explanation is really quite simple. The bulk of the Democrats—and certainly all traditional Democrats of the Rayburn-Johnson school—deeply *believe* in the rights and due powers of any Chief Executive, of whatever party. They will not tear down a President in some things, even if they can. It is, of course, undeniable that Anderson's home setting—or rather his former setting—did him no harm on The Hill.



But it did not make him the effective man he has been there; he himself did that.

Equally important explanations of Anderson's matchless status within the Administration are the Recession and the subsequent Battle of the Budget. It was he who took, philosophically and practically, the lead against panic remedies for the Recession, which he correctly estimated would not long endure. And it was he who was field marshal in the Budget Campaign.

#### WHAT HE BELIEVES

FROM the Congressional election disasters of November 1958, the Republicans had returned here last January dazed, bleeding, and sore afraid. Anderson took the line that one licking at the polls did not mean the end of everything—not even, necessarily, the invalidation of what he continued to insist was the intellectually unassailable policy of a balanced budget. Perhaps because he is an able politician who does not look it, does not act it, or even particularly enjoy the role, he was a reassuring force in the Cabinet. His mind became the Administration's mind on all fiscal matters—and soon, by natural extension, on all domestic issues.

To a lesser extent this is true even of foreign affairs. For Anderson's opinions on all questions of world finance—including his campaign for an International Development Association to make greater use of soft currencies in economic-aid programs—will increasingly color the Administration's foreign policy on the economic side.

His personal philosophy, as I gather it, is this: He believes that all forms of security must rest upon an economic stability, which must rest in turn upon reasonable security for private property. He believes, as do all classic conservatives, that all freedom hangs upon what might be called, in the broadest terms, the right to privacy, including the privacy of personal property. This does not mean he idolizes property in and for itself. It only means that he reckons the historic problem of this generation to be to find a way to assure external and internal security without the loss of personal or national freedom. And such a loss, he thinks, could come as readily from harsh national expropriations—the expropriation of property or the expropriation of free will—as from external threats.

As an old Pentagon hand and now the chief fiscal officer of this country he bears (and is well aware of it) a special responsibility for some things—notably the Administration's policy in military preparations. Many critics have long contended that this policy has been really more

concerned with a balanced budget than with military security. This charge, though less popular than it used to be, is one of the utmost gravity; and if it is true, no sin of omission could be blacker.

I am bound to say that to hear Anderson analyze this—even bearing in mind that in his many-sided career he was once a persuasive professor of law—is to be strongly tempted to move to quash the indictment. It doesn't ring true. It is not, he says, and never was a question as to *how much* money should be spent in the aggregate. Rather, it is how much could be saved in detail without any loss of combat power. Anyone who ever had anything to do with the military knows that waste and duplication *do* follow the services as unshakable companions.

Anderson, as the next-to-senior Cabinet officer by tradition but as *the* senior one in practice, does not hesitate to vote against spending he believes to be unneeded or unwise. He does not, however, try to direct Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy as to how large his total budget should finally be. As a Cabinet colleague he asks McElroy to hold it to the lowest point he believes on all the evidence to be prudent. But then he says, in effect:

"Neil, if this is the figure you really must have, and you *know* you must after your study of it, I am going to get the money for you."

The Treasury in the Anderson period has about it the most traditional air in all official Washington. Its atmosphere, indeed, is far more like that of the British Foreign Office than the State Department's is. Everybody in Treasury, and Anderson most of all, moves at a calm, grave pace under the high, dusty ceilings and past the black marble fireplaces, which are still open if no longer used.

Decorum, and more decorum, and utter confidence—these qualities pervade the scene. Even the printed air-raid instructions on Anderson's outer-office door bear this sedate counsel: "Open door slowly; someone may be passing." In a curious way, all these surroundings precisely fit Anderson himself, the non-organization man who has brought his own aura with him and superimposed it upon the aura left by all those hearty Bankers Club extroverts who sat in this chair before him.

What must George Humphrey have thought—for that matter what must Dwight D. Eisenhower have thought—to read in the papers that safe and solid Bob Anderson had responded to an invitation to address the National Cathedral Association of Washington by sending in a poem of 130 lines in blank verse?



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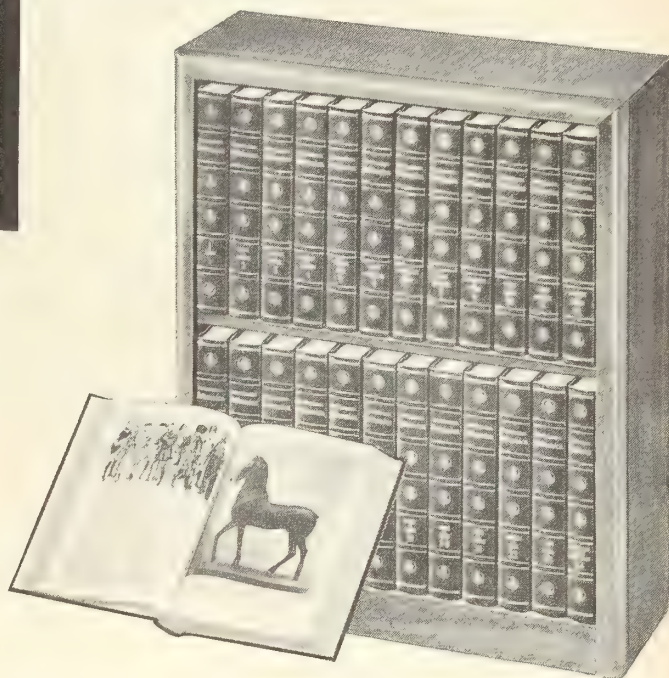
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# After Hours



## THE GREAT SOVIET-AMERICAN MAP GAME

THE far-flung recent junkets of Messrs. Nixon and Khrushchev over each other's native lands may mark a cease fire in a largely unnoticed phase of the Cold War. If so, it will be a great relief to Chicago's city fathers who were understandably embarrassed last fall when six visiting Russian scientists were forbidden to visit the city zoo and then barred from suburban Des Plaines, where a barbecue in their honor had been planned. Music lovers were likewise chagrined when Soviet pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, after playing in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall had to cancel a recital in the adjacent Borough of Brooklyn, which was off limits to all Russians, even piano players. San Francisco narrowly missed a like fate in the spring when a scheduled appearance of the Bolshoi Ballet was made possible only by a last-minute reversal of a prior State Department edict.

Such incidents have been going on for more than seventeen years. Dr. Warren Weaver of the Rockefeller Foundation has called them an exchange of "silly little international spitballs."

The Russians must be given credit for originating this peculiar sport. Our restrictions are, in fact, simply retaliatory. The aim is to give visiting Soviet citizens a taste of the

misery which their travel bans have long inflicted on Americans living in the U.S.S.R. In a few instances, this eye-for-an-eye principle has paid off. Take, for example, Operation Slow Burn two summers ago. In the midst of a scorching heat wave, Americans in Moscow were abruptly excluded from the nearby lake district, the only cool spot within miles of their sticky offices. Official protests were simply lost or mislaid in the Kremlin. Then the State Department decided to bar Russians in Washington from the breezes of Chesapeake Bay—and the Soviet lake district embargo was lifted in a hurry.

As early as 1941 Americans in Moscow had to supply Soviet authorities with voluminous details setting forth the whys and wherefores of any trips they planned to take. Restrictions were relaxed somewhat during the comrade-in-arms interlude that followed the German invasion but were reimposed with a vengeance at the end of the war.

At one stage no less than 75 per cent of the U.S.S.R. was out-of-bounds for Americans. In the remaining quarter of the country, travel conditions ranged from bad to intolerable and even official trips became almost impossibly difficult to arrange. Embassy people and newspapermen were told there was no space on half-empty trains and no rooms in hotels that hadn't been full for years. When documents were "lost," helpful clerks suggested that

there was really no point in traveling anyhow.

Soviet officials have so perfected the technique of the good old American run-around that it is seldom necessary to say no. When permission is refused it is always, of course, "for security reasons." On these grounds, for example, a young Embassy secretary was forbidden to visit an ailing aunt in Ulan-Ude, although the only strategic vistas on the trip were several thousand square miles of snow.

For more than a decade the U.S.S.R. had the field to itself and the United States suffered in dignified silence, punctuated by an occasional stately protest. Diplomatic tempers began to heat up when our Ambassador to Moscow, on hopelessly relaxing drives in the country, was repeatedly—and for no apparent reason—routed off main highways onto dusty side roads. Someone proposed that state troopers in Maryland and Virginia arrange similar detours for the Soviet Ambassador. The idea was dropped but the capitalistic worm had begun to turn.

Finally, in 1952, our State Department curtly demanded advance notice from the Soviets about all trips they planned beyond suburban Washington. This mild measure, however, failed to meet the competition and three years later a more imaginative system of reciprocity was worked out: for every piece of Russian real estate placed out of bounds



## AFTER HOURS

a corresponding hunk of the U. S. would be restricted. This has kept our State Department quite busy raising and lowering curtains to match Communist advances and retreats.

For example, the Russians lost six counties in Iowa when they banned water travel on the Yenisei River; Omsk and Tomsk were neatly paired off with Seattle and Louisville; and when the highway from Moscow to Kashira and Kaluga was closed, we followed suit by shutting off Routes 40 and 240 from Washington, D. C. to Hancock, Maryland.

LAST spring, for mysterious reasons of its own, the Kremlin suddenly decided to coop our diplomats up in Moscow, except for side trips to Leningrad. We shot right back by telling their Embassy staff to stay in New York and Washington till further notice. This freeze ended as weirdly as it began—within a week or two an assortment of Russian and American cities were reciprocally thawed.

Official representatives of the two countries are not the only ones trapped in this maze. Even students get themselves involved.

One summer, for instance, the Soviet Union unexpectedly barred forty-six American students from Armenia and Georgia though both were on their approved tour. We returned the scholarly snub by closing off San Francisco, St. Louis, and Massachusetts to a Soviet contingent.

Near Moscow, around the same time, two motoring American attachés ran into a series of roadblocks which forced them to drive past an airport, where they were stopped and photographed by MVD men. Next day they were accused of spying and ordered out of the country. Forthwith, two equally innocuous Russian attachés in Washington were declared *personae non gratae* and shipped home.

On several occasions we have proposed a mutual relaxation of travel restrictions but to no avail. In fact, luring 1957 the Russians tightened up theirs. As a result, in May last year Washington took new steps to even the score. Approximately 15,000 miles of the United States were summarily closed to Russian travel, including some of the finest



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sand dunes in Indiana. The state of Texas was interestingly posted—Deaf Smith County was off limits but Jim Hogg County was not. The partition of California has called for special ingenuity. In Los Angeles, for example, Russians could go anywhere. But they had to stay away from five gravel pits, four golf courses, three cemeteries, and two derricks just outside the city. And they were enjoined from cheering a Rose Bowl game or sputnik-gazing at Mt. Wilson Observatory.

THESE intricacies are plotted on two large maps of the United States, printed by our State Department, in which pink and green shadings mark the free and forbidden territories and towns. Soviet visitors are asked to file their itineraries in advance with the State Department but, once they get here, are pretty much on their honor. Most of them, it is believed, are too scared of creating an "incident" to do much unauthorized roaming, and we rather pride ourselves on not checking up on who is where.

For the Soviets, of course, the travel bans present no special enforcement problem. A tight watch on resident diplomats and newspapermen is standard police-state practice. Visitors, of necessity, make their hotel and transportation arrangements and do their sight-seeing with the help of Intourist and its adhesive guides.

The casual approach of our State Department, on the other hand, is more a matter of common sense than Boy Scout spirit. If, at any time, the Kremlin should want to know the lay of the land in, say, Minnehaha County, South Dakota, or Coffee County, Tennessee, they need only launch a satellite. Soviet citizens, to be sure, can't get there. But we don't hobble the visiting Poles, Rumanians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Czechs. They may roam where they please—even to the Chicago zoo.

And who knows—now that Mr. Nixon has visited Novosibirsk, in the forbidden Urals, and several of the Khrushchev party have toured Disneyland (although the Chairman didn't make it)—perhaps the map game is nearly played out.

—Kenneth Mack and  
Lewis Marshall Helm



#### IT'S NOT THE GIFT IT'S THE WRAPPING

OVER and above the cards and presents we buy, Christmas this year will cost Americans about a hundred million dollars. This predictable excess is due to our firm belief that an object doesn't become a gift until you throw away the paper it came in and wrap it in something else. Upon this simple concept there has been built a sturdy industry whose workings I have lately explored. General Motors of the trade is Dennison, which produces globe-circling miles of fancy paper, tags, and seals at its Framingham, Massachusetts, plant.

"No one today would think of sending a naked gift," I was told by Miss Barbara Morris in the company's New York office.

This is bad news for such as me. At an early age I flunked out of the Girl Scouts for failing to master the running bowline. Ever since, I have been poor at tying things up, whether boats or packages. Thus handicapped, I am perennially humiliated by my younger female relatives, by blood and marriage, who are competitive gift-wrappers. The year round these girls assemble foils, damasks, muslins, ribbons, and wires. In odd moments they gild old pipe cleaners and paint masks on ping-pong balls. With deft fingers and fertile fancies they create new masterpieces of Yule containership each season. Awed and envious, I resolve to do better myself next year.

I am, however, licked from the start not merely by surplus thumbs

but by heredity and conditioning. For one thing, I did not learn till quite late in life that there were people who actually *bought* paper and string. In our house they were hoarded and my mother's idea of an acceptable parcel was one that didn't fall apart until it reached its destination. During my freshman year in college I was mildly embarrassed by the frayed bundles awaiting me in the mail room. But in due course they—and my mother—became Pomeroy Hall celebrities. She was recognized as a woman above externals. It was the contents that mattered.

And invariably these were surprising—perhaps a rainbow-hued scarf enveloped in gossamer tissue that had entered our family with a Tiffany vase; or a chocolate layer cake comfortably nesting in old bread wrappers. Crevices were stuffed with clippings shrewdly chosen to bring cloistered Wellesley girls the latest word from such *avant-garde* thinkers as H. L. Mencken, Mrs. Bertrand Russell, and Dr. Harvey Wiley, who was giving soya beans a hard sell around this time. As we severed the crudely spliced bits of string and ripped open the battered box, the delights within had the splendor of a butterfly leaving its chrysalis or a clay figure freed of the sculptor's rags.

Such joys are no more. Instead of a carefree unveiling, the opening of a gift package today is an act of minor vandalism. Who, for example, wants to strike the first blow against a regal crepe-paper candle cunningly contrived of an oatmeal box and crowned with simulated flames of cellophane? Surely even the tiniest fingers must falter in crumpling a bespangled cardboard sled to get at the yo-yos or lollipops inside. There is, I am told, a small underground campaigning for the reusable gift wrap. It has not, however, caught on outside of Japan where fine presents are traditionally draped in heirloom brocades which you are expected to return.

The American Way in these matters, of course, is different. Like soufflés and apple pies our gay paper confections are intended to give only fleeting pleasure. And they play about the same role as the fancy dessert which brightens up a spaghetti dinner.

## AFTER HOURS

Traditionalists favor the old standbys—holly, Santas, pine cones, evergreen wreaths, candy canes, colored balls, or candles. Each year, in addition, several hundred new designs are offered. Dennison, for instance, is fond of "cute" patterns such as stylized rows of chubby snow men but frowns on the "comic." On the other hand Hallmark is bullish about its "contemporary" line which features such motifs as Santa on a bicycle, pogo stick, or rocket. With the upsurge in church-going, Wise Men, Stars of Bethlehem, and other religious themes have been picking up, and Norcross is plugging a paper inspired by the stained-glass windows of European cathedrals. Red and green still outsell all other Christmas colors. However, a firm with the playful name of Tie-Tie boasts that it has successfully promoted coal black and avocado.

The color and sheen of our packages this year was foreordained back in 1957 since it takes about two years for a new design to move from the drawing board to Woolworth's.

Most of the big mass producers don't go in for abstractions or exotic, very costly papers. Known as "studio designs," these are made by smaller companies catering to affluent individuals and the more elegant department and specialty stores.

Along the Eastern Seaboard, the plushier shops favor austere opulence. Bergdorf Goodman's treasures, for instance, arrive in a plain, if sumptuous, imitation lamé. On the other hand, in Texas, Neiman-Marcus maintains its own designing corps to create the giddiest of collages. Many are topped with a bonus artifact of some sort—a winged choir boy, an orange penguin with a box of crayons glued to its middle, a sequined nightingale perched on a mauve bow, or a shocking pink Santa with a real yarn beard. People all over the country order N-M gifts by mail for the sake of these wrappings which can be had for 50 cents or a dollar extra.

A few are harder to come by. For example, a girl can open a coppery gold box confident that it contains—at a minimum—cultured pearls. You have to buy at least \$100 worth of jewelry to get it. The real prize however is the N-M treasure chest reserved for those who spend \$200

on one person (who is presumably on her honor not to trade the contents in to outfit the whole family). The chest is a marbled box with its own cast-iron legs. It has, of course, a thousand post-holiday uses. For example, it would make an ideal coffin for a French poodle who could lie in state before burial.

Men seem to like store-bought Christmas wraps. But most women regard them as cheating. Real do-it-yourself addicts also spurn ready-made ensembles; and the true virtuoso is above such subterfuges as a new type of ribbon which sticks together when moistened, thus permanently abolishing the old-fashioned knot.

The average woman prefers to shop around for her own collection of paper, seals, tags, ribbons, boxes, and Scotch tapes. Gift wrapping has produced a rich literature in the service magazines and manufacturers' brochures. A girl who takes her work seriously could spend days learning to make ten different kinds of bows and rosettes, none of which is permitted to fasten anything. And she must choose between no less than fourteen approved methods of looping a piece of string or ribbon around a box. Faced with these dizzying alternatives, the wonder is that she doesn't go out and buy a few rubber bands.

The fact that she doesn't, say the market researchers, reflects the same malaise that drives her sporadically to baking her own bread and shunning cake mixes. As Christmas nears she is haunted by memories of the loving efforts her forebears spent hand-rolling hankies, embroidering doilies, and crocheting afghans. What, she asks, does the modern woman give of *herself* except perhaps an ankle sprained in Gimbel's basement?

From this psychotherapeutic point of view, compulsive gift wrapping may, then, be a wholesome outlet. It is true, of course, that I have no hope of producing a real jewel bow in spite of the dowel-and-brad kit the Tie-Tie people have so kindly furnished. And I am wasting a lot of time and ribbon in dry runs, which is a great nuisance. But it's a lot less bother than all those booties Grandma used to knit.

—Marion K. Sanders

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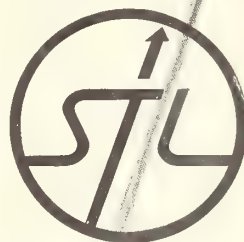
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PAUL PICKREL

## How We Look to Others—And Who Makes the Image

**A**S *Others See Us*, edited by Franz M. Joseph (Princeton, \$6), is an excellent collection of twenty essays—by Europeans and Africans, Asians and Latin Americans, a Britisher and a Canadian—on their impressions of the United States. Though some of the writers, like D. W. Brogan, Luigi Barzini, Jr., and Raymond Aron, are already well known as observers of America, many of the names will be new to most readers in this country. As a group they have been selected with great skill; the editor has been particularly happy in finding informed and gifted Asians and Africans to contribute to the book. Only two of the writers—a Yugoslav lady Communist and an Egyptian nationalist—seem to be seriously handicapped by ideological preconceptions, and their essays are far from commonplace.

Reduced to their lowest common denominator, the writers tend to see the same persons, products, events, and ideas as symptomatic of American society in the last twenty years: prohibition and gangsters, the great depression, movies, segregation of Negroes, conformity, and McCarthy. Especially McCarthy. His name must occur a dozen times for every allusion to the Marshall Plan; one gets the feeling that he must have dominated American politics longer than Franklin D. Roosevelt did.

Fortunately, the picture of America that emerges from the book is not quite as disturbing as it sounds from a crude listing of the most popular topics for discussion, because the listing has to leave out the subtlety of observation, the qualification of statement, and the weighing of one impression against another that characterize most of the essays. Yet the book is disquieting in a way, less because McCarthy is so frequently mentioned than because of a kind of literal-mindedness that permeates so many of the essays, an unconscious denial of the possibility of the symbolic in American life, and what seems to me some rather vague and unexamined ideas of how the relations between nations can be improved.

For instance, there is a good deal of agreement among the contributors to *As Others See Us* that American art is a failure as a means of com-

munication across national boundaries. Most of the writers deplore the effect of American movies on audiences in their homelands, and novels hardly come off better. When an art is looked upon as a desirable aid to international understanding it is usually something like dancing or painting, with a fairly low content of identifiable ideas. Sometimes an unconscious snobbery seems to operate; many of the essayists want more American plays and fewer American movies in their countries, though it is difficult to know why Marilyn Monroe is a less attractive representative of America than Tennessee Williams, unless it is supposed that the smaller audiences who go to the theatre know how to interpret what they see better than the larger audiences who go to the movies.

Or such a notion may not be snobbish; possibly mass audiences really are too unsophisticated to deal with the symbolic process that art requires. But a good many Americans saw "The Bicycle Thief" without supposing that stealing bicycles was a major industry of postwar Italy, and for generations, in one form or another, "Camille" has played to a variety of American audiences without leading them to believe that all Frenchwomen necessarily divide their time between coughing and prostitution. Surely it does not take very much imagination to see that these works are more concerned with poverty and passion than with theft and tuberculosis.

Yet in the end, the literal-mindedness that alien observers often fall into when they undertake to examine anything American is testimony to the intensity of their interest in America. Much the same sort of thing has recently happened to Pasternak here. The most personal of his writings have sometimes been read as if they could be forced to yield Soviet production figures.

Oddly enough, though they place so low a value on American art as a means of international communication, several contributors, especially those from smaller countries such as Switzerland and Yugoslavia, deplore American ignorance of *their* art. Presumably the Swiss wrote his essay before the very considerable New York success of "The Visit" by the Swiss novelist and playwright Dürrenmatt. (Happily, "The Visit" was not



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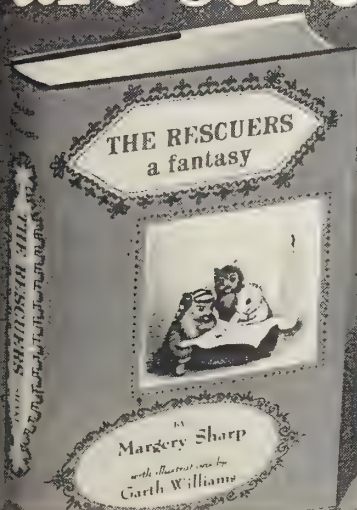
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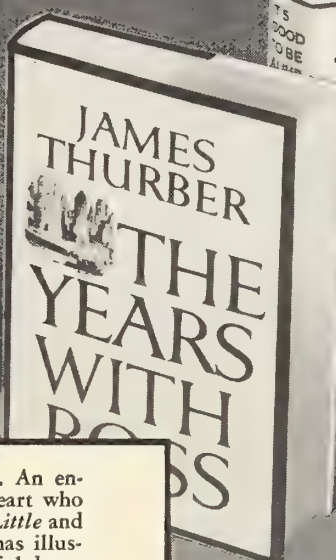
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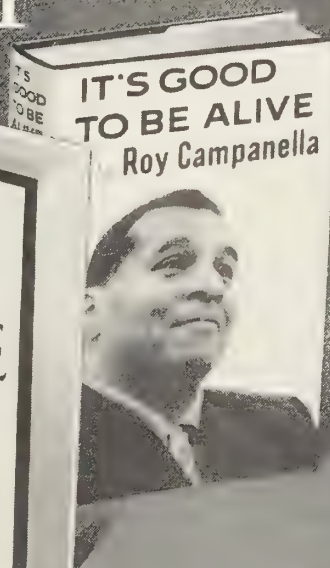
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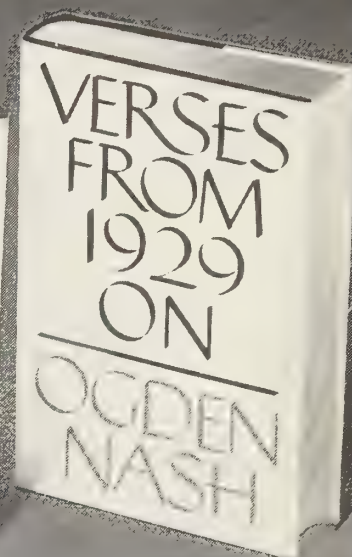
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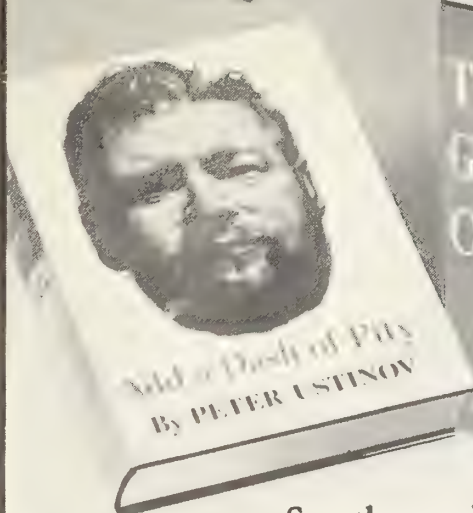
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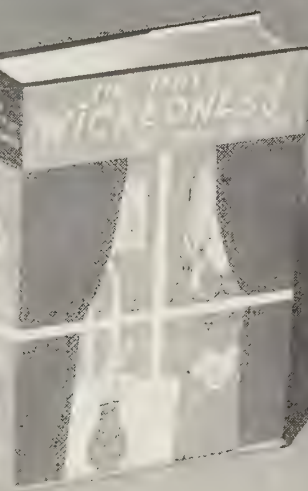
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taken as a literal picture of everyday life in contemporary Switzerland.) And certainly the Yugoslav lady wrote her essay before the firm of London House and Maxwell set out on its very recent program of publishing Yugoslav fiction, starting with *The Bridge over the Drina* and *Bosnian Story*, historical novels by Ivo Andric, and *A Day in Spring* by Ciril Kosmac.

THE kind of contact between countries that most of the contributors to *As Others See Us* believe in is travel. One of them says bluntly, "the more travel the better," but most are decidedly more selective. They do not want the traveling to be done by tourists, who are vulgar and harnessed to cameras; or by "missions," which are too official; or by military and civilian government employees, who tend to stay in little enclaves of their own and not to mix. The only travelers who seem to be universally approved are students and intellectuals. Since most of the writers have been students and are intellectuals, there may be an element of harmless self-congratulation in the choice.

Yet even the right travelers may go wrong. A German writer, Peter von Zahn, in the course of an otherwise extremely intelligent and well-informed essay, remarks on one page that more Europeans should visit America for themselves and on the next page that the complexity of America is such that, whatever preconceptions the visitor brings with him he will find confirmed when he gets here. It would be easy to accumulate a library of books, many of them by scholars and intellectuals, to demonstrate the accuracy of the latter opinion. Mary McCarthy (no relation) somewhere says that religion is good only for good people; maybe travel is broadening only for broad people. And G. B. Shaw, who did a good deal of traveling without letting it change his mind about anything important, has a remark in the Preface to *Geneva* to the effect that if you want people to get along peaceably it is a good idea to leave some space between them.

The chief assumption that underlies *As Others See Us* is made explicit by the editor in a postscript. "The degree to which the peoples of the world understand one another," he writes, "is a measure of the success their statesmen can achieve in avoiding calamity." Certainly understanding is greatly to be preferred to misunderstanding, and it can lead to some of the qualities most needed in international relations, like patience. But understanding is not a universal solvent of political difficulties. A reader can understand the essays by the Israeli and Egyptian contributors to *As Others See Us*, and understand something of the aspirations of the nations they represent, without having any very clear idea of how calamity can be avoided in that part of the world.

"Understanding" is a useful word because it

has such a vague meaning. Each of us wants his own country understood as a gawky adolescent wants to be understood, but often we understand other nations the way Churchill understood Hitler or Khrushchev (belatedly) understood Stalin.

Reading *As Others See Us* is hard work, not because the essays are obscure or badly written (they are not) but because the American reader must constantly stop to ask himself: "Is this true? Is the United States really like that? What is the evidence for rebuttal?" But the book is also very rewarding reading, and no one who goes through all the essays in an alert and critical and self-examining spirit will fail to learn something, not only about what the neighbors think, but also about his country and himself.

#### AS WE SEE OURSELVES

**Fiction of the Fifties** is a collection of recent American short stories selected by Herbert Gold (Doubleday, \$3.95). Anyone who comes to it after *As Others See Us* reads through the book with considerable discomfort, realizing what kind of impression these stories of sickness, family unhappiness, meaningless violence, human insensitivity, etc., etc., will make on literal-minded readers in Ceylon and Outer Mongolia. But it is not a writer's duty to create sunny tales to sell his native country abroad, and writers who have tried to tackle the job that way have either gone quietly unread or become international bores.

Criticism of the book has to follow other lines. The editor's contention (and the official "excuse" for the collection)—that there is some significantly different or special kind of writing being done in America in the present decade—remains resoundingly unproved, in part because the "beat" writers are almost entirely unrepresented. But an anthology of short stories really needs no more excuse for existence than a party—if the stories, like the guests, have enough to offer.

Not all the stories do. Gold includes several that are heavy-handed and obvious, but he also includes some good ones. The most popular form is the story that has the appearance of an autobiographical fragment, and particularly fine examples are provided by James Baldwin, Anatole Broyard, and R. V. Cassill. Other exceptionally good stories, of very different sorts, are by Saul Bellow, John Cheever, Flannery O'Connor, and J. F. Powers.

It is a little disappointing that there are no discoveries in the collection (though some of the stories have not been easy to find) and so little work by younger writers. The average age of the contributors runs somewhere around forty, and several of them had reputations established before the present decade. The editor's introduction and the little notes by the contributors

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## THE NEW BOOKS

on the difficulties they encounter in writing demonstrate once more how dull writers can be when they start talking about their "work," though a good many of the contributors are to be congratulated on saying as little as possible, and John Cheever has written a distinguished paragraph.

## TYPES AND STEREOTYPES

IN general the foreign observers who give their impressions of America in *As Others See Us* are confident that the United States is dominated by businessmen, both in fact and as an ideal. That businessmen in fact exercise an enormous amount of power seems indisputable, but whether or not they have such a hold on the imaginations of Americans as these observers believe is more open to doubt. On most college campuses a lecture by T. S. Eliot would attract a larger audience than a lecture by Crawford Greenewalt, and if Roger Blough and Brigitte Bardot were making personal appearances on opposite sides of town even a fairly stupid chief of police could solve the problem of deciding where to put the cops. Polls seem to indicate that young Americans are now much less respectful of businessmen than they were in the 1920s, and the present generation has been gravely scolded, mostly in books it would not deign to read, for lacking the drive and indifference to security that presumably make men captains of industry.

By this time we all ought to be well informed about business leaders. There have been endless novels about businessmen in recent years, elaborate projects in entrepreneurial history, good biographies of men like Ford and Rockefeller, collections of lectures by (or purportedly by) presidents and board chairmen of large industries, and several sociological studies of various degrees of friendliness, of which *The Power Elite* by C. Wright Mills is perhaps the least friendly.

Yet if anyone will take the trouble to run through the proper names in the index to *Men at the Top* by Osborn Elliott (Harper, \$3.95) before he reads the book, he will probably be surprised at how few he will recognize. Of course some of the

names give themselves away; a Ford or a Mellon or a Heinz mentioned in a book on business leaders is not likely to be an abstract expressionist painter. But many of the names belong to men of similar importance in the business world, and I at least recognized very few.

What Elliott is trying to do in *Men at the Top*, he says, is to destroy the stereotype of the tycoon (one of our more frequently destroyed stereotypes) and replace it with something closer to reality. He wants to avoid creating a new stereotype, and in that he succeeds. He simply brings together a large mass of facts, based on extensive questionnaires and personal interviews, about the incomes, wives, pastimes, duties, working hours, public service, backgrounds, health, hobbies, etc., of leading executives.

Not that the approach is statistical; rather it is chatty. The reader hobnobs with Bill Paley and Jack Heinz, though he never achieves the same degree of intimacy with Hank Ford. All the executives have a folksy way of talking, but some are folksier than others, and a few like to see themselves as conductors of symphony orchestras. Their illiteracies seem to be carefully cultivated except for an unnamed Midwesterner who wrote in response to a question about executives' wives, "Never mind the wife—she don't count—talks too much." The book, and perhaps the world, needs more men like that.

Elliott is no critic of big business or of its leadership. Obviously he admires his subjects, and his writing shows that he speaks their language. But his greatest admiration goes to the occasional executive who pursues some cultural hobby, like Greenewalt, who is not only the head of du Pont but also a classical scholar and a highly accomplished photographer of birds.

*Men at the Top* contains a good deal of interesting information put together in a breezy way; reading it will cost the reader no pain and will probably give him pleasure.

IF businessmen continue to be little known it is through no fault of those enterprising rascals known as public-relations men. Or is it? Maybe the blandly adroit surface that the pub-



# The Swivel Chair

Aloof from the din of publishers crying their wares with intemperate superlatives, the swivel chair offers this scientific field guide to the readers on your Christmas list. Where possible, excerpts from reviews will present a simple factual description of the books recommended. The shopper has only to identify the recipient and the job is nearly done.

**For those who read every word of the front page of the Sunday Times Book Review, these three titles which were introduced there as follows:** *The Coming of the New Deal* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (\$6.75) "One of the major works in American historical literature." *A Natural History of New York City* by John Kieran (\$5.75) "A remarkable book." Illus. by Henry B. Kane. *The Armada* by Garrett Mattingly (\$6.00) "Quite simply, a historical masterpiece."

**For those who check the bestseller list:** *The Ape in Me* by Cornelia Otis Skinner (\$3.00) "Lavishes splendidly deserved invective." *New York Times* *A Natural History of New York City* and *The Coming of the New Deal*.

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## THE NEW BOOKS

lic-relations man tries to give his client is actually a smokescreen, and the blunt-spoken tycoons of the last century were actually closer to the public. Nobody today is going to say "The public be damned" or "I've got the power, hain't I?" no matter how much he feels like it. (Incidentally, Elliott reports that what Charles E. Wilson really said was, "What's good for the country is good for General Motors.")

*The Image Merchants* by Irwin Ross (Doubleday, \$5) is an account of the curious customs, magic rites, and eminent sorcerers of the public-relations world, or what Ross calls PR. It seems that the place of the sweet potato in some primitive tribes and the coffee bean in others is taken in PR by something called money. This money is exchanged in a variety of complicated ways, not to buy anything as it is in some cultures, but simply to enhance the prestige (the "public image") of the man who has it. The rituals of exchange are presided over by certain shamans who look for support of their craft not to an ancient tradition but to a large and heady literature largely written by themselves. It is the acknowledged privilege of a shaman to take a substantial bite out of the money that is exchanged under his supervision. He is also expected to "get results," though these are often vaguely defined, except in selected situations, like elections, where his magic has a potency that has impressed outsiders, and even terrified some amateur observers. It is evident that many of the shamans believe in their own powers; doubtless some are footling fellows with no concern for the higher thought behind their mystery, but others assemble odd collections of people in meetings called symposiums to discuss when it is justifiable to tell a lie and other hard questions that come up in the practice of their art.

I do not know how good a guide to this strange tribe Ross is, because before I read his book everything I knew about PR I had learned from bad novels and disgruntled Democrats. *The Image Merchants* is a less substantial book than Martin Mayer's study of the advertising industry, *Madison Avenue, U. S. A.*, but PR seems to be a less substantial field than advertising. Ross is critical

of some of the activities he describes, but I get the impression, perhaps baseless, that he found less to criticize in the field than he expected to find when he started his investigation. He is harsher on the role of PR in politics, though why the political activities he describes should be called public relations rather than advertising escapes the lay mind.

Like *Men at the Top*, *The Image Merchants* is briskly written in a snappy journalistic style (much of the book originally appeared as articles in the *New York Post*).

### THREE SHOWMEN

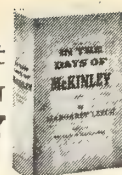
ONE of the greatest figures in the American entertainment industry, whose image of our society occasions so much alarm in both foreign observers and domestic critics, was P. T. Barnum. Barnum of course knew all about advertising when it was in its infancy and a good deal about public relations before it was born.

Irving Wallace's new life of Barnum, *The Fabulous Showman* (Knopf, \$5) is a light-hearted, gossipy, lively book, and indeed it is hard to see how the subject could be treated in any other way. Wallace seems to have done more work on Barnum's private life than previous biographers, and he thinks that Barnum was personally a dull and banal man. Certainly his precepts on how to succeed, etc., do not contradict that impression.


He was also a curiously limited man. Though he searched the world for curiosities for his shows, he had no interest in science; he exhibited many animals but cared nothing for pets (he had some trouble with a man named Henry Bergh, whose efforts in behalf of animals led to the founding of the ASPCA); much as Barnum admired spectacle, he had no interest in sports. He was lavish in big things and stingy in small, but most of his employees were attached to him, and his second wife, an English girl forty years his junior who went on to marry other husbands, including one with a title, wrote a moving tribute to him at the end of her long life. But then, he admired her wit, and regrettably recorded some samples.

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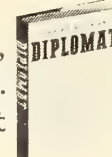
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— BEN RAY REDMAN, *Saturday Review*

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## THE NEW BOOKS

of Barnum's success. One is public and sociological—that America in Barnum's time was still a deeply puritanical country in need of entertainment, which he provided with his "museums," entertainments, tours with Jenny Lind, and the like. (Barnum went into the circus business only late in life, after his reputation had been long established.) The other explanation is personal and psychological. It seems that Barnum himself as a small boy was the victim of a long-sustained practical joke and consequently delighted in fooling other people. His grandfather was always telling the boy and others in his presence that he would be rich when he grew up because he owned some land which the grandfather had deeded to him, and later he discovered that the land was worthless. It seems a silly thing to do, but Wallace shows that Barnum lived in an age of practical jokes and practical jokers, including two New Yorkers who announced a scheme for sawing Manhattan in two and turning the Battery from sinking, and convinced a lot of people that they were going to do it.

*The Fabulous Showman* contains a certain amount of titillating detail inevitable in the material—how the bearded lady went to court to prove that she was indeed female, the peculiar domestic arrangements of the Siamese twins, who hated each other but were survived by a combined total of twenty grandchildren, and so on. It is all, as Barnum might have said, wholesome and innocent diversion, educational for the young and inoffensive to the ladies.

IN *The Living Theatre* (Harper, \$5.50) a showman of quite another sort, Elmer Rice, talks about a wide assortment of subjects having to do with the stage. Rice must have the longest career of any playwright now at work; his first play was produced in 1914, and his most recent forty-five years later, in 1959. But his book is not an autobiography, and that is unfortunate, because he is at his best when he is writing about what he has himself seen and done. And that is quite a lot. He has gone to the theatre all over the world, and seen his own plays in many languages.

In his more theoretical chapters

Rice can be dull and obvious, as when he confides that in the theatre "it is customary to provide seats for the spectators" and other not entirely obscure facts. When he discusses a stage production that he has seen abroad he is likely to try to account for it on the basis of some hasty sociology and a smattering of history, but what he has to say about the production itself is always worth reading. The weakest chapters are the first.

The best of the book deals with the American theatre in the 1930s, especially with the government venture in theatrical producing during the depression (Rice was a leading figure in that venture) and with Rice's own work. His account of how "Street Scene" was produced is very entertaining.

*A Life in the Theatre* by Tyrone Guthrie (McGraw-Hill, \$5) is the autobiography, professional rather than personal, of one of the most gifted theatrical directors of the present time. Irish by origin (he shares a common great-grandfather, an actor, with the late Tyrone Power), English by education, he directed the Old Vic players in their heyday and has directed in many parts of the world—Israel, Finland, and Stratford, Ontario, among others.

Guthrie begins with an account of his public school; that is usual in English autobiography—it both establishes the author's social class and indicates to the reader that whatever happens later is bound to be an improvement. But soon he moves on to broadcasting in Northern Ireland and amateur theatricals in Scotland and then into the main stream of the modern British theatre.

The writing is so casual and unpretentious that a reader hardly realizes how many ideas are being suggested or how much theatrical history somehow is imparted—both the history Guthrie has seen (and made) and the history of earlier times. There are many interesting comparisons between American and English theatrical practices.

Guthrie is against the didactic view of the theatre. He thinks that plays should be fun, and he believes that an audience has a right to enjoy some expense and finery. At the same time, he is a strong advocate of

## THE NEW BOOKS

the classical repertory, not because it is what is taught in schools but because it offers the richest opportunities to actor, dresser, and director. He regrets the boxing-in of the stage by the proscenium, and has been a leader in bringing the stage to the audience. For anyone who, like me, loves the theatre but never cares very much for anything he sees there, *A Life in the Theatre* is a fine substitute for playgoing.

### LOVING JUDGMENT

Augusta Walker's new novel, *A Midwest Story* (Dial, \$4.95), has a weak title, a shoddy dust jacket, and rather small print, but otherwise I have little significant criticism to offer.

The main characters are the members of a family living in a town something like Ann Arbor or Madison: a widowed mother, her four grown but unmarried children (three daughters and a son), and their assorted friends and relatives. The father, a self-made man, has left the family "comfortably off"; his children have all had good educations; their problem is to make something of their lives.

Miss Walker traces the four young people through their years of decision. They cannot find what they want in the style of life of their parents, but they hardly know where else to look. Two of them finally retreat from their problems down psychological dark alleys; the other two achieve a degree of freedom, but they win it a long way from home.

At bottom the book is a testing of the parents' style of life—the kindly, generous, unreflective life of a big comfortable Midwest house, with good beds in the bedrooms and good food on the table and a good car in the garage. In the end Miss Walker, through her characters, shows that such a life is not enough because it denies too much, but there is nothing hasty about her judgment. She is deeply sympathetic with what she rejects; she writes of the life of the household and town with wonderful humor and warmth. The mother is superbly drawn—a woman who is so innocent as to seem wholly vulnerable, yet who in fact has magnificent resources of self-protection.

The book is full of finely imagined details—the way a mother looks at

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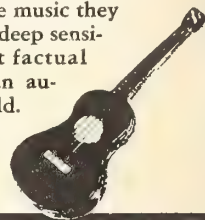
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

her weakling son when he is talking boastfully, the way a girl changes her attitude toward a man when she realizes that he admires her, a description of the hands of a young man who has gone through the winter in Paris without gloves.

But the whole is even more beautifully imagined than the details. Miss Walker is an important novelist and *A Midwest Story* is an important American novel. It will not convince foreign critics that all is right in our world, but it may help us to see more clearly some things that are wrong.

the detective-story suspense and Miss Smith's never failing sense of narrative. Harcourt, Brace, \$5

(Those particularly interested in the clergyman as central character in the novel will want to read *A Mirror of the Ministry in Modern Novels* by Horton Davies, Oxford, \$3.75.)

**Poor No More**, by Robert Ruark.

This is a modern rags-to-tycoon saga of a man who got everything he wanted by whatever means came to hand, only to discover that life was empty, not worth the candle. By the author of *Something of Value* and *The Old Man and the Boy*.

Holt, \$5.95

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

**One Hour**, by Lillian Smith.

What happened in the "one hour" when Mark Channing, the distinguished and highly respected young scientist in the Southern city, went downtown to buy some Cokes and came back to his pleasant terrace? Eight-year-old Susan Newell said he had tried to molest her in an empty store. From then on, the forces of good and evil in the town align themselves on one side or the other and the reader sees it plain through the narrator, the young preacher, close friend of Channing and his wife. Because of his central position in the community and because everyone comes to the preacher to talk, one gets almost too refined an understanding of the motivations of nearly everyone even remotely concerned. One accepts the fact that such outbreaks of bigotry and violence are everybody's fault; that in a sense as we are all human we are all guilty. Probably this is why Miss Smith does not clear up exactly what did happen in that hour; she seems to be saying that what really happens doesn't matter once trust has been destroyed. A vital theme, though the final peripheral guilts and expiations seem to protest too much and to dilute the impact of the central situation. To understand all is perhaps to be bored a little in spite of

**Hit and Run**, by John Creasey.

To those who, like me, have never made the acquaintance of detective Roger (Handsome) West, I recommend this thriller as a starter. It involves several murders by motorcar (it's English) and other means; a fanatic who is working to have murder-by-motorcar punishable by death, like any other murder; pretty women; and the incomparable "Handsome." Unaccustomed as I am—since I'm not a regular reader of detective stories—I am always amazed at the plots within plots, the sudden turns at the end, when I think all has been explained. Still, I think this has even more surprises than usual, and if that's what you like, here it is. Tidily and intricately conceived, nicely written, and full of most sympathetic as well as most diabolical characters.

Scribner, \$2.95

### NON-FICTION

**The Undefeated**, by George Paloczi-Horvath.

This is a very humbling book. Mr. Paloczi-Horvath is a Hungarian whose family—when he was born in 1908—owned large estates outside of Budapest; his uncles "still talked more Latin than Hungarian and regarded the non-nobles as a kind of sub-species of humanity." It was on these estates, visiting the homes of the estate servants, that what he calls his "humanity pain"—later translated into "the obsession" (Communism) started. Before it took over his life he was to finish his educa-

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

tion at universities in Europe and America, learn seven languages, start his career as journalist and novelist; and return to Hungary in the 1930s where he became an "engaged publicist" fighting the rise of Hitler, and Franco in Spain. All the time the humanity pain was growing, the "obsession" was taking hold, and after seeing the persecution of the Jews in Budapest, he fled Hungary to avoid service in the army on Hitler's side. He served instead in a British Intelligence organization for the duration of the war and then in 1947, almost against his will, he returned to Budapest. There, where the climate as he describes it sounds much like that of the 'thirties in America—when intellectuals, despairing of the fate of the world, drifted into Communism *faute de mieux*—he became editor of a Popular Front Hungarian magazine and an ardent Communist. When he was arrested in 1949 by the Party he "felt like someone who is kicked in the stomach by his mother." . . .

From then on his life was a torture; not only the physical and mental anguish of solitary confinement and the physical tortures imposed on his person during his five years of imprisonment, but the torture of the intellectual who has been betrayed by his own intellect and then slowly comes to a painful awakening. It is a stirring book and an inspiring one. Perhaps the most moving and illuminating chapters are those explaining how he avoided madness in his year of solitary confinement; those which tell of the mental processes of conversion to Communism; and those which report in unforgettable terms the exhilaration and tragedy of the 1956 Revolution. It is good to be able to report that the author is now in London with his wife and child and that this book is the winner of the Atlantic Non-fiction Award.

Little, Brown, \$4.50

**The Anatomy of Freedom**, by Judge Harold R. Medina.

Here is a report of a Communist trial of quite another nature by a man who also learned the hard way a good deal about the nature of the Communist mentality. In the very year that Paloczi-Horvath was thrown into prison and given no proper trial

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### FOR CHRISTMAS

#### Culinary

**Table Topics**, by Julian Street, edited and with additions by A.I.M.S. Street. Introduction by Sophie Kerr.

In 1943 Julian Street, novelist, dramatist, storyteller par excellence, gourmet extraordinary, started to write and edit for a New York wine merchant a little booklet called *Table Topics*. His wife has edited a selection of them and added bits of her own to give us a thoroughly charming book of anecdote, recipes, and the very best winery wisdom.

Knopf, \$4.50

**Cook, My Darling Daughter**, by Mildred O. Knopf.

As I have lived and cooked by Mrs. Knopf's *Perfect Hostess Cook Book* for nearly ten years I snatched with delight at this new one of like inspiration with its easy-to-follow, step-by-step format for all recipes, plus occasional personal and illuminating notes for her daughter. I specially recommend the section on veal. All recipes are on the rich side, perfect for parties, less good for waistlines.

Knopf, \$4.95

**The General Foods Kitchens Cookbook**.

Here are menus and recipes for every occasion. The time when the electric power fails, anniversaries, "cook-outs," feeding a crowd, and meals for all kinds of diets, are only some of the problems this book deals with. There are suggestions as simple or as elaborate as your mood or situation.

Random, \$4.95

**Good Cooking**, by Nicholas Roosevelt.

This book is particularly valuable

—in addition to good sturdy recipes, carefully explained, though the ingredients aren't itemized in traditional style—because it tells you what you have to know before you start, including necessary equipment and occasionally tips on what *not* to do.

Harper, \$4.50

**Fannie Farmer Cookbook**, Tenth Edition. Completely revised by Wilma Lord Perkins.

Although this is called "the all new" Fannie Farmer, "completely revised," it is the same old dependable under its handsome new look, and no cook, old or new, should be without it. As is fitting for the Boston Cooking School Cookbook, the recipe for Boston Baked Beans has been and remains the best I've ever tried.

Little, Brown, \$4.95

#### Naturally

**Natural History of New York City**, by John Kieran.

The first time John Kieran's name appeared in print it was not as a by-line. From the rear window of the attic room in the Bronx where he slept as a boy he had seen white-winged scoters and thirteen other species of ducks on the Jerome Reservoir. He pointed them out to a surprised nature reporter from the old New York *Daily Mail* who wrote them up, mentioning Master Kieran by name. "It was the first time that my name ever appeared in print and I was naturally impressed by it." A great many by-lines on a great many subjects have passed through the presses since then, and a great many birds have passed through the city boroughs. Mr. Kieran knows them all, by all their names, as well as fish, reptiles, insects, flowers, shrubs, and trees which have been or are sometime residents of New York City. A lovely book to read, wherever you live, and the illustrations by Henry Bugbee Kane are an added pleasure.

Houghton Mifflin, \$5.75

**The Garden World**, edited by Joseph Wood Krutch.

Selections of writings on garden lore from Homer to Edwin Way Teale, odd, amusing, and useful, charmingly illustrated by line drawings and prints, largely ancient.

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Thereafter, \$8.95



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

*Literary*

**Two Gentlemen: The Lives of George Herbert and Robert Herrick**, by Marchette Chute.

These "two gentlemen" of the seventeenth century were born only two years apart; both went to Cambridge; each wrote one book of poems; both became clergymen: "but the Church of England needed a wide roof to accommodate two men as unlike as the saintly rector of Bemerton and the somewhat pagan vicar of Dean Prior." In this delightful vein the author of *Shakespeare of London* explores their lives.

Dutton, \$5

**Shakespeare and Company**, by Sylvia Beach.

In 1922 Miss Beach published James Joyce's *Ulysses* under her Paris bookshop's imprint, Shakespeare and Company. It was at that time banned in all English-speaking countries. How this came about is only one of the stories told by the daughter of a Princeton (New Jersey) Presbyterian minister whose Paris shop was a rendezvous for all the great literary names of the 1920s. She writes simply, engagingly, modestly, with no literary pretensions of her own. Most pleasurable. Harcourt, \$4.50

**Howells: His Life and World**, by Van Wyck Brooks.

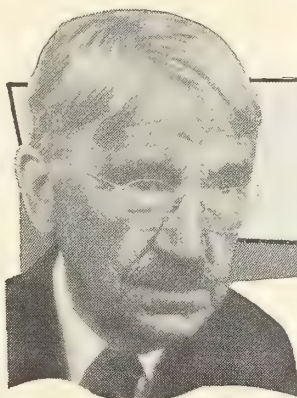
The story of a literary catalyst of an earlier era—novelist, critic, great editor (of both the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*), friend of American letters, is brought to life as only Mr. Brooks, historian of American letters, could do it.

Dutton, \$5

And we are happy to call to the attention of *Harper's* readers two recently published books. One is that "treasury of the best of *Harper's* magazine from 1850 to the present," **Gentlemen, Scholars and Scoundrels**, edited by Horace Knowles, with an introduction by John Fischer (*Harper*, \$7.50). The other is **The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga** by Reese Wolfe—more about youthful sea fever and loneliness and adventure and the monkey who kept him company through it all. Readers will recognize him from "Darwinian Man, Though Well-behaved" in our September issue. (Regnery, \$3.50). And so Merry Christmas.

## TWO FASCINATING BOOKS ON TWO GREAT THINKERS

as seen in candid and revealing conversations by their friends and colleagues



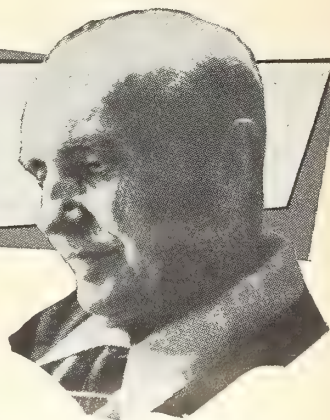
### DIALOGUE ON JOHN DEWEY

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### DIALOGUE ON GEORGE SANTAYANA



A paradoxical and poetic nature is revealed in this book about the philosopher who was also a beloved teacher and friend. We learn of his personal life and of his ideas; hear his self-estimate as a man of letters; learn of his increasing isolation. Out of the conversation emerges a portrait of absorbing interest.

**Participants in the discussion:** James Gutmann, Horace M. Kallen, Corliss Lamont, Milton Munitz, Ernest Nagel, John H. Randall, Jr., Herbert W. Schneider (*Biographical sketches included in the volume*).

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# MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

## HIGH ON THE CHRISTMAS LIST

Puccini's funny, savage, bubbling opera . . . a big bargain in Bach . . . and a Russian nine feet tall

Puccini's one-act "Gianni Schicchi" is out of Dante, in a *commedia dell'arte* setting, and is one of the most perfect operas ever written. It is the only comic opera Puccini ever composed, and he almost certainly had Verdi's "Falstaff" as a model. Both works contain very few set pieces or extended ensemble numbers; in both works the orchestra assumes the role of commentator, chuckling at the characters and commenting on them; and in both works the melodic material is subtle and suggestive. "Gianni Schicchi," though it contains some of the funniest moments in all opera, has a touch of sheer savagery. Puccini not only laughs at the precious band of hypocrites gathered around the deathbed of Buoso; he goes out of his way to deride them.

The opera is also startlingly modern. Not modern in the twelve-tone, dissonant sense, of course; but modern in its realism and its general attitude. Its characters are not papier-mâché figures out of Italian opera: they are all too human, as much alive today as when they

were first unveiled to the public in 1918. For once Puccini is completely non-sentimental. Even the love music (so reminiscent in quality of the Nannetta-Fenton music in "Falstaff") is tender and fresh, without the cloying overlay that so often is heard elsewhere in Puccini.

In short, "Gianni Schicchi" is a masterpiece, with by far the greatest concentration and intellectual resource that Puccini ever showed. Even the morbid, impressionistic "Il Tabarro" cannot match it in technique. Nor is "Gianni Schicchi" all cynicism. Aside from the lovely music assigned to Lauretta and Rinuccio (and the chromatics of the final two measures of the last duet are as sad and beautiful a touch as anything Puccini ever conceived), there are those sections devoted to a paean about Florence.

"Florence is like a flowering tree . . ." Puccini, like all Italians of the time, loved the city and in a way this opera is his musical tribute to it. Seldom has he composed with such sincerity, and never with such gusto. Parts of the score bubble over, and one remarkable section—the part where Schicchi is being dressed up in Buoso's clothes—suggests, of all things, Kurt Weill's "Die Dreigroschenoper."

It is a pleasure to report that the new Capitol disc (SGAR 7179) of *Gianni*

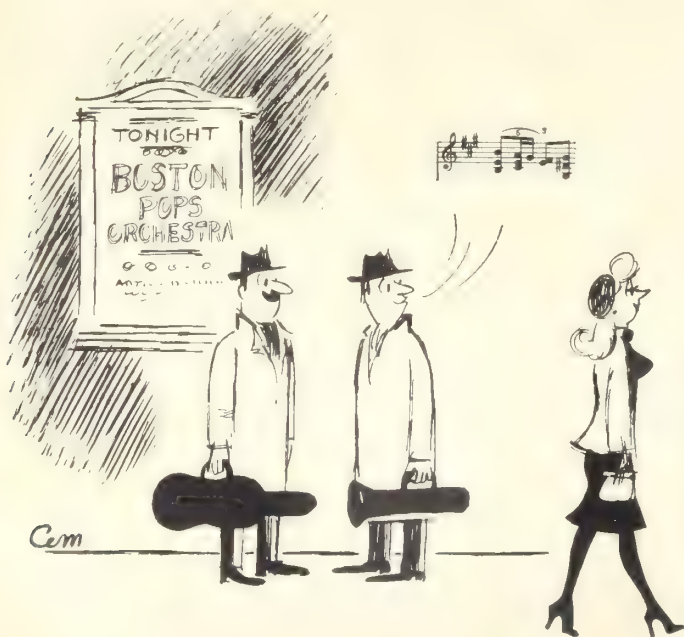
Schicchi is an ideal performance. The principals are Tito Gobbi (in the title role), Victoria de los Angeles (Lauretta), Carlo del Monte (Rinuccio), and a thoroughly competent group of Italian singers as the relatives. Gabriele Santini leads the Orchestra of the Rome Opera.

Gobbi, some experts say, does not have the best of voices, though all concede his brilliant acting ability. It is true that his baritone does not have the sensuous sheen of a Merrill or a Warren. But it is a flexible voice, it goes up to a G without any trouble, and it is handled with utmost finesse. That, plus his intelligence in characterization, his sheer gusto and imagination, puts him in a class by himself, and I would rather hear him sing than all the Warrens and Merrills of the world rolled up in one. They are singers; he is an artist and a personality. One characteristic touch: when the relatives, one by one, try to bribe him, Gobbi answers "Stà bene!" to each; but each "Stà bene!" has a different inflection, and perfectly conveys the point that composer and librettist want to convey—the point that here is a highly intelligent, cynical man with a good sense of humor who is infinitely superior mentally to the trash surrounding him. Gobbi carries it off perfectly. We laugh with him and we rub our hands with glee, knowing in advance what is going to happen.

Del Monte is a lusty-voiced tenor who in his Firenze aria soars bravely to a full B flat without any apparent strain. He could use a bit of the subtlety that Gobbi brings to his singing, but the *brio* of his vocalism is rather exciting, and he works well with De los Angeles. She sings beautifully, as always (is there a more exquisite voice in the world today?), and she even takes the optional D flat in the final duet. In "O mio babbino caro," the most famous single number of the opera, she all but melts the vinyl. The rest of the cast is admirable, hamming it up no more than necessary, and Santini leads the orchestra with a completely idiomatic approach. It should be added that the recorded sound on this stereophonic disc is exceptionally realistic. There is considerable separation, but it is not annoying, as it is in some "gimmicked" operatic recordings. One has the illusion of a real opera house. Put this version of "Gianni Schicchi" high on your list of Christmas gifts.

### For the Basic Library

Most of the other operatic releases of the past month or so have been conventional. Indeed, most recordings these days tend to be conventional. The record companies are busy trying to build up basic stereo libraries—the three B's, the usual concertos, the true-and-tried best sellers. Standing out among all this material like a skyscraper in the Sahara Desert is the four-disc Vanguard set of



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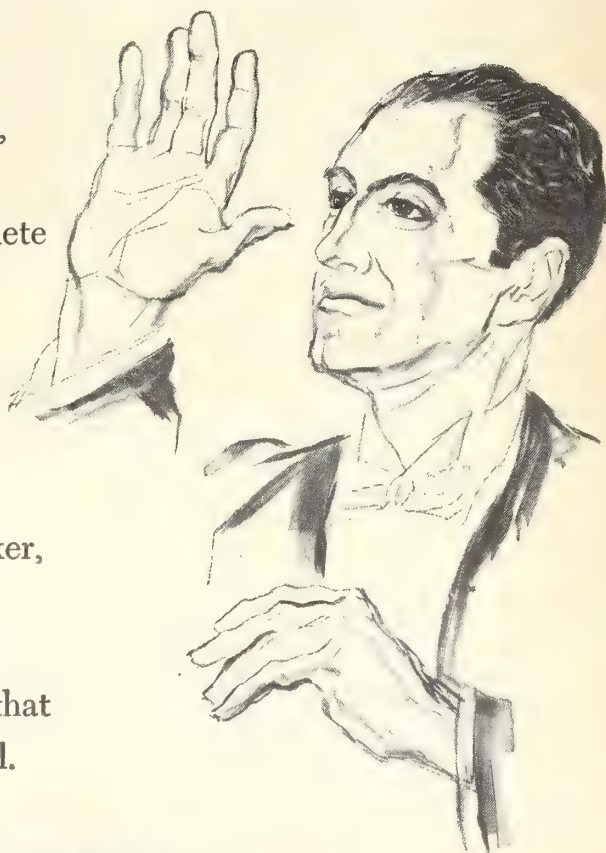
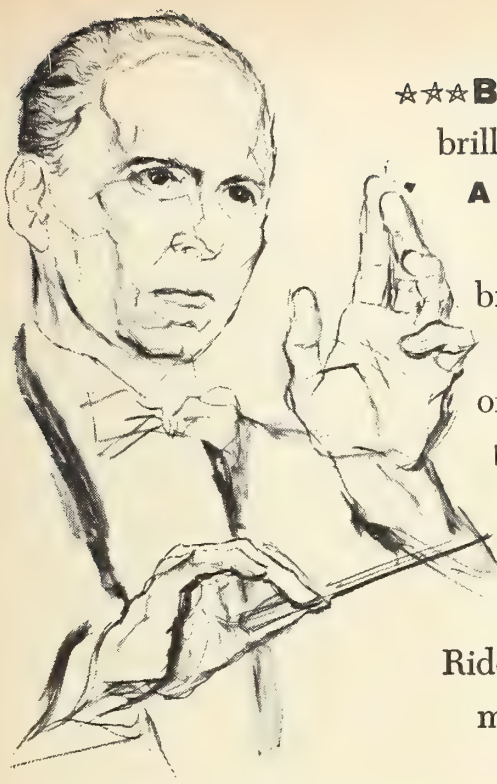
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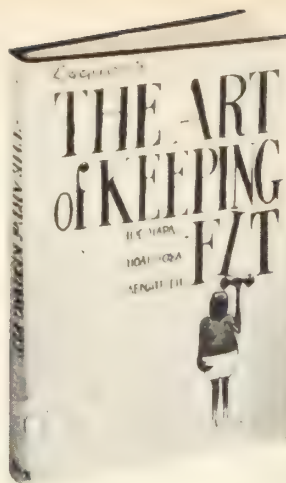
# Esquire's

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### MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* (BG 591-597, monophonic; BGS 5022/5025, stereophonic). Vanguard calls this recording "a Bach Guild Anniversary Special," and the prices are \$11.90 instead of \$19.90 (mono), \$17.85 instead of \$23.80 (stereo). It is a real bargain. Mogens Wöldike leads the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, the Vienna Chamber Choirs, and the Boys Choir of the Schottenstift; the soloists include Teresa Stich-Randall, Hilde Ross-Majdan, Waldemar Kmentt, Walter Berry, Uno Ebrelius (the Evangelist), and Hans Braun (Jesus).

What is unusual about this performance, aside from the excellent singing and orchestra playing, is the conductor's approach. In America, most *St. Matthews* roll along like a ten-ton truck in a muddy field; everything is in first gear, slow and ponderous. Wöldike's ideas are quite different. He does not use an overwhelmingly large chorus, and he sees to it that the contrapuntal play of voices is at all times clear. His dynamics are relatively restricted, and there never is a thunderous *fortissimo*. What comes out is a perfectly proportioned example of music-making, backed up by sound musicianship and an alert mind. Those who are used to the conventional approach may have to reorient their thinking, but it is safe to say that many people will now really be hearing the "*St. Matthew Passion*" for the first time, and it is an overwhelming experience.

### A Russian Giant

Of the current piano discs, one is of interest. Issued by Columbia (ML 5396), it is devoted to a section of an actual recital played by Sviatoslav Richter and recorded by the Bulgarian State Radio on February 25, 1958. The contents of the disc include Liszt's *Harmonies du soir*, *Feux follets*, and the *Valses oubliées* Nos. 1 and 2, and Schubert's *Moment musical in C* (Op. 94, No. 1), the *E flat and A flat Impromptus* (Op. 90, Nos. 2 and 4).

Richter is being talked about as the best pianist in Russia. He is supposed to be something of an eccentric, and it is rumored that the Soviet government will not let him leave because there is no telling what he might do. American concert managers have gone down on their knees to the appropriate Soviet officials, begging for Richter, to no avail.

It is always of value to hear what a musician does under actual recital conditions. Studio-made records these days are really no true index. By splicing and editing, an engineer is able to make a second-rate performer sound like Kreisler or Rachmaninoff. But when a true recital record is heard, at least there is something to work on. Richter's disc

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**MUSIC IN THE ROUND**

is, of course, far from being unprecedented. Pianists who have preceded him with discs made from live concerts are Rosita Renard, Miklos Schwalb, Backhaus, Horowitz, Hofmann (whose 1937 jubilee concert at the Metropolitan Opera was issued in 1956 by Columbia), and Barere.

Awed reports from musicians coming out of Russia would have it that Richter is a man nine feet tall, with each hand capable of stretching two octaves or so; a man who practices thirty hours a day when in the mood and eats three grand pianos for his midday meal, reserving one of the legs for a toothpick.

Well, this record shows that he can play the piano, but a superman he isn't. At his best he is capable of a grand line, massive sonorities without banging, and a perfectly oiled technique. At these moments he impresses as the equal of any living pianist. The trouble is that these moments do not seem to occur too often, and one wonders about his consistency. At the crazily fast tempo which he takes "Feux follets" there were bound to be dropped notes, slurred passages, and even momentary hesitations. His "Valse oubliée No. 1," though accurate, is not too elegant; certainly not in Rubinstein's class. He seems happier in the silly "Valse oubliée No. 2," a piece that no pianist within memory has dared to play at a New York concert. On the other hand, his Schubert is neatly laid out (though the misplaced virtuosity at the end of the "E flat Impromptu" is no credit to his musical instincts), and his performance of the "Harmonies du soir" is on a transcendental level.

The guess here is that Richter, like some other Soviet musicians one could mention, lacks discipline. He has had no real competition, and is probably spoiled and pampered. What he needs is direct competition with the great pianists of the West. It's all very well to have talent approaching genius, which Richter seems to have, but unless his intellectual horizons are broadened by exposure to a less provincial way of making music he will remain a musician whose orbit will move in an extremely small circle.

**AND ALSO...**

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**JAZZ notes**

**Eric Larrabee**

**STATE OF THE ART**

Two books have come out so nearly together, almost within a week of each other, that I want to take account of them here, as indications of the point at which writing about jazz has arrived. They represent no final phase, certainly, but they stand at what Mr. Churchill called, in a more elevated context, the end of the beginning.

The first of them is the promised second volume of John S. Wilson's paperback guide to jazz LP recordings. The earlier one, which appeared two summers ago, covered "traditional and swing," while this one naturally finishes off with "modern." Readers of the former, or of Mr. Wilson's reviews in *High Fidelity* and the *New York Times*, do not need to be told what they will find here: a graceful summation of what an intelligent and concerned listener might think if he had a chance to hear everything available. Normally the consumer's problem is one of finding his way through the forest of names and labels in the record store, and the importance of Mr. Wilson's finishing his work is that now no one need lack for comprehensive, up-to-date advice.

THE second is an anthology of writings about jazz compiled by Martin T. Williams, one of the editors of the *Jazz Review* and himself an incisive, demanding critic. Mr. Williams is, I think, mistaken in his own estimate of what his book is, since he speaks of it as "a kind of summary of what we know and of the various constructive ways of looking at what we know." This makes a claim for completeness which I doubt that he quite intends, since the collection is—as he says—full of enormous gaps.

What he means to say—if I understand him correctly—is that, given the high standards that he adheres to, there is now enough satisfactory writing on the subject in print to fill at least a slender volume the size of this. These are examples of the way he thinks it ought to be done, and the remarkable thing is that there are now so many which can meet this insistent and exacting measure.

**The Collector's Jazz, Modern**, by John S. Wilson. Lippincott, \$1.60. **The Art of Jazz**, edited by Martin T. Williams, Oxford, \$5.

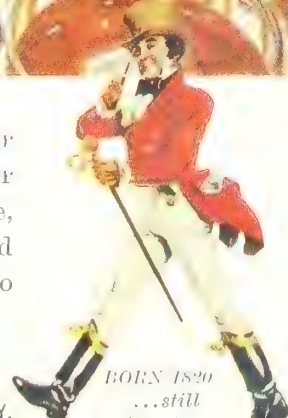




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